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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THOMAS NAST, THE ILLUSTRIOUS CARTOONIST OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY," WHOSE GENIUS OVERTHREW THE TWEED "RING," AND FOR YEARS WAGED A MEMORABLE FIGHT IN THE COUNTRY'S POLITICAL WARFARE

DRAWN BY G. DE GRINN

177019

a deliberate intent. . . . commit a flagrant breach of duty, and violate a solemn promise to uphold the Constitution.

The apprehension and dismay aroused by the virtual acknowledgment of a willingness to abuse the powers of constitutional construction confided to the United States Supreme Court are not the only recent indications that the tide of public sentiment has begun to turn against the President. The weapon of ridicule is more deadly than any that THEODORE ROOSEVELT encountered at San Juan. His prestige would shrivel in an hour under a douche of derision. Mr. ROOSEVELT's day will be over when he can no longer persuade any considerable section of the American people to take him seriously. The total collapse of his silly attempt to revolutionize by personal fiat the orthodoxy hitherto accepted by his countrymen excited at first satisfaction, then amusement, and, at last, contempt. If anybody really read the voluminous special message which was reported verbatim in the New York Evening Post, and which professed to record the innumerable first-hand observations alleged to have been made in the space of forty-eight hours, he must have noted, partly with mirth and partly with disgust, the strange and unsavory uses to which Mr. ROOSEVELT's conception of Presidential duty led him to apply the Presidential nose. The notion that a battleship and an armored cruiser were needed to convey to the Isthmus of Panama the Federal Chief Magistrate, in order that he there might make a conspicuous employment of his efficiencies, has provoked considerable hilarity. Quite as much diversion as indignation was provoked, also, by his request to be invested with dictatorial power in the matter of punishing and dismissing officers of the army and navy. As for his summary discharge "without honor" of three companies of a negro regiment, the Senate is so far from considering his message on the subject final that it has accepted by unanimous consent Senator FORAKER's motion to direct, instead of requesting, the appropriate committee to investigate the affair. Only the other day, too, a committee of the Senate dryly but severely censured the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of Agriculture for suspending on their own authority a law of Congress governing the allotment of four million acres of land in the Indian Territory, a proceeding for which, of course, they could be impeached, but which, it turns out, they performed in accordance with a peremptory order of the President. These performances, coupled with the fact that, since the opening of the present session of Congress, the Chief Magistrate seems to have been afflicted with a mania for sending cynical messages, has left onlookers in doubt whether they ought to grovel or grin at the suggestion that Mr. ROOSEVELT is suffering from an acute attack of megalomania.

We have hitherto taken for granted that representative men at the South will be practically unanimous in opposing any tendency to abdicate State laws by increasing the powers of the Federal government. The assumption has been confirmed recently by many newspapers of that section. Thus the Atlanta Journal would evidently challenge the Republican party to a contest on the distinct issue whether the people of the country want to retain the Constitution in force or not; whether they want this Republic to continue to be such a one as its designers intended, or whether they want it ultimately to drift into something else, while retaining the same name. The Birmingham (Alabama) Independent holds that it remains to be proven that the general government would be more effective in correcting abuses than the States have been. The Columbia (South Carolina) State regards as fatal the drift of the day under a Republican régime, and declares that the only course of safety is the overthrow of the party of centralization. The New Orleans Times-Democrat states that perhaps nothing so audacious, so dangerous to the Republic, as the drastic transformation of the Constitution by judicial construction has ever before been even suggested, certainly never by a man of the official station of Secretary Root. Finally, the Baltimore Sun points out that, with the present number of States, no amendment to the Constitution can be ratified without the assent of some of the Southern States, and it remarks dryly that, as a rule, those States are not so enthusiastic over centralization as Mr. Root is. So far, so good. Now, however, to our astonishment, comes Mr. DE ARMOND, a distinguished member of the House of Representatives from Missouri, which, if not geographically a Southern State, used to be one technically, being a slave State. It is not clear, indeed, why his demand for a convention to amend the Constitution should have been put forth in the House, seeing that Congress has no power to convolve

such a body, except upon the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the States, but possibly he thought that his remarks, uttered in the Federal capital, would have a wider circulation than if they had been addressed to a State Legislature. What amazes us is the changes in our Federal organic law which Mr. DE ARMOND would have brought about by a constitutional convention. There is, of course, no limit to what a constitutional convention, once in being, could propose, but the adoption of his proposals would require ratification by the legislatures or State conventions of three-fourths of the States.

It is quite conceivable that each of the changes mooted by Mr. DE ARMOND would find advocates in such a body, but it would surprise us to see some of them supported by spokesmen of the Southern States. We would not, indeed, deny that a great deal may be said for Mr. DE ARMOND's suggestions, that a constitutional convention should propose amendments providing for the election of United States Senators by a direct vote of the people—every Southern State would be behind him there; providing, next, that the President and Vice-President shall be chosen by a direct vote—the office of Presidential elector has long been merely perfunctory; providing, further, that the Presidential term shall be lengthened to six years, and the President rendered ineligible for reelection—with an eye to recent experience, and looking at the matter by and large, we think that the South might swallow that; providing, also, that the beginning of the Presidential term shall be so altered that the President and other people may not be exposed to the trying weather usually experienced in Washington on the 4th of March—everybody would like that, but a constitutional amendment is not needed for the purpose; and providing, lastly, that Congress, like every other legislative body now existing, shall convene shortly after the election of its members, instead of normally waiting thirteen months—that, also, is a change which would commend itself to sensible people at the South as well as at the North, but here, again, a constitutional amendment would be superfluous.

We ourselves, also, should heartily favor another of Mr. DE ARMOND's proposals, namely, that a constitutional convention should frame an amendment embracing female suffrage in our organic law. To our mind, it is little short of monstrous that our Federal Constitution, as amended, should establish negro suffrage and leave women disfranchised. We can appreciate, however, the motives for opposition to such an amendment on the part of many champions of State rights, themselves favorable to woman suffrage, who object to any further interference to a State's control of the franchise than is embodied in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. But how much would be left of those State rights if a constitutional convention should smother, and three-fourths of the States should adopt, Mr. DE ARMOND's other proposals that Congress shall be authorized to enact a uniform marriage and divorce law; to regulate or prohibit the liquor traffic; and, finally, to enact a law whereby the Federal government, under suitable regulations, might insure the lives of American citizens? If these successive encroachments were brooked, the assumption of Federal ownership of railways within States, as well as interstate, would follow as a matter of course, and State lines would soon become traditional. If such changes can be mooted by a Democratic representative from a State which formerly was a hotbed of State rights, what might we expect to hear proposed in a constitutional convention by a Populist or a Socialist? It is a wise instinct which hitherto has withheld the American people—even amid the storm and stress of civil war—from calling a convention to amend the Federal Constitution. Such a convention would have plenary powers of proposal, and, moreover, it would have the right to decide whether its proposals should be passed upon by State conventions instead of by legislatures. It would probably be easier to secure ratification of revolutionary amendments from State conventions than from legislatures, yet we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that, under any circumstances, the more drastic of the changes advocated by Mr. DE ARMOND would receive the requisite number of assents.

The President seems to be in a defiant mood with reference to Senator FORAKER's proposal to have Congress investigate the discharge of three companies of the Twenty-fifth (negro) Regiment of Infantry. He is preparing, we are told, to meet one of Senator FORAKER's charges, namely, that the evidence on which he acted was inadequate, by sending to Brownsville Mr. M. D. PERRY, assistant to the Attorney-General, for the purpose of

procuring additional affidavits regarding the homicide of which negro soldiers were accused. His critics, of course, will say that he is proceeding on the principle of hanging a man first and trying him afterwards. The President may find it difficult to defend himself against Senator FORAKER's second charge, which is that, in discharging the three companies without giving them a trial, Mr. ROOSEVELT acted contrary to law. The fact that General Lee discharged Confederate soldiers under somewhat similar circumstances is, of course, not relevant; neither can a like act performed by General GRANT be accepted as a precedent, because a Federal statute forbidding such an automatic exercise of authority has since been passed. Mr. ROOSEVELT is said to have made up his mind, however, that, even if Congress should decide that his discharge of the three companies was unjustified by evidence and unwarranted in law, and should proceed by a joint resolution to order the reinstatement of the discharged soldiers, he would still remain inflexible. He would veto the joint resolution, and, should it be passed over his veto by a two-thirds vote in each House, he would still refuse to obey it, on the ground that the Supreme Court has held that the Federal Executive cannot be coerced by the Federal Legislature in the matter of appointments. Should, however, the supreme Federal tribunal reverse that decision, or hold that the present case did not fall under it, he would, of course, bow to its decision. As for the notion that the House of Representatives might be provoked to impeach him, he laughs at it. It is, of course, scarcely conceivable that the present or next House of Representatives would venture to draw up articles of impeachment against so popular a President as is Mr. ROOSEVELT, or that, if it did, two-thirds of the Senate would adjudge him guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors.

There is one point which Mr. ROOR neglected to mention—or perhaps he had forgotten it—in his speech before the Pennsylvanians. In his plan which ALEXANDER HAMILTON read before the constitutional convention, and concerning which he made what his admirers call “the greatest effort of his life,” he urged that the President be empowered to appoint the Governors of the States, and that they should have a negative in all State legislation. Why would not this meet Mr. ROOR's view? While on this subject, it may be well to quote what was said, in reply to HAMILTON, by JAMES WILSON, who has recently been resurrected by the President, and others, “I am for a national government,” he said, “but not one that will swallow up the State governments; these are absolutely necessary for purposes which the national government cannot reach.”

The belated charges against General PRINGLE are at least as unpopular as that officer's recent promotion. It is much too late to accuse an officer of misconduct with a woman after the woman he is accused of deserting has been married to another man, and he himself has married another woman. If the facts in the case (if they were facts) were known to the War Department, they might have afforded a strong argument against giving the accused officer extraordinary promotion, but even if they had arrived in time, they would hardly have defeated his confirmation by the Senate. Judgment upon the morality of men serving in the Philippines cannot be fairly passed except by men who have served in the Philippines. Service far from home and in the tropics seems not to be conducive to maintenance of strict standards of deportment. Things must be taken not only as you find them, but where you find them. The worst of tropical dependencies is their demoralizing effect on the exiles who hold them.

It is so long since authors, publishers, and composers have been trying to make an international copyright bill, and to perfect the domestic law, that the subject is not attracting all the attention that it ought. Perhaps, however, one of the most enlightened bits of news that has flown out of Washington of recent years is the suggestion that the provision for which MARK TWAIN has been contending is generally thought to be sound by members of the House of Representatives. This provision is to change the law to give to an author property in his work during his life and for fifty years after his death. To the ordinary mind, if we grant that an author ought to have any proprietary right in the works of his genius or talent or industry, as the case may be, it would seem as though that right should not be limited in time. If the book, or the piece of music, or the picture is his at all, it ought not to be taken away from him at any period by the state, or from his heirs after him. We are assuming now, of course, that

the old-fashioned laws of property continue to prevail. As a matter of fact, however, or of law, the higher works of the mind have never been on the same footing as works of the hands, or as works of cunning or subterfuge or intrigue or dishonesty, or, on the other hand, of honest shrewdness and ability. And we cannot say that this was so because the early legislators had so great regard for spiritual and intellectual things that they could not bring themselves to dignify them, or insult them, by treating books and other forms of art as mere property. They simply thought that the world was entitled to take all it could get for nothing, and the votes and influence of authors did not use to be so great as they are to-day. But in Queen ANNE's time light began to dawn.

We can say what we will about this Congress, and compare it with others in a way that is uncomplimentary to our immediate representatives; but apparently the world has been moving on ever since CLEVELAND's day in Washington, and the minds of men and of lawmakers are looking differently, because more generously, at the question. When Mr. CARLISLE was Speaker of the House of Representatives, the authors and publishers and composers, all united, came very near to securing the passage of the first international copyright bill, but they failed because they could not get a vote. Opposition to the measure was strong and bitter, led by ROBERT Q. MILLS in the House of Representatives, and by BICK in the Senate. Both of these men were opposed to any copyright or to any patent. They thought that what men wrote or composed or painted or carved, or what men devised or invented, should be given to the public free. This was an extreme view, and evidently it has passed away, although some of its evil progeny may still be dancing in remote minds. When Mr. CARLISLE tried to give the authors a chance to have the rules suspended, one Monday morning—for there were more than two-thirds of the House in favor of the bill—one man defeated him and the rest of the enlightened world by calling for the reading of an enormous bill; this reading occupied the whole of the day and put off international copyright. It is worth while to recall the name of this man; it should not be allowed to sink into oblivion; it was PAVSON, of Illinois. At that time no one dreamed to ask for what MARK TWAIN asks now; it was thought that the legislative world was not intelligent enough to tolerate such a request. It is doubtless a recognition of a great truth that that opinion about Congress has changed, so that it is thought wise to ask for a law which will make an author's right to his book almost as sacred as a man's right to a bolt of cloth.

The gossip would have us believe that even all of the late British ambassador to the United States was due to the high-born and energetic wife of a late official of the British embassy, who formed and cherished, in the days of her Washington, very positive opinions as to the propriety of Mr. MONTAGUE DURAND for the important place which he has occupied. No whisper of suggestion that that opinion was shared by anybody in the United States whose opinion was important has been reported from any quarter. In Washington, Ambassador DURAND has been liked and very much respected. The machinations attributed to Lady SEAN TURNLEY were actuated, if we are to credit the gossip, by the failure of the ambassador and his family to treat that lady with the distinction that she conceived to be due to her exalted social standing. The example we have lately had of the mischief an uneasy and clever woman may make in the diplomatic service makes our minds more than usually hospitable to such a tale as this. It is even reasonable to believe that things may happen to other governments that are almost as distressing as what lately happened to ours. Nevertheless, let us not swallow all that gossip whole. “Hucklerish!” the British embassy is reported to call it, adding that it was to the working of politics, and not to Lady SEAN, that the ambassador's recall was due. A thing that gives credibility to that view—whether or not it came from the embassy—is the choice of the new ambassador. A government that would recall an ambassador merely because a casual ear-ache-doubtless was not pleased with him would hardly have had gumption enough to replace him with a man so exceptionally acceptable to wise Americans as Mr. JAMES BRYCE.

A Swiss gentleman named BUCHANAN is inquired, by what must be regarded as a false view of the proper environment for brain-workers. He has issued an invitation to those who “feel a craving for retirement and isolation” to join in the formation of a

community. This is to be a kind of Brook Farm with physical toil omitted. It will be recalled that labor with the body was to be made as dignified as labor with the mind, in that interesting New England community. But the Swiss gentleman proposes a retreat for "a congenial group of tired workers, literary men, journalists, artists, scientists even, to enjoy fraternal intercourse in an atmosphere of tolerance, liberty, and friendliest brotherhood." Incidentally this happy community may publish a magazine or books. Brook-Farmers would have quarreled with one another very vigorously, if they had not tired themselves out in the fields during the day, before they came together to yawn in the evening. It is probably true that the Swiss gentleman will soon find the "brain-workers," if he gets them together, eager to fly back to town after they have had a "much-needed rest." It is probably true that most good literature—except GOLDSMITH'S poems—never inspired in town, although they may have been written in closets or in country houses. "In Menziesland" was written in Ebury Street, London, and, for a time, reposed there on a shelf, TENNYSON having deserted his lodgings and having left his forgotten verses on a shelf in his endwise closet. The Swiss gentleman cannot keep his brain-workers always tired, and if they try to live together, seeing us one else, after they are rested, the community will be far from pleasant, and they will go back to their Ebury Streets, to find there old verses, as TENNYSON did.

Mr. WHITELAW REID is having a very pleasant time in Great Britain. He recently received the freedom of the city from Dundee, in Scotland, and he made an address on "How the United States Faced its Educational Problem." It was a good address, and Mr. REID told Great Britain some things about primary and secondary education which the Lords would just now do well to heed. A little more education would do none of us any harm, and while we need more all the way up, Great Britain needs a good deal more at the bottom. It is disheartening, however, to one who hopes to see, not how we fared, but how we have conquered our problem, to read ARTHUR BENSON'S confession in *The House of Quiet*. Here is the son of an Archbishop of Canterbury, a distinguished scholar of Cambridge, a fellow of Magdalen College, who derives the kind of teaching they used to have, and still have, in the English public schools, and says that he "left Cambridge a thoroughly uneducated man, without an idea of literary method, and condemning accuracy and precision in favor of brilliant and heady writing." At the same time we read that the Rhodes scholars from the country in Oxford are not so well trained in our colleges as are the English BENSONs; that they are overgiven to athletics; and yet, so far as Maenchenhette is concerned in this, athletics is unrecognized in the selection of the scholars. All this would, indeed, be depressing if we did not recollect TENNYSON and HALLAM and TILAKERAT and MENCHUN, and a lot of other Cambridge men, and if we had not recently been reading BENSON himself, and if we did not recall our own effective college men, one of whom is President. Perhaps BENSON expected the harvest too soon after the sowing of the seed.

The day before Christmas, the President sent a little message, not to Congress, but to the people of the United States. He said that in a district in China covering over forty million square miles and supporting a population of fifteen millions, crops and thousands of dwellings had been destroyed, leaving millions of people on the verge of starvation and thousands of their homesless. An urgent appeal for assistance, he said, had been made to the United States. The papers tell daily of the severity of this famine. The way to help these distressed Chinese is through the Red Cross. The treasure of the New York State branch of the Red Cross is Mr. JAMES H. SCHIFF. Contributions for Chinese relief may be sent to him at 300 Fifth Avenue, New York.

It is almost impossible now to get a treaty through the United States Senate. It would not make this difficult but necessary process any easier to have it demonstrated that treaties are liable to involve interference by the Federal government with State control of schools.

Personal and Pertinent

THEY say out in Ohio that Senator FOSBARKER is not only the most brilliant man at their bar, but that he is able to get along without

the strategy of reading the evidence in a case. One lawyer said recently that FOSBARKER was retained in a case on which the other counsel had expended a good deal of time and study, for it was one of those intricate testimonial questions which the Middle Ages handed down to better modern minds. When the argument came on, FOSBARKER asked his associates for the privilege of closing. He had not devoted much time to study of the case, but he listened to the other speeches intently, and made the best argument of them all.

The relations between the TAPP brothers—WILLIAM H. and CHARLES—are a constant theme of conversation in Cincinnati. The citizens and citizens are indulging in the pleasant occupation of talking about their neighbors' children. CHARLES is not only older than WILLIAM, and much less impressive, but he is the son of Justice TAPP'S first wife, while WILLIAM is the son of the second. The elder son is the proprietor and factotum of the *Times-Star*, which is devoted to the questionable fortunes of "Boss" Cox, whom WILLIAM, the Secretary of War, has engaged in battle, with the result of an seriously wounding the "boss." That a good deal of the plunder of the city, at least temporarily, has been removed from predatory clutches. The sight of the two TAPP brothers struggling on different sides, one for the virtuous and the other for the vicious, has so seriously disturbed the neighbors that they are always ready to talk about it. They say that it all came about through the greed of a near connection of CHARLES TAPP'S, who, in his life, turned the page. CHARLES was placed in charge of it, and in conducting it was saved by high ideals, but suffered a pecuniary loss. And this last indiscreetly occasioned scolding remarks from the proprietor that were so exasperating that CHARLES turned over the paper to the "boss" and to other vice. The money reward quickly followed. The brothers continue in their several Cincinnati ways. As WILLIAM remarks to his friends: "We are loving brothers, but we remain so by avoiding conversation on the local politics of Cincinnati, which, like some others of our cities, would not be a bad place if it had no government."

FRANCIS E. LEUPP, the Indian Commissioner, who has just been telling tales about Indians at Harvard University, has had an interesting hodge of experiences. After he escaped from college, he studied law at Columbia College Law School, and intended to be a lawyer. How serious his intention was is indicated by the fact that he spent a large share of his time in saving the backs of envelopes for future brief paper. But literature caught him very early and he wrote a story called "A Baby and a Snow-storm," which was published in the *Golfay*, of which LEUPP then became one. At this time he had a less literary sense, a keen appreciation of humor, and he loved to read books; but one day the *Evening Post*, when BRANT was editor, caught him and hired him to write agricultural notes. As time went on, he sank deeper and deeper in journalism, until he became a Washington correspondent. In that position he so industriously and shyly led a life of drudgery that he became a serious reformer. Fortunately he took a liking to the Indians and their affairs, which gave to President ROOSEVELT an opportunity to save him by making him Indian Commissioner. It is clear, from his recent remarks at Harvard, that his mind is recovering its youthful tone, and that humor is once more appealing to him. The white man whose forgotten literary tastes can be restored by an India has something in him. "A Baby and a Snow-storm" was a good story. Some day we may have another bit of fiction from LEUPP—perhaps about "An Indian in a Walcott" or, *The Triumph of Civilization over the Savage Tribes*.

OSCAR STRAUSS, the new Secretary of Commerce and Labor, ought to be of great service in his position. NEVITT was any one more independent of partisan or religious bias. He is a Jew and a Democrat—or he has been a Democrat. Perhaps he is more of a Jew than he is, or was, a Democrat. He believes in his people and their religion, but he is also a foremost champion of religious liberty, disclaiming to a sentiment that men are lost who follow their consciences to the point of disagreeing with him. His chief dignity among the Americans of the past is ROBERT WILLIAMS, about whom he has written a book, and after whom he has named a son. He has also established a prize at Brown for the best essay on the subject of religious liberty. He is the possessor of a pretty large and comprehensive mass of clarity, logic and common sense enough to cover not only a multitude of sins, but a multitude of virtues also. He has associated a good deal with the people of all faiths in religion, in economics, and in politics. He has not only served well both a Democratic and a Republican President as minister to Turkey, but whenever it has been asked, and that is more than once, he has given his reason to both parties. It is possible that Mr. ROOSEVELT was first attracted largely to him by a new interpretation of international law. Mr. STRAUSS and others were discussing with the President the Panama incident, and debating as to what became of the old treaty which bound the United States and Colombia, giving power and privileges to the former at and over Panama. Mr. STRAUSS sent forth doubts, if there were any, observing that the "conventions of the old treaty ran against the new." It is very often that a man who can quickly find a previous precedent in the division of an administration.

REMINISCENCES OF FIFTY YEARS OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY": 1857-1907

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EARLY EDITOR

By HENRY MILLS ALDEN

MR. ALDEN WAS EDITOR OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" FROM 1863 TO 1869

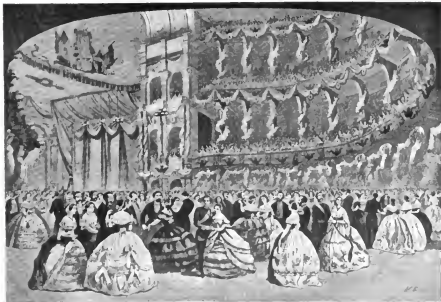
FOR a great publishing house to establish a weekly paper which should, among other things, freely discuss political questions would have been at any time in our history a daring proposition. A publisher of books naturally desires to conciliate the favor of all classes of respectable people and of all parties. We can therefore easily imagine the consternation of his three brothers when Mr. Fletcher Harper, in 1856, put to them just that disturbing proposition. They had learned by experience what seriousness might be engendered by religious antagonisms. The senior partner had within a few years been elected Mayor of New York city on an issue which arrayed against the house a large body of Roman Catholics. This the four brothers had bravely and uncompromisingly met. But to all but one of them the fluctuating fortunes of political warfare seemed to involve the instability of their business enterprise. They were the publishers not only of books but of a successful Magazine, which had won unprecedented favor in every section of the country, but which henceforth must risk the fate of a hostage in the enemy's camp.

Moreover, it was the most critical period in the political history of the country. For that very reason Fletcher Harper thought that side should at once be taken, as soon they must be, and that the house should promptly choose its colors and stand by them. Silent

it could not remain in such a storm as threatened, therefore it should speak in no uncertain voice. He insisted to the point of venturing to undertake the proposed journal on his own account, and inevitably his brothers yielded. They had always been united—they could have no separate fortunes; they would stand or fall together.

HARPER'S WEEKLY was started January 3, 1857, and its first page was devoted to an argument for Compromise and Union—a sweet and reasonable proposition which would have proved a solvent if reason and not passion had ruled—if the elements had been soluble in a world of "sweetness and light." But for the time the WEEKLY had the vantage-ground of a pacific policy which commanded respect, since the newly organized Republican party, just beaten at the polls, not only deprecated a resort to arms, but had no reasonable hope of electing a President in 1860—which, indeed, it finally succeeded in doing only through the division of the dominant party; and even then, with Lincoln in the White House, no powerful army could have been marshalled by the divided North for purposes of coercion; nor, indeed, could coercion have been adequately accomplished, by the inclusion of the still doubtful Southern States, but through the precipitation of actual war by the firing upon Fort Sumter.

The WEEKLY, then, for four years (1857-61) justified Fletcher



The greatest of New York's Social Functions in the Decade before the War
THE BALL GIVEN BY THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK TO THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, OCTOBER 12, 1860. THE PRINCE IS IN THE CENTER OF THE PICTURE WEARING THE HERRON OF THE GARTER
Reduced from a double-page wood-cut published in the issue of "Harper's Weekly" for October 20, 1860

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. I.—No. 1.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1857.

[PRICE FIVE CENTS.]

THE study officials of the United States Treasury concluded their test of expanding the vote given in the 1992 election. The results stand: none.

As issued	1,000,000
Preferred	2,557,142
Common	675,142
Total	4,232,284

For their millions of copies, not to be a failure, but that determined to a certain extent, the policy of the nation for the next 25 years, small or tremendous the portion.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

It is worth said in fact, the election is not the triumph of a party. It results in the triumph of a party, but it is the triumph of a far higher thing. It is the triumph of a principle, an ideal principle, the principle lying in the basis of that government—the only principle in which a free system, as opposed to systems of force, is at all close, we must say, the principle of peaceful antagonism of contending forces as interests—the principle, in a word, of Constitutionalism.

It is the balance of young and ardent men to look with autonomy on the idea of compromise. To them it seems to involve dishonor and in the heat of conflict grows real men thoughtful values have sometimes passed "the day of compromise to be put." In these are not later witnesses of immaturity.

of taxation. When the day of compromise passes away, the day of force and violence begins; when the sin of compromise in this country shall out, it will not be a matter of civil conflict, and, in all probability, of blood.

[illegible]

Look as it is, reference to religious affairs. In France, in the 16th century, for fifty years the Catholics had control of the government, and evoked all idea of tolerance. For fifty years the country was dominated with a terrorism of blood war, until a great man arose, and Henry IV. compramis the question by the Edict of Nantes. That edict gave France a century of repose and order, until his royal grandson, Louis XIV., repealed it in 1685. The immediate consequence was the loss of the Covenant, the more events that accelerating pains of the Church, which, it is generally known, she has since then, led to the French Revolution.

In that Revolution again the wise men of the time sought a compromise between the principle of despotism and the principle of absolute freedom. It was rejected, second, derided. What followed? Seventy years of war, murder, rapine, revolution, and now, to the end of these seventy years, the greatest nation is bowed down by a tyranny more ignominious than any that preceded it.

[illegible]

As regard to our verisimile, it is how of value to show how engineers, how completely is given out, how it depends on, how it states of overcompensation, and by compensation alone. It even there was a necessity to who is the little applies it is to this. Look at the wonderful children, and also the amazing inventing of our compensation elements. Our climate is such a form as we see in a single word, our philosophy and our very life. We realize are at the extreme North, the little things I wish to show and, we must. All

[illegible][illegible]

Deveraux never missed the graceful fringes of the union, bent only to keep the peace that solves by the very necessity of their position, and by their more numerous made much and unavailing representations of the great times of Compromise and Union. A majority may well have and discontinue them. Thus time the whole country long in support to the duration of Pennsylvania, and the result now makes it probable that no member of the democratic party, probably a citizen of Pennsylvania, or prominent and popular to the President's office, could be elected as New York, or more likely of late almost of the center. But it is a great mistake that in the hour of the economy, it is should be, but the great conservative element of the national

What, then, does the election show? There is a sharp preponderance of new party, as usual, among the voters. The Negro gives any assessment of the party he favors. The conservative, the old party, as we have said, the strength of no party. It is the triumph of the principles of compromise and Union. It is a disavowal by the conservative governing power of the country, that the vast numbers entrained under this Government can be pressed on to still greater sacrifices. It is a warning and a rebuke—that the Government must be safely surrendered to the extent of any changes desired or principles—dis or we have no right to insist on them. It is a rebuke to the leaders of the extreme of the party.

epirrhia, Indiana, and Illinois, and the Congressional district supervisor, almost equally important, of New York and Ohio, have denounced the question. Whether right or wrong in their judgment, that the future should not declare—but we are confident that this decision has been governed by a devotion to the great ideas of fraternity and union.

We cannot be dumb that with an immense majority of the American people, North, South, East, or West, attachment to the Union is the paramount idea. The Union is only another name for freedom, progress, and civilization, and so much is regarded.

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Thus, then, is the life of the atom—It is Compendious and Uxian. It is a bold and naked Post to foreign powers; It is harmony and concordance within. It is a protest against the admission of all quarters, against the extreme opinion of all sections. Whether the result will prove that this spirit lies below the proper form and shape, God and the future alone can tell. But nothing short of more pervasive justice can refuse to lend ground for confidence in the fact that the great executive powers of the country are to be wielded for the next four years by a man of approved experience and unimpeachable integrity, as familiar with the Old World as he is with his own, selected from one of the great

conservative shades of the 1940s, captured by his ideal posture, his age, and his expression, from the extreme opulence of the robes of a partisan, and where only possible real interest is in contact with nature. With the greens, the progress, and the happiness of the American people. It under these circumstances the previous result of Union, wrapped, progress, Union, shall not be missed, why, at the end of four years, with our national good-humor, conservatism, and peace—we will try it again.

A REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE FIRST
NUMBER OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

IT SHOWS THE FAMILIAR HEADINGS WHICH, SLIGHTLY MODIFIED, IS STILL IN USE, AND PRESENTS THE OFFICIAL FIGURES OF PRESIDENT BUCHANAN'S ELECTION, WITH AN EDITORIAL REJOICING THEREIN, AND SIGNED "CONFIDENCE AND TRUST." THE ACTUAL RISE OF THE PAGE WAS ELEVEN INCHES BY SIXTEEN INCHES, AND CONTAIN THE DOUBLE PURPOSE OF COVER AND FIRST PAGE.

Harper is his establishment of it, since in its support of a policy generally prevalent in the North, and opposed in the South by only a weak faction, controlled by a few ambitious leaders, its position rather helped than injured its publishers. After that period had passed and the war was on, there being no longer two parties, but only two armies, its political procedure was as safe as it was inevitable. As it had supported the Union by its efforts for compromise, it now supported it by upholding, not a party, but an administration pledged to the maintenance of the Union. Thus, after the war, it was easy for it to take a wholly independent position in all political contests.

If the WEEKLY helped the publishing house—as any periodical does a publisher—by becoming a leader to its business, giving it also not only a voice in the utterance of public sentiment but a free fighting arm, and, by the general excellence of the paper in matters disconnected with politics, advancing its literary importance, it had itself a corresponding advantage in having a great publishing house at its back—an advantage which at that time no other periodical of its class had, and very few magazines. This gave it stability and responsibility. The high character of the book publications issued by the house for nearly a generation, especially the "Fanny Library" series, and the reputation won already by HARPER'S MAGAZINE, gave the WEEKLY a ready welcome in American homes. It was convincingly what it professed to be, "A Journal of Civilization." The page-lag plea for compromise which opened its first number was followed by an elaborate essay on "The Family, the Church, and the State." This elementary preamble, grave in substance but without the pith and felicity of expression which has usually characterized essays in this periodical, and written probably by one of that group of writers which gave a ponderous dignity to the old "Editor's Table" in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, was hardly necessary, though fit and natural. It might well be expected from a house whose first published book had been *Demosthenes' Works*, and which had issued Hannah More's works in three quarto volumes—in small type at that. But apart from a few sober essays of this kind—which were characteristic of the time—the WEEKLY was replete with entertainment, humor, and the excitement of fiction.

The Harpers had established intimate communications with English novelists, directly or with their publishers, securing advance sheets of the most important current fiction, paying for this priority—which was all they could pay for—and their WEEKLY as well as their MAGAZINE enjoyed the fruits of this valuable commerce. It was thus that Dickens and Walter Collins and Charles Reade, then at their best, were frequent contributors. Fitz-James O'Brien, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Harriet Prescott, Constance Fenimore Woolson, and Fitz-Hugh Ludlow contributed short stories; and there were others whose "short love stories" satisfied even Mayor Harper's desire for that species of fiction.

But I am anticipating, leaping forward too rapidly to the time with which I am personally better acquainted. Before the war there

were not so many American short stories in the paper. A large proportion of space was given to extended sketches of travel, with lively illustrations, and to essays in a light vein, however utilized the motive might be, and often the motive was wholly laudicrous. Several columns were devoted to "Literary Criticism," and more than a page to summaries of "Domestic Intelligence" and "Foreign News." There was also a "Weekly Market Summary." Not unfrequently there appeared a notable poem, like William Allen Butler's "Nothing to Wear," and Fitz-James O'Brien's "Tale to the Arctic Explorer Kane." It was truly in the war that Ethel Lynn Brown's popular poem "All Quiet on the Potomac" was published. The authorship, like that of another famous literary poem, Watson's "Beautiful Snow," was claimed by other writers. The social quality of the paper was maintained at a high standard by young writers who were worthy successors to the Salmagundi coterie, and the successful rivals of N. P. Willis, who was then contributing to the *Home Journal* his "Letters to Invalids" and "Portraits of Living Characters." A good type of these young writers was Fitz-Hugh Ludlow; but unrivalled among them was George William Curtis, who was then the "Easy Chair" of the MAGAZINE. He was the most constant contributor in this kind of essays. As a rule, the names of contributors were not given either in the WEEKLY or in the MONTHLY. What was printed passed to the public on its intrinsic merits.

It would be quite impossible for readers of to-day to reconstruct in their imaginations the social régime of New York city before the War of Secession—it was so quiet and simple. The robust of the citizens—men like A. T. Stewart, who was a scholar as well as a millionaire—entertained their most distinguished guests at dinners in the old-fashioned English townhouses. Forty-second Street, then being built up, was the northern limit of the city proper. There had been enthusiastic public receptions given to distinguished literary Americans, like Irving and Cooper, on their return from extended sojourns in European capitals, and to eminent literary visitors from abroad, like Dickens and Thackeray; but the greatest distinctly social function of that period was the ball in honor of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales—the full-page illustration of which, published at the time in the WEEKLY, is reproduced in this issue.

It was in the winter of 1863 that I became editorially associated with the WEEKLY. Mr. Curtis, whose social and political paragraph had for some time appeared under the caption of "The Lounge," was given full possession and control of the editorial reins of the paper at the same time that I undertook what might be called the general editorship—the selection of stories and poems, the summarizing of domestic and foreign news, and the comment to accompany the illustrations. My predecessor, John Henner, a gentleman of literary tastes, had become engrossed in Wall Street affairs to such an extent that he felt obliged to give his undivided attention to them. He had never attached much importance to that encouragement of



The First of "Harper's Weekly's" Famous Civil War Pictures

THE ACT OF SURRENDER WHICH PRECIPITATED THE WAR. THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER BY THE BATTERIES OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES, APRIL 17, 1861

Reduced from a double-page wood cut published on the cover of "Harper's Weekly" for April 29, 1861



A Naive Allegory, from the "Weekly" of August 14, 1856
THE DRAWING CELEBRATES THE SUCCESSFUL LAYING OF THE FIRST
ATLANTIC CABLE

American literary contributors which can only be given through a careful reading of the matter submitted by writers whose best efforts had been stimulated to rivalry by the forthright fiction then being published in the *MOVEMENT* and *WEEKLY*. Mr. Bonney was content to order short stories from writers like Nora Perry and a few others who had proved successful in that field. Hitherto perhaps this policy had not been so harmful as it was now sure to be, if continued.

The war itself had been a fresh inspiration to other writers and was awakening new talent of a high order. Miss Constance Fenimore Woodson in after-years wrote me: "The war was the romance of my life." It would have been a fatal mistake on the part of any editor not to take note of this emergence of new writers who were to furnish to American periodical literature its most distinctive and interesting features. And at that time those writers were producing poetry and stories which, in hue and texture, were pure and poetical of this western world.

It was in this way, perhaps, since I then became reader of manuscripts offered for both *MAGAZINE* and *WEEKLY* use, that I was to be most useful to the house, and in some substantial way to literature itself. Two members of the house, Fletcher and Joseph Wolsky, were quick and effective in their grasp of the already successful authors at home and abroad. My initiative was the more interesting one of discovery. To discover the emergent author and to keep in sympathetic touch with him has been my life-long profession. The results have been satisfactory, since the last forty years have witnessed the abundant harvest of American literature.

Other editors have shared with me the zest and the fruits of such adventure, but I am tempted, in this retrospect of my connection with *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, to adorn my cup with this one particular feather, because in every other respect I was so insignificant. The man who originated the *WEEKLY* really conducted it as long as he lived. Every Monday morning he brought me the edition of the illustrated pages of the next number of the paper, leaving to me the supply and adjustment of the text for all the other pages, except this portion occupied by Mr. Curtis's editorials.

The pressure of war matter had long ago driven out of the paper the grave essays and the sketches of travel, considerably reducing also the space allotted to the summary of general news and to notices of books. Mr. Curtis, in his own field, was absolutely independent, having the complete confidence of his publishers, even when, with his new strength, he might hold a position somewhat at odds with their own. He was there, happily, fully commissioned to fight their battles in his own way. Once I remember, when his enemies in his own party intimated that his publishers were not in sympathy with his convictions, they headed the *WEEKLY* with a manifesto signed by the house not only expressing their full support of his position, but declaring that they would rather not publish the paper at all than do so at the sacrifice of principle to merely partisan views.

It was Mr. Curtis's privilege to write his editorials for the paper in the *convenient* season, choosing some day early in the week for this purpose. A desk was set apart for him next to the foreman's. He had already marshaled the editorial ele-

ments of his editorial comment, and the form was as readily at his command as was that of any of his more elaborate public speeches and of his most casual conversation. Mr. Curtis survived the first generation of Harpers. After his death, in 1892, the Hon. Carl Schurz was a regular contributor to the editorial columns of the *WEEKLY* for many years. He had fought alongside of Mr. Curtis for the cause of civil service reform, and was so completely in harmony with his political course that no man could have been more fitly chosen to continue his work.

During a portion of my six years' connection with the paper I was relieved by W. F. G. Shanks, and afterward by John Y. Foster, from the more onerous duties of editorship—retaining only my functions as manuscript reader and general literary adviser of the house—in order that I might bring more rapidly to a conclusion my work on "Harpers's Historical History of the Republic." Mr. Shanks, who had been an efficient war correspondent in the Western campaigns, and who had been personally acquainted with all the distinguished generals engaged in them, was a valuable contributor, as was also Mr. Foster—later the able editor for many years of *Frank Leslie's*—because of his intimate knowledge of current politics and his journalistic experience on the staff of the *New York Advertiser*.

When, in 1869, I assumed the editorial charge of *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*, my place on the *WEEKLY* was taken by S. S. Conant, who held it for several years. The subsequent editors were Montgomery Schuyler, John Flood, Richard Hawley Davis, Henry Leomin Nelson, and John Wendell Bangs. Since 1892, George Harvey, president of Harpers and Brothers, has been the editor of the *WEEKLY*, not only conducting it with as strong a hand as its founder, but associated with it in a more intimate sense as a constant contributor to its varied comment—at some periods writing all of it.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has never been merely a weekly newspaper. From its connection with the history of the country at its most critical moments it has had more than any other journal of its class, the character of a national institution. In its early career the feature which impressed me most strongly was the work of its artists. The kind of work they did was brought into existence, as a sort of dry ground, by *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*. The note was struck in the early files of the last century by "Fort Crayon," and was prolonged by a succession of characteristic draughtsmen from Augustus Hopkin to Ed Fyttinger and Thomas Nast, and is still pronounced in the drawings of W. A. Rogers. As in the case of English contemporary artists, like Cruikshank, Leech, and Do Mazoir, its main characteristic was humor—single humor when its aim was amusement, humorous satire when ridicule was more direct and effective than any argument, as in Thomas Nast's picturesque but terrible arraignment of the Tweed Ring.

Of course, in wartime, this note was subdued, but certain characteristic and graphic touches remained, which have, by their indelible impression upon the imagination, made the *WEEKLY's* reproduction of pictures sketched on a battered battle-field, by such artists as the Waags and Theodore A. Davis, immortal—so that to-day and for all time to come they, more vividly than any historical description, revive the stirring scenes of that eventful period. These



The First Illustration which appeared in "Harper's Weekly"
THIS CUT APPEARED IN THE FIRST ISSUE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY," BEARING THE
CAPTION: "A BRIDGE ON THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA"

poignantly interesting pictures were relieved by Sol Eytinge's masterly full-page drawings illustrating festive domestic moments in the life of a "darky" family, and by those of an equally humorous type—that were possible—from other artists directing certainly equally humorous aspects of the contemporary comedy of our American life.

Well! we may have had most of our fun in those times, when there was most to move us to tears. Another group of artists—Abbey, Rhinehart, Fyle, Thosdorp, and Remington—succeeded those quaintly humorous draughtsmen, and have given us another and higher kind of satisfaction with their finer and greater art, of which the WEEKLY has had its abundant share. It would be inevitable on my part were I to omit to give credit to the first great art-editor of the paper, as also of the MAGAZINE, Mr. Charles Parsons, for his admirable work

on these periodicals during a whole generation. Of the two groups of artists I have above characterized he was friend and guide and inspiration.

What impresses me most in the paper to-day is its pitiful and luminous earnestness on every feature of contemporary interest, and the many-sided manner which its illustrations hold up to us, reflecting every phase of our progressive American life. The striking incident is not lost sight of in this presentation, but the main current and its ever-changing drifts—that is the great and permanently interesting theme. I note also that the firmness—whether short story or serial—is new, as it has been from the beginning, representative of the best imaginative work of the time, the vivid and harmonious complement of what, in every other field, the WEEKLY is doing to justify its original title as a *Journal of Civilization*.

THE FIRST NUMBER, JANUARY 3, 1857

By EDWARD S. MARTIN

HARPER'S WEEKLY: A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.—Neither labor nor expense will be spared, "runs the prospectus," "to make it the best Family Newspaper in the World—one whose cheerful and genial character will render it a welcome visitor to every household, while its constant devotion to the principles of right and justice will win the approbation of the wise and good. Its object will be to set forth sound views on political, social, and moral questions, to diffuse useful information, and to cultivate the graces and amenities of life."

So much for the general intention. The advertisement, printed on page fourteen of the opening number, adjoining a column of other advertisements, goes on to various particulars of purpose: so, to give a full and impartial summary of all the different kinds of news, to record everything worth recording, and "present an accurate and complete picture of the age in which we live." "Taste, the imagination, and the feelings," were also to have due share of attention, and its regular contents were to include tales, incidents of travel and adventure, sketches of character and social life, and essays upon art and morals. Announcing arrangements made with the best American writers, the publishers noted that there was room enough in their paper for ample selection from the best literature of the Old World, and that they would keep a vigilant eye on the issues of the English, French, and German periodical press, the best productions of which they cordially promised to transfer to their paper.

And they pointed out that the new WEEKLY was not intended in any way to supersede HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and that it would contain sev-

teen pages of the size of the *London Illustrated News*, and would appear every Saturday morning at five cents a copy, or \$2.50 a year, "clergymen and teachers supplied at the lowest club prices."

Thus gathering from the advertisement the particulars of plan and scope we turn over the leaves of the first number to see how far they were realized. First numbers constitute by themselves separate and interesting class of literary and typographical products. "Nascitur, non fit," applies a good deal to first numbers. They are born, and until they are born even the parents cannot tell absolutely what they will be or how they will look. Everything about a first number has to be thought out; nothing can be left to conform to custom. The *Harper*, when the WEEKLY was started, were already the experienced parents of one periodical, and brought full knowledge and ample facilities to the starting of another. Nothing rushed, crude, or unfinished, therefore, was to be looked for in their new first number. Such as it is, it is a finished, workmanlike product. The typographical model was, probably, the *London Illustrated News*. The first page, reproduced this week, shows the familiar heading which has come down unchanged. The new Family Newspaper starts off with the official figures of Buchanan's election, and defines its political position in a grave and able four-column editorial in favor of Compromise and Union. Its sentiments are those of conservative patriotism. It rejoices in Buchanan's election as the orderly triumph of that spirit of wise compromise which alone, in its opinion could save the Union without war. "If this," it says, "be not a spectacle . . . congratulatory to the reader of the blood-be-



The first "Comic" Printed in "Harper's Weekly"

This illustration, from the issue of January 3, 1857, illustrated the following joke, which was printed in the periodical.

POLICE CONSTABLE (to Boy). "NOW, THEN, OFF WITH THAT HOOP, OR I'LL PREACH A GOOD SERMON TO YOU!" LADY (who imagines the observation is addressed to her). "WHAT A MONSTER!" (Lifts up her Crinoline, and hurries off)

grand pages of history, then we should be glad to see one more so furnished by our reader of the elder world. The congratulatory spectacle, as we know now, did not make good, but the WEEKLY was entirely right in that first intention in holding that only in newspapers was there a possibility of saving the Union without a war. "He who thinks," said, "that a peaceful separation of the Union could be made is totally ignorant of the true state of the country."

As an example of an illustrated publication, the first number of the WEEKLY is not unimpressive. The paper had for the most part to develop the pictorial talent to which it gave a market, and to train its own artists. It began at once, with credits that gradually appear, and by the time the first war came it was able to put a corps of artists into the field, but at the start it was a good beginner, and helped itself liberally—according to the intention given in its prospectus—from the pictures in the foreign illustrated papers. John Leech was the best contributor of pictures to its first issues. Of the six illustrations in that number, one, a comic sketch, was certainly his, and translated from Punch. Another came, probably from the same source, if not from the same hand. Four pictures, one, a remarkable marine view, accompanying a story about "A Police Officer's Seven Thousand Mile Chase" in California after an Ohio fugitive, may have been original house-made drawings. The attention at the start was, perhaps, not so much to make a pictorial publication as to illustrate and lighten the family newspaper with pictures. But the picture side of the enterprise gathered strength fast, and before the year was out the pictures had more than quadrupled in number and crowded successfully for space in the family newspaper.

In the first number the written pieces had things very much their own way, and very readable pieces they still are. Following the political discourse on the first number, there is a story of a domestic and social subject. One on Dear Woman treats of extravagance in dress and equities what might be the rest of the apparel that a rich woman in 1857 might put on her back or hang in her wardrobe. It was a piece of ridicule, besides jesting, irony, veils, handkerchiefs, fans, and esculapine shawls, the moral essayist ended her with fifty dresses, of which he says that "since they go on increasing in expensiveness until they had but to outbid the dress of St. Peter's, it is difficult to embrace them within an estimate, or within anything of fixed proportions." Guessing, however, that there might be fifty of them, each containing twenty yards of stuff, some of mixed antique or stamped velvet, and others of the simplest material, he estimated that the most expensive would cost one hundred and fifty dollars, and the least expensive twenty, an average of fifty dollars each, or twenty-five hundred dollars for the lot. The thought of fifty new gowns, many of them "best gowns," for twenty-five hundred dollars would be very grateful to the spirit of a fashionable New York woman to-day. The hats of the belle of '57 were to cost \$100, her whole outfit, including \$100,000 worth of jewels and \$200 in laces, fans, and shawls, was computed in cost \$17,840.

It is amusing to find in the next moral essay, about benefiting life, that the moderns think the Americans are inferior given to money-making, "not as true or as laborious as the Europeans, nor as wise as our good-gods fathers." Simplicity, the essayist says, is what we need, "intelligent and living simplicity would cure half our ills." The simple life was already discovered in '57, and has doubtless been rediscovered at intervals of about five years from that day to this. That was a pious year, as will be recalled, and grew very favorable to simple living before its course was run.

Next comes a translation from Bruce by "a party of New York young ladies, each of whom quoted a line." The poem is of the kind which must have constituted a journalistic "best" by the new weekly on the *Row Journal*. Follow two columns of "Chat," which show, about the boys being at home for the holidays, Tallberg's newspaper, three writers of art, literary and artistic interest. Then comes a poem by Maria Angeline Tupper, some cleverness of that day, about the Atlantic telegraph, and "Baron Munchausen" contributes a characteristic interview about travel in America. So far all the pieces are evidently written for the new paper, but of what a original and what is borrowed there is no indication except an textual evidence. Three columns of book reviews, and a page and a half of Domestic Intelligence and Foreign News very well condensed and presented, were also evidently prepared for the new family newspaper. So was a department of Notes and Queries, a first-rate letter from "Our Italian Correspondent," a Christmas poem, notes of Art and Science and "Times Was said Otherwise" (improving jokes). About the stories there is room for doubt. There are two, each more than a page long, and the setting in each is English. The two-page inter-



An Early Example of Nast's Cartooning in the "Weekly"

THIS "MONEY-BAG" PORTRAIT OF TRIST IS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE GREATEST EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN CARICATURE

(From "Harper's Weekly," Dec. 10, 1857, p. 11)

a piece of the wire "now being manufactured in London, with an interesting north curiosity." In the *Foreign News* the Treaty of Paris (after the Crimean war) was under discussion. Dr. Livingston was on his way home to England after seventeen years' absence in Africa. "Great honors await him." The United States steam-ship *Sea Devil* had just landed Commodore Townsend, Harris at San Francisco, and had been there, not a little to the discomfort of the Japanese Government. "On Saturday, 28th, a large meeting was held in the Broadway Tabernacle to express sympathy with Walker and his men in Nicaragua."

The advertisements in an old newspaper being long the vanished just even more vividly than its news paragraphs. Even the market reports are affecting to the scandalous. Particulars at Washington Market were sold (wholesale) in 1857 at 8 cents a pair, and prairie-hens at 75 cents. Quail were \$4.50 a dozen, turkeys were ten cents a pound, and saddle of venison was twelve cents.

There was a fashionable druggist in Franklin Square who was a produce advertiser of various countries, and Corwell, a retail book-seller, had moved up from Beaver Street to keep a store in "Harper & Brothers' new edifice." The publishers of the other weekly and monthly periodicals advertised in the new paper. The *Home Journal* announced that N. P. Willis proposed to "give more of the LETTERS TO JULIUS, which his experience has enabled him to write, and which have been so widely quoted," and that "T. B. Aldrich has in preparation a Prose Poem, to be entitled *For Honor or Giles Loring*, to be published in numbers from week to week." Mr. Aldrich was already recognized as an expert poet, though he was not yet old enough to vote. The *Christian Era*, edited by the Rev. George E. Ellis, sent in from Boston its claims, backed by strong arguments, to public attention. "The American Comic Paper, The New York *Penny*," advertised that it was "contrabanded by the best wits of the day," and had engaged the best artists, and was given "from one to twenty caricatures and Comic Illustrations in each number." Robert Bennett printed two columns and a half of the first chapters of Emerson Bennett's thrilling Indian tale of 1812. "The continuation of which can only be found in the New York *Leader*," for which great family weekly paper only, wrote Emily Fern and Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. and to which "nearly all the eminent writers in the country, such as Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. Emma D. E. Southworth, and Alice Cary, contribute regularly." Philadelphia, in the new weekly, advertised *Peter's Magazine*, the more that had been advertised in each number in the days of the civil war, and at greater length and with livelier solicitation. "The *Dialer Newspaper*, made up with special reference to the family circle, using monster machines equal to printing 20,000 copies per hour," undertook to publish the largest weekly paper, which cost twice as much. The family paper at that time seemed to feel that competition was the life of trade, and doubtless it was, as it is the story-telling habit, once fixed on a large public, becomes inviolable.

The *Advertiser Magazine* was still awake, and advertised a "Grand story by that precocious young writer T. B. Aldrich, to be called *The Spirit of the Times* was published by George Wilcox, New York," which was "Mrs. Browning's new poem," and Leonard Smith, of 111 M Street, advertised his reports of the British periodicals and the *Advertiser's Guide*.

Dead of it. Fifty years is a mere time of that as time goes, but to see it and periodicals and the public taste go, it is truth a proper space.

"HARPER'S WEEKLY" AND THOMAS NAST

THE RECORD OF A SERIES OF HISTORIC POLITICAL VICTORIES

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

ILLUSTRATED FROM NAST'S ORIGINAL CARTOONS

It seems unlikely that the future will produce a pictorial journal to rival the position held by HARPER'S WEEKLY in the story of this nation. It was born when great forces and fancies were on the eve of chaos; it performed a vital function during a long period of reconstructive restoration; it was the medium through which a great weapon was given to a great people who stood in some need of it—a weapon for assault and for defense, developed by severe conditions and the reign of organized evil—the American Political Cartoon.

There were already two illustrated weekly papers in New York city when, on January 3, 1857, the first copy of HARPER'S WEEKLY was offered for sale. These were *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* and the *New York Illustrated News*. The big Sunday newspapers did not exist in those days, and though New York was not then a great city, and the entire nation polled but four million votes, there was thought to be room for a third picture-paper. So HARPER'S WEEKLY came to occupy that room.

It was not much of a "picture-paper" in the beginning. In the first issue there were only a few small illustrations and two "comics"—outings that even resembled a cartoon. Indeed the *American Cartoon* had but a paltry existence then. Only three symbols—"brother Jonathan," "Missus Columbo," and the "American Eagle," the bare A B C of its alphabet—had been invented, and they spelled but meagerly the nation's story and its needs.

It was Thomas Nast who was to complete the pictorial alphabet of symbols and the massed ideas which would give to America that powerful agent for good or evil, the Political Cartoon.

Thomas Nast was abroad during the earlier stages of the war crisis. He had been sent by the *New York Illustrated News* to picture the great Hovnan-Soyers ring racket which took place near London early in 1860, and a little later he had joined the Garibaldi expedition which was to free and unite Italy. The Garibaldi campaign came to a successful close with the end of the year, and February, 1861, found Nast back in New York, eager and qualified for war illustration. For a year he remained with the *News*, with a brief period at *Leslie's*, his work consisting chiefly of battle pictures, many of them redrawn from sketches sent by artists in the field. He had seen war and could handle intelligently the hasty and often crude sketches sent from the front. Yet he was far from satisfied with this sort of work. He

wanted to create pictures of his own. Some imaginative war drawings sent to HARPER'S WEEKLY were promptly accepted, and in the summer of 1862 he was assigned to regular staff work. And so quietly enough began a pictorial epoch, the combined career of a man and a paper which was to endure almost unbrokenly for a quarter of a century, and stand without parallel for moral and political importance in the history of nations.

HARPER'S WEEKLY had already become the greatest picture-paper in the field. There were an art-director and a number of capable men on the regular staff. Almost from the first Nast was allowed to follow his own ideas—was permitted to make pictures rather than illustrations. Fletcher Harper (whose special province the WEEKLY was) took an immediate and deep interest in the industrious and capable boy—he was still that, for he was barely twenty-two—and to the confidence and courage of Fletcher Harper the national importance of Nast's subsequent great work is chiefly due.

Nast's pictures immediately took on a character of their own. They were not caricatures in those days, but imaginative scenes of war, full of fierce and stirring patriotism. To him it was not a time for burlesque, but for solemnity and pathos and for striking home. Winslow Homer had contributed several of the double-page war pictures, really beautiful drawings of better technique than Nast could hope to master. But it may be that in their very grace of execution they lacked force. Certainly they did not stir the blood and arouse the spirit of battle as did the pages of Nast which followed them. Crude, elemental, sometimes brutal, these pictures of Nast's went straight to the mark.

"Nast, how does a field look after battle? Can you draw that? Suppose you make it night," said John Bonner, then art-manager of the WEEKLY.

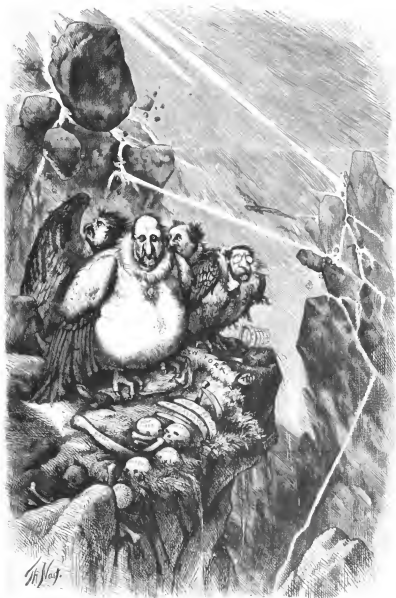
So a solemn, gruesome double-page of a battle-field at night was added to the series which went men forth to die in the nation's cause. "From a roving hand with a swift pencil for aid he had become a patriot artist, burning with the enthusiasm of the time," wrote James Parton later, and he was permitted to vent that enthusiasm in the way he best understood. Other drawings showed guerrilla raids in the West, the seeking of peaceful villages, the life in the prison pen—all the horrors of civil war.

A series of semi-allegorical pictures, full of homely pathos and



The first Appearance of the Tammany Tiger in a Cartoon. Tweed and his adherents in the Cubiculum.

THIS CARTOON IS CONSIDERED THE MOST IMPORTANT POLITICAL PICTURE EVER PUBLISHED. IT APPEARED AS A DOUBLE-PAGE CARTOON IN THE ISSUE FOR NOVEMBER 11, 1871, AND MADE AN EXTRAORDINARY SENSATION.



NAST'S FAMOUS CARTOON, "LET US PREY"

From "Haverly Weekly," of Sept. 1, 1874.

THEY TALK THE WHOLE MORNING PURSUANT TO THE OLD PLAN. THYER RIGHTER IS THE CONFIDENT FEATURE IN THE PICTURE. HE IS BEHIND HIM (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) JARVIS, AND HIS ASSOCIATES ARRENT, CONNOLLY, AND HALL.

melodrama followed these more vigorous portrayals, and these would seem to have been equally effective. Indeed they won for the artist his first real fame. One of the earliest of these, entitled "Christmas Eve," achieved a popularity which was rare with difficulty comprehend to-day. In a large Christmas wreath was shown the soldier's family at home—the children in bed, the wife gazing at the window. In another wreath was the absent one by the camp-fire, fondly regarding the picture of his loved ones. Smaller bits surrounded these, well drawn and full of sentiment.

The picture does not stir us deeply to-day. It seems old-fashioned and sentimental. But it was not obsolescence in thirty-three, and the sentiment it awakes was love of home and country, with that and heart-hunger and tenderness which comes when dear ones are absent in the dark hour of danger. Letters from every corner of the Union came to the Harper office with thanks for that inspired picture. Within the year the name of Nast was known throughout the country, and the HARPER'S WEEKLY was pictures were universally welcomed and preserved.

It was during the Presidential campaign of 'sixty-four that Nast did his most effective war cartoons from the political point of view. The Democratic convention held in Chicago had declared the war a failure, and had held for Compromise with peace at any price. In the WEEKLY office the day of Compromise had long since passed. The war must be pressed home to its logical conclusion. The first of the Nast cartoons, entitled "Compromise with the South," represented the still defiant Southern leader, Jeff Davis, clasping hands with the cringing Southern soldier over the grave of "Union heroes fallen in a useless war." Columbia is bowed in sorrow, and in the background appears a negro family, again in chains.

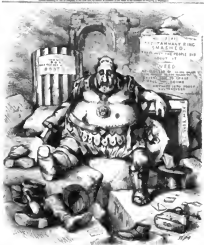
The success of this picture was startling. An increased edition of the WEEKLY was printed to supply the demand, and the page was also used for a campaign document, of which millions of copies were circulated. In October appeared the second destructive cartoon, a great double-page which depicted in Nast's most ferocious manner just what the Chicago platform meant. Nobody can estimate what those two cartoons did for the majority of Lincoln and Johnson. The WEEKLY, in an article later, referred to them as "prodigious batteries whose influence upon the glorious results of the campaign was undeniable." The war pictures continued until the conflict ended and the land echoed with the bells of peace. Abraham Lincoln said:

"Thomas Nast has been our best recruiting sergeant. His emblematic cartoons have never failed to arouse enthusiasm and patriotism, and have always seemed to come just when these articles were getting scarce." And General Grant, when asked, "Who is the foremost genius in civil life developed by the rebellion?" replied, "I think, Thomas Nast."

Truly that was a time of prompt and superlative recognition—the heyday of individual warfare. Horace Greeley was the Tribune, the Tribune was Greeley. James Gordon Bennett was the Herald, the Herald was Bennett. Now, pictorially at least, Thomas Nast had become HARPER'S WEEKLY, the WEEKLY was Nast.

From this time forward the importance of the WEEKLY's cartoons in politics cannot be overestimated. Nast, young, intrepid, and in deadly earnest, rode up and down the lists like a paladin, destroying whatever lay in the path of national progress. His caricature work began with Andrew Johnson, whose stupidity and ineptness appealed to Nast's sense of humor, as the war had not. He had always made comic drawings, now he applied this faculty to political satire, and the "King Andy" cartoons won immediate and world-wide recognition in a new field, and placed HARPER'S WEEKLY at the head of American caricature. The Johnson cartoons are as good today as they were the moment they were drawn, and the portrait likenesses are amazingly good. They were never caricatures in the exaggerated sense; characteristics were slightly emphasized, that was all, and Nast's portraits never required tags or labels of identification.

The Seymour and Blair cartoons followed the Johnson pictures. George William Curtis was by this time political editor of the WEEKLY, and in conjunction with Nast waged vigorous and triumphant war. Editor and cartoonist did not always agree—indeed they frequently and firmly disagreed. Curtis was for less vigorous measures than Nast—less destructive blows. Nast used a gleaming battle-axe and



An influential Cartoon from an early issue of the "Weekly"
IN THIS NAST CARTOON, FROM THE ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 25, 1871,
TWEED IS SHOWN AFTER THE CITY ELECTION OF 1871, HITTING AS
CALVIN MARION AMONG THE RUINS OF CARTOONAGE

greatest work still lay all before. There followed a year now when the best of the Harper cartoons bore chiefly upon foreign affairs, the Franco-Prussian war, and some of these were highly notable and of international importance. But they were forgotten and over-shadowed by the series which immediately followed, for with 1870 began a pictorial crusade which remains without parallel in the annals of civil reform.

With the beginning of that year, the government and finances of the city of New York were in the hands of as daring and corrupt a band of political brigands as ever looted treasury or made a body politic staid and deliver. Tweed, Severy, Connolly, and Hall, the famous "Tweed Ring," were in absolute power. Their headquarters was Tammany Hall. Their symbol was the tiger. They held or controlled all the offices; they suborned or intimidated the bar, the bench, and the press. The politics of New York city and State were wholly in their grasp, and they had their eyes on the government at Washington. Every public contract passed through their hands, and by absurdly magnified bills and dummy entries they depleted the city treasury at the rate of a million dollars a month for a period of three years. Their numbers were legion, and they were so well organized and far-reaching was their power that it seemed for a time that no worthy champion could be found to battle for the people's rights. Now and then some politician or paper found courage to denounce the plunderers, and was quickly silenced. Yet all unknown to the Ring a storm was gathering which would wreck his edifice of fraud and sweep it out of power. Near the end of 1869 a small picture, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, arose upon their horizon, a cartoon by Nast denouncing the Ring. Fletcher Harper had made up his mind that his paper should do what it could to rid the city of a nest of vultures, and Nast's inherent longing for anything that resembled a combination for unfair advantage, combined with his fierce and fearless and vindictive methods of warfare, made him the supremely chosen instrument for the work in hand. He was told that he might have free hand and wage such war as suited his talents and his moods.

Through 1870 the storm dropped in, but it was seen only from the skirmish line, and the Ring members themselves, perhaps, laughed at their amusing portraits. Early that year, the New York Times, under George Jones, an able and fearless man, joined the crusade, and these two papers consolidated their forces for the political campaign of the coming year.

As the months passed along and the assaults continued, the Ring became irritated. The murmur of the people grew louder and more annoying. Perhaps these pictures were no joke, after all. In the first cartoon of 1871, Nast showed "Tweedshire and Tweed-edum." Travel and society, giving open scandalously from the public money to the needier of their followers while they set aside still greater sums

for themselves. Tweed's fifteen-thousand-dollar diamond, which was to become historic, was depicted in this caricature. The picture was a small one, but it created a big mischief.

"That's the last straw," Tweed declared when he saw it. "I'll show those d—d publishers a new trick."

He had already threatened those with an action for libel. He now gave orders to his Board of Education to reject all Harper's books for school-boys and to throw out those already on hand. More than fifty thousand dollars' worth of public property was thus destroyed, to be replaced with books from the New York Printing Company—a corporation owned by the Ring.

The Harper firm held a meeting to consider this serious blow. The majority of the members would have been willing to discontinue warfare on so mighty an enemy. Father Harper never wavered. When at last the argument became rather bitter, he took up his hat and said:

"Gentlemen, you know where I live. When you are ready to continue the fight against these scoundrels, send for me. Meantime, I shall find a way to continue it alone."

They did not let him go, and the fight went on. Nast now flung himself into the maelstrom with all the ardor and violence of his intense nature. Cartoon followed cartoon, each more terrible than the preceding. He pictured them as thieves, as villains, as gilded-boys, he clothed them in prison stripes. Hall's spectacle, Beevor's stock of hair, the gross fatness of Tweed and Connelly, became familiar to children in the streets. Then the Times got hold of the tabulated proofs of the Ring's pilferings and spread their broadcast for all the world to read.

The items of their stealings were so gross as to be absurd. "Forty old chairs and three tables, for the new Court-house, had cost the city \$179,729.60. One item of stationery was charged at \$186,495.61. Plastering in the new Court-house had been paid for at the rate of fifty thousand dollars a day for an entire month, and a charge for thermometers was put down at \$7500.00! The list was long, very long, and these are only a fair example of the charges."

"What are you going to do about it?" Tweed had said a little earlier, and Hall, always gay and bonhomie, had laughed and declared that it would "all blow over. For," he asked, "who is going to sue?"

But there was no hope that it would "blow over" now, and it was evident that the people were preparing to show what they would "do about it." The Ring writhed under the pictures that even their literature following could understand, and Nast's personal safety was threatened. But the terrible weekly exhibit did not cease. The Ring determined to buy Nast.

"Let's stop them d—d pictures," said Tweed. "I don't care so much what the papers write about me as my constituents can't read; but, d—n it, they can see pictures!" So an agent of the Ring, a man whom Nast knew, came to his house and tactfully offered him a large sum, eventually increased to five hundred thousand dollars, if he would give up this "Ring business," and go abroad "to study art."

Nast shared the discussion by saying:

"I made up my mind not long ago to put some of those fellows behind the bars, and I'm going to put them there."

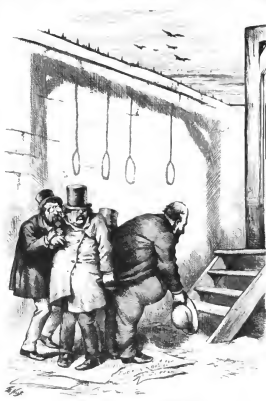
And he kept his word. Just before the November election, Tweed appeared the greatest of all Ameri-

can cartoonists, the first embodiment of the Tammany symbol, the Tiger, crushing down Liberty, in the old Coliseum of Rome. Underneath it was the legend, "THE TAMMANY TIGER LOOSE." What are you going to do about it? On the home-bound train that night there sat in front of Nast a man with the paper open in his lap. He looked at this marvellous picture long and hard.

"What are we going to do about it?" he muttered. Then he struck the paper a blow with his fist. "We are going to fight you!" he said.

With the election a day or two later the Ring was swept out of power. It crumbled into fragments and exploded. With its confederates it came to grief. Some died in exile, others in prison. A few were allowed to return and testify against their fellows. Tweed, captured, was allowed to escape, and was recaptured through a subsequent Nast cartoon. He died, poor and alone, in Ludlow Street jail. In his trunk was found carefully preserved every great cartoon Nast had drawn of him. The pictorial episode, which must remain forever unique in history, was complete.

There is far too little room in the limits of one article to recall even so briefly all the WREXHAM cartoons. Following the fall of the Ring came the great Greeley campaign. Horace Greeley had joined the mavericks in the Senate who opposed Grant, and, always a possible candidate for any office which might offer, he had now become an aspirant for the highest post in the nation. With his usual talent for veering, he had placed himself in a position where the several discontented elements of both parties might with some show of reason accord him their support. He had been the most malignant and deadly enemy of the South, yet he was now ready to accept its franchise. He had an immense personal following which he believed could be converted into political support. Of course he was mistaken. His career had been one of brilliant variations and distinguished eculatitudes. His own printed utterances reprinted categorically because at once his accusation and his conviction. While Grant was charged by his enemies with almost every crime in the calendar, it was only necessary to recall and illustrate Horace Greeley's own printed utterances to present unanswerable arguments as to why, of all men in public life, the Tribune editor was the last to be selected by any party as its Presidential candidate. Nast did not spare Greeley. He had always regarded the Sage of Chappaqua as an old humbug, and Fletcher Harper did not disagree with this view. Curtis discounted Nast was for reconciling the disgruntled factions of the party. When Nast again and again scored Greeley, Sumner, Schure, and others of the faction, he at first protested, then pleaded for his friends. It was to no purpose. Curtis's policy of reconciliation had nothing in common with Nast's policy of annihilation. Nast was allowed to fight in his own way and his warfare continued to the bitter end. It has been charged against Nast that he came in with a ferocious and a fertile old man. On the contrary, Greeley was not yet sixty-two at his death, and certainly during the earlier months of his campaign was anything but feeble. Even had both charges been true, he would have been all the more unfit for the high office he sought; and continuously unimpaired in his own warfare, he could hardly have hoped for mercy in return, especially as Grant, always Nast's hero, was continuously revised and caricatured as a drunkard, a knacker, and a thief. Horace Greeley died a few weeks after his defeat, a victim of disillusion, disappointment, and overwork.



"The only Thing they Respect or Fear"

THIS WAS ONE OF THE GREATEST OF NAST'S THREE-RING CARTOONS. TWEED IS SHOWN TAKING OFF HIS HAT, IN MOCK GRAYARDS, TO THE GALLONS, WHILE OAKLEY HALL, SWEET, AND CONNOLLY ARE CHINGING UP FEAR.

From "Harper's Weekly" of October 20, 1871



WHO STOLE THE PEOPLE'S MONEY? - DO TELL. N.Y. TIMES.

'T WAS HIM.

This cartoon, from the "Weekly" of Aug. 19, 1871, shows the Ring and its various Confederates after the "Times" Exposure, each accusing his Neighbor of Theft.

THE FIGURES IN THE FRONT ROW, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE TWEED, SWEENEY, CONNELLY, AND HALL.

The cartoons had nothing to do with it, except as they aided in his overthrow.

It was during the next off-year campaign (1874) that the Republican Elephant symbol made its first appearance in the cartoons. It was first created to represent the Republican Vote, a great and unwieldy creature beguiled by the Democratic Fox and frightened by the cry of "Conservatism" against Grant into a hither-and-thither. The Tiger, as we have seen, had become a cartoon property three years before, and had passed into immediate and general use. The Elephant became instantly popular, and the Democratic Donkey, which Nast had employed in various ways, until in 1870 it was used finally and definitely as the party symbol, was welcomed and permanently adopted by the political picture-makers.

While we are on the matter of these symbols, we may mention some of the others invented by Nast. There was the Rag-baby which, in 1875, Senator Thurman found on his door-step, and the Infatuated Baby—a nursery-bag that blows itself up until it bursts—which had put the nation in a flutter in "seventy-three." Then there was the "Bumard" Silver Dollar, the Divided Greenback, the Cap of Labor, and the workman's Empty Dinner-Pail. All of these, and others, have passed into general use since. Each was an individual expression of some existing idea or condition which by strong, sure evolution found absolute embodiment and became a pictured fact. We can no more efface them now than we can alter the characters of our spelling-book. To HARPER'S WEEKLY and to Thomas Nast the nation is indebted for these symbols which have given the American political cartoon a foremost rank in the art of nations.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and its cartoons played a chief part during the campaign of 1876 and 1880. The Republican National Committee thanked Nast for his services in the Hayes-Tilden campaign and tendered him a check for ten thousand dollars, which was brought to him personally by one of the secretaries.

"You may tell the committee," said Nast, "that I am very grateful for the recognition, but I have been paid by Harper & Brothers, and I cannot accept it."

When the secretary returned with the check, Senator Chandler was astounded. Mr. Hayes smiled.

"Nast was the most powerful single-handed aid we had," he said.

In the campaign of 1880, Nast refused to introduce Garfield into the pictures, though he did not hesitate to satirize Hancock with telling effect. Nast was never satisfied with Garfield's Crédit Mobilier explanation, and he did not then highly regard Arthur. After the election, when the Garfield-Cooking feed seemed about to disrupt the party, and Vice-President Arthur made a trip to Albany to confer with Senators Platt and Conkling, apparently for the purpose of winning them back to the administration, Nast cartooned him as a bootblack polishing the disgruntled Senators' shoes. The artist

lived to deeply regret that cartoon, for when Arthur succeeded to the Presidency he proved so able a chief executive that he won the respect and even the love of his enemies.

The sequel of the Albany incident occurred on the eve of the national convention of 1884. Arthur had become Nast's candidate for the nomination, and he was also favored by certain members of the Harper firm. With J. Henry Harper, Nast called on President Arthur at the Hoffman House for the purpose of urging him to make a more definite personal effort to win the nomination. They believed that a combination might be made which would defeat Blaine, whom they bitterly opposed, and leave the victory in Arthur's hands. The President listened to their suggestions and admitted that he greatly desired the honor of the nomination, yet he would make no special effort to obtain it.

"I will accept it, of course, if it falls to me," he said, "but I can do no more. I ought not to do that. I am far from a well man, and it is likely I shall not survive the administration. No, I can't do any more. I can't do it!"

Nobody spoke for several seconds; then Arthur regarded Nast gravely.

"Do you recall that once you caricatured me as a bootblack," he asked, "polishing the shoes of Platt and Conkling?"

Nast nodded unhesitatingly.

"I do, Mr. President," he said.

"It hurt me," continued Arthur. "It hurt me terribly. Yet you were quite right—far more so than you knew—though not altogether in the way you thought."

Then he related the circumstances of a political bargain whose harvest had been party disgrace, which had ended with national tragedy.

"With the Maine election of 1880," he said, "matters began to look bad for our ticket, and Mr. Garfield agreed with me that we must in some manner enlist Conkling and Platt in our cause. I advised that we come to New York to see them, and we did so. Meantime they had heard we were coming, and had taken train for Albany. They refused to meet Garfield, who then suggested that I see them and make any arrangement that would bring them into line. I saw them, and they at first declined to believe in my assurance of Garfield's good faith. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I pledge you my word as a man of honor that Mr. Garfield made me that promise, and I will undertake to see it carried out.'"

It was then understood among us that Conkling and Platt should control the New York patronage, and it was with this assurance that they worked for the ticket. Grant came back from the West and took the stump with Conkling, and everything was done by Platt and Conkling as agreed. You know what happened after the election.

(Continued on page 30.)

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL VIEW OF THE "WEEKLY"

By W. D. HOWELLS

THE men who were young when the first numbers of HARTER'S WEEKLY appeared were much older than these elders could have imagined. Some of them were, in fact, as much as twenty or twenty-five years old. One whom I knew best was in his twenty-second year, and he was by no means the youngest of his acquaintance in a pleasant little Western capital: students of medicine and law and theology, and even the new science of journalism. They were all persons of a certain literary culture, with the generous wish for more, who, when they were not meeting the young ladies of their circle at dances and picnics, were calling upon them in the evening with an intimacy now unknown, and exchanging with them impressions of the books or the magazine they had last read. They read HARTER'S MONTHLY mainly for a novel called "The Newsmen," then appearing in it; and they read the *Atlantic Monthly*, for the sake of feeling themselves a little higher in the air; and some of them read the English reviews, and *Blackwood*, and, with a somewhat troubling qualm, the *Saturday Review*, then so new and terrible; also, *Household Words*; and a very charming periodical, too short-lived, called *Once a Week*, in which there were all sorts of agreeable tales and sketches, and poems suited to their impressionable time of life. The range was restricted, according to the modern notions of reading, but perhaps within it there was as much good portage for the mind as there is in the vast array of periodical literature, which now offers an acreage of fodder just copulation to a famine apparently insatiable.

After fifty years it would be hard to say how long the name of HARTER'S WEEKLY preceded its appearance among these readers, but it could not have been very long, and it was a well-remembered fact when I came to join their circle, and bring to it a stock of literary enthusiasms which I am glad to say promise to outlast my time in its original abundance. For me, it was, or would have been enough to know, upon the most reliable literary, that the editor of the new publication, which we felt to be quite equal in esthetic quality to *Once a Week*, was that beloved George William Curtis who had laid his spell upon our hearts in his *Prize* and *J* papers, and on our consciences in his appeal for bleeding Kansas. To hear that he wrote not only the editorials of the new *Journal of Civilization*, but also the light and graceful essays of "The Locomotive" in it, made one's cup run over, and gave one the sense of being in some of the greatest literary secrets of the time. The note of that time was anonymity, and to say that you knew who was the author of this or that article or poem or story was to seduce yourself one of the elect who had access somehow to the sanctuary. Perhaps you did not know, but had only confidentially heard; it was enough; in such a matter you could not measure terms. We sought the note of anonymity from the English, whom we viewed modestly to emulate in all esthetic things. Rivalry was too bold a thought for our priority; but we had then a humorous journal which we hoped was as good as *Punch*, when we were very daring, and which was only too certainly the same as *Punch* in many of its satirical attitudes. *Vanity Fair*, however, could not help being native, at its best, in joke and picture; and here now in HARTER'S WEEKLY was a publication which, without trying to be like the *London Illustrated News*, was quite as eager in an endeavor to hold the mirror up to passing events, to contemporary celebrities, to imaginary characters in verse and prose, and was at the same time native, and willing to be more native. How good those old wood-cuts were, in which half a dozen engravers engraving like one rendered in a composite block a fire of our own still raging, or caught with their unrelenting eyes of our trains in the very net of going over a bank or breaking through a bridge! Were they better than the half-tones of the present day? We thought so then, but perhaps that might have been because we had then no half-tones to compare them with.

In spite of Mr. Curtis's authority and his noted principles, the WEEKLY was of a tempered cast of antislavery opinion, and it could not be said to glow with anything like fervor till the great parties joined issue in the struggle which eventuated in the civil war. After that it was all of one Republican mind till the time of the great

readers followed him. But I am not going to trace the public history of a journal which, somewhat shortening its trapezoid and changing the fashion of them, is still of an active force in civic affairs. Yet it would be disclaiming acquaintance with it altogether if I failed to note its excellence under the management of Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson, or to remember that the great and true Carl Schurz continued the tradition of those masterly leaders which were really as well as technically leaders.

A mystical fact of journalistic psychology, which I have elsewhere noted, is that the spirit of a strong personality in the founder or among the founders of a periodical seems to remain with it, perhaps waning rather than waxing in some cases, but in nearly all an appreciable presence. Possibly this is a subjective effect with the reader, but I think not, and I believe it now it was the evil will of HARTER'S WEEKLY to turn yellow, the white traditions of its earlier days would show through and keep it from being anything worse than a pale effluvia. It continues, and it must continue not only for the purpose of its actual management but by the impulse of its origin, a force for good in public affairs, of decency in manners, of conscience in morals, which without unconsciousness of purpose may be trusted in all crises on behalf of the right.

In literature it has never ceased to be an incentive and an example, and a study of its rich past would be full of surprise as well as of pleasure. Few distinguished writers of the last fifty years have found it inhospitable to their talent, and it would form almost a record of the best that has been done in fiction during that period. To establish one's claim to remembrance with the least of those great ones might well tempt one to that vice of autobiography to which few of us can claim to be superior, and to which I will now yield as gracefully as I know how. All beginnings are obscure, and I will not be sure that I began contributor here with something as unworthy of its high shades as a farce, but it seems to me that it was so. It was in a Christmas number, almost as good as the present, twenty years ago, that my name appeared, and from these holiday columns at once won the popularity with amateurs which is so much more flattering to the pride than to the pocket. Even within a few columns of its appearance was such that the editor wrote me for another in terms of praise so unwary that I promptly advanced the rates upon him. I was down in Italy that year, and one has always so much more courage at a distance. I said that most of my farces had been winter-killed in that severe climate, and I was obliged to ask more than was congenial to me for the only one that had survived. He took it at my price, but by a juggle which, in spite of frequent experience, I do not understand yet, the piece was conjured into the shade of the editor of the *Weekly*, who thereafter took all my farces. I continued to advance the rates upon him from time to time, and if I never quite attained my ideal of a rate with him, it was rather his fault than mine.

If I am proud to remember that two of my novels were printed in the WEEKLY, it is partly because I did not feel them to have been unworthy of the place. I have ventured to think that they were two of my best, and if this is not saying much, it is at least the most I can say for them. But the first demand for me the novel experience of a serial running its long course through a periodical with no sign of consciousness from the press that it was doing anything of the kind. Perhaps it was because the press does not condemn to notice what is passing in a weekly newspaper, a congener of its own, but in my modesty I chose to think it was because my work was unwelcome; I think differently now. The editor made no sign of condemnation either, and I would not have had the courage to put up the rates on him for another novel if I had been in Kansas, much less in Italy. I did with all my might. What was my astonishment, then, my stupefaction, when this dead serial rose in its indignation of being got upon its feet, and walked off faster and further than any other novel, save one, that I have written. The mystery is one I will not attempt to explain, and like other miracles it refused to repeat itself. The next novel that I printed in the WEEKLY struck a very fair gait when it came to life in a book, but it was not the pace of the earlier

George William Curtis
FROM A WOOD-CUT MADE DURING HIS EDITORSHIP OF
"HARTER'S WEEKLY"

champion. It was a good piece, however, and I would earnestly advise any one now writing a novel—and there must be more than one doing it—to print his or her fiction in the WEEKLY, if he or she can.

If the present management will allow me to burn a little incense to it as near the editorial page as this, I will say that the high grade of the WEEKLY in fiction has been admirably kept; and I do not say this because I have myself at this moment a novelette serializing in its columns. For the sake of my thesis I would rather it were not; but happily I can allege other proof from my recent experience in looking through the various Harper periodicals for the material of those Harper Novelties which so small a public knows I have been editing. It is a delightful, refined and superior public, by no means in these things one desires quantity as well as quality. What I meant to say, however, was that I had found the short stories in the WEEKLY of recent years often as good as those in the MONTHLY—that is to say, the very best of any short stories going. They are not, perhaps, as psychological always as the MONTHLY's stories, but this difference may not always be a defect.

One start an autobiographer, and there is no saying where he will stop, especially if he can pretend to be talking about something besides himself, and I have this advantage in the present case. The history of the WEEKLY involves my own still farther than I have already said, for at one time, quite within the memory of men now living, if their memory is good, I wrote a critical and sociological department in these pages. Criticism is the least repaying, morally and spiritually, of all the different kinds of literary work. Unless you are satisfied with whatever you do, and are very easily satisfied at that, you never satisfy yourself in it. But somehow, in that well-nigh forgotten department, I had more pleasure than the life writing usually gives me. Perhaps, as I have suggested, I was too easily pleased; but now and then I was aware of saying something true, something fit, concerning the pretension of the books

poising under my eyes, of which I hope I shall have the merit, as against those sins which no reviewer can hope have failed to be recorded against him. I have still a sense of being left absolutely free by the higher powers, and with the secret dread which freedom inspired there was a joy which cannot be forgotten. Here and there it was my good fortune to befriended an obscure and struggling authoring, who, when he came to his growth, did not always forget that I had been his friend; though such things now and then happen. Even a bit of perilous opinion outside of literature was sometimes allowed me; I was once suffered to intimate, for instance, that socialism did not mean the division of private property, and even to question other delusions of the capitalist heart; there really is such a heart.

In fact, and this is the application of a text which I fear the reader will have found too personal, the genius of the WEEKLY, as well as of the other Franklin Square periodicals, seems to me to have been always Freedom. In moments of very imaginative vision I have sometimes seen Franklin Square, or its periodicals, in the likeness of that Anglican Church which seems, rather more than another, to have been tolerant of so many shades of belief, from a high Ritualism down to the depths of lowest Evangelicalism. I fancy that the liberality there is really of an arch-conformist temper in letters, with a settled belief in the sacredness of the status, and that if it failed to the prompting of more ecclesiastical and it would long ago have related me to the secular arm for my many literary and economic heresies. But under the shelter of its protecting arm almost any sincere conviction is safe, and as I have almost and its inspiration and aspiration is Freedom, limited, of course, and I doubt whether some things ought to be as free as others. I think this is what makes the WEEKLY, after fifty years of use and ornament, a living force, and I think it is expensive—another pinch of increase for the actual régime—of the continuous spirit of the journal which, with all its faults, is now, as it was in the beginning, a Journal of Civilization.

"HARPER'S WEEKLY" AS A "FIGHTING ARM"

By HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

EDITOR OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" 1864-1868

IN 1864, when I became its editor, HARPER'S WEEKLY was still one of the strongest of the fighting powers for the insurgents, and especially, in that year, for the Independents who believed in Grover Cleveland and his works. After George William Curtis's death, the house of Harper resolved to maintain the traditions and to uphold the character of the editorial page which he had edited. There was no hesitation as to what should be done. The combative and reforming political side of the paper was not to be abandoned, and Curtis's policy was not to be changed.

It ought to be said here that it had long been obvious that the publishing house might well consider the propriety of changing—perhaps of rejudging—the editorial method of the paper. There were many reasons in favor of making all the printed pages of the WEEKLY, so far as these were not descriptive, literary. If the possible revivals of a purely literary and pictorial paper were alone to be considered, the commercial argument might well have turned the scale in favor of dropping the editorial page. It was undoubtedly paginated, and it was entirely free from the unintellectual vice of partisanship. Worse than this, it had once led the Republican party, and had then committed the grievous sin of letting a party nomination for the Presidency, as it had even before then enormously aided to make Grover Cleveland Governor of New York. There is nothing distracting to a daily newspaper in this sort of thing: no daily newspaper that is generally recognized as possessing mental equanimity is expected to follow party leadership. But, for some reason or other, a weekly paper in the strenuous times of the early '80s was not expected to offend the surviving prejudices of the war, the period of which it had presented in such admirable pictures, and which its editor had cheered on with a pen so eloquently stimulating. Then there were other reasons uttered, or advanced (some reasons may with special propriety be said to be advanced because they possess so obviously the shy and experimental characteristics of a skunkish-life that it defies feeling its way); and reasons may be surmised up by saying that they took for their motif the suggestion that between pictures and wood-engravings—soon to be photographic reproductions—there was an incongruity, an insignificance that, of course, always disgraced the mind, and perhaps stirred up the temper, of those who disagreed with the editor.

But, indeed, there was a good reason why political editorials might well have been dropped; and perhaps they might have been dropped. In fact, if the Harper generations had not been marked by obstinate ways and an exceeding great loyalty to any course of conduct that they had deliberately adopted because they thought it to be right. To return to the objector's manner of thinking, there was no longer the need that there had been for the WEEKLY's editorial page. It had nobly performed its patriotic duty, and other presences are now uttering daily and weekly the political truths of peace, while most of those who were well considered by the thinking were taking the sure view of moral questions, even of economic problems, which had been advocated by Mr. Curtis. Then, again, the WEEKLY's editorial page had spoken Mr. Curtis's soul. Through the page he had come to be more than its editor. He had been a party leader,

and now that the party's propaganda and the party's candidates were set to his last, he was the leader of the great unwarlike and pure-minded political workers and thinkers who had ever appeared in American politics. Perhaps this novel qualification so far, at least, as to say that the "Anti-Slappers" of 1862, who would have had the encouragement of Curtis, who deliberately gave up all opportunity of political performance, were the equals in uprightness, in almost idealistic devotion to civic duty, as were their prototypes among the Republicans.

Although the editorial page as the voice of Curtis, it spoke the conscience of the house of Harper. When Curtis returned from the convention of 1881, which nominated Blaine, he had no knowledge of the state of mind that he would find prevailing at Franklin Square. But before he had reached there, the Harpers who were then in control of the house had resolved, with a unanimity that astonished the editor among them, that they would rather give up the publication of the paper than support Blaine, and they left that the hope of the position which had been maintained before the convention compelled them to do one thing or the other. Curtis was, after all, writing in their name. He was known as the editor of the paper. The thoughts which he expressed were his as fully as were the words in which he uttered them. The page spoke his mind, his conscience, and his eloquence, but the house supported him, and if it had not he would not have had his pulpit.

The campaign against Blaine was entered upon in the full consciousness that rebellion against the national ticket would result in a very serious money loss. After that, it was clearly impossible to hope to prevail upon the Harpers to give up what Allen used to call the "fighting arm of the House." A firm of publishers who are ready to sacrifice many thousands of dollars rather than abandon the cause in which their editor had led under their banner, could not be persuaded to abandon the cause now that the editor was dead—lying, as they say, in the harness.

The men of the three generations who exercised supervision over the WEEKLY and the other periodicals published by the firm were, one after the other, Fletcher Harper, Joseph W. Harper, and J. Henry Harper. Curtis was in intimate and confidential relations with all three, as is revealed by the correspondence between himself and them, a correspondence which shows the essential sympathy that existed between the writer and the publishers, and the properly dominant influence of the writer in his own sphere. That there were differences sometimes in matter of course; that they were settled invariably in such a manner as to leave Curtis's page the expression of himself is a fact which must know only in the hearts of many editors whose relations with their publishers are very far from being what Curtis's were with the Harpers.

It is true that I am asked to write about the period of my own editorship, and that I seem to be writing about Curtis's editorship. But the WEEKLY as it was after Curtis's death in 1892 cannot be understood unless we understand the WEEKLY that he left, and the attitude of the firm towards it. Curtis's friendship for the elder Fletcher, of the first generation, was best expressed in a note which

he wrote to his friend, Charles Eliot Norton, on Fletcher's death. It is unnecessary to quote the note, or to say more than that it contained a tenderness of allusion to the dead which is an assurance of a deep affection between the man who wrote and the man of whom the writing was. There seems never to have been a doubt in the minds of any of these three Harpers about the WEEKLY's page of opinion. So that, in 1862, the first thought of the two survivors was to find some one who would carry on the page as Curtis had conducted it, and one whose name would mean to the independent political thinker, voter or not, man or woman, that the spirit of Curtis was to continue to animate the WEEKLY. Loyalty to the memory of the man who had made the page, in whom they trusted, and with whom they sympathized, by the side of whom they fought, not passively, but actively, existed; but it was not a conscious possession of these two Harpers, one of the second and the other of the third generation. It was as involuntarily theirs as was the breath of their nostrils.

So it was that Carl Schurz came to write editorials for the WEEKLY while Curtis lay in his last illness, and continued to do so for a time after his death. It was a most intelligent and fitting selection, that of the man who had been Curtis's close friend since the Grant days when the one was a Senator and the other was chairman of a commission that began the admirable work of civil-service reform, to which both contributed so much successful energy, each one to the end of his days.

It was thus that the WEEKLY continued to be the "fighting arm of the house." Looking back at the strife which it waged, a strife that sometimes distracted souls that "liked the paper for its pictures," it is possible to say that the WEEKLY never advocated any thing of which Curtis would have disapproved. It is true that it did not advocate all in which he believed; it did not, for example, continue to advocate woman suffrage, but its editor had so deep a respect for the memory of Curtis for his significance to the WEEKLY, sharing thus the general and friendly Harpers' opinion, that it was admitted to the paper that antagonized Curtis's view. And there was much pressure, indeed, brought to bear, in 1894, by women against woman suffrage, when the strong attempt, which we all recall, was made to secure in the proposed new Constitution a provision granting to women the right to vote.

In the years which followed Curtis's death the paper fought many battles, and it continued to fight hard, thus winning both friendship and enmity. It continued a leader in the army of independence, and being consistent—consistent with itself as it was, and consistent with itself as it had been under Curtis—it could never consciously support either party. As it advocated the truth—the truth as it saw it and had seen it from the days of its birth—it could not be always Republican or always Democratic. It was a champion of civil-service reform, and a champion of all politicians of whatever party, who were endeavoring to evade the law which public opinion had compelled them unwillingly to adopt. It was, as it had always been, one of the most insistent advocates of international copyright. But these questions, both of which have been with us so many years and are likely to be with us for so many years to come, were overshadowed, during the few years of the time which we are now considering, by two episodes in our national history—one was the new historic attempt to prevent upon the people to establish what its advocates used to call the homestead standard; the other was the great war which has made a President and has set up the government of the United States over colonies, or dependencies—call them what you will, since this writing is not controversial. These questions were not partisan, although some partisans have profited by reason of them. The turmoil of the war against the establishment of silver non-metallics under a false designation, restored the oblique sunlight atmosphere to the WEEKLY—not to its editorial page alone, for the cartoons of Rogers on this occasion succeeded those of Nast of the earlier period, and they rose to their opportunity quite as frankly, and rendered service quite as forcible. We stood behind Cleveland when he insisted upon the repeal of the McKinley law, and we fought with all our might, with pen and picture, against Bryan and for McKinley, in 1896, not favoring McKinley's tariff policy, as Curtis had not, but favoring actual money, as Curtis would have done. This campaign was very absorbing. Perhaps it was marred by much exaggeration; perhaps the fears of men verged on unreasonable

panic. But the WEEKLY's contribution to the music of the band was as vigorously played as that of any of its associates, and it was grateful to its constituents, among whom again were many of those who had followed Curtis in the war, in the reconstruction period, and in the contest for decent government, but who, since the Blaine episode, had had more regard for its artistic taste than for its political judgment.

The paper did not confine itself to arguments and appeals to the people in general. This was an era of processions and badges, and in the great parade of the gold men—who pinned brass bugs on their coats as modest insignia of their opinions—the WEEKLY led the Harper army up Broadway. Doubtless Curtis, too, would have marched under the lead of the ex-cavalier and whose literary value was now forever fixed. It was a day when all men, the most reserved, sedate, even shrinking, were possessed by a frenzy to be counted against Bryan.

Then followed the preparatory days of the Spanish war, and now the WEEKLY did its utmost to prevent the conflict. It did not believe in expansion. It thought that we had enough to do at home, and that we would not well perform the tasks of empire. The thought of the Republic engaged in the task of ruling other people was repugnant to the paper which had struggled for the enfranchisement of the slave. The old arguments are familiar. They are not stated here, or alluded to, in order to revive the controversy, or to point with pride to the fact that the evils which we predicted, the possibility of which was scornfully denied by the "manifest destiny" people, are now accepted by them—scornfully manifestly—as the inevitable consequences of our great conflict. In this period, the paper was naturally marked by some exuberance, the paper spoke for the Harpers as well as for the editor, and, generally, it may be said that there was there a publication which had opinions to express, and which expressed them in a manner that was intended to be serious, whether the editor was more intelligent and cordial sympathy than had the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

It is as pleasant to look back to those days, not so far, after all, in the past, as it will be to those who have followed to indulge in reminiscences of their own times. The big family of Harpers that we all were is one of the pleasantest of the memories—the partners with all the others engaged in doing the work in which all were interested—obedient to the old rule of the civil law which expressed so well the cooperative principle—*Quod omnes . . . tangit ab omnibus approbetur*. There was just that much of happy friction which is the consequence of public life together to the same end, without which no errors would ever be corrected and no course would ever be straight. Possibly some of the more stringent business minds of other establishments derided the tea which used to be drunk in these days in the editor's room every afternoon, but the hour was a pleasant one, and if it is thought to have been wasted time all that we can do to indicate our tastes and our occupations is to print to the paper as we made it. Is there too much Babel in its columns? They were filled, outside of the editorial page, which grew under the misfortune to have to be measured by a high standard, by Hervey and James and Mark Twain, and by Martin, whose regular department was not divided in our time, although John Cortin's dramatic department—his very first—furnished the cause for the gentle stimulation. Henderson and Coffin and others were our music and art discourses, and when the bloody time in Cuba came, the cheerful Harding, Davis, John Fox, and, above all, Frank Millet, told us of the doings of the army and navy. Millet coming from London in answer to a cable asking him to go to the Philippines. It was one summer morning that he landed in New York, and there was just time for him and the writer to take lunch at the Century as he rushed to the Forty-second Street station to take the first train for San Francisco, the only train that would catch the transport upon which he was to sail to Manila with General Merritt.

There might be much more said of the WEEKLY, much that would seem like tattling to those of whom the WEEKLY has never been a part; but there surely can be no objection to my saying, for myself and for the faithful friends who worked with me, that to us there will never come a day of toil, joyful as it may be, that can take away, or obscure, the pleasure of the days in Franklin Square where we worked in the house of Harper in causes that seemed to us good, and for objects that appeared to us worthy.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A "HARPER'S WEEKLY" CARTOONIST

By W. A. ROGERS

IN order to tell the story of some of my early assignments as a "special artist" for *Harper's Weekly*, it will be necessary to give the reader a glimpse of the old art department as it existed at a remote period during the last century. This also has the advantage of giving an antique flavor to my story consistent with a fifteenth-anniversary number. When I entered the department I was under the supervision of Charles Pearson, a man of fine intellect and wide sympathy and discernment.

He did for the men who came under his influence pretty much what Mr. Blawie has done for the people whom we now know as stellar lights in theatrical skies. He picked out with unerring judg-

ment the points of excellence of each new recruit, and cultivated those qualities with soldierly care.

In those days news events were illustrated through the medium of drawings on wood, which had then to be slowly and laboriously cut, line for line and tint for tint, by skillful engravers. This necessitated a division of labor by both artist and engraver in order to prepare the plates in time for the day of publication. After an outline had been made by one of the artists, the block was taken apart into as many, perhaps, as eighteen pieces, and each man given his portion to work on. This sounds like a very mechanical, artistic way to produce a picture, but it was so such work as this that Edwin



One of Mr. Rogers's Best-known Cartoons
THIS CARTOON, SHOWING MR. BRYAN INSPIRED TO HALVE A SILVER
DOLLAR HOISTING ON THE NECK OF A WORKINGMAN, APPEARED IN
"HARPER'S WEEKLY" OF AUG. 22, 1890

A. Abbey, Arthur B. Frost, and Charles S. Reinhart, and a score of others whose names are household words, received much of their early training. Of course all these men were working outside the art department, from nature, whenever the opportunity offered, but the interchange of ideas and methods, as the little blocks were passed backward and forward from one man to another, were invaluable to the young artist.

Then with it all and through it all were the guiding words of advice and experience from Mr. Parsons. I have often compared the outcome of this old method of work to the excellent results obtained by the old-fashioned cross-stitch school, where all the young scholars bear the older ones revise their lessons, and thus, if at all alert, learn half their next year's tasks in advance. So it was that I had the inestimable privilege of hearing and seeing Mr. Abbey "revise." Although a very young man at that time, he was beginning to do his great work on the Herriot series, yet he did not hesitate to lend a helping hand at a "news" block when he was needed. As I said before, Mr. Parsons had a faculty of finding out a raw recruit's good points, and, as I thought at the time, he most unfortunately discovered that I could draw very round wheels, and I saw myself in danger of being handed down to posterity as the wheelwright of *HARPER'S WEEKLY*. I was kept at the most grinding mechanical work by that dear and wise old man for what seemed to me an interminable period. Once in a long time I was permitted to go out and try my wings; but, after a day or two, I was back at my wheels or fan-crowds or architectural details.

My first assignment of any importance came during the administration of President Hayes. I was sent to Minneapolis to portray the incidents of his visit to a State Fair held there in the late summer of 1878. This I did to the best of my ability, and was preparing regretfully to return to New York when a card was handed me at my hotel inviting me to call at the office of one of the directors of the fair. At the address given I found a grizzled old soldier. His first words sent a shiver of blood to my finger-tips. "Young man, how would you like to see the real Northwest?" Then he continued: "You are a long way from New York; why not go a little farther? With that parcel of yours you can make a record of your trip which will be very valuable not only to you but to the country through which you travel." This is about all I recollect of his conversation, except that, when I replied I would have to write to Messrs. Harper & Brothers for permission, the old gentleman sat up, looked me straight in the eye, and said: "If you want to go, telegraph them you are going. Come in and see me to-morrow."

I went out of that office with visions of the wild life of the plains dazzling my sight; but then the call of duty came, red, severe, "back to the round wheels, back to the grind of Franklin Square." Still, New York was a long way off; and I stood at the gates of the Northwest, and the old soldier was holding them ajar.

Promptly at the opening of business hours on the next morning I appeared at the old gentleman's office. He was expecting me, and he asked me no questions; instead, he handed me several large envelopes which he said contained letters to commissioners of military

posts, owners of stage-routes, post-trailers, and so forth. "You needn't bother looking these over now," he said, "but they may be good things to have with you later on." Then he went over with me a map showing the "Bad Lands" of the Upper Missouri and the then new country of Manitoba, with its great lakes and rivers, and its Hudson Bay ports, with headquarters at Fort Garry. The record of this trip, which I started on next day, is "another story."

Suffice it to say I saw all the picturesque side of frontier life as it existed then, with its soldiers, Indians, and plainmen on the American side, and trappers and voyageurs on the Canadian border. Three months of freedom I enjoyed among the red-roofed huts of the Bad Lands and the waterways of Canada. Twice a telegram, repeated, countermanded, covered with mysterious signs of forwarding and receipt, caught up to me. Under all the hieroglyphics I could dimly see the words, "Come back at once. Harper & Brothers." But the spell of the wilderness was on me, and I only replied, "Please send one hundred dollars."

During all this time I accumulated an increasing roll of sketches. My note-book had early been filled to overflowing, and wrapping-paper, purchased of post-trailers, had taken its place. The frost and snows of the late autumn at last drove me back to New York. I had played hocky often enough at school to know what sort of reception awaited me at Franklin Square; and when I saw Mr. Parsons's fare, with sorrow and displeasure written all over it, I was not surprised. He informed me that "the house" was extremely dissatisfied with my behavior, and personally he was very gravely disappointed. As he turned away, he said, "I am going downstairs to make as strong a plea for you as I can, but I do not hold out any hope that your services will be retained."

The moment he left his little office I lugged into it the most disreputable, travel-stained bag ever seen in that neighborhood; and while that kindly gentleman was pleading my cause before, I plastered his sanctum from mantelpiece to floor, covering desk, table, chairs, and all, with sketches of everything I had seen on my runaway trip. I was just opening another mud-stained parcel when Mr. Parsons, who was very near-sighted, returned. There was a sorrowful expression on his sympathetic face, which suddenly changed to a dead one. Then, as he saw the mass of material I had brought back, his whole countenance cleared, and the enthusiastic, appreciative spirit of the man shone in his face. We planned pages and double pages and more pages for the *WEEKLY*; finally, Mr. Parsons brought out from Mr. Allen's safe the MSS. of several articles on "The Homestead Hudson Bay Company," which had been laid aside for lack of suitable material for illustration. I had the pictures for these, too. Thus my runaway assignment, to which I assigned myself, ended happily for all concerned; and, to show how they appreciated a good joke on themselves, Messrs. Harper & Brothers sent me with almost a free hand, the next year, to Colorado.

The Silver State was then booming with a mining fever that eclipsed anything since "forty-nine." I saw, depicted before my eyes in real life, many of the characters and details of the stories of Bret Harte. On this trip I illustrated five articles for *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*, beside making a number of drawings for the *WEEKLY*.



A Cartoon of Influence in the Presidential Campaign of 1896
OVER THE TITLE, "THE BEAULT PUBLISHING CO." MR. ROGERS DEPICTS
THE ACTIVITIES OF THE TWO PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES AT A
CERTAIN PERIOD

The saddest as well as the most difficult and trying assignment that ever came to me was in connection with the assassination of President Garfield. Unhappily, the assassination of a President is not so remote a happening but that the emotions excited in every breast throughout the country by this hideous crime are known to all. Think, then, how delicate was the task of getting an authentic sketch of the stricken President without wounding the susceptibilities of those around him. This I did by going straight to headquarters, frankly and simply, on the ground of a nation's interest and sympathy; and the sketch was made with the consent of the family and the attending physicians.

On his great tour over the country during his first term it was my privilege to accompany President Cleveland. The hospitality of a whole nation was lavished on the President and his young and beautiful wife. On this trip Mrs. Cleveland was assured a hundred times of a unanimous election if she were running for President. I am sure our honored ex-President will pardon, after the lapse of years, a little inside history, even a little joke on himself, connected with this journey. But first let me preface it by use myself.

We had sprung around half of the circle—Indianapolis, Chicago, St. Paul, and St. Louis, and finally reached Memphis, where we were literally overwhelmed with Southern hospitality. They simply could not do enough for us, and the very stranger one met on the street insisted on entertaining us in some way. Just before time for our train to leave town I was called upon, at my hotel, by a gentleman who said he was commissioned by the Blank Brothers to present the three members of the press accompanying the President with three bottles of very old whiskey, "made in Maryland by their grandfather before the war, sir," and from a value which he carried he produced three bottles in bright yellow wrappers. My baggage was already on its way to the train, and I had with me not only my overcoat and a small hand-satchel. I parked one bottle in the satchel, and the other two I carefully placed in the pockets of my overcoat, which I carried inside out over my arm. No carriage being obtainable at the hotel door, I started to walk to the train, endeavoring, meanwhile, to look as unobtrusive as possible.

Half-way down the block I was overhauled by a beardless old gentleman with long white mustache and a grayer, who said he had seen me with the President, and knew I was one of "our honored visitors from the North," and wound up by expressing the pleasure of buying me a drink. I replied, while the bottle in my coat merrily clinked together, that I never drank. "Then come, sir, with me to a friend of mine around the corner; he has some fine old Maryland whiskey made before the war. And I will ask you, sir, to convey a bottle of it to our honored President, who, I am sure, drinks at least a little for his stomach's sake." I feared I would have to have time to catch the train; but the old gentleman said he would slow me a short cut to the station, and insisted that I carry the bottle from "an old Confederate veteran in his honored President."

There was no escape. So around the corner to Blank Brothers we

went, and I was presented with a bottle in a yellow wrapper to carry to the President. There was no place left to conceal this bottle, besides, it was a present for the President of the United States; so, with the little satchel in my left hand, my overcoat carelessly thrown over my left arm, a large, yellow-wrapped bottle in my right, and accompanied by a third old gentleman who was very much down, I arrived at the rear of our special train. Here a dense crowd blocked the way. To my dismay Mrs. Cleveland was the first to spy me, and at her suggestion I was rescued and brought on board by two stalwart train porters, one of whom insisted on taking my coat, out of which protruded two yellow-wrapped bottles, closely matching the third in my hand. "For the President," Compliments of the Blank Brothers," was all I had breath to say; and the one bottle concealed in my hand-bag was all the three "honorable correspondents" got for their share.

We proceeded from Memphis to Nashville, and thence to other Southern points. On the way over the mountains we had some trouble with our heavy Pullman cars, the light passenger locomotives being hardly powerful enough to haul the train. On one occasion we had stopped for a change of cars at a little mountain village, and the citizens, knowing that we must stop, had arranged a reception to the best of their knowledge and ability in honor of the President. There was no depot, only a platform, and they had laid on this a red and yellow rag of the fairest tints obtainable, and two new red-plush arm-chairs. Between the chairs was a little roundstand, shining with new varnish, and on the stand a figured glass vase in which stood a few flowers. While the engine was being changed, the first citizens of the village approached the train and invited the President and Mrs. Cleveland to alight and enjoy the hospitality of the hamlet. I don't know whether or not the President, if by himself, would have gone down and sat on that red-plush chair, but Mrs. Cleveland never hesitated a moment, and he had to follow. By no sign could it be discovered that she considered the spectacle of two people sitting out in the glaring sun on red-plush chairs as anything out of the ordinary. The train halted and switched about after the sinuous way of railway trains, and we on board obtained sundry glimpses of a very serious-looking gentleman and a very beautiful smiling lady enthroned in red plush, and being stared at by a circle of bushy mountain people who apparently could not get up courage to approach and speak to them. Then we hurriedly pulled away, and on and on we went, through a deep cut and down a steep grade, until one of the correspondents approached the conductor and inquired when we were going back for the President. "Great Scott! sir," exclaimed that official. "Isn't he aboard?" Not until the bottom of the grade was reached did the train come to a stop, and then the miserable little engine could not back it up again until we ran out a mile farther to get a good start. An hour later, when we once more ran alongside the platform, the President was napping his brow wearily. Mrs. Cleveland, however, had by that time captured every vote in the county.

REMINISCENCES OF A RECENT EDITOR

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

EDITOR OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" 1888-1891

THE request of the present editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, that I prepare a short reminiscence article on the subject of my editorship of the periodical over which he presides with such grace, is proof positive to me, if any were needed, that no matter how many may try to reform, nor how honestly he may refuse to see that he is wrong, his position as editor is bound to rise up to plague him. After several years of freedom I had by slow degrees come to forget that I had ever been the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and when, in the course of my wanderings throughout the land, I have encountered here and there a twinkling eye directed towards me, I have permitted myself to think that this was rather a sign of welcome recognition than a possible criticism of my tenacity in endeavoring to walk the thorny path of editorship in the shoes of George William Curtis. "All is forgiven," I have gratefully whispered to myself. "My vigorous pursuit of WEEKLY laurels is forgotten and I may now look forward to an old age untroubled by the slings and arrows of outrageous critics." And then comes Colonel Harvey's invitation to rise up and perpetuate the story of this crime against civilization, the reader, and myself, upon the anniversary pages of the WEEKLY, and couched in such terms that it were childish to refuse! Nor do I wish to refuse. To decline the privilege offered me of joining in doing honor to an American institution which has survived in spite of me, would be as ungracious as the act of the rejected mother who walks at the golden wedding of the best girl of his youth. I merely wish to preface my recollections of the particular period under discussion by saying that I never asked Colonel Harvey to make me the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY; that his rejecting me of the editorship of *Literature* and placing me in charge of the WEEKLY was comparable only to the inhuman act of the parent who yanks his small son out of a warm bed in midwinter and sends him out into the snow to see wood, and that despite the sufferings of the two years following my appointment, I have long since forgiven him for his nefarious act.

Appropriately enough, my editorship of the WEEKLY began in December. The year was 1888. A more concentrated culmination of things could hardly be imagined. It was not only the freezing end of the year, but the equally frigid end of a century. The situation in the fire-old house with which I had been connected for a period of twelve years, a house that has ever stood for the best in American letters and life, was most aptly to be described in Riley's famous line,

"The frost is on the punkin, and the fodder's in the shock."

Hence it was that with apprehension in my soul, deep sorrow in my heart, but with fire in my "nerve," I accepted a chair which had not been fully occupied since George William Curtis passed over into the great unknown. Mr. Nelson had come pretty close to filling it; a group of very noble gentlemen in direct succession had done their best to occupy the whole of it without materially straining the structure or loosening its joints; and then with three hours' notice I found myself "horsted" with a claim admitted and recognized by the powers that were, and still are. My first sensations when I recovered from the shock of the appointment, and realized where I was, were very much like those which I imagine an immigrant who has taken up a South Dakota claim of 160 acres of land singly and alone feels when the magnitude of his undertaking first dawns upon him. There was I plunged down by Fate aided and abetted by Colonel Harvey—and let me observe parenthetically that that is a fearful combination even with Fate off on a vacation—in the centre of what I may call, merely for terms of measurement, an intellectual job-link, with no positive task for the gaudy and with all the rest of myself, hardly more than a crupper equipment. Nevertheless, the work was mine to do by a rail which at Franklin Square, to-day is then, is frequently confounded with the divine, and I went at it with all the energy that the shock of recent events had left me, encouraged always by the thought that above me, alongside and below were strong sturdy hands that would prove sustaining in the hour of trouble. With

(Continued on page 30.)

A Sleep and a Forgetting

By William Dean Howells

A Story in Four Parts—Part Four

ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY ADAMSON

VII—(Continued)

WHEN they had left the higher level of the hotel and begun their elation through the long street of the town, Landeur noted that she seemed to feel as much as himself the quaintness of the little city, rising on one hand, with its narrow alleys under successive arches between the high dark houses, to the hills, and dropping on the other to the sea from the commonplace of the principal thoroughfare, with its pink and white and saffron houses and shops. Beyond the town their course lay under villa walls, covered with vines and topped by pavilions, and opening finally along a stretch of the old Cornice road.

"But this, but this," she said, at a certain point, "is where we were yesterday!"

"This is where the doctor was yesterday," her father said behind his cigar.

"And wasn't I with you?" she asked Landeur.

He said playfully: "Today you are. I mustn't be selfish and have you every day."

"Ah, you are laughing at me; but I know I was here yesterday." Her father set his lips in patience, and Landeur did not insist.

They had halted at this point because, across a wide valley on the shoulder of an approaching height, the ruined village of Posnana showed, and lower down and nearer the sea the new town which its people had built when they escaped from the destruction of their world-old home.

World-old it all was, with reference to the human life of it; but the spring-time was immortally young in the landscape. Over the exposures of green and brown fields, and hovering about the gray and white cottages, was a mist of peach and cherry blossoms. Above these the low olives thickened, and the vines climbed from terrace to terrace. The valley narrowed inland, and creased in the rudeness of the hills drawing mysteriously together in the distance.

"I think we've got the best part of it here, Miss Gerald," Landeur broke the common silence by saying. "You couldn't see much more of Posnana after you got there."

"Besides," her father ventured a pleasantry which jarred on the younger man, "if you were there with the doctor yesterday, you won't want to make the climb again to-day. Give it up, Nannie!"

"Oh, no," she said, "I can't give it up."

"Well, then, we must go on, I suppose. Where do we begin our climb?"

Landeur explained that he had been obliged to leave his carriage at the foot of the hill, and climb to Posnana Nuova, by the donkey-paths of the peasants. He had then walked to the ruins of Posnana Vecchia, but he suggested that they might find donkeys to carry them on from the new town.

"Well, I hope so," Mr. Gerald grumbled. But at Posnana Nuova no saddle-donkeys were to be had, and he announced, at the café where they stopped for the negotiation, that he would wait for the young people to go on to Posnana Vecchia, and tell him about it when they got back. In the mean time he would watch the game of ball, which, in the piazza before the café, appeared to have engaged the energies of the male population. Landeur was still inwardly denouncing when a staid, peasant girl came in and announced that she had one donkey which they could have with her own services driving it. She had no saddle, but there was a pad in which the young lady could ride on it.

"Oh, well, take it for Nannie," Mr. Gerald directed, "only don't be gone too long."

They set out with Miss Gerald reclining in the kind of litter which the donkey proved to be equipped with. Landeur went beside her, the peasant girl came behind, and at times ran forward to instruct them in the points they seemed to be lacking at. For the most part the landscape opened beneath them, but in the more distant hills it climbed into Alpine heights which the recent snow had now set to the gloom of their pines. On the slopes of the nearer hills, little towns clung here and there; closer yet fountains showed themselves among the caves and ovens.

It was very simple, as the life in it must always have been; and Landeur wondered if the elemental charm of the scene made itself felt by his companion as they climbed the angles of the inclines, in a silence broken only by the picking of the donkey's hoofs on the rude masonry of the pavement, and the posting of the peasant girl at its heels. On the top of the last upward stretch they stopped for the view, and Miss Gerald asked abruptly, "Why were you so sad?"

"When was I sad?" he asked in turn.

"I don't know. Weren't you sad?"

"When I was here yesterday, you mean?" She smiled at his fortunate guess, and he said: "Oh, I don't know. It might have begun with thinking—"

"Of old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago?"

You know the phrases used to come sailing over that peaceful sea younger from Africa, to harry these coasts, and carry off as many as

they could capture into slavery in Tunis and Algiers. It was a long, dumb kind of misery, that scarcely made as vivid a history, but it haunted my fancy yesterday, and I saw those valleys full of the fight and the pursuit which used to fill them, up to the walls of the villages, perched on the heights where men could have built only for safety. Then, I got to thinking of other things."

"And thinking of things in the past always makes you sad," she said, in pensive reflection. "If it were not for the weeping of always trying to remember, I don't believe I should want my memory back. And of course to be like other people," she ended with a sigh.

It was on his tongue to say that he would not have her so; but he checked himself, and said, honestly enough, "Perhaps you will be like them, some time."

She started him by answering irrelevantly: "You know my mother is dead. She died a long while ago; I suppose I must have been very little."

She spoke as if the fact scarcely concerned her, and Landeur drew a breath of relief in the surprise. He asked, at another fragment, "What made you think I was dead, yesterday?"

"Oh, I knew, somehow. I think that I always know when you are sad; I can't tell you how, but I feel it."

"Then I must cheer up," Landeur said. "If I could only see you strong and well, Miss Gerald, like this girl—"

They both looked at the peasant, and she laughed in sympathy with their smiling, and beat the donkey a little for pleasure; it did not mind.

"But you will be—you will be! We must hurry on, now, or your father will be getting anxious."

They pushed forward on the road, which was now level and wider than it had been. As they drew near the town, whose ruin began more and more to reveal itself in the noxious walls and windowless enclosures, they saw a man coming toward them, at whose approach Landeur instinctively put himself forward. The man did not look at them, but passed frowning slowly, and muttering and grumbling. Miss Gerald turned in her litter and followed him with a long gaze.

The peasant girl said gaily in Italian, "He is mad; the earthquake made him mad," and urged the donkey forward.

Landeur, in the interest of some lastingly forbade himself the luxury of anything like foreboding, but now with the passing of the madman he felt distinctively a lift from his spirit. He no longer experienced the vague dread which had followed him toward Posnana, and made him glad of any delay that kept them from it.

They entered the road and narrow street leading directly from the open country without any suburban limitation into the heart of the ruin, which kept a vivid image of unimpaired medieval life. There, till within the actual generation, people had dwelt, winter and summer, as they had dwelt from the beginning of Christian times, with nothing to intimate a disaster or civil salvanco. This street must have been the main thoroughfare, for stone-paved lanes, still narrower, wound from it here and there, while it kept a fairly direct course to the little piazza on a bright in the midst of the town. Two churches and a simple town house partly enclosed it with their nearest and scattered facades. The dwellings here were more ruinous than on the thoroughfare, and some were tumbled in heaps. But Landeur pushed open the door of one of the churches, and found himself in an interior which, except that it was roofless, could not have been greatly changed since the people had flocked into it to pray for safety from the earthquake. The high altar stood unshaken; around the frons a succession of statues crouched perched under the open sky, in celestial security.

He had learned to look for the unexpected in Miss Gerald, and he could not have said that it was with surprise he now found her as capable of the emotion which the place inspired, as himself. He made sure of saying, "The earthquake," you know," and she responded with compassion:

"Oh, yes, and perhaps that poor man was here, praying with the rest, when it happened. How strange it must all have seemed to them, here where they had lived so safely always! They thought such a dreadful thing could happen to others, but not to them. That is the way."

It seemed to Landeur once more that she was on the verge of the knowledge so long kept from her. But she went confidently on like a sleep-walker who saves himself from danger that would be death to him in waking. She spoke of the earthquake as if she had been reading or hearing of it; but he doubted if with her broken memory this could be so. It was rather as if she was exploring his own mind in the way of which he had more than once been sensible, and making use of his memory. From time to time she spoke of remembering, but he knew that this was at the blind speak of seeing.

He was anxious to get away, and at last they came out to where they had left the peasant girl waiting beside her donkey. She was not there, and after trying this way and that in the tangle of alleys, Landeur decided to take the thoroughfare a-hike; they had come up by and by trust to the chance of finding her at its foot. But he failed even of his search for the street; he came out again and again at the point he had started from.

"What is the matter?" she asked at the annoyance he could not keep out of his face.

He laughed. "Oh, merely that we're lost. But we will wait here till that girl chooses to come back for us. Only it's getting late, and Mr. Gerald—"

"Why, I know the way down," she said, and started quickly in a direction which, as they kept it, he recognized as the route by which he had emerged from the town the day before. He had overheard the sense of the nursery being used by her, as if being blind, she had taken his hand for guidance, or as if being herself disabled from writing, she had directed a pen in his grasp to form the words she desired to put down. In some mystical sort the effect was hers, but the means was his.

They found the girl waiting with the donkey by the roadside beyond the last house. She explained that, not being able to follow them into the church with her donkey, she had decided to come where they found her and wait for them there.

"Does no one at all live here?" Lanfear asked curiously.

"Among the owls and the spectres? I would not pass a night here for a lemonade. My mother," she went on, with a natural pride in the event, "was lost in the earthquake. They found her with me before her breast, and her arms stretched out keeping the stones away. She vividly dramatized the fact. 'I was alive, but she was dead.'"

"Tell her," Miss Gerald said, "that my mother is dead, too."

"Ah, poor little thing!" the girl said, when the message was delivered, and she put her basket in motion, chattering gaily to Miss Gerald in the bosom of their common reptilianhood.

The return was down-hill, and they went back in half the time it had taken them to come. But even with this speed they were late, and the twilight was deepening by the time the last turn of their road brought them in sight of the new village. There a wild noise of cries for help burst upon the air, mixed with the shrill sound of maniac gibbering. They saw a boy running toward the town, and nearer them a man struggling with another, whom he had caught about the middle, and was dragging toward the side of the road where it dropped, hundreds of feet, into the gorge below.

The donkey-girl called out: "Oh, the madman! He is killing the signor!"

Lanfear shouted. The madman flung Gerald to the ground, and fled shrieking. Miss Gerald had leaped from her seat, and followed Lanfear as he ran forward to the prostrate form. She did not look at it, but within a few paces she clutched her hands in her hair, and screamed out, "Oh, my mother is killed!" and sank, as if sinking down into the earth, in a swoon.

"No, no; it's all right, Nannie! Look after her, Lanfear! I'm not hurt. I let myself go in that fellow's hands, and I fell softly. It was a good thing he didn't drop me over the edge." Gerald gathered himself up nimbly enough, and lent Lanfear his help with the girl. The situation explained itself, almost without his incoherent

additions, to the effect that he had become anxious, and had started out with the boy for a guide, to meet them, and had met the lunatic, who suddenly attacked him. While he talked, Lanfear was feeling the girl's pulse, and now and then putting his ear to her heart. With a glance at her father, "You're bleeding, Mr. Gerald," he said.

"So I am," the old man answered, smiling, as he wiped a red stream from his face, with his handkerchief. "But I am not hurt—"

"Better let me tie it up," Lanfear said, taking the handkerchief from him. He felt the unrefined quality in a man whom he had not always thought heroic, and he bound the gash above his forehead with a reverence mingling with his professional gentleness. The donkey-girl had not ceased to cry out and bless herself, but suddenly, as her cure was needed in getting Miss Gerald back to the litter, she became a part of the silence in which the procession made its way slowly into Pomasia Nuova, Lanfear going on one side, and Mr. Gerald on the other to support his daughter in her place. There was a sort of muted outcry of the whole population awaiting them at the door of the *konada* where they had halted before, and which now had the distinction of offering them shelter in a room especially devoted to the poor young lady, who still remained in her swoon.

When the landlord could prevail with his fellow townsmen and townswomen to disperse in his interest, and had imposed silence upon his customers' inchoors, Lanfear began his vigil beside his patient in as great quiet as he could anywhere have had. Ours during the evening the public physician of the district looked in, but he agreed with Lanfear that nothing was to be done which he was not doing in his greater experience of the case. From time to time Gerald had suggested sending for some San Remo physician in consultation, Lanfear had always appeared, and then Gerald had not persisted. He was strongly excited, and anxious not so much for his daughter's recovery from her swoon, which he did not doubt, as for the effect upon her when she should have come to herself.

It was this which he wished to discuss, sitting fallen back into his chair, or walking up and down the room, with his head bound with a bloody handkerchief, and looking, with a sort of alien picturesqueness, like a kindly brigand.

Lanfear did not leave his place beside the bed where the girl lay, white and still as if dead. An inexpressible compassion for the poor man filled his heart. Whatever the event should be, it would be tragical for him. "Go to sleep, Mr. Gerald," he said. "Your waking can do no good. I will keep watch, and if need be, I'll call you. Try to make yourself easy on that count."

"I shall not sleep," the old man answered. "How could I? Nevertheless, he adjusted himself to the hard pillows of the lounge where he had been sitting and dozed among them. He woke just before dawn with a start. "I thought she had come to, and knew everything! What a nightmare! Did I groan? Is there any change?"

Lanfear, sitting by the bed, in the light of the winking candle, which threw a grotesque shadow of him on the wall, asked him.



He had released her from his arms, but she held his hand fast

Drawn by Sydney Adamson

After a moment he asked, "How long did you tell me her swoon had lasted after the accident to her mother?"

"I don't think she recovered consciousness for two days, and then she remembered nothing. What do you think are the chances of her remembering now?"

"I don't know. But there's a kind of psychopathic legio— If she lost her memory through one great shock, she might find it through another."

"Yes, yes!" the father said, rising and walking to and fro, in his anguish. "That was what I thought—what I was afraid of. If I could die myself, and save her from living through it—I don't know what I'm saying! But if—but if— if she could somehow be kept from it a little longer! But she can't, she can't! She must know it now when she wakes!"

Lanfair had put up his hand, and taken the girl's arm, and was quietly between his thumb and finger, holding it so while her father talked on.

"I suspect it's been a sort of weakness—a sort of wickedness—in me to wish to keep it from her; but I have wished that, doctor; you must have seen it, and I can't deny it. We ought to bear what is sent us in this world, and if we escape we must pay for our escape. It has cost her half her being, I know it; but it hasn't cost her her reason, and I'm afraid for that, if she comes into her memory now. Still you must do— But no one can do anything either to hinder or to help!"

He was talking in a husky undertone, and brokenly, unconvincingly. He made an appeal, which Lanfair seemed not to hear, where he remained immovable with his hand on the girl's pulse.

"Do you think I am to blame for wishing her never to know it, though without it she must remain deprived of one whole side of life? Do you think my wishing that can have had anything to do with keeping her— But this faint may pass, and she may wake from it just as she has been. It is logical that she should remember; but is it certain that she will?"

A murmur, so very faint as to be almost no sound at all, came like a response from the girl's lips, and she all but imperceptibly stirred. Her father neither heard nor saw, but Lanfair started forward. He made a sudden clutch at the girl's wrist with the hand that had not left it and then remained motionless. "She will never remember now—here."

He fell on his knees beside the bed and began to sob out. "Oh, my dearest! My poor girl! My love!" still keeping her wrist in his hand, and laying his head tenderly on her arm. Suddenly he started, with a shout, "The pulse!" and fell forward, crushing his ear against her heart, and listening with borne of, "It's beating! She isn't dead! She's alive!" Then he lifted her in his arms, and it was in his embrace that she opened her eyes, and while she clung to him, exclaimed:

"My father! Where is he?"

A dread fell upon both the men, blighting the joy with which they

welcomed her back to life. She took her father's head between her hands, and kissed his bruised face. "I thought you were dead, and I thought that mamma—"

"But that was long ago, wasn't it?"

"Yes," her father eagerly answered. "Very long ago."

"I remember," she sighed. "I thought that I was killed too."

"Was it all a dream?" Her father and Lanfair looked at each other.

Which should speak? "That is Doctor Lanfair, isn't it?" she asked, with a dim smile. "And I'm not dreaming now, am I?" He had released her from his arms, but she held his hand fast. "I know it is you, and papa; and yes, I remember everything. That terrible pain of forgetting is gone! It's beautiful! But did he hurt you badly, papa? I saw him, and I wanted to call to you. But mamma—"

However the change from the oblivion of the past had been operated, it had been mercifully wrought. As far as Lanfair could note it, in the rupture of the new revelation to her which it scarcely needed words to establish, the process was a gradual return from actual facts to the things of yesterday and then to the things of the day before, and so back to the tragedy in which she had been stricken. There was no sudden burst of remembrance, but a slowly unrolling of the reality in which her spirit was mystically fortified against it. At times it seemed to him that the effect was accomplished in her by supernatural agencies such as, he remembered once somewhere reading, attend the souls of those lately dead, and explore their minds till every thought and deed of their earthly lives, from the last to the first, is revealed to them out of an inner memory which can never, any jot or tittle, perish. It was as if this had remained in her intact from the blow that shattered her outer remembrance. When the final, long-shoulder home was reached, it was already a sorrow of the past, suffered and accepted with the resignation which is the close of grief, as of every other passion.

Love had come to her help in the time of her need, but not alone; she had helped her live back to the hour of that supreme experience and beyond it. In the absorbing interest of her own rescue, the shock, more than the injury which her father had undergone, was ignored, if not neglected. Lanfair had not indeed neglected it; but he could not help ignoring it in his happiness, as he remembered afterwards the self-reproach which he would not let the girl share with him. Nothing, he realized, could have availed if everything had been done which he did not do; but it remained a pang with him that he had so dimly felt his duty to the gentle old man, even while he did it. Gerald lived to witness his daughter's perfect recovery of the self so long lost to her; and with a joy more explicit than their own, to see her the wife of the man to whom she was dearer than love alone could have made her. He lived beyond that time, rejoicing, if it may be so said, in the fond memories of her mother which he had been so long forbidden to her affection to recall. Then, after the spring of the Riviera had whitened



Drawn by Sydney Ashton

Miss Gerald had followed Lanfair as he ran forward to the prostrate form

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into summer, and San Remo had, as well as it could, its sunny place behind its pine and palms. Gerald suffered one long afternoon through the heat till the breathless evening, and went early to bed. He had been full of plans for spending the rest of the summer at the little place in New England where his daughter knew that her mother lay. In the morning he did not wake.

"He lost his life that I might have mine!" she lamented in the first wild grief.

"No, don't say that, Nannie," her husband protested, calling her by the pet name which her father always used. "He is dead, but if we were each other to his loss, it because he was given, not because he gave himself."

"Oh, I know, I know!" she smiled. "But he would gladly have given himself for me."

That, perhaps, Lanfear could not have denied, and she had no wish to do so. He had a presence of happiness for her which the future did not bear; and he divined that a woman must not be forbidden the extremes within which she meant to rest her soul.

THE END.

Discreet

THINK is a Chicago lawyer who, for collocations ever, has a positive genius for malapropos suggestion to his witnesses on the stand.

Recently this lawyer was counsel in a suit for divorce, wherein he was examining a witness, who had taken the stand in behalf of the plaintiff.

"Now, madam," began the attorney, who is always saying the wrong thing, "repeat the shattering statements made by the defendant on this occasion."

"Oh, they are unfit for any respectable person to hear!" gasped the witness.

"Then, madam," said the attorney, coaxingly, "suppose you just whisper them to his honor the judge."

Followed Directions

LATE many others who have achieved greatness, or have had pretense thrust upon them, the General of General James F. Smith, Governor General of the Philippines, is innocent of minute adornment. According to a story which the General tells on himself, if so happened that on one cold, foggy morning, when the General (then Attorney Smith) reached his San Francisco office, he was in anything save a good humor.

One of the first things that attracted unfavorable attention was a fresh piece of fly-paper lying on his desk.

"Here," he asked, addressing his stenographer, "what is this doing here?"

"Why, you told me to put it there yesterday," retorted the stenographer.

"Well, take it away," ordered Smith, gruffly.

"But where shall I put it?"

"I don't give a hang," said the not yet great lawyer, "so you put it where I can't see it!"

The stenographer, whose proportion of Irish blood was equal to that of her employer, picked up the offending fly-paper, balanced it a brief moment thoughtfully on one hand, and then—snapped it carefully on the back of Smith's hairless head.

After which she seated her hat and coat and wandered out into the cold, foggy morning as search of another position.

When Oliver Johnson Made a Hit

It was Oliver Johnson, of Indianapolis, who made the speech, at the time that he was Vice Consul-General in London. He made it at a commercial banquet, at which there were present some of the most important and stupid members of Parliament and representatives of high finance in all merry England.

To illustrate a point he was endeavoring to impress upon his auditors, Mr. Johnson related an anecdote. It concerned a Yankee sewing-machine agent, who was looking over some boxes at a sales-table with a view to making a purchase. He was shown a box of novelties that year, in its prime, according to the vendor, had been able to treat in 2.38. Then

a half-grown rolt was brought out, and the dealer assured the prospective purchaser that in another year the animal would be able to do a mile in 2.10.

"Gosh darn it!" said the sewing-machine agent, at this juncture, "I don't want a horse or a gun-to-be. What I want is an ice-cream."

Here Mr. Johnson paused for the laugh that this story generally created, but the others at the table, with one exception, gazed steadily at him and wondered why he should stop speaking and not sit down. The exception was a somewhat boisterous gentleman of middle age, whose seat was next to that of Mr. Johnson.

The boisterous gentleman roared with delight; and ever and anon, throughout the remainder of the speech, broke out into wild guffaws, to the amusement and annoyance of his companions, but to the gratification of Mr. Johnson, who was pleased that even one of his hearers had been able to perceive the point of the anecdote.

When Mr. Johnson concluded his address and resumed his seat, his enthusiastic neighbor threw an arm over his shoulder and whispered into his ear.

"I say, old chap," he inquired, eagerly, "what is an ice-cream?"

The Transformation of Waterloo

THE battlefield of Waterloo is changing hands. A syndicate of British officers is in negotiation for the purchase of the plateau of Montgomerie, whose orchard was the scene of some of the severest fighting in the battle.

For sale as well are the museum of relics, and the Mount St. Jean farm, on which property, near the Hotel de Coennes, a plot of ground has been already bought by Count Cavens for the erection of a monument to Victor Hugo. This purchaser defrays, besides, the cost of a memorial to the Belgian General Van Merlen, that it is intended shortly to have placed close to the mound of the Belgian Lion. Which last commands the battlefield from its position on the hill where Wellington's reserve stood ready to receive the French as they charged up the slope. Altogether Waterloo may soon look like a cemetery.

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Solving Business Problems

THIRTEENTH PAPER

To the old-time manufacturer who graduated from foundry, lathe, or bench, the office end of a factory is given a low second place in its relation to the shop.

The modern proprietor reverses this order and says, "Put a good superintendent in the factory, but watch the office yourself, for the office, more than the factory, is the keystone of the arch."

Intelligent office accounts will reveal the strength or weakness of the manufacturing department, even when an adequate system of factory costs is not maintained, but a factory may be systematized to the finest point and still lose money because of laxness in the office administration.

The ideal combination is, of course, through detailed records of both ends of the business, an interweaving that one checks and proves the other; but when this is not practical, put the office right and the factory cannot go far astray.

A large manufacturer of such and doors in Milwaukee employed the Baker-Vanier Company to systematize its office records. The system devised only touched the factory sufficiently to form the necessary connecting link between production and distribution, and to record as assets the visible property, including plant, stock on hand, etc.

All expenditures are analyzed and distributed to their proper accounts. No purchase ledger is kept, but all invoices received are numbered serially and recorded on an accounts-payable sheet, the number only being entered, and are vouchered for payment by check.

The recapitulation of commodities purchased must check with the record of invoices paid or payable.

Each month the total of accounts unpaid is secured, this information being collected independently from the unpaid-invoice file, and recorded on the balance sheet as a liability. This total is therefore a check on the ledger record of unpaid invoices.

Sales, whether made by office, by road men, or by mail, are itemized by departments and products, and recapitulated in various ways monthly. Charge accounts against customers are made from duplicates of invoices which are made up from shipping or delivery tickets. Accounts receivable must correspond with the sales record, and the total sales by departments check with the total sales by commodities and with the record of revenues from sales.

Provision is made for recapitulating any feature or department of the business that is of sufficient importance, whether it be monthly expenditure for telegrams, postage, legal fees, patents, and the like, or the annual cost of plant betterment, salesman's expenses, etc.

Every detail of the business is recorded in the regular routine of accounts in such a way as to be in its proper classification and easily accessible.

Errors are by this means largely prevented, and when they do occur are automatically discovered and quickly traced and rectified.

Name and address will be given to responsible inquirers by Baker-Vanier Company, Chicago and New York.



Henry Mills Alden
EDITOR, 1862-1869



William Dean Howells
CONTRIBUTOR AND LITERARY ADVISOR



Henry Loomis Nelson
EDITOR, 1888-1898



John Kendrick Bangs
EDITOR, 1898-1901

NOTABLE FIGURES IN THE HISTORY OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

Rubbed the Wrong Way

An adjuster from a big Philadelphia insurance company was recently sent to Harrisburg to adjust a loss on a building that had been burned.

"How did the fire start?" asked a friend who met him on his homeward trip.

"I can't say with certainty, and nobody seemed able to tell," said the adjuster. "But it struck me that it might have been the result of friction."

"Why, what do you mean by that?" asked the friend.

"Well," said the insurance man, severely, "friction sometimes comes from rubbing a semi-insured dollar policy on a five-thousand-dollar building."

Two To One

THE unseasoned humor of country journalism, says William Allen White, are often more amusing than the best efforts of the alleged "lusty man."

According to Mr. White there never appeared in a Kansas paper the following "personal column":

"Our prominent townsman Theodore Minkton is seriously ill. He is being attended twice a day by Doctor Smith, in consultation with Doctor McGinn. The recovery, therefore, is in great doubt."

Pay, Pay, Pay!

As she was leaving, two hours after luncheon, her husband said, wistfully: "I liked by the way you must pay toll, my dear!"

"Pay toll? What for?"

"For the bridge, of course."

What Else Could He Do?

It is a part of a Congressman's make-up to remember the faces and names of people whom he has met, but Mr. Lewis C. Livingston, of Georgia, utterly lacks this faculty. He told the following story to a couple of friends in his committee-room at the Capitol a few days ago:

"I was coming down in the elevator over on the Senate side yesterday, and at one of the intermediate floors a man whose face I knew as well as I know my own got in. He bowed me very warmly at once, asked after the House affairs, and was very gracious and friendly. But call his name I couldn't for the life of me. I got a note of a letter to him, asking if he was going up to see the sights of the Senate. He gave a chilly laugh, as if he thought I was joking him. Finally I told him, in an apologetic way, that I couldn't recall his name. He looked at me amazed for a second, and then said very quietly that his name was Fairbanks."

"Well, what did you do?" asked the listener, laughingly.

"That's all I just got out of the next floor for four I would ask him if he had ever been in politics."

Illustrated

A TEACHER in one of the primary schools of New York recently read to her pupils "The Old Dutch Bucket."

After explaining the song to them very carefully, she asked the class to copy the first stanza from the blackboard, where she had written it, and try to illustrate the verse by drawings in the same way a story is illustrated.

In a short while one little girl handed up her slate with several little-drawn two legs, a neck, half a dozen sides, and three buckets.

"I do not quite understand this, Maimey," said the teacher, kindly. "What is that copy?"

"Oh, that's the well," Maimey replied. "And why do you have three buckets?"

"Again asked the teacher.

"One," answered the child, "is the golden bucket, one is the iron-bound bucket, and the other is the moss-covered bucket that hung on the wall."

"But, Maimey, what are all these little dots for?"

"Why, those are the spots which my infamy knew," innocently replied Maimey.



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"HARPER'S WEEKLY" AND THOMAS NAST

(Continued from page 18.)

tion. But there is one thing you do not know. It is true I went to Albany again—I did so far-dressed from the dignity of my office as to go to see Platt and talking—but I did not go to consult them. It was worse than that—much worse. I went to Albany that last time because they sent for me to come. I went on their order to come and explain why I had not made good my pledge. They knew I would not refuse to come, and I did go, and I limited myself for not having been able to keep my pledged faith. Now you understand why your picture was even more than you could know.

During the final sentence the President's voice had broken, and when he finished, the tears were streaming down his cheeks. A gentleman of gentleness—all and always near the doorway of death—the memory of his broken pledge and his humiliation he could not easily recall.

Conkling and Platt had resigned from the Senate when the President had failed to accord them the State patronage, and Nast had recorded the episode in the famous set of "Last Head" cartoons. President Arthur's revulsion had flooded the matter with new light. To Conkling, at least, the cartoonist was more friendly from that day.

The Blaine-Cleveland campaign (1884) was the last great episode in which the Nast cartoons played an important part; indeed it was the last campaign in which any one cartoonist, or editor, has wielded absolute and unquestioned power. Editors and picture-makers have been too numerous since then, too much a part of some great journalistic machine with a general policy for each member of it, for us to be able to trace individual influence and results.

But the campaign of 1884 was essentially personal from every point of view. It was Blaine's personality which caused HARPER'S WEEKLY with Curtis and Nast to reject the "Man from Maine," and it was the

personality of the cartoonist and the editor that figured prominently in the bitter vindictive fight on both sides which followed. Curtis scored Blaine in the editorials, Nast "banqueted" him in the cartoons, and, in turn, these two were discomfited, caricatured, and held up to public scorn. Indeed, HARPER'S WEEKLY may be said to have led the Mugwump party, and it is quite certain that Grover Cleveland could not have been elected without the terrible Blaine cartoons.

But the WEEKLY pictures were by no means always partisan, nor even political. Nast contributed many satires on social evils with notable results. His annual Christmas pictures were hailed on both sides of the water, and the HARPER'S WEEKLY SANTA CLAUSES became the accepted type of the Christmas saint.

When certain panmischueous legislators of both parties attempted to reduce the appropriations for the army and navy, Nast produced his splendid "Sicklemen Army and Navy" series, in the confusion of the misguided economists, just as he had laughed away the cry of Canadian against Grant. For his services to the army and navy he was presented with another fine silver vase, "the gift of 3,449 officers and enlisted men," the only instance of public recognition by the army and navy of a private citizen.

Nast severed his connection with HARPER'S WEEKLY in 1887. The old order of warfare had changed, and he could not accord with the new régime. During the twenty-five years of his active service, the "Journal of Civilization" had published no less than three thousand of his cartoons, and not one of them was ever drawn for evil, or against his convictions in a cause. The moral political influence of those pictures can never be calculated. As stated in the beginning, the period of association of THOMAS NAST with HARPER'S WEEKLY constitutes a pictorial epoch which remains without parallel in all history.

REMINISCENCES OF A RECENT EDITOR

(Continued from page 23.)

a superior officer with the wisdom of a serpent to consult in times of emergency and subordinates to blame when things go wrong, failure may be possible, but it is seldom probable, and I found comfort in that reflection, and so with Colonel Harvey overboard, Mr. Albert Lee as a sort of managerial buffer between myself and the consequences of such inquiries as I might be guilty of, Mr. J. Henry Harvey as constant and loyal apologist at court, and Mr. William A. Rogers always alongside with strengthful and constructive suggestions, I set forth upon my twenty months' cruise in seas sacred to the memory of genius.

Without wishing in any way to criticize or to reflect upon the predictions of those who had preceded me in the care of the WEEKLY, of those men for whom I have the highest respect, and some of whom I hold in affectionate esteem, my first effort was to relieve the pages of that Journal of Civilization of a tone and editorial manner which had caused it to be in some quarters as "the Weekly of a Journal of Civilization." Doubtless there was much in our national life at that time that was worthy of the severest reprobation, but it seemed to me to be equally true that there were also to be found here and there tendencies that were worthy of occasional commendation. There was a bright and hopeful side of life as well as the dull, drab, depressing aspect of it, concerning which our readers were entitled to be informed. Bitterness journalism I held to be but an acute and dyspeptic form of yellow journalism, and I realized also that with a certain daily evening correspondence securely entrenched in its position of common-sense of the nation, acting as a sort of General Hervey for the community, there was no use in striving for its heretofore laurels. Consequently, by degrees, I withdrew the WEEKLY from that particular competition, and advanced the theory, as a sort of innovation, that life was worth living, that there were honest men in public life who could be found if one set earnestly about finding them, and that even in Congress there was a discriminating eye there was a heaven of intelligence large enough to be discernible—and I am not sure even now that that attitude was not correct. In any event, I ventured upon that line of thought and conscientiously maintained it to the end of my term of office, somewhat less ably, perhaps, but still to the best of my ability. I venture sometimes to think that in so doing I broke the ground, even if I did not pave the way, for the present highly influential, eminently sane and judicious, handling of the WEEKLY's editorial pages—a handling worthy of its best traditions.

As the days passed there was gradually revealed to me a fact which I think most editors of weekly publications will acknowledge to be beyond question, and that is that after all an editor is merely the medium through which the times reveal themselves. The question of what to put into the weekly page is of less importance than that of what to leave out. The editor has the task of presenting fully the interesting developments of a period of national or world growth or reform prepared to find material to spread over the twenty-four or more blank pages that must be used weekly, but, on the contrary, is more frequently embarrassed than not to find room for topics of public interest that should either be discussed or presented as news matter. In my own particular case I not infrequently felt the need of an editorial thrashing-machine which should winnow the overwhelming harvest of events, separating the wheat from the chaff, and while I have not always been quite sure of the efficacy of prayer, I often took my chances and bawled out a sincere supplication that to me might be granted the wisdom to discern which was which. The air at the beginning of the new century was charged with an electrical inheritance from the old. Great things were doing in all parts of the world, and America's share in new problems was not only the make, but the make's sake. The war with Spain was barely over, but with the consequences of it we were fared to have, and alongside of these war itself seemed almost as difficult to handle as is a

strawberry festival in comparison with the proper organization of the New York police force. The progress of affairs in the Philippine Islands, the administration of affairs in Cuba, the conflict in South Africa between the Boers and Great Britain—all these were subjects of pictorial and narrative interest to the readers of the WEEKLY, the presentation of any one of which it was impossible to determine, and they therefore had to receive, and did receive, about equal attention, although there were times when it seemed as if the limitations of space would be stretched far and away beyond their capacity to react into the normal. At the same time marvelous industrial developments of the highest interest to the public were taking place in the United States, and this situation on our own spot were indisputable, and they too were called for in pen and picture—and all through this stressful period Theodore Roosevelt was Governor of New York and in a fair way to become something else, nobody knew what. Adequately to cover such a perambulation as this was almost enough to tax the capacity of any editor, and in consequence the imperiousness of another sort, Transvaal wars, Philippine and Cuban done to distract the attention, and yet even Mr. Roosevelt was not ignored and the wonderful elasticity of the WEEKLY's pages was not once stretched to the point of breaking.

One incident of the British troubles in South Africa in the spring of 1890 furnished me with an editorial experience which, as I look back upon it, was about the most difficult I ever had. Through the enterprise of Colonel Harvey an arrangement was made with the London Times by which the WEEKLY was to enjoy the distinction of presenting to American readers the reflections of Mr. Rudyard Kipling upon the African situation. The WEEKLY for that issue had already been made up, full to overflowing, and was for the most part of the press, when the first of Mr. Kipling's blazons arrived—by cable. Three thousand solid words of portentious interest and not an inch of space in which to place them, and the copyright had unduly used of it. That problem was easily solved by a resort to a four-page supplement, suitably embellished with illustrations, but the other question, as to what the three thousand words meant, that was an editorial puzzle. For every word of the article came over the cable without a capital, a comma, a period, or even a semicolon from start to finish, plus the inevitable errors in phonetic transcription. I yield to no man in my admiration for the genius of Rudyard Kipling, and I would cheerfully join a vigilance committee whose avowed object is the skimming of the Yale professor who recently announced in a lecture that Mr. Kipling made a mistake in getting well after his first allusion in 1890, but I frankly confess that I have never again to have to edit one of his called stories. It required a genius equal to his own as to capitalize and punctuate that article that it would read like the real thing, and I doubt if I succeeded. I never dared to send the article after it was published, and Mr. Lee read the proof as that to this day I am not sure whether or not I got the story straight. It made a very pretty supplement, however, and as far as I have been able to judge it has not weakened Mr. Kipling's firm grip upon his public, with the possible exception of a sporadic inferior professor whose opportunities for exercising his vocabulary overabound his literary attainments.

The ensuing summer brought with it our quadrennial Presidential contest, and as if he were not already doing all that he could to transform the WEEKLY from a perusal of normal men into an exercise of titanic, not to say Britanic proportions, did Parker Tamm decide to step in and try to bring about a more conservative result. The WEEKLY found no difficulty in choosing sides in either contest, and devoted its best efforts, prior to and editorially, in the case of Mr. McKinley in both. It likewise simultaneously supported Governor Roosevelt in his contest for the Vice-Presidency against Mr. Stevenson, and it was not until the election was over that we knew that Mr. Stevenson had been an acceptable Vice-President once, but, while Mr. Roosevelt's claims to the office on a mere question of fitness

were doubtless, we nevertheless started our own heart and soul for his election, believing that whatever he might do to the other, the other would do him good. As I go over my McKinley-Bryan editorial pages in retrospect I cannot find anything in them to be proud of. On the contrary, I am inclined to wonder if they were not really helpful to the other side, for with the enthusiasm of a fervent convert to Bryanian principles who felt the need of squaring himself with himself for denying his own party name, I fear that I rather spirited ink at Mr. Bryan than used it in impenetrable and judicious argument. I understand of the points at issue was nowhere in evidence, and the opposition candidates were belabored instead of carefully punctured like leaders, as they should have been. The swing price of the Weekly's matters at that time lay in the virility, keenness, and aptness of the cartoons of Mr. Rogers, which more than made up for my own editorial shortcomings—as, indeed, they did always from the beginning to the end of my period of ownership.

The campaign of 1900 over, there was a temporary lull in the overhanging risk of evils for a month or two, when public interest centered largely upon the doings of the Administration in Cuba. We had correspondents at Havana, reliable at first, to whom we looked for authoritative information as to the precise conditions there, but early in January, 1901, it became evident that there were decided differences of opinion between two of our contributors on more questions of fact. Colonel Harvey, upon being appealed to for advice, suggested we go to Havana myself to find out as best I could what were and were not the rights of the matter, and inasmuch as I had learned by this time that a suggestion from that source was the equivalent of a general order from the Supreme Court, I packed up my grip and went. A month and a half on the island served to fix certain definite impressions in my mind as to the intensity of American official work there, and upon these I based the bulk of my attention for several months to come. I like to believe that the resulting series of articles upon Cuban affairs, based upon personal observation, and published in a journal of the WEEKLY's estimate, served to secure a working residence in the excellent results of General Wood's administration.

Meanwhile, during my absence, my chief had himself come under the tidal influence of editing the WEEKLY, and upon my return to my desk I found an "intellectual feast" going on in my apartment which portended a material if not a spiritual regeneration for me. But I lacked either the tact or the willingness to see it, and after a summer of continued effort at editing a kind of journal which represented neither my own nor my chief's ideals, but a sort of waddling compromise between the two, ending in the preparation of the memorial number to the late Mr. McKinley, with a righteousness by no means uncharacteristic to the natural decency of the situation, I received and accepted my resignation sent to me so kindly and tactfully by Colonel Harvey that I have always felt grateful to him for it.

So much for my brief editorship of HARPER'S WEEKLY. In connection with the other staunch friends I appear in this golden anniversary of its birth, and my only regret at the moment is that the readers are that I shall not be here to help celebrate its one-hundredth anniversary, although I have hopes that when the day comes I shall be acting as the duly recognized foreign correspondent of the journal which Colonel Harvey did at that time by editing it—well, wherever he goes. I have my life as on this subject, but this is neither the time nor the place to expound them.

AVE HARPER'S WEEKLY!

Not the Same

As before Major Schurz, while a guest at a crowded reception, sponsored a man whom he knew but who failed to recognize him.

"I'm Major Schurz," said the Major.

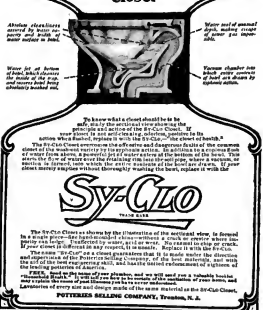
The other man looked at him indignantly.

"Well, sir," he cried, "what if you did make my name?"

"Don't you know better than to talk shop in public?"

The quick-witted Major "caught on" at once and quickly produced his card in explanation.

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The Sy-Clo Closet as shown by the illustration of the sectional view, is forced in a single piece—its base is not a crack or crevice where dirt or water can lodge. Imperfect by water, acid or wear. No seams to chip or crack. If your closet is different in any respect, it is unsafe. Replace it with the Sy-Clo. The name "Sy-Clo" on a closet guarantees that it is made under the direction and supervision of the Potteries Selling Company, of the best materials, and with the aid of the best engineering skill, and having the endorsement of a lifetime of the leading potteries of America.

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There Will Be No Typical American

By Emmett Campbell Hall

THAT there will never be a physical type divisionally American, almost invariably proved to the casual observer, as in the lands of the Nordic, French, or Italian breed, is the consensus of opinion among scientists who have made study of race evolution, and this is due to the fact of the extreme difference in the mixture in the atmosphere found in different sections of the United States. Indeed, in the course of generations, the human stock of America will produce such local physical characteristics found in such other nations. Floridians will acquire the statures and coloring of the Welshman. Already the southern of New Mexico and Arizona is developing towards the Arab type.

The theory of physical development and average race height being controlled by an amount of moisture in the air would seem to be well substantiated by observation of various nations; the temperature as registered by the thermometer would appear to be absolutely no factor. The Laplanders and the Bushmen of Africa occupy the extremes of thermometer range, and yet breathe the atmosphere of a like degree of moisture—a very high saturation—of a like stature, among the smallest men

dry a man's head, among the various people of the earth. Embracing a like wide range of temperature, but similar degrees of atmospheric moisture, the territories occupied by the Patagonians, the inhabitants of Polynesia, and the natives of the Sandwich Islands, all are of tallest stature. The Esquimaux, the Frenchman, and the Russian are of the same average stature, breathing atmosphere of the same degree of moisture. The extreme dryness of the air in which the Spaniard and Arab have lived has produced a similar physical development in these races.

Following out this natural law of physical development, the natives of Maine and Alabam should, in the course of generations, develop the same average height, there being about 80 degrees of moisture in the air of each of these States. Sixty-five to seventy per cent. of moisture would appear to produce the tallest average in the United States, that being the degree of saturation in Kentucky, Kansas, Minnesota, Indiana, Nevada, and California, in which States the average height is greatest.

In nervous temperaments even more than in physical development is the effect of atmospheric moisture apparent; on the wet coast, country are to be found the most solid types, while in the high, dry western land there is a high degree of nervous activity.

A moisture map of the United States might also be used as a temperature map, and for the reason that alcohol sets upon the system in a dryer. In wet atmospheres, where the system has moisture to spare, the effect of drinking is scarcely to be noticed. It is a man thing to see a Floridian, in his native country, intoxicated. In a dry climate, the effect of liquor is immediate and great.

Many experiments have been conducted with a view to ascertaining the effect of lowering and raising the degree of moisture in-droes, regardless of temperature as indicated by the thermometer. The degree of personal comfort so far as heat and cold are concerned may be anywhere between 60 and 85 degrees above zero, young people being comfortable at lower, and old people of higher degrees. The range of moisture for comfort is from 40 to 80 degrees of saturation.

In the experiments—made in classrooms without the knowledge of the students—the temperature would be kept at a normal degree, and the moisture reduced to 30 degrees, corresponding to the atmosphere of desert regions. The result was a high degree of interest on the part of the students, a dry-

berking caught, and an inclination toward pessimism and ill temper. By increasing the degree of moisture to 65 per cent, within less than the spirits of the class would be raised to fully their normal condition. Increasing the degree of moisture gradually resulted in a cheerful and optimistic state of mind on the part of the students. The total of the experiments would seem to indicate that the perfect atmospheric condition is when the relative humidity shows 65 to 70 degrees of heat with the atmosphere saturated from 45 to 55 degrees.

It is therefore obvious that to avoid *derogation* of mental effort and *derangement*

of the nervous system, most trying on every function of the body, a reasonable degree of moisture in the air must be maintained. In few living-rooms or offices is this done, as the process of heating destroys the natural moisture.

In order to have the moisture of 40 inches when it is 70 to 75 out of doors the outside air entered, he colder than 30° F., or he raised higher than 65° F. indoors. If the thermometer reads lower than 30° out of doors, and it is desired to raise the indoors temperature to 65° or higher, artificial moisture must be supplied, and this is easily done by placing a vessel of water in the room, where it can evaporate. Most heating-stoves have a receptacle intended to be so utilized. If the outside air is as cold as ten degrees above zero, and of a degree of moisture average in the United States, the ordinary furnace, steam-heat, or hot-water plant will deliver this air to the living-rooms at 70-degrees temperature, with but 10 per cent. of moisture in it.

A temperature of 70 degrees, with only 10 degrees of moisture, is about equivalent to that of the Sahara. It is not surprising that people living in such an atmosphere should develop "nervous" and leatherlike skin. Almost every sickly has a better skin than her mother, simply by reason of the fact that she spends her time in a moisture-laden air. She is more staid, because for mental activity the kitchen air is overestimated. There is a happy medium to be attained. A half-pint of water evaporated in a room the temperature of which is 65 degrees will bring the air up to 30 degrees of saturation.

Eliminating all question of health in connection with the degree of moisture in the house, there is the element of economy. Absolutely dry air cannot be heated. A room having only 15 or 20 degrees of moisture in its atmosphere is bound to be cold. If a kettle of water be boiled in such a room until a pint of water has evaporated, the temperature will at once begin to rise, though no more heat is being used than was before turned on.

Best Shots in the Army

The workmanship of the officers and men of the Regular Army is a source of gratification to the entire country, and particular pride must be felt in the shooting made during the past year. A statement by the War Department shows that of all the establishments, the ones attaining the highest average for the year was First-Sergeant Martin B. Dunbar, Company E, Fourth Infantry, with a score of 821. The second-best rifle score was 820, by Sergeant James A. Lankens, Company N, Twentieth Infantry.

With the rifle the infantry outshot the cavalry, but with the revolver the horsemen had the advantage. The best rifle score made by commissioned officers was 802, by Captain Frederick C. Steiner, Twenty-second Infantry, and 792 by Lieutenant Henry Fisher, Tenth Cavalry. The best pistol shot in the army is Captain James A. Cole, Sixth Cavalry, who scored 287. The second-best was Corporal Oscar G. Robinson, Troop D, Ninth Cavalry (score 285). Captain A. J. McNab, Twenty-seventh Infantry, was the second-best shot among the commissioned officers, and Corporal Horace Jefferson, Troop B, Ninth Cavalry, the second-best among the enlisted men.

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COMMENT

SECRETARY TAFT's declaration of his attitude towards the Republican nomination for the Presidency is just such a disclosure of his state of mind as an honest gentleman might naturally make, but as few men ever have made in relation to the Presidency. Every word of it obviously came from the big Secretary's inner consciousness and has on it the marks of a vigorous and confident candor. When he says that his ambition is not political, he says what might be scoffed at, coming from another man, but not from him, because it only puts into words what has long been understood. When he says he is not seeking the Presidency, he will be believed. But he will run if he is invited—which will not happen, he thinks, "if for no other reason, because of what seems to me to be objections to my availability, which do not appear to lessen with the continued discharge of my official duties." One can see the Judge smile as he wrote this sentence—the smile of a candidate indifferent enough to the outcome to be able to enjoy the humor of a situation that seems unfavorable to his chances. But is it unfavorable? Are TAFT the man and TAFT the cabinet officer so inextricably mixed up that there is no separating them? In the public mind possibly they may be, but in individual minds it is so easy to distinguish between the two that it is hard to believe that they are inseparably confused. Even in a bad light the Judge looms up much too substantial to be mistaken for anybody's shadow. After all, what is most significant about his declaration is that it implies that he will not retire to the bench until after the next Republican Presidential candidate is nominated.

Assuming, for the sake of argument, that Secretary TAFT may be eliminated from the list of Presidential candidates, whom do we find remaining? In the first place, there is Vice-President FAIRBANKS, who is certain to be backed by his own State, Indiana, and who, if certain current rumors may be trusted, can already count on the support of more than one Southern delegation. Moreover, he would be acceptable to the "stand-patters." But so, for that matter, would be Speaker CANNON, who has a much stronger hold on a popular audience than has the Vice-President. Speaker CANNON, however, sided openly and energetically with Mr. ROOSEVELT in the railway-rate affair, whereas Mr. FAIRBANKS was not compelled to commit himself. Then, again, the Vice-President is sixteen years younger than the Speaker, and he would appeal to the State pride of two commonwealths, for although he is a citizen of Indiana, he was born in Ohio. From another point of view Mr. FAIRBANKS would seem more available than Mr. CANNON. Since the civil war Illinois has never been carried by the Democrats in a Presidential year, except in 1892. Indiana, on the other hand, has been carried by them three times. But the Republicans are far stronger in Indiana than they were in 1892, and the State which next year they will regard with most anxiety is New York. For that

reason, if Mr. HUGHES should gain both distinction and popularity in his role of Governor, and should be backed by a unanimous delegation from the Empire State, he would be apt to be considered very seriously in the next Republican National convention. His rise, of course, would be sudden, the most sudden known in the State of New York, but not very much more so than that of SAMUEL J. TILDEN. The fact that last November all of the Democratic candidates for State offices except Mr. DEWEY were elected, is sure to make the Republican National convention attach supreme importance to the selection of a nominee qualified to carry the Empire commonwealth. In a word, Mr. HUGHES has a great opportunity. Whether he shall turn it to account will depend entirely upon himself. He will not get much help from some of the persons who he imagines to be his friends. He never would have been elected Governor had he not taken the campaign into his own hands.

The United States Supreme Court is getting perilously near to a duty which has been waiting for it for some time. The real question first went to the court from Alabama, and involves a new interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment. The question is, in essence, whether the Federal government can interfere to punish directly by its own courts the members of a mob that has lynched a negro, or by overthrowing the State law has denied justice to a citizen. The facts presented to the court are substantially as follows: the State was doing its utmost to protect from mob violence a negro who was under arrest. The mob overpowered the sheriff, broke into the jail, and lynched the prisoner. This, it has always been held, constitutes an offense against the State, and is, therefore, punishable by the State. This has not been changed by the Fourteenth Amendment, but it is assumed, as it has been often held, that the United States is charged with the duty simply of protecting individuals against the action of State authorities, and against State legislation that denies to any citizen the equal protection of the laws. It is now contended, on the contrary, that the United States may interfere whenever a citizen is denied the equal protection of the laws by reason of the overthrow, temporary generally, of the State's authority. That is, if a mob overcomes the sheriff and takes a prisoner from the authorities, thus, in effect, denying him a trial under the law, it is held that the State has practically denied the victim the equal protection of the laws. It is, of course, the State's law that has been violated by the mob, and it has always been the theory of our government that the State must enforce and defend its own law; but under a new theory the United States may take jurisdiction whenever a mob prevents the State from acting, as whenever it takes the law into its own hands. This would give to the United States complete jurisdiction to try, in the first instance, the members of all mobs who take prisoners from the custody of a State. This new doctrine is awaiting the decision of the court, and it has been waiting a long time.

A decision of the Supreme Court which was handed down just before Christmas may have some bearing upon the probabilities of the final action of the tribunal. An accused negro sought the protection of the United States jurisdiction, and had applied to the Circuit Court for a writ of *habeas corpus*. Pending the appeal the negro was taken from the jail and lynched. Eighteen citizens of Chattanooga, with the sheriff and seven of his deputies, were proceeded against for contempt of the United States Court in interfering with the applicant for the writ while the matter was under advisement. The sheriff and the deputies are accused of not seriously endeavoring to protect JOHNSON from the mob. The Supreme Court has now decided that the accused persons of Chattanooga are in contempt. Whether there will be a decision on the application of JOHNSON is doubtful, owing to his death, and there is necessarily no connection between this case and that in which it is asserted that United States courts may try and punish the members of a mob who offend against the law and the authority of the State. But the one calls up the other, and suggests the thought, in view of recent utterances in favor of constitutional amendment by construction, that the court is tending to hold with the contention in favor of the original jurisdiction of the United States against mobs that interfere with the rights of citizens. Such a decision would most certainly deprive the States of a power that is a necessary incident of sovereignty, for if a government has no jurisdiction to vindicate its own laws, and to punish those of its citizens who defy them, it is supreme and subordinate involved. And what would then become of the citizens of the Supreme Court looking that the Fourteenth

Amendment forbids State action only, and is not directed to individuals?

The British Admiralty are the objects of much severe criticism for proposing to keep a large number of ships out of commission for economic reasons. Nevertheless, building goes on. Just after Christmas it was announced that the contract for the third battleship of the *Dreadnaught* type, to be named the *Sagami*, had been placed with the Americans. The persistence of the English in building and maintaining a large navy affords a very impressive lesson—a lesson which, judging from his present attitude, has had a marked effect upon the attitude of Secretary BONAPARTE. In a recent letter, Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, who will be pleasantly recalled as a former London correspondent of the WEEKLY, gives some of the results of the British navy's activity. He is authorized to speak, for of all the writers for the English press Mr. WHITE has been the foremost in urging naval activity. He speaks of the increased discipline, efficiency, and contentment of the personnel of the service; he says that "at battle practice the average ship to-day shoots better than the best ships four years ago"; and he asserts that Germany has been built to a standstill. This is precisely what he says: "The Kaiser's naval policy has broken down; and so far from the German *Dreadnaughts* being laid down, as stated by Mr. H. W. WILSON, within a month from November 15, the plans have not yet been settled, and even the armament was not ordered a few weeks ago. The big ships will not be laid down for some months. Why? Because the policy of our Admiralty has compelled a halt in Germany." All of which is interesting, even entertaining, and may be important.

It is satisfactory to learn from the *Sax's* London correspondent that although, by common consent, British newspapers are silent on the subject, the mistake committed by Lord LANSDOWNE in not providing that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance should be inoperative as against the United States is keenly regretted in government circles on the other side of the Atlantic. It is frankly admitted that the failure to provide against such a contingency as a war between the United States and Japan was a grave oversight. We infer that a suggestion made by the *North American Review* has been practically adopted, for we learn that the Japanese government has already been quietly informed that under no circumstances would Great Britain contemplate any such unforeseen development of the obligations imposed on the signatories of the treaty of 1905. It is taken for granted, we are told, by well-informed persons in London, that no British government would be mad enough, by cooperating with Japan against America, to give Germany the long-coveted opportunity to join forces with the United States.

Japan's claim, that the children of her subjects resident in this country should be admitted to the schools attended by pupils of Aryan descent, is based on the assertion that her treaty with the United States contains the "most favored nation" clause. The assertion seems well founded; and it is also true that our treaty with Japan gives American citizens sojourning in the Mikado's empire all the privileges enjoyed by subjects of the most favored nation. The phrase "most favored nation," however, has a very different meaning, according as it is applied to the United States on the one hand, or to Japan on the other. In our country the privileges enjoyed by subjects of the most favored nation—England, for example—are very great. In the Mikado's dominions, on the other hand, the privileges enjoyed by foreigners, even the most favored, are relatively few. On this point, an American merchant, who has been doing business in Japan for more than twenty years, has written an interesting letter to the *New York Herald*.

He points out that in Japan foreigners are not allowed to own real property, or possess any mining rights. If, in order to do business, they place property or securities in the name of a Japanese, and the said Japanese absconds, the courts will not treat the act as a criminal one. Again, foreigners are not allowed to attend Japanese schools, whether these are meant for old or young pupils. They are only permitted to reside in certain localities. They cannot leave a treaty port except with a permit, which it is becoming more and more difficult to obtain. To the theatres the Japanese are admitted on the payment of sixty sen (thirty cents), but a foreigner must pay two hundred sen (one dollar). The hotels are conducted on a similar plan of discrimination. We should note further that as regards ordinary taxes,

foreigners are made to pay twice as much as are the Japanese, and although the treaties provide that foreigners shall not be subject to war taxes or duties, these were levied, nevertheless, during the late contest, and the resident foreigners deemed it prudent to pay them. Finally, the *Herald* correspondent asserts that justice cannot be obtained by a foreigner in the Japanese courts except before the highest tribunal, and that consequently every case in which a foreigner is concerned has to be carried by him to the Supreme Court. These facts, if facts they be, would seem to justify the conclusion that the Japanese do not want foreigners in their country, and, consequently, have no moral right to object to the exclusion policy advocated in San Francisco. Moral right, however, is one thing; treaty right is another. There is no doubt that our treaty with Japan gives the Japanese privileges in this country which our own citizens do not enjoy in the Mikado's empire. By way of confirming the *Herald* correspondent, we may mention that the lately published letters of LAFFORD HEARN bear witness to the discrimination practiced against foreigners in Japan, and to the feeling of dislike with which they are popularly regarded.

DAVID STARR JORIAN says that the man who talks of war as a necessity in commercial competition, whether he talks in Japan, California, or Washington, is a public enemy. The school question he finds to be a side issue in the greater one of immigration. Japanese children have never made trouble in the California schools, not even "the few grown boys who try to learn English in the grammar grades, though there it might be well to shut out." California is suffering for want of common laborers, and the fruit-growers, farmers, railroad-builders, and capitalists generally would be glad to have more laborers from China and Japan. The laboring-men fear the competition of Asiatics. The Californians in general have no feeling against Japanese laborers, but they do not want too many of them, and the supply is inexhaustible. Japan has no mind to let her citizens rank as inferiors in any country as the Chinese do in the United States. She would not endure an exclusion law such as operates against the Chinese, but she will keep her laborers at home if our government desires it. She is already doing so. Since 1901, Dr. JORIAN says, not a single Japanese of the laboring class has been allowed to leave Japan for the United States. But they go freely to Hawaii, and once there and beyond home control, they come, often at the rate of a thousand a month, to San Francisco. If this immigration is more than California can stand, the remedy must be either by a general exclusion law which will apply to all nations, or by diplomatic negotiations with the Japanese government.

On December 21, the Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 413 to 166, passed the bill supplementing the act separating Church and State in France, which was rendered necessary by the Pope's refusal to allow French Catholics to form the *associations catholiques* prescribed by the statute, and by his subsequent order forbidding priests to give even the notice of an intended public meeting prescribed by the act of 1881, which is binding upon all Frenchmen. This bill, which since has been passed by the Senate, provides for the immediate and unconditional transfer of all church lands, funds, and other property to the civil power, which will proceed forthwith to distribute the assets among departments and communes. Excepted from such distribution, however, will be church edifices in which religious services shall actually be held. The bill goes on to say that such services may be held whenever, under the law of 1881, a notice of an intention to hold public meetings shall be given by two laymen, of whom one shall be a resident of the parish; and it adds that one such notice shall hold good for a year. It further authorizes prefects and mayors to designate priests to officiate in edifices consecrated to religious exercises. This provision, if it be correctly reported, looks like an attempt to create a division, like that which existed between constitutional and "refractory" priests during the Revolutionary period and up to the conclusion of the Concordat in 1801. It remains to be seen how many, if any, designated priests will consent to act.

Meanwhile, as was pointed out by M. BRAVEN, the Minister of Education and Public Worship, the Pope's refusal to abide by the Separation Act of 1905 has much simplified the situation. There is no longer a religious budget, and the priests are no longer functionaries of the State. The church edifices, however, are open, and the country is calm. Priests who have defied the law of 1881 have been rarely, and never severely, pun-

ished. To the Catholic Church will be granted liberty under regulations to which the Protestant and Jewish churches have readily conformed. Nothing, M. BRIAND said, would be permitted to provoke the government to intolerance. As we have formerly remarked, the question whether it was expedient for the Catholic Church to make the best of the Separation law of 1905 is entirely distinct from the question whether that law was founded in equity. We, ourselves, have thought that law inequitable, in view of the solemn promise made by the National Assembly, at the time when the immense property of the Church in France was confiscated, that the State would assume the cost of public worship and the maintenance of the bishops and clergy. That promise was confirmed by the Concordat of 1801, in consideration of which the Papacy waived its claim to a restitution of the sequestrated property. But equity is one thing, law is another. There is no doubt about the legal right of the French Parliament to enact a statute binding upon all Frenchmen. French Catholics, therefore, cannot be permitted to set themselves against the law and at the same time abide in France. They are at liberty to denounce the Separation Act as inequitable, but, like French Protestants and French Jews, they must obey it.

The news from Russia is again becoming interesting. We were told some weeks ago that the STOLYPIN ministry has decided that the elections for the next Duma should be held in the latter part of January, but it has now been settled by an imperial ukase that they shall take place on February 19. The Premier evidently desires as much time as possible in which to weaken the anti-government forces, of which he still dreads the Constitutional Democrats most; and he also needs time to promote the success of his attempt to win the greater part of the peasant electors to the support of the government candidates. Diverse administrative measures are being taken to diminish the numbers and the influence of the Constitutional Democrats—or Cadets, as they are nicknamed—in the next national assembly. The latest moves of the kind have been directed against Professor MUKOMANOV, who was the presiding officer of the last Duma, and against Professor MILUKOFF, who expected to become the leader of his party on the floor of the coming Duma. The government has now declared both ineligible to election to the Lower House. Many of their former colleagues have also been declared on one pretext or another, not only from standing as candidates, but even from voting at the elections. Moreover, the Constitutional Democrats have been forbidden to hold meetings, and printing establishments have been prohibited under severe penalties from publishing their campaign literature.

We adhere, nevertheless, to our prediction that such precautions against an anti-ministerial majority in the next Duma will prove unavailing, unless the Premier's well-conceived efforts to propitiate the peasantry prove successful. He has not only prevailed upon the Emperor to turn over many millions of acres of the Crown estates and the so-called *appanage* lands, but, through the Peasants' Bank, he has bought a large number of estates from private landowners. In order that needy peasants may procure allotments of these lands immediately, he has arranged that the Peasants' Bank shall lend them the purchase-money at a low rate of interest. That is the agrarian feature of the programme. The political feature is the transformation of the communal system, under which the tillers of the soil have hitherto lived, into individual peasant proprietorship. Hereafter every adult male peasant will be the individual owner of the land which he cultivates, and will be responsible only for the tax levied thereon. Under the communal system, a peasant was discouraged from putting labor and money into his holding, because at any moment it might be transferred to another cultivator by the elders of the commune, and because, however industrious and thrifty he might be, he was responsible for the unpaid taxes of lazy and prodigal neighbors. These are great boons which the Premier has conferred upon the peasantry, but the Constitutional Democrats may outbid him by offering to give the peasants land for nothing. We shall not now have long to wait for the outcome of Russia's second experiment in representative institutions.

The New York Herald published, on December 20, a letter from its Havana correspondent which deserves to be read with interest in connection with Secretary TAYLOR's report of the incidents preceding and attending our temporary intervention in Cuba. According to this usually well-informed correspondent, it was not patriotism, or a love of the Cuban Constitution, or disgust at out-

rages committed at the ballot-box, which caused the Liberal leaders to organize the late insurrection. The stake for which they played is now disclosed by the offering for discount in Havana of new claims for pay of soldiers of the 1895 revolution, the pay demanded to be provided for by the next Cuban government. At the present time it is impossible to compute the amount which the Liberal leaders propose to abstract from the treasury in this way, but, as the time for filing the new claims is to be extended over a period of two years, we may take for granted that the total will undergo remarkable diversion. The Herald correspondent opines that \$50,000,000 would be a modest estimate.

It is well known that Cuba has already paid out \$57,000,000 for soldiers who were alleged to have served in the war with Spain. How much of this vast sum was paid to soldiers who actually served under the Cuban colors, and how much to speculators who bought up claims more or less illusory for a fraction of their face value, could doubtless be revealed by the Treasury officials, if they chose to throw light upon the matter. It is of record that, at the time of our previous occupation, the controlling politicians of the island offered to favor annexation if the United States would pay off the Cuban forces. It was calculated at the time that only \$11,000,000 were due. Our government had no desire to annex Cuba, but, as a peace-offering, it made the Cuban soldiers a present of \$3,000,000. That should have left the Cuban treasury only \$8,000,000 to pay. No sooner, however, did Cuba acquire independence than her statesmen decided that \$55,000,000 were needed to reward 50,000 veterans. General Gomez, when the figures were reported to him, declared that not more than a quarter of the number had ever come under his notice, and he pronounced it, moreover, a reflection on his honor that, with such a large body of troops, he had not driven the Spanish authorities from the island. In time, the aggregate of soldiers to be paid was increased to 60,000, and, as we have said, \$57,000,000 were raised for the purpose, partly by a foreign loan, partly by an internal loan, and partly by means of cash in the treasury. Now it seems that the Liberals, who expect to control the next insular government, have discovered an additional multitude of unpaid soldiers of the war of 1895, and the claims of these men in buckram are already, as we have mentioned, offered for discount in Havana.

Not satisfied with the fabrication of a supplemental host of unpaid soldiers of the revolution against Spain, the Liberals, according to the Herald correspondent, have planned to introduce in the Cuban Congress, as soon as they get control of the insular government, a bill to pay the insurgent, or so-called "Constitutional," army which was raised to bring about the present American intervention. A week before Secretary TAYLOR reached the island, the number of insurgents was computed at about seven thousand. As soon as the provisional government announced that the insurgents would be allowed to keep the horses they had stolen, their number grew to fifteen thousand. Now, with pay in sight, the number is said to have reached already twenty-five thousand. The intention is, seemingly, to extract for these new heroes about twenty million dollars from the Cuban treasury. We see, then, how profitable it is to organize an insurrection in Cuba. Not only do you bring about American intervention, and secure for yourselves, by a new general election, all the offices, but your raw levies are sure to be paid munificently at the cost of the insular exchequer. On the whole, it is a very pretty game that Cuban insurgents have played. We are of the opinion, however, that it cannot be played twice. The next time an American military force has to go to the island, it is likely to stay there.

The addresses recently delivered in New York before the various sections of the American Association for the Advancement of Science acquired a certain measure of authority from the name and standing of the distinguished Association whose members listened to them. The discourses of most of the lecturers were passed by the committees before they were delivered, but only to make sure that they were sensible enough to pass muster. The opinions and the statements of the lecturers were their own, and by no means endorsed by the Association. In one case when a lecturer's remarks proved to be unbecomingly his piece, that was not the case with Mr. HENRY LAURENCE CARR, who spoke before the Economic Section of the Association, on the Cyrenaica of Wealth. What he had to say was interesting, and we presume the Association would be very reluctant to guarantee the accuracy of his statements. As reported in the

Evening Post, he said that whereas fifty years ago there was not more than fifty millionaires in the country, owning, with the help of the half-millionaires, not more than one per cent. of the wealth of the nation, and whereas sixteen years ago the very rich people owned not more than fifty-six per cent. of the national wealth, "to-day a bare one per cent. of our population owns practically ninety-nine per cent. of the entire wealth of the nation." This is interesting if true, but is it true? Any thoughtful person who lets his mind dwell on it must doubt its truth and wonder on what statistical foundation, if any, it rests.

Our neighbor the *World* says it isn't so, and goes on to delve a little into figures. It finds that the total wealth of the country is estimated at one hundred and six billions; that the farms are worth twenty billions and have over 3,700,000 owners; that the per value of the railroad stocks is about six, and a half billions distributed among 327,851 stockholders; that we had in 1900 about ten billions invested in manufactures with 700,000 owners; that over three billions of saving-bank deposits are owned by 7,700,000 depositors, and that the policy-holders of the life-insurance companies have two and a half billions to their credit. All these specified billions come to only a little over forty-two billions, and if one per cent. of the population owned all of them there would still be sixty-four billions left for the rest. To be sure, there are many forms of wealth not included in the *World's* items—mines, jewels, plate, breadstuffs and crops, oil, cattle and merchandise generally. To be sure, too, we have no great confidence in the estimates quoted in the *World*, but at least the distribution they suggest is not nearly so preposterously improbable as that offered by Mr. CALL. The *World* says that Mr. CALL gets his figures from certain calculations propounded by Dr. CHARLES B. SPARKS. They are familiar, but do not improve in credibility on acquaintance.

Proceeding from this assertion that ninety-nine per cent. of us only own one per cent. of the property of the country, Mr. CALL pointed out that "as a result of this wealth concentration industrial society is practically divided into two classes, the enormously rich and the miserably poor." Perhaps we would be so divided if there was any such concentration as Mr. CALL asserts. The fact that we are not is itself enough to disprove Mr. CALL's figures, and that we are not is obvious to anybody who will open his eyes and look about. Both groups—the enormously rich and the miserably poor—exist in this country, but both are small. The great bulk of the American population belongs to neither of them. There never was a time when it was so easy to get money in this country as now. The trouble, for those who would be rich, is to save it. What can be done both in getting and saving, by persons starting under the greatest disadvantages, may be learned from the article in the January *McClure's* on the progress of the Russian Jews in New York.

"It seems to me," says Mr. STUTTEVANT FISH, "that we already are embarked on a long-needed moral financial reformation which, like the religious reformation of the Middle Ages, will, through much cruelty, work out good in the end." Traffic managers and freight agents will agree with Mr. FISH about the cruelty. A good many of them think, as he does, that present trials will work out good in the end, but all agree that the trials are very severe. The trouble, as they expound it, is to know what the new law about freight rates means. The law has not yet been interpreted by the courts. The traffic managers and railroad men are very earnest in their efforts and desires to make their schedules and conduct square with all its provisions, and freight rates are exceedingly complicated, and a multitude of points arise in connection with them in which the application of the new law is a highly perplexing question, to which different lawyers give opposing answers, and which the men most concerned can only guess at. When the Interstate Commerce Commission is asked to interpret mooted points, its usual answer, we understand, is that its petitioners had better go ahead and do the best they can, and that if they violate the law they will incur in due time from the Commission. This is imperfectly satisfying to the perplexed freight men, who see a horrid prospect of fines, and even imprisonment, if they guess wrong as to some matter about which, for the life of them, they cannot find out beforehand what is right. Therein lies the cruelty of their position. They speak kindly, as a rule, of the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission as men, but are somewhat dolorous in their estimation of them as railroad experts.

A good deal of sense was talked at the Convention of the American Physical Education Society. It seems from it as though eventually the business of play might take its proper place in the college curriculum, and then play will cease to be a business. One speaker said that the intense interest in college athletics comes from two causes,—the perfectly natural human desire to play, and the much less meritorious but largely prevalent desire to watch the spectacle. The result of the gratification of this latter desire, he said, led naturally to the commercialization of which we hear so much. By commercialism he referred to "gate money" and its various incidents and consequences. Another speaker, a professor at Amherst, said that athletes stood lower in his claims than non-athletes by from one to six per cent., and this talker received the support of a professor from Bowdoin. There are one or two truths connected with this subject of which all who are connected with college, especially intercollegiate, athletes know and understand. The first is, that the college athletes do not, as a rule, start as well as the non-athletes in their college course, because their school athletics have interfered with their preparation. The second is, that the athletes do not do so well in college for the reason that too much time for physical work is demanded of them. This demand is the more exacting because college athletes are in the business of winning victories, and their fellow students demand too great a sacrifice of them in order that they may win, "for the glory of the college." There is little recreation in college athletics, and too much wear and tear of nerves and muscles. In the third place, and sometimes "for the glory of the college," the faculties help along the mental downfall of the athletes by failure to exact even the small amount of work which is demanded for pass examinations. It is not likely that athletic cautions will be much improved in our colleges until we are induced with a desire for sport for sport's sake; and that time is likely to be somewhat long in coming. In the mean time we ought to recognize the fact, for it is a fact, that the college athlete himself is improved intellectually and morally by going to college. It will not destroy this general rule to show exceptions to it.

The Texas primaries which were to decide the question of who should be United States Senator have spoken for the reelection of BAILEY. Mr. BAILEY may have been too retiring, but the Democrats of Texas evidently do not believe him to be corrupt. They know him to be able, and they admire him. It would be a loss to his party, to the Senate, and to the country if Mr. BAILEY were to be taken from the Senate. There is no one in the South, and there is no Democrat in the Senate, who is so strong and well equipped a champion as Senator BAILEY of the Federal republic such as we still have, against a national republic, like France, such as is threatened us by "construction." It is sincerely to be hoped that the country will not be deprived of his services.

There has been mourning for Mr. CASANTY, and with abundant reason. The late president of the Pennsylvania Railroad was a noble and engaging figure of a man. He loved to work, he loved to play, and he loved to speak the truth and do it. He had great abilities and charming amenities. It warmed the heart to dwell upon his qualities and his career. He was a sportsman who loved horses and bred them; a general who planned great campaigns; an administrator, wise in considering the concerns of one of the great railroads—perhaps the greatest—of the world. But the best of him was the combination he presented of aggressive ability with aggressive integrity. He not only set out to do right himself, but to make the Pennsylvania Railroad do right. To make a great railroad do right is a huge contrast, and it has been a particularly large contrast during the last fifteen years. That Mr. CASANTY succeeded perfectly with it is not probable—and, indeed, some casualties that were discovered in connection with his road are known to have caused him great distress. But he did stand out, a splendid figure, for honesty in business and honor between men. When he came out of partial retirement, seven years ago, and abandoned ease and amusements to be the head of the Pennsylvania road, what he really did was to enter the service of the public. He was a great public servant, faithful, responsible, and true to the greater master, the people of the United States, as well as to the stockholders of his road.

There has been so much anxiety in various quarters to have Mr. GEORGE W. FERGUSON indicted for something that the belated and apologetic action of the Grand Jury in his case can hardly cause surprise. Not so with Mr. FAIRCHILD, who must have been picked out for indictment as the man best able to stand it.

Woman's Part in the Ascent of Man

In the famous essay on "The Subjection of Women," to which we have formerly referred, Mill pointed out that by admitting women to the franchise we should double the mass of mental faculties available for the higher service of mankind. Where there is now one person qualified to benefit the human race, and promote the general improvement as an administrator of some branch of public affairs, there would then be a chance of two. Mental superiority of any kind is everywhere much below the demand; there is such a deficiency of persons competent to do excellently anything which it requires any considerable amount of ability to do, that the loss to the world by refusing to make use of one-half of the whole quantity of talent mankind possesses is extremely serious. Mill admitted, indeed, that this amount of mental power is not totally lost even now. Much of it is employed, and would in any case be employed, in domestic management and in the other occupations open to women; and from the remainder, indirect benefit is in many individual cases obtained through the personal influence of individual women over individual men. But as things are now, these benefits are partial; their range is extremely circumscribed; and if they must be recognized on the one hand as a deduction from the amount of fresh social power that would be acquired by giving freedom to one-half of the whole sum of human intellect, there must be added, on the other, the benefit of the stimulus that would be given to the intellect of men by competition with the intellect of women: or—what Mill thought a truer expression—by the necessity that would be imposed on men of deserving precedence before they could expect to obtain it.

It may help us to appreciate the magnitude of the benefits which a nation, considered as a whole, would derive from the stimulus imparted to the intellect of women by the concession to them of political rights, if we recall the services which women have rendered to civilization in the past. There seems to be no doubt that we owe to women those inventions but for which our civilization could not have been advanced. We refer to the invention of fire, the invention of pottery, the invention of spinning and weaving, and probably, also, the invention of agriculture. To women these inventions may be credited both on deductive and inductive grounds. It seems, on the face of things, impossible that in the primitive cave-dwelling the adult male, whose energy and vigilance were needed incessantly at the mouth of the cave to repel the aggression of wild beasts or of his more formidable fellow men, could have found the time and patience required for the discovery of fire, or of the process of moulding out of clay food-vessels and drinking-cups, or the industry to be employed in the primitive processes of spinning and weaving. The woman alone, confined for the most part by her maternal duties within the cave, had leisure for such achievements, and her maternal instincts would supply her with the strongest motives for evolving them. She would need fire to keep her child warm; clay vessels to hold his food and drink; and, finally, clothing to protect him when exposed to inclement weather at the door of the cave. But for the toil of brain and hand to which woman was prompted by the impulses of motherhood it is probable that mankind would have remained in the hunting and fishing state, dependent on the caprice of the chase for a precarious support. This conclusion, but for which we are fed by a priori, or deductive, reasoning, is confirmed by observation and experience. The Greek legend ascribed the gift of fire to a male, but the folk-lore of many other peoples assumes that invention to have been of feminine origin. Thus the Maoris relate that MAUI had fire given to him by his old blind grandmother MARIKURA, who drew it from the nails of her hands. Wishing to have a stranger one, MAUI pretended that it had gone out, and so he obtained fire from her great toe. Native Australians say that a good old man named PENNETH opened the door of the sun, whose light then poured on earth, but that KAKAKAKAK, his good daughter, was the fire-bringer. The production of fire by friction is indicated in the myth that while she was destroying serpents her wooden staff snapped in two, and where it broke a flame burst out of it. It is well known that the Romans attributed the gift of fire to Vesta, and confided the care of the sacred flame to virgins consecrated to her service. As regards rudimentary pottery, spinning, and rudimentary weaving, or the allied processes of knitting, netting, looping, and plaiting yarn, we find the practice of these arts relegated to women among primitive peoples, such as are encountered in the interior of Africa. It is also by women that an elementary agriculture is performed in some of the most primitive communities with which we are conversant. In many surviving examples of the initial stage of civilization the women are expected to feed and clothe the family, while the men are relied upon to defend from violent attack. We scarcely need recall that to this day in France, Belgium, and some other parts of Europe, the peasant women take as active and as fruitful a part in husbandry as is taken by their husbands and brothers.

It is not alone, however, for many material and fundamental contributions to civilization that we are indebted to women: we owe to her almost exclusively the altruism which is the honor of the modern world, and for the germ of what we must go to other sources. The immensity of the obligation contracted by the human race to woman from this point of view is nowhere set forth so effectively as it is by Dr. HENRY DEUNMOOD, in his well-known Lowell Lectures on "The

Ascent of Man." The author of those lectures pointed out that no greater day ever dawned for evolution than that on which the first human child was born. There then entered into the world the one thing wanting to complete the Ascent of Man—a tutor for the affections. Maternity had previously existed in humbler mammalian forms, but not yet motherhood. To create motherhood and all that ensues itself in the word a human child was required. The creation of the mammalia had established two schools in the world, the two oldest and best-equipped schools of ethics that have ever existed, the one for the child, who must now at least know its mother, the other for the mother, who must now as certainly attend to her child. The only thing that remained was to secure that they should both be kept in these schools as long as it will be possible to detain them. The next effort of evolution, therefore, was to lengthen the school age of the lair and to give affection time to grow. No animal except man was permitted to have his education thus prolonged. Many creatures were allowed to stay at school for a few days or weeks, but to one creature only was given a curriculum complete enough to accomplish its altruistic end. Why, it may be asked, has it come to pass that whereas in the course of some weeks a baby monkey is able to leave its mother, a human infant is unable for many months to feed itself or protect itself. Why is it that the human infant long lies like a log on the forest bed, while its nimble animal cousin crawls to him from the bush above? The question was answered by JOHN FUSAT, who shows what the delay means ethically: how necessary it was for the moral training of the mother that the human child should have the longest possible time by its mother's side, and how, from a physiological viewpoint, the delay was needed to develop an added and greatly superior piece of machinery, a human brain.

Up to the evolution of the human infant animals were in a hurry to be born, and children thirsted to be free. There was no helplessness to pity, no pain to relieve, no anxious watching; to the mother no moment of suspense—the most educative moment of all—the spark of life in her little one was her joy. Lamentation, a word, had no chance till the Human Mother came. To her alone was given a curriculum prolonged enough to let her graduate in the school of the affections. Not for days or weeks, but for many months, the cry of her infant's helplessness went forth. She must stand between the flickering flame and death; and for years thereafter, until the budding intellect can take command of itself, this maternal love dare not grow cold, or pause an hour in its unselfish ministry.

Thus, then, as Dr. DEUNMOOD demonstrates, is what the savage mother and her human babe brought into the world. When the first mother bore her first child, she brought into the world as long as her infant's love; when, for a moment, she forgot herself and thought upon its weakness or its pain; when, by the most imperceptible act or sign or look of sympathy, she expressed the unutterable impulse of her maternity—the touch of a new creature hand was felt upon the world. However relatively short may have been the earliest human infancies, however feeble the sparks of unselfish sentiment they fanned, however long heredity took to gather fuel enough for a steady flame, it is certain that, once this fire began to warm the cold hearth of Nature and give mankind a heart, the most stupendous task of the past was accomplished. The softened pressure of an unselfish hand, a human gleam in an almost animal eye, an movement in an articulate voice—these things seem poor indeed, yet in such faint awakenings lay the hope of the human race. As JOHN FUSAT puts it: "From of old we heard the unspoken, 'Except ye be as babes ye cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven.' The latest science now shows us—though in a very different sense of the words—that unless we had been as babes the ethical phenomena which give all its significance to the phrase, 'Kingdom of Heaven,' would have been nonexistent for us." FUSAT goes on to show that without the circumstances of infancy we might have become formidable among animals, but without the sense of sleep-witnessed, but exempt for these circumstances we should never have comprehended the meaning of such phrases as "self-sacrifice" or "devotion." The phenomena of social life would have been omitted from the history of the world, and with them the phenomena of ethics and religion. That is to say, if to man has hitherto been mainly assigned the fulfillment of the first great function, the struggle for life, woman has been the chosen instrument for carrying on the struggle for the life of others. The man's life has tended towards selfishness; the woman's life towards unselfishness. While the former has kept individualism alive, the latter has kept altruism alive. Thus, by a division of labor, appointed by the will of Nature, the realization for the Ascent of Man were laid.

If, now, we turn from prehistoric to historic times, we find that the influence of mothers on the early character of their acts, and the desire of young men to recommend themselves to young women, have been important agencies in the formation of character, and have determined some of the chief steps in the progress of civilization. The moral influence of women has had two modes of operation. First, it has been a softening influence, those who are most liable to be the victims of violence having tended naturally towards flinching in sphere and mitigating its excesses. The other mode in which the efforts of women's gentleness has been important is by giving a powerful stimulus to those qualities in men—courage, for example—which, not being themselves trained in it, it was necessary for them to cultivate in their protectors. Unquestionably the influence of women counts

for a great deal in two of the most marked features of modern European and American life, namely, its aversion to war and its addiction to philanthropy. It should need no argument to prove, however, that the best of our part which women already take in the formation of general opinion, would be modified for the better by the more enlarged instruction and the practical co-operation with the things which their opinions influence, that would necessarily arise from their political emancipation.

The Legendary Personality

It is unmistakable that there are certain personalities which lend themselves easily to legend. A sort of romantic mystery glows like a mandorla about them, and the tales that cluster around such memories tend all to emphasize in the character something aloof, alien, and but half comprehended, something about the temperament which showed that the man was passing through life as a pilgrim, observing curiously, isolated, minutely and widely, but always as an outsider, as one not wholly contained in this passing experience, but as having responsibilities and treasures at home.

"The interesting thing about the great," said a worldly and sophisticated man once to an expansive girl who was explaining herself, "is what we can know, but the interesting thing about the average is what we can't." It is indubitably true that the interesting things for us about a great man are the points of contact, the details wherein he meets us, where we feel our kinship to him in his actions. But this is interesting only because we feel, too, his point of departure; because we know that he lives a life apart, a life above and beyond us,—that life into which through given signs he allows us such intermittent glimpses as we deserve, such faint hint of its mystery, its silence, its turning of an angle away from the light of the present day, as we can grasp. DANTE is greatest in that part which issued forth from our world and continued with heaven and hell, but we are closer to him when we gather up the fragmentary tales of that human love which he made the point of departure. SHAKESPEARE is greatest in that world unto himself alone where he saw wondrous visions of men and women acting and reacting upon each other, beckoning new events to birth, enriching human experience. Overwhelmed by the richness of that intellectual life apart, man rather than any straw which unites the sea of visions to ordinary, active mankind.

But in the average man whose whole life is apparently running parallel to our own, the main interest is such tiny fragment as he turns aside, keeps hidden from the public eye, the part whereabouts none may enter. It is not only the supremest privilege that courts a legendary accession; but wherever there is a strongly marked individual taste, a satisfying life of isolation and habitual reserve, greedily human curiosity is aroused to see what treasure is hidden, what lovely delight this man has, and three gathers up the hints, the anecdotes, the parables that reveal a character.

PATER had a personality of the sort that lends itself to anecdote and legend. Although, perhaps, we must admit that he had not imaginative freedom and liberality, he was yet so different from average man that men instinctively sought to break down the barriers. He was a man who demanded and who, partially, at any rate, achieved beauty in the daily walk of life. Like his own MARICE he too had acquired the art "of so relieving the ideal of poetic traits, the elements of distinction, in our every-day life—of so exclusively living in them, that the unadorned remainder of it, the mere drift and debris of our days, came to be as though they were not." Such single-eyed pursuit of beauty was in itself enough to throw a nimbus around the man, to separate him from the average whose goal is bread and shelter, or worldly goods and honors. It is therefore a question whether or not we are to be grateful to Mr. A. C. HENSON for explaining our belief in some of the favorite anecdotes of PATER and for carefully moderating others. As they stood they were illuminating, and gave an almost intimate glimpse into that reserved character who set beauty high above use, and art above patriotism. The tale of his failure to give marks to certain essays, for the final grading of students, and his reason for failure to meet the obligation, was delightfully characteristic and amusing, and it is almost a pity to explain the story away. As it used to be told a score of years ago it ran, that PATER, being one of a committee to pass on examination essays, professed when it came to the giving of an account, to be wholly unable to say anything at all, shaking his head wearily at restrained questions, and answering, "No, nothing struck me; nothing struck me at all; all the essays were very much alike." Finally his colleagues suggested that if they read about the names of the men who had submitted the essays to might be able to give some opinion. He submitted, finally brightening vividly at the name "Sanctuary," and saying, with soft glee: "Ah, yes, I remember him. Give him a first. I liked his name so much." The tales of his special tolerance toward the pen pals, undergraduates, too, are delightful, whether apocryphal, as Mr. BROWN says, or not. Being consulted upon measures to be taken against students who persisted in fondling in the quad, he objected that on the other hand "they do light up the tower of St. Mary's beautifully."

There is another tale of his saying, when some special bit of rowdy-

ism of the students was reported to him, that they reminded him of "playful young tigers that had just been fed"; and once he cautioned the college dignitaries lest their disciplinary measures should "transform with roses into cabalages in rows."

This tendency to regard light things lightly, and to observe always the passing beauty upon the surface of things, reminds one of the title of an essay of LEONARDO's, "On the Flight of Birds and Other Such Matters." Indeed, between these two men there were many points of temperamental likeness. Both endeavored under varying forms to offer the real in terms of ideal beauty. Both felt with a poignant yearning upon pain that in the swift mutation called life there is ever an instant of supreme loveliness to be culled by those whose senses are disciplined, whose spirit is prepared. Both cultivated a certain austerity of choice in life which should make them worthy the initiation into moments of supreme enjoyment. One can almost completely apply to PATER that Platonic sobriety under which LEONARDO described himself as passing beneath overhanging cliffs on his way to a great cavern, and while on benched knees peering through the darkness he was overcome by desire and fear—fear of the menacing darkness of the cavern; desire to ascertain what wonders might be therein.

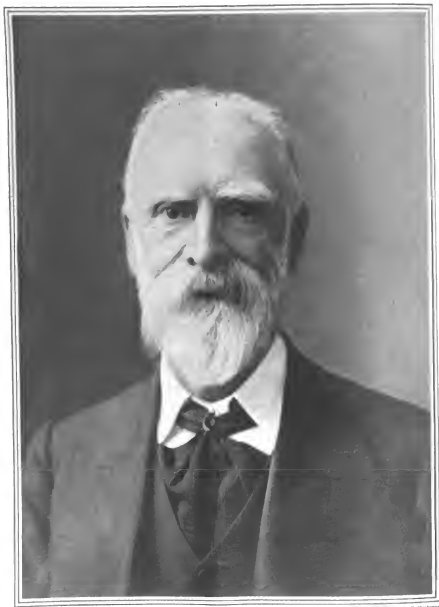
PATER, too, might have joined in those two related ejaculations of LEONARDO's: "I wish to work miracles!" and the pathetic and powerful reflection: "Thou, O God, select us all benefits at the cost of our soul! As a day well spent makes sleep seem pleasant, so life well spent makes death seem pleasant."

Both, too, are alike in that their searching and their goal were far from the thronged highway, and that their best gifts must be given by way of the elict and the consciousness to the thriving populace for whom the supreme usefulness of beauty is so far more conjecture, and who know beauty only as degraded by considerations of use.

Personal and Pertinent

CHARLES FRANK NORTON, who is about to read a paper in Cambridge at the hundredth-year celebration of LONGFELLOW, lives in his paternal mansion among the trees in Cambridge. The place is called on notes-page Shady Hill; by the populace of Cambridge, like CHARLES W. ELIOT, WILLIAM JAMES, and other neighbors of that kind, it is called Norton's Woods. Mr. NORTON used to be with LONGFELLOW, the leader and inspire of the Dante Club, or class, of Cambridge—and his prose translation of the Divina Commedia vies with LONGFELLOW's poetical translation, which even an unbelatedly undergraduate can read with pleasure. Mr. NORTON may be called old, for he is just over the seventy-nine-year line, but he does not look it, and he is very far from taking the part. He sits in his large library, the books in which are to go to Harvard University after his death, and discourses most entertainingly on his own subjects, on books, on pictures, on his old friends, among whom the chief were LOWELL, LONGFELLOW, and TUNIT, and upon the politics of to-day, including the administration of THEODORE ROOSEVELT, who does not seem to like the old professor as he deserves to be liked. In his blue coat, humbly smoking, and smiling persuasively, the only evidence of his age is his own insistence upon it, for he tells you that he is too old to read modern literature. He was once professor of the history of art at Harvard, and he used to say that any man who took his course was worthy of a mark of sixty for that single reason, and why not? for even those who took the course for a "map" learned at least how a gentleman talks on a gentleman's subject.

The lawyers have a high respect for Mr. TAYT as a judge, and they tell us that when he was on the bench his circuit court was as good as any in the country—some say the best. It has always been his ambition to be justice of the Supreme Court, perhaps chief justice. In ordinary cases he would administer the law, and he would control his court. But in constitutional cases he would "construe" power into the Federal government in a way that would satisfy the most imaginative centralizer. He wanted so much to remain on the bench, and to go higher, that he was very nearly refused to go to the Philippines, because to go to Governor he was obliged to cease to be judge. But as he said himself, McKinstry amused his "constitutional" and ever since then he has been in politics. Wherever he wants it, he will command the solid Yale vote, and there are very few people who come in contact with him who escape his engaging ways of frankness. He has never lost his ambition, however, to be the chief judge in the country, and he has naturally been inclined to doubt his availability. He has been obliged to take a gloomy view of his political prospects to meet a perfectly proper domestic pressure, for he is as firmly believed in at home as he is at Yale, and that is a tribute which cannot be paid to most husbands who have pulled in a crew. Apparently he did better after his war on Cox of Cincinnati, for friends in Washington and elsewhere were frequently told that the domestic opposition to Mr. TAYT's succeeding Justice HARLAN or Chief-Justice FULLER if the chance came had been withdrawn. And yet Mr. TAYT would run for President with the full consent of all who are near and dear to him, as with his own concurrence, if the Republican party should refuse to agree with him as to his availability.



Photograph by H. Chubb

THE RIGHT HONORABLE JAMES BRYCE

THE SUCCESSOR OF SIR HENRY MORTIMER DE LAUNDELL AS BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES

THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR

By CHARLES JOHNSTON

THE new British Ambassador comes to us well recommended. He has made not one reputation, but half a dozen reputations. In a singular way he is fitted to represent the British Isles—for he was born in Ireland and is a strong Home-Ruler; he was educated in Scotland, and has for years represented Aberdeen in Parliament (the constituency which makes the proud boast that it has not one illiterate voter), and, thirdly, he was called to the bar in England, has represented a London constituency in Parliament, and has for years held one of the most distinguished posts at the most venerable English university. Mr. Bryce, thus amply fitted to represent Great Britain and Ireland, may further be sure of a welcome in the great Republic to which he is accredited. Not only has he written one of the best books ever penned on the life and institutions of America, but he is sure of an even warmer welcome from the fact that he speaks throughout that great work in a tone of warm admiration of the American woman. He is solid with both sides. And one may say that there is not a section in the community on whose welcome James Bryce has not some special claim. There is the great body of the nation, to which *The American Commonwealth* recommends him. To the Irish-American he comes as a staunch Home-Ruler, who never for a moment wavered in his convictions. To the German-Americans he may possibly boast that he is an alumnus of Heidelberg, that he is a lifelong student of German literature and history, that, in his first political campaign, he had the honor, shared by few British members of Parliament, of addressing the German electors of East London in their own Teutonic tongue. To the French, he can point to his splendid study of *Charlemagne, the Holy Roman Empire*, and say that few historians have done more single justice to the great reviver of the Roman Empire. The Italians should welcome him as a great student of Italy, from the days of Julius Caesar up to the present day. He may fraternize with the Swiss, if we have any among us, on the high ground that, for years, he was one of the most ardent climbers of their lovely mountains, and a former President of the Alpine Club. The Hungarians will remember, with a glow of satisfaction, that he has explored many of the remote corners of their beautiful kingdom. The Slavs know of him as a traveller in Poland. The Russians may recall, with admiring envy, that he has the honor of having climbed Mount Ararat, alone and unaided, while the chosen Comrades and Kurds who made the start with him were selling work out on the lower slopes of the mountain. To Scandinavians, he may talk of his explorations in Iceland, where he trod in the footsteps of the daring Vikings of old, and his claim to have proceeded thence to America is better authenticated than that of Leif the Lucky or Eric the Red. Thus holding a chain on so many sections of our community, Mr. Bryce may still outstrip this record, and point to the fact, which should endear him to twelve millions of our citizens not included in any of the above categories, that he has written a splendid work on Africa. When one thinks over the long list of this great man's achievements, of which we have mentioned only the fringe, one is reluctant to believe that a single mortal achieved it all unaided, and within the Biblical limit of three-score years and ten.

James Bryce was born in Belfast, on May 10, 1838, and he may share with Lord Kelvin the honor of being the most distinguished son of the northern capital of Ireland. But unlike Lord Kelvin, Mr. Bryce has for a quarter of a century been a convinced Irish Home-Ruler, and this may remind us of the fact that, during the last hundred and fifty years, some of the strongest and most ardent Irish Nationalists have been sons of Conservative Ulster.

Mr. Bryce went from Belfast to Glasgow University, and there he gave evidence of possessing a rare degree of moral as well as physical energy. Whatever subject he touched, he made himself master of. Nay, more, he illumined every subject with new intellectual light. The originality of view was as notable as his accuracy of research. It became evident that such exceptional powers required the highest training the nation could offer, and we presently find James Bryce at Oxford, gaining a name for thoroughness and brilliancy of presentation. He wrote the *Arnold Prize Essay* in 1861, being then twenty-six years of age, and this essay was highly praised, and made the nucleus of a book, *The History of the Roman Empire*. Freeman said of it that it raised its author at once to the rank of a great historian.

After graduating at Oxford, in 1862, James Bryce went to Germany, and studied at Heidelberg, striving to perfect himself in German, which he had already studied pretty thoroughly. We next find him in London, studying law. Called to the bar in 1867, he practiced for some years in the London Law Courts, and sufficiently distinguished himself to be called to Oxford, as Reader Professor of Law, in 1870, a position which he held until 1881. All through his work, one finds strong legal insight; indeed it has been said of him that in his histories he is a jurist rather than a historian, and readers whose minds are not apt of keen and exhaustive analysis may think that some of his elegance and interest are, perhaps, sacrificed to thoroughness and accuracy. It is to this keen legal insight, this strong sense of actuality, however, that Bryce owes his great reputation as a writer on historical subjects. And it is a singular proof of the power of his

mind, the abundance of his moral and intellectual force, that his two chief works are equally excellent, though dealing with themes so diverse as the Holy Roman Empire and the American Commonwealth.

No man was ever less of a dry-as-dust analyst, a mere Hecateanish raker, than this distinguished son of Erin. On the contrary, he might establish a first-class reputation on his record as an explorer and traveller had he never written a page of history. So much of his descriptive work is fascinating and vivid, that it is difficult to make a choice; he is as charming when he describes the lava-fields of Iceland as when he paints the dry sadness of the veldt; he writes as delightfully of the Danube Valley and the Carpathians as he does of Oregon or Boston. Yet it seems to me that the gem of all his descriptive writing, and the crown of his exploration, was that solitary ascent of Mount Ararat, where, pushing through the clouds and up the lava slopes, he at last stood on the white summit, mentally tightening the Spanish sash around his waist, and gazing down at the vast valley of the Araxes below him and the unsundered green sky overhead. Yet, perhaps, his untimely would lead Mr. Bryce to protest that that is a very good color for the sky. It is delightful to find this world-famed historian bringing down from Ararat what he asserts, with humorous seriousness, to be a genuine relic of Noah's Ark.

Thus did James Bryce make two reputations. Returning to London, he published the account of the Ararat ascent in 1877, and straightway prepared to make a third reputation in a totally new field. The great chasm between Parnell and Gladstone was in full progress when James Bryce stood for Parliament in 1880, choosing as his constituency the London borough of Tower Hamlets. He was at this time forty-five years old, and immediately after his election he became a marked figure in the House of Commons, and one of Gladstone's strongest and most influential associates. In one of his best essays, "How We Became Home-Rulers," Mr. Bryce has described with masterly eloquence that great epoch of struggle between the two nations, when England at last broke up to the fact that Ireland was in earnest. It is a characteristic of a man that he determined to explore Ireland for himself, and that he went across the Irish Sea in December, 1880, and studied the working of the Land League at first hand, under the guidance, in part, of Michael Davitt. And there are few better written chapters in modern history than Bryce's account of the sessions which bridged the period from the election of 1880 to the days of the Home Rule Bill of 1885. In 1882 he and some of his more daring Liberal colleagues were already becoming converts to the principle of Home Rule. "It may be a bold experiment," they said to one another in the lobby, "there are serious difficulties in the way, though the case for it is stronger than we thought two years ago. But if the Irishmen persist as they are doing now, they will get it. It is only a question of their tenacity." And there is fine humor in his description of the "unbalancing change of front" of the Conservatives, from Lord Salisbury and Mr. Russell's time, when, after the failure of the first Home Rule Bill had put the Tories in office, they adopted the chief measures of the Liberal policy, Ireland bringing in a Land Bill more sweeping than Gladstone's, and Salisbury talking of the Austro-Hungarian Dual Monarchy as a probable model on which might be established the relations of England and Ireland.

But we must turn from this fascinating and still uncompleted chapter of modern history to other sides of the many-sided man's activity. In Parliament, he made a great name not only as a staunch advocate of justice for Ireland, but also as Parliamentary Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The Foreign Secretary being in the Upper House, the burden of all discussion of Britain's foreign relations fell on Mr. Bryce. And in all cases he rose to the occasion; his knowledge of French and German and Italian, of the history and law of the chief European nations, made him one of the ablest ministers who ever filled that post. One attempted to compare James Bryce with that other great Irishman, Edmund Burke, who, like him, made a high reputation for writings concerned with both Europe and America; who, like him, showed how history can be illumined by philosophy. But there is one marked contrast; the treatment of the two principles by the House of Commons. Burke is rightly esteemed for his poetry, but his contemporaries never understood him. When he rose to speak on the floor of the House, the members poured forth into the lobby, so that the silver-tongued orator, rival of Demosthenes and Cicero, came to be called "the dinner-dish of the House of Commons." With Bryce it was exactly the opposite. When it was announced through the lobbies that Bryce was speaking, instantly every member, of whatever party, was up and alert, hurrying back to his seat; and all listened with equal devotion, not so much to his eloquence, though that was great, as to his practical wisdom, his keen intellectuality. This was true during Gladstone's last ministry, when Bryce had a seat in the cabinet as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; it was not less true during the Salisbury and Balfour ministries, when he strongly attacked the South-African policy of Joseph Chamberlain. Finally, when the Liberals returned to power, this resolution of Burke's was given the force of making Bryce, in Ireland, and the one event which accompanies his coming to Washington is that he has left that vital task incomplete.

HOW THE AMERICAN IS CHANGING HIS OCCUPATION

By F. W. HEWES

HAD there been no change in proportional employment since 1870 we would have three and a half million more farmers than we have to-day. On the other hand, we would have eight hundred thousand less manufacturers, two million less persons in trade and transportation, and a half million fewer in professional work.

Much has been written about the deserted farms of New England, and the flocking of farm lads from everywhere to the cities, to engage in other occupations than that of their fathers.

Reliable history says that shortly before the Revolutionary War ninety-seven per cent. of our people were farmers. One hundred years later (census of 1870) less than forty-eight per cent. (47.4%) were engaged in agriculture. At that rate, another seventy years would close out the industry altogether, but it is not going on at that rate now, and what is more, it is not going forward nearly as fast as seventy years ago.

The upper line of the diagram of Relative Proportions tells the story since 1870, and it looks very much as though the next census may show a comparative halt in the change from farm to city occupations, for the last ten years shows very little loss. Does it indicate a reversed swing of the pendulum?

To rightly understand the situation, we must look at the actual number of farmers, as well as at the percentages, for, in spite of the decreased percentages, the farm workers have increased in numbers from nearly six million (5,922,471) in 1870, to over ten million (10,381,265) in 1900. Nor does that tell the whole of that side of the story, for those thirty years represent a period of the most remarkable advance in the use and efficiency of farm machinery ever known. Therefore it is probably safe to say that a million farmers to-day are quite the equivalent

of two million, thirty years ago, in the planting and harvesting of food crops, and those are important items in agriculture. At any rate, our farmers are supplying the nation (that is now almost twice as large as thirty years ago) more generously than ever before, and in addition they are sending away more than twice as much to supply other nations as they were sending thirty years ago.

While the supply of food and of clothing flows is unimpeded, that of brain and brawn is more so. The reduced proportion of farmers has not reduced the relative supply of material products, but, rather, that relative supply has been increased. Has it reduced the rural supply of brain and brawn that is the real foundation of national endurance?

It is now, and ever has been, from the farms that have come, by large odds, the major supply of our captains of government, captains of manufacture, captains of transportation, and captains of intellect in all our great activities. From colonial farms and cabins sprang such leaders as Adams, (Wis.) and Patrick Henry. From farmers' stock all of our earlier and many of our later Presidents were drawn.

The training and influences of nature incident to farm life are of vast importance in the development of American boyhood. The early rising, the steady training of muscle, heart, and lungs that comes of sowing and plowing and harvest time, of breaking ridges and driving flocks and gathering fruits, of hunting days and fishing days and wrestling bouts, together with the plain yet savory foods such as abound in most American farm homes, build a physical foundation fit to stand the furthest strains that come to the captains of the nation in winning their marvelous, successive victories.

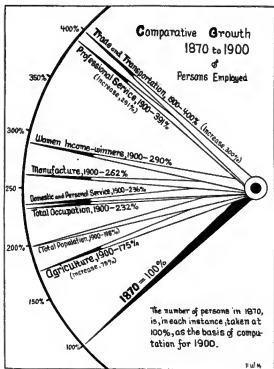
The sweep of the winds, the songs of the birds, the beauty and fragrance of the wild flowers, the glory of sunrise and of sunset and the very silence of the open limitless country, build into the life of expanding childhood and of opening manhood a touch of reverence and of generosity to which the artificial environment of town life is a compulsory stranger.

The broad view of field and forest, of plain and of mountain, the great stretches of cultivated areas, the long country roads, going on and on forever, the ceaseless flow of springs and streams, the quiet, constant growth of crops, the direct and unconventional argument of plain-speaking neighbors, build into man's life a breadth of view, a sense of correlation, and a steadying power that can come from no other source.

Add to this the fact that the rural schools are better now than ever before, the rural homes have more books and newspapers, and as many a farmer's beside the multi-educating telephone is adding its insistent training power to mental development, and we are justified in judging that the intellectual development of the rural forces are quite as much increased as those of the material side. Therefore we are further justified in concluding that the sources of efficient leadership are not diminished by the relative shrinkage in agricultural employment.

So much for the change in agricultural occupation—a loss of nearly twelve per cent. in thirty years in relative numbers, a gain of seventy-five per cent. in absolute numbers, and a probable gain of 150 % in absolute efficiency, both material and intellectual.

What about that twelve-per-cent. relative loss of numbers? Where have these three and a half million farm lads found their industrial homes in the great families of national occupations? There are four other chief groups of "persons employed in gainful occupations." Of these, manufacturing leads, as is shown by the second line of the diagram of Relative Proportions. That line records a relative gain of nearly three per cent. in the thirty years (21.6 % in 1870 and 24.4 % in 1900). More than three per cent. from 1880 to 1900. Since that date a small relative loss. So small a gain in the thirty years will doubtless be a disappointment to many readers who during the past twenty years have read of the wonderful strides made by manufacturing in the United States. We must therefore look at the absolute as well as the



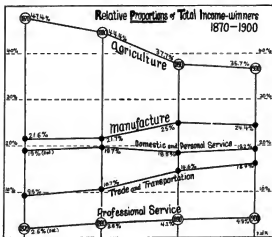
relative side of the subject, as we did of agriculture.

This shows a little over seven million persons (7,065,902) in 1900, as against about three million (2,707,421) engaged in manufacture and mechanical employments, in 1870, and a product increased from a little over four billion dollars in 1870 to thirteen billions. Again, there is no escaping the fact that improvements in machinery have more than made up for the relatively small gain in proportion of total wage-earners. However, this surprisingly small net gain of persons accounts for about one-fourth of the boys that have left the farms since 1870.

The next smaller group of wage-winners ("Domestic and Personal Service") shows so little change in the thirty years as to make it evident that very few of the farmer boys have chosen employment in that group. It may, therefore, be neglected in this consideration.

The next smaller industrial group ("Trade and Transportation") shows the greatest gain of all. More than half, nearly two-thirds, of the missing farm lads have chosen employment in the enormously developing mercantile and transportation industries centering in the chief cities and branching out into the smaller towns and hamlets of every part of our great domain.

The professional workers, although comprising the smallest group, have attracted practically all of the rest of the missing farm boys. About one-sixth of them have entered "Professional Service"; that group that includes literary workers, lawyers, physicians, teachers, clergymen, legislators, and others who contribute directly to the



and a half million (3,401,000) more farmers than there are. Of these ascending farm lads, over three-fourths of a million (841,000) are in manufacture. Almost exactly two million (2,006,000) are in trade and transportation, and a little over a half million (523,000), in professional service.

In spite of the relative loss of numbers, the potentiality of the agricultural element has rather gained than lost in both physical and mental force. Quite as evident is the potential gain over gain in numbers, in manufacture, in trade and transportation, and in the professions; for the gain in the number of workers, large as it is, cannot account for the remarkable output of results that have contributed so mightily to the eminent position now held by this nation among the world powers.

potentiality of the civilizing forces of the nation.

To show the absolute increase of workers in each group of industries, and to compare these advances, a second diagram ("Comparative Growth") is printed. Two striking facts appear: 1. Agriculture drops below the position of total population, thus again indicating its relative loss. 2. The two groups having the lower numbers of workers have each gained almost three hundred per cent. in the thirty years.

Now to recapitulate: From 1870 to 1900 agriculture has made a net proportional loss of nearly twelve per cent. as among all "persons engaged in gainful occupations." That is, if the same proportion of all income winners were now (1900) farmers, as in 1870, there would be nearly three

ADDING TO THE TERRORS OF WAR

By J. E. JENKS

THIS government expends a very small sum each year for testing the new devices of a possible military value. A permanent board of army officers, known as the Board of Ordnance and Fortification, is supposed to have the duty of encouraging inventors and assisting in the development of their inventions. Congress has appropriated very little for any such purpose, and last year only \$5000 was expended by the board, which, with its accumulated allotments of previous years, has now on hand more than \$100,000. Comparatively few experiments are made, and the vast number of suggestions are apparently shelved without much more attention than polite acknowledgment to the authors.

The board has refrained from pursuing the question of aerial navigation since its experience with Prof. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution, whose death was undoubtedly hastened by the public ridicule heaped upon the scientist during his headlong efforts to develop a flying-machine. Prof. Langley operated under the auspices of the Army Board, the members of which later appeared to regret the encouragement and aid they had given him, added to which were the much magnified ignorant newspaper humor, and the unjust Congressional criticism of Langley and the War Department for their joint attempt to solve the problem. Prof. Langley, in the course of his experiments, invented an engine which was a marvel, and which is an important and enduring contribution to the science of aeronautics. But since that time the Army Board has fought shy of the flying machine, and to-day refuses to go on record as even remotely specifying the question whether such mechanism shall possess in its experimental stage to entitle it to the official consideration of the authorities.

While this attitude of the Army Board has discouraged the flying-machine inventor, it has not diminished in the least the amount of original ideas which are submitted to the military experts for their consideration. Nearly all of these ideas are intended to add to the

efficacy of the implements of battle and increase the terror of war. Perhaps an exception should be made in favor of an ear-protector, the invention of a New York man, adapted for use by those who are on duty in the turrets of battle-ships and those who are stationed at the coast fortifications. Ordinarily, the blast of a big gun has an effect upon the drum of the ear; it is at best unpleasant, and sometimes it proves disastrous, as in the instances of men who have lost their hearing. The ear-protector is a little celluloid bulb so pierced that it may be placed in the ear and protected from the noise and shock while not interfering with the hearing, an advantage, of course, over the crude method of stuffing the ears with cotton, as that nothing can be heard, and when orders can only be appreciated by pantomime.

Some of the other inventions which have not been favorably received may be regarded as having a tendency to encourage peace, since they would introduce into warfare factors of devastation which would be their diabolical results promote international disarmament. Of this class must be considered those bomb-dropping devices which, if successful, would destroy whole armies; the inflammable projectile, capable of burning up a camp; the nitroglycerin missile; a scheme for pouring burning sulphur into trenches, and kindred methods of wholesale civilization and obliteration. There is, too, the usual proportion of armored cars, including the highly protected motor which shall penetrate the enemy's lines and afford its steel-shielded occupants a chance to pick off the opposing marksmen and methodically strew high explosives along a death-dealing route. One of these horrible cars makes the famed Juggernaut look like a toy train. One of the conditions which seems to be fully met by incipient invention is the use of smoke for various purposes, including that of a shield which will permit approach upon an enemy without his discovery of the advance.

The country does not look yet, with all the cry for universal peace, the means of increasing the ravages of war.



The Expulsion of Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, from the Archiepiscopal Palace



A Crowd of Catholic Sympathizers attempting to detach the Horses from the Coach bearing the Archbishop away from his Palace

THE WORKINGS OF THE SEPARATION ACT IN FRANCE

THE OPERATION OF THE SEPARATION ACT IN FRANCE CONTINUES TO HOLD PUBLIC ATTENTION. ALTHOUGH THE VIOLENT DEMONSTRATIONS THAT WERE ANTICIPATED HAVE THUS FAR BEEN AVOIDED, THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAW HAS BEEN ATTENDED WITH VIOLENT PROTEST



The Ice-battered "Roosevelt" as she lay in the North River after her Return to New York, showing Damage forward



Two of the faithful Eskimo Dogs which were Peary's Reliance in his memorable Journey



Two of the Crew who accompanied Peary,—Boatswain John Murphy and Second-engineer M. J. Malone

PEARY'S SAFE RETURN FROM HIS RECORD-BREAKING DASH FOR THE POLE

BY PLANTING THE AMERICAN FLAG IN THE ICE AT EIGHTY-SEVEN DEGREES SIX MINUTES NORTH LATITUDE, COMMANDER PEARY ATTAINED THE MOST NORTHERLY POINT EVER REACHED BY MAN. HE WAS THEN WITHIN 200 MILES OF THE POLE. THE DIKE OF THE ARCTIC REACHED EIGHTY-SIX DEGREES THIRTY-THREE MINUTES IN 1900, AND NADEN EIGHTY-SIX DEGREES FOURTEEN MINUTES IN 1896

TWO SHAHS OF PERSIA

By FRANK MARSHALL WHITE

ALTHOUGH the shahs of Persia have made great advances in civilization since Futeh-Ali sent an envoy to cement friendly relations with Europe, in 1819, and the contrast afforded between father and son by the visits of Nasser-ed-Din and Mirzafer-ed-Din to London and Paris, within the last twenty years marked a long step in evolution, there was still something to be learned in the entourage of the king of kings, as to the Occidental point of view, when he was on his travels abroad during the present century.

In 1819, Mirza Aboul Hasan Khan made his first visit on behalf of Futeh-Ali, proceeding to Paris in state with a letter to Louis

XVIII. In order that there might be no doubt in Europe as to the standing of the Persian monarch, Mirza was ordered to stipulate that the ruler of France receive the message standing, and that at any subsequent meeting the Shah's envoy sit beside the king, or else in front of him. As Louis' feet and legs were so swollen with gout that he was unable to stand at all, and as Mirza was bound to carry out his instructions in the letter on pain of having his head cut off on his return to Persia, Futeh-Ali's negotiations got no further than the first stage, since the French court had no desire to be accessory to the envoy's desecration and decided that the simplest way to avoid complications was to dispense with the interview.

When Nasser-ed-Din made his third visit to Europe, in 1889, he was accompanied by an impish small boy named Asia, who added considerably to the gaiety of those nations his master visited that year. It was said that an eminent Persian astrologer had warned the Shah that his life would be precarious with that of the boy, and hence the monarch took great precautions as to the other's welfare.

The pranks Asia played upon Amin-er-Sultan, the grand vizier, were a source of perennial delight to the ruler of Persia, his suite, and other observers of various nationalities. The Shah insisted on having the boy at his side on all occasions, and the only time he was ever successfully separated during the tour of Europe was at the gala performance at the Paris Opera, when Madame Carmet forcibly and personally ejected him from the royal box, and kept him out. The monarch was uneasy, however, during the entire performance.

Asia was protected by the Shah in any of the tricks he perpetrated upon the viceroy. The boy was particularly fond of jerking that august personage's chair from under him on state occasions; he frequently managed to put a superfluous amount of Cayenne pepper into Amin's food, and caused him to choke and leave the table at state banquets; and during the royal visit to Fontainebleau he turned a hose attached to the fountain of the great man, who had chanced to be standing apart from the others. These were only a few of his misdeeds. They were recounted at length in the newspapers,

and the vizier's life was made wretched from the time the expedition left Teheran until its return.

Amin-er-Sultan accompanied Mirzafer to Paris in 1900, as he had Nasser eleven years before, but Asia was not in the entourage this time. To those who remembered his pranks and inquired about him, however, the vizier showed a bracelet he wore on his arm, made out of the boy's teeth. The astrologer's prediction had been verified. The lives of Asia and the Shah had been nearly coextensive, for Amin had avenged himself upon his tormentor as soon as his protector had passed away.

In 1902, on the occasion of Mirzafer's second visit to Paris, a

French journalist inquired of a dragoman in the Persian suite about a particularly intelligent young physician who had been in the entourage of 1900. "He is dead," the other told him.

"Indeed?" said the journalist. "Why, he was a very young man."

"His death was sudden," responded the dragoman. "He was not sympathetic to the grand vizier."

Mirzafer's visits to the European capitals left a better impression than those of his father, in spite of the fact that Nasser's barbaric display of jewels and the Oriental customs that he refused to modify to suit more cultivated tastes, lent him a certain mystery in the eyes of the vulgar. Nasser's religious principles imposed very dirty habits upon himself and the members of his suite, and his visits were looked forward to with positive terror by the custodians of the palaces in which he was housed by his royal hosts.

It required weeks of disinfection and careful cleaning to render habitable again the Alter Schloss in Berlin, where he had occupied the magnificently decorated Louis XIV. apartments. He was given a suite of rooms in Buckingham Palace on the occasion of his first visit to England, but was taken care of elsewhere on his second and third visits. Indeed, it was said that his second visit that rich English portness



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Mirzafer-ed-Din, the present Shah of Persia

visited with one another in inviting him to their residences, in the hope that an signal act of devotion to the crown would secure reward in the form of titles, and that this hope was fulfilled in more than one instance. Nasser's suite fed principally on mutton, and this was killed in the living-rooms of the houses they occupied, which was not conducive to cleanliness.

While, however, Nasser-ed-Din was an innate barbarian, cruel and ungenerous, his son and successor had acquired some European tastes, and his disposition was kindly. Nasser was with difficulty persuaded on one occasion that he must not send one of his sons, who had offended him, to be executed in the garden of Buckingham Palace; and another time, the subject of capital punishment in Persia being under discussion at a state banquet, he proposed with perfect seriousness to behead one of his followers in the presence of the company to

(Continued on page 63.)

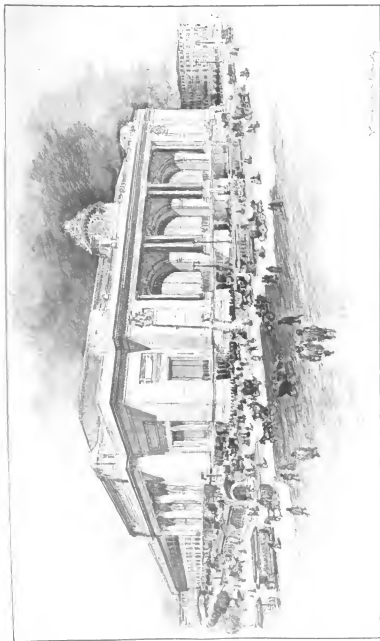
THE NEW GRAND CENTRAL STATION AND ITS SETTING

Three drawings of this elaborate conception, and the first to be officially sanctioned by the architects



Drawn by Vernon Dacey

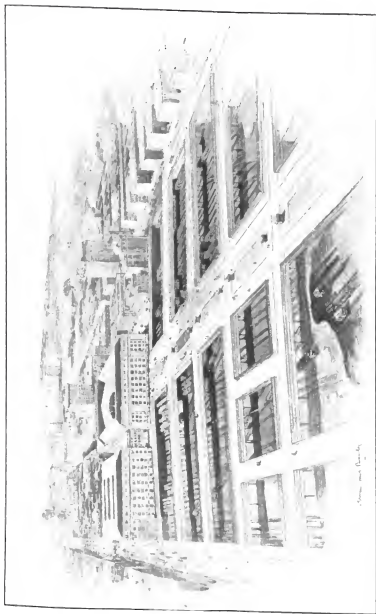
1—THE TRANSFORMATION OF PARK AVENUE NORTH OF THE STATION, WHERE THE TRACKS ARE UNDERGROUND AND THE THOROUGHFARE IS FLANKED BY HARMONIOUS BUILDINGS



Engraved by J. H. Johnson

II.—THE MAIN FRONT OF THE STATION ON FORTY-SECOND STREET

THE FACADE OF THIS STRUCTURE, WHICH WILL HAVE A WIDTH OF THREE HUNDRED FEET, IS TO CENTER DIRECTLY ON PARK AVENUE, OR EXTENTY FEET EASTWARD OF THE TRIUMPH STATION. IT WILL BE BORNEN CLASSED IN STYLE, AND WILL BE BUILT OF GRANITE.



Drawn by Vernon Stone Bailey

III.—THE REAR OF THE STATION AND THE PLAN OF ITS UNDERGROUND TRACK SYSTEM

IN THIS DRAWING THE REFRIGERIA WHICH ARE TO FLANK PARK AVENUE HAVE BEEN OMITTED TO BRING IN THE OPEN SPACES THE UPPER LEVEL FOR LOCAL TRAINS AND THE LOWER ONE FOR EXPRESS SERVICE. THE PLANS CONTAIN A TOTAL EXHIBITION OF \$1,000,000, AND THE WORK WILL BE COMPLETED BY 1910.

BELFAST, THE CHICAGO OF IRELAND

By SYDNEY BROOKS

BELFAST is the Chicago of Ireland, and like Chicago it has sprung up in a night. The guide-books, it is true, have erected for it a sort of historical background, a background that would be improving if it were not so dully incredible.

One simply refuses to connect Belfast with a past of any kind, and to read of a siege that took place in 665, of a castle that was erected in 1177, of wars, forfeitures, and confiscations from the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries, is simply to dally with meaningless fairy-tales. If Belfast really has anything behind it, that something is most successfully concealed. The city is a triumph of the new and the instant. It makes no profession of believing that it was ever different from what it is to-day; or rather, in its intense absorption in the here and now, it never gives a thought to the latter. The Belfast that really counts is the creation atmosphere of the nineteenth century. A hundred years ago it had a population of no more than 15,000. To-day it numbers more than 350,000, having trebled its population and multiplied its ratable value six times over in the last forty-five years. These are the achievements that appeal to the Belfast of to-day. They tell you about them with a genuinely Chicagoan pride and complacency. Size is their duty. They have the largest ship-building yards, the largest tobacco factory, the largest spinning-mill in the world, and they let you know it. Before coming here, and especially while travelling through the desolate and stagnant West, I had half convinced myself that the sight of a factory chimney visibly smoking was one of the most beautiful and inspiring things in the world. But I find now that you can have too much of chimneys. Belfast is nothing but chimneys, and its rough-tongued, hammerless, money-making people are among the most hopelessly commercialized I have ever come across. I admit their splendid energy and almost Titanic force and the perfection of their industrial equipment. But they are not an inspiring community; their politics are as necessary as Tammany Hall's; their bigotry has not even the excuse of any great historical exploit; their whole tone of life is provincial to the core and unrelieved by more than a faint and casual gleam of art or letters.

Business which elsewhere is business merely, in Belfast is everything. But it is business of surpassing excellence. Whatever the men of Belfast set their hands to they carry through with undiminished thoroughness and an impartial adaptation of means to ends. Go, for instance, to Harland & Wolff's, the famous ship-builders. Their works cover over 150 acres, and they find regular employment for more than 10,000 hands. For immensity of scale and perfection of detail I should doubt whether their equals exist anywhere. To walk even hurriedly through their smoking-furnaces and riggers' shed, their drawing-office, plate-mills, joiners' shops, smith shops, moulding and casting departments, engine and boiler works, fitters' shops, power-house and sawmills, to glance at the timber warehouses and huge building-shops, and to take up a standpoint that will bring into perspective, even though it be only for a moment, the great basins and dry docks where the mightiest vessels ever hunched tower all around and above one like a cascade of gigantic patents waiting admission to the hospital—is to gather an

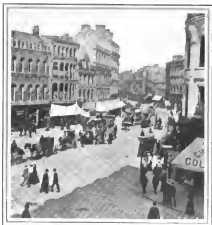


The Ship-building Centre of Belfast. Many of the world's largest Ships have been built and launched here

impression of a matchless concentration of power and efficiency. It is all the more wonderful, too, when one remembers that Ireland has next to no minerals, and that all the iron, steel, and coal have to be imported. More than four hundred ships, with a gross tonnage of over a million and a half, stand to the firm's credit since its foundation forty-seven years ago. And just across the river Lagan, once and not so very long ago an untravelling stream and now as famous and as busy as the Clyde or Tyne or Weser, is the establishment of Messrs. Workman & Clark, employing some three thousand hands and turning out any vessel you please to order, from a first-class transatlantic liner to a paddle steamer, a ferry-boat, or a sailing-yacht. These two firms typify the best of Belfast's achievements, a magnificent conquest over inconceivable odds. And what is the natural, the quite inevitable, attitude of the men who have won such a fight toward the five-sixths of Ireland that is Catholic and moribund? If Chicago were planted in Lower Quebec, how would it feel toward its hinterland?

And then besides ship-building, there is linen in all its branches—spinning, weaving, bleaching, and so on. France gave Belfast its linen trade by revoking the Edict of Nantes, though the rough foundations of a trade that now amounts to over \$60,000,000 a year can be traced as far back as A.D. 1210. The quality of the water and the atmosphere conspire to give to Belfast linen a texture and whiteness that have made them famous the world over. Sixty years ago I suppose that three-fourths of the yarn was produced on spinning-wheels in the houses of farmers and cottagers. That industry has been killed by the power-loom, but another and greater one has sprung up in its place. Every linen-mill in Belfast employs, I dare say, far more outside the factory than in it. Go into the countryside of Antrim and Down and you will see on every side the vast sheets of linen spread out in the fields to bleach; and in the cottages you will find the womenfolk working on the embroidery and lace, the finishing and detail work that are subsidiary and essential to the main enterprise. In Belfast itself it is simply a choice of which mill you care to go over.

I chose the York Street mill, an enormous factory covering about five acres, with 60,000 spindles and 1,000 looms and employing over 4,000 hands—a perfect establishment in which to see the whole process of converting flax into linen as one could wish for. And when you have thoroughly absorbed into your brain the buzz and click of all the machinery, you have only to walk a few hundred yards to encounter another factory—a tobacco one this time—yet more colossal. All through the United Kingdom Goldsmith's tobacco are household names, and the scale on which the industry is conducted may be judged from the fact that this single firm has paid out in one year \$4,000,000 in duties alone. But even this has to yield to Dunville's distilleries, where the "Old V. R. Irish Whiskey" is manufac-



Castle Place and High Street, Belfast

tured. Their plants and warehouses cover nearly twenty acres; three government superintendents and twenty-five excise officers are continuously employed looking after their stock; and the duty on their annual output would amount to well over \$7,500,000 per annum.

But if Belfast supplies the home, it also supplies the antidote, and I am not sure that it is not even better known for its ardent waters, and particularly for its ginger ale, than for its whiskeys. The two firms that spring instantly to mind directly ginger ale is mentioned both have their factories in Belfast. And in this city of innumerable industrial wonders you also run across a vast rope and cable factory, the largest in the kingdom, the best equipped and most elaborate printing works I have ever encountered, newspaper offices that outdo those of New York in their mechanical perfection, and a host of minor industries, all up to date and all flourishing. Flour-mills, chemical works, tanneries, boot and shoe factories, beam-weighing plants, and establishments for the manufacture of canned fruits, biscuits, preserves, boxes, matches, agricultural implements, and so on. There is probably no spot in the world where 350,000 people produce so much wealth as in Belfast.

And this compact, vigorous, and utilitarian community is, I need hardly say, a hotbed of unending Protestantism and of almost ferocious Unionism. Of the two I think it reverts from the Pope with an intensity slightly greater than it does from the sin of Home Rule. It acknowledges little community of interest or sympathies between itself and the rest of Ireland. Having almost the monopoly of practical intelligence and commercial prosperity, it simply asks of Catholic Ireland to be let alone. It has persuaded itself that Home Rule not only means an increase and increasing attack upon its industries, but is also a synonym for Home Rule. A blind frenzy of suspicion and hatred is the base of its political creed. To listen to the men of Belfast you would think that Catholics spent most of their time cutting throats and stealing property. With all their hard-headedness and practicality they are like the Scotch in being a singularly emotional people. Outside of business they can hardly be said to reason at all. The only way to get a prejudice out of their heads would be to try to turn them. A little over a hundred years ago the Orangemen of Ulster and Belfast were the strongest of Irish Nationalists. Not a single one of the Orange Lodges favored the Act of Union, and many of them passed resolutions expressing their "unspeakable sorrow" over the attempt "to reduce us to the degrading situation of a colony of England."

Belfast in those days was the backbone of the Volunteer movement. The French Revolution found a splendid echo in its midst. There were moments when Belfast would willingly have abandoned a sword for the Rights of Man as well as for the wrongs of Ireland. Protestant Ulster was not then, as it is now, a unit. The Presbyterians, who were not less ostracized and oppressed than the Catholics, joined with them in resisting the pressure of Orange and Episcopalian tyranny. But those days have passed. The Presbyterians have made peace with the Episcopates, and both together now find themselves upon the Catholics. The old generous ideals have died away, and with them the very sense of Irish nationality. Belfast has Pajero on the brain and its eyes on the counting-house.

And yet I seem to see signs of a coming change. The Orange drum, it is my firm conviction, has a crack in it. It will be beaten for all it is worth when the government brings in its Devolution scheme, but it will give forth a less certain and militant sound than it compassed twenty years ago. I do not think it is possible to rouse either Ulster or England to the same pitch of



From stereograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood

A "Bleaching Field" near one of Belfast's Linen-Mills. Belfast's Linen Trade amounts to over \$60,000,000 a Year

fury against Home Rule that both attained in 1886. Unless I am wholly mistaken young Ulster is shivering off a point or two from the rock-ribbed faith of its fathers. It is beginning to abandon the theory that its whole purpose is to serve as an English garnish. It is cultivating a sentiment of loyalty to Ireland as well as to England.

Many different factors have combined to produce this change. There is, to begin with, the Gaelic revival, which has established itself in Ulster with a success that even ten years ago would have seemed little short of miraculous. Then again the peaceful passing away of landlordism has enormously cleared the ground. If Irish Nationalism has always been in part an agitation to beat landlords out, Irish Unionism even more palpably and unblushingly has been an agitation to keep them in. And the landlords, who have hitherto been the extreme of the Unionist party, have retired upon and worked the bigotry and the organization of Ulster Orangemen for their own ends. They are still throughout the province the dominant oligarchy, but their ascendancy is no longer unchallenged. An Independent Orange League was founded in 1903 and has grown into a considerable power. It aims at reviving the dormant democracy of Ulster against the domination of the "old gang" and at relieving Ulster politics from the grip of selfish and do-nothing landlordism. But it also aims at more than that. It has put forward a programme of progressive reforms on which all moderate Irishmen, of whatever creed or party, can for the moment unite. This programme includes the reform of the Dublin Castle system and the excoination of the forty-odd over-lapping and chaotic Boards that misgovern the country. It includes also proposals for giving the Irish people the control of the money voted for Irish purposes, of education in all its branches and of the liquor traffic. Coming from the very stronghold of Orangism nothing could well be more significant than the formulation of such a policy.

Nor does it stand alone. Mr. T. W. Russell, once a Unionist and now almost if not quite a Home-Ruler, is at the head of a movement among the Ulster tenant-farmers for the compulsory expropriation of landlordism, and he could not conduct his campaign more vehemently if he were a Catholic Celt. In Belfast, again, a strong Labor movement has made itself felt, has already wrested one of the Belfast seats from the hands of the Tories, and at the next election may capture them all. The Local Government Act, too, has had a purifying effect in bringing men together for the common good. The Irish Agricultural Organization Society and the Department of Agriculture (which works with local committees appointed by the county councils) are two other powerful influences in the removal of sectarian and partisan barriers. All these are factors that are working steadily toward the establishment of a greater communion between North and South—the Ireland of industry and the Ireland of agriculture. I do not mean to say that Protestants and Catholics have fought their last disgraced fight in the streets of Belfast, nor even that Ulster will submit to the government's Revolution policy without a strenuous fuss. But I do mean that influences are at work that only some great mischance can prevent from breaking down the isolation of Belfast, from creating among all Irishmen a new sense of interdependence, and from reviving in the men of Ulster something of that old devotion to Ireland which was once their proudest title.



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Royal Avenue, northwest from Donegal Place, the chief Street of Belfast

ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR

By MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

DRAWINGS BY ELLIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

C HURCH STREET, the only one in Ferley that had ever been named, was quite deserted as Henry Webb entered it at its upper end and walked with his eyes sweeping steps towards his own residence half-way to its length. He looked down the green and a white sidewalk stretching before him with a pleasant sense of the familiarity, heightened by that impression of novelty which the magic of early spring contrives to confer upon the most familiar scenes.

Green was green on the outer edge of the sidewalk, and sprigs of a shot up thickly here and there close to the faded and quickly emote flowers in his belt. In some of the front yards tall grass-bushes stood with long-bending branches white with bloom. In others white and purple flags were beginning to open in the old-fashioned, star-shaped beds. On the Thomas lot was a devious summer-house which showed only unexpected proportions under the encumbering half and green of a Lady-Bankers rose as old as itself. The shrubbery, broad two-story frame houses for the most part, their white walls discolored to grayness or yellow as ivory, their many blinds a faded green, were each and all shut to the late sweet sunshine and to the sights and sounds of the spring; though, to be sure, there were only a half-dozen or so, each in its square foot-acre lot, that he should care to his own house, with the Holmeville place directly opposite.

The young man slackened his pace a little, partly because he was warm from his long walk, partly from pure enjoyment of what was around him. "And it all might have been just here just for me," he said, with a whimsical smile at the absence of human life about the street.

His last effort was in Ferley, a new town six miles distant, the offspring of a railroad built a dozen years before. There he had made his money and his reputation; there a gay if somewhat novel society was ready to shower upon him all the attentions that he would receive. He had, indeed, genuine attachments there of a certain sort, but he still clung to the village of his boyhood, and would have called it home if he had felt there was a place for him anywhere fully answering to the word. The humble two-room house in which he had been reared was closed and deserted, except as he himself sometimes went there of a Sunday afternoon and walked meditatively about its grass-green yard or gazed at the gleamy blue shades along behind the glass of the blindless windows. He had bought one of the rather handsome old houses on Church Street when, as had been the case with most of its neighbors, it had been put on the market for a score, and had gathered together in its rescue the few possessions necessary to his comfort and his tastes. As a child he would have seen as his widest fancies imagined himself as becoming a resident of the street which gathered into its limits most of the pride and station of the village.—as the dreams that did come to him he was a hero in a more possible atmosphere than that of Ferley; nevertheless, it was a perfectly natural thing to do when the time came; in the eyes of the community he was saving one of the old homes from further decay, and in the meeting out of the unfeeling laws of justice, whatever of tradition or what not the ancient village had gathered to itself was to be, in the long run, the heritage impartially of all her children.

As he stepped now into his own gate, he stooped and made pretence of examining the worn but lately which fell loosely into its place. Something was stirring within him; something which he did not name, but which long for years walked in his always with the proud possession of spring, often also amidst the sweet vigor of an autumn morning when he had let the long, hot summer had laid itself away. Something was calling within him—he must be up and doing. But what? He had made money, he was respected, he was bearing a man's part in the social and civil order where his lot was cast, he responded to duty as it was revealed to him. But was it duty at all, in the narrow sense, which summer had laid away? No, no, no, rather, joy—joy of a sort that should absorb into itself all the adjuncts of human life and set them in their relations? Why should the old street awaken again in his breast, infusing itself subtly into the boyish enjoyment with which he had just been entering along the thrifty street country roads, leaping in the smell of burning brush and of the fresh, warm air which he loved, as the busy farmer asked it with their ploughs? Why had it assailed him even more strangely as he walked down the street village street?

Rather, why had he stopped to give it momentary just here—that insistent doubt, that hungry call—here with the Holmeville house directly before him? The smell of lilacs came to him from its well-garden. He was not ignoring into any useful mental states, he neepered to himself with sudden surprise: he was partial to the odor of lilacs, and chose to stand here and enjoy it.

He opened the gate and jerked it to after him in order to make sure the latch was strong enough to hold. Then, instead of turning directly up the long walk as he was habit from some motive which he had escaped being self-conscious here, he stood irresolutely in his tracks and looked deliberately up and down the street; finally, even going boldly, at the house across the way. When he closed his hand on a man standing as long as he close made his own front gate.

But the house opposite presented an insurmountable face. The heavy front door and the faded blinds of its nine front windows were closed. He did not observe that one of the upstairs blinds was slatted, nor

hear the slight sound when a woman's hand drew the slats softly together. The steady gaze, however, revealed to him that in his neighbor's residence was falling into decay beyond even what he had guessed. The steps leading up to the long front gallery were sinking sideways; he even thought that one of the tall fluted columns was decidedly out of plumb.

"Holmes, like pride, must have their fall," he breathed the gle into the spring air with an unexpected rebuke in its flavor.

But the satisfaction was brief, and an accusing elytrah took its place. He looked about for something on which to vent his self-rebuke and discovered nothing better than Cleve, his dog, who had accepted the invitation of the Holmeville gate, sagging half-open from its hinges, and was scurrying vigorously at the underpinning of the house, from which more than one brick had already fallen out of place.

"Come here to me, Cleve," his master called out, peremptorily. "What are you doing there, anyhow?"

The dog came immediately to his side and lifted questioning eyes to his face. Webb turned on his heel and moved up the walk. "I should think you would be ashamed of yourself," he said, severely, ignoring a lady's house that way. The place needs somebody to fix it up, instead of making it go to wreck faster than it is already. In the court-yard and in society no one was more fastidious in his use of English; with himself and his dog he sometimes dropped comfortably into the vernacular of his boyhood.

Cleve looked his bewilderment at the rebuke, then bounded away into the shrubbery, and by the time his master had reached the front steps, was prepared to drop at his feet the stick brought in a peace offering.

In the house across the street the lady who had closed the blind so softly moved quite away from the window. "Oh displeases him excessively for an instant as his dog to set feet on our premises," she whispered, with a little sigh. "Why did he ever put himself so near to?"

The "us" was only herself, Alicia Holmeville, alone in the still, white house, except for a lad who came at night and slept there as a protector, but whom only the falling of the roof about his head could save from the "leaky-heavy" sleep of boyhood, and the old colored woman, Harriet, who had nursed Alicia when she was a baby and clung to her still when he died, if of a different kind, was perhaps quite as great. Even outside the house she had but little more companionship. Since her childhood the small village had been prospering steadily with its vitality. Citizens abundant with its prosperous days had either moved to more promising localities or were asleep in the old Presbyterian churchyard. Few even of their descendants remained. Major Holmeville himself had died when his only child was an infant; his mother within the last five years. "After she had done Alicia all the harm she could," Mrs. Wilkins was in the habit of saying whenever this happened to be a new burden at her table in the small hotel on the public square, and she could regard herself by reciting current history. "The old Holmeville family was one of the prosaids that ever lived in Ferley, and we've had proud ones enough in our day and time,—and the Major's wife kept it up to the bitter end. It's true there's been no great amount of young men in Ferley since the war, but there's been some, and some girls have married. Alicia might 've married too, for she was considered pretty when she first grew up; though, for my part, I never saw anything so wonderful about her—more like that tall white angel on her father's tombstone than anything else, white and chilly-looking and with nothing much to say. But just because the Thomases and the Grahams and the Dummerks and a few more was all dead or gone, or she moved away, Mrs. Holmeville made up her mind that she would marry her daughter to a prosaids."

Mrs. Wilkins pursued no contemplation of the foolishness of such an assumption and its gratuitous insult to self-respecting people. "She and old lady Crowder were good matches," she would go on again, "with what odds there was on Mrs. Holmeville's side. I firmly believe that woman used to just sit in her dark parlor waiting for somebody to drop out of heaven ready made for her son-in-law; or, if that is putting it too strong, she did indulge the hope to the very last that some of the young men in the big towns where she and the Major used to visit would hear about her daughter and come scurrying her in a coach-and-six; if there's been any coach-and-six since Frederick. But they never did, and now Alicia's left waiting there without any leans, or mother either."

"But she is young still, or looks so," the new boarder comely interposed at this point, depreciating the dismal conclusion. "She may marry yet. She is the young lady."

"Yes, she that sits half-way up in the Presbyterian Church on the men's side. That was always her father's pew, with Dr. Harrod's two seats in front. The other two churches never have had any such arrangements about families sitting together. The Widow McIlwain wouldn't hear of it in the Baptist Church. Yes, that's Alicia Holmeville."

"With the large gray eyes and the fair complexion—" The picture was a pleasant one to linger over.

"And the old-fashioned clothes"—the speaker's face relaxing into



The old piano at which she sat each evening and played over the pieces she had been taught

perfectly good-natured decision—"huggins and delaines and wide-flowered muslins. I declare I never saw the like. None of us here is fonder here yet than we used to love, but we do manage to buy some new dresses once in a while, anyhow."

"Miss Alina had such beautiful hands," This interruption from Mrs. Wilkins's fifteen-year-old daughter, aspiring to young ladyhood, who held Alina Hidenorle as the embodiment of aristocratic beauty, and herself in secret that she could not conform her own plump figure and cheerful talkativeness to so interesting a model. "Such beautiful hands: so long and slim and white"—looking down with keen fondness at her own knuckles, which were only dimples. "They ought to be slim and white," her mother was ready to explain: "she's never done anything to spoil them."

But they were not such idle hands as Mrs. Wilkins imagined. To be sure, old Hidenorle did all the heavier work of the household, but it was Alina who kept the great square rooms, so seldom entered by any one except herself, in the exquisite order which was so vital to her as the air she breathed. That took up part of her day. The shrubbery in the garden and flower-yard grew at its own will: the peonies and hyacinths and stars of Bethlehem came up spring after spring and faded their pink and white and yellow blossoms without asking or receiving attention, and the lilies bloomed as they laid down there. But, still, the flowers had to be cut and put into the old-fashioned vases, and taken away again when they were wilted. And when all other occupation failed, there was always the mending to be done.

Only old Hidenorle knew that the table-cloths and bed-linen were washed into ever-increasing tangles and were perpetuated in service by her mother's exquisite and numberless stitches. And so Mrs. Wilkins had looked, Alina's wardrobe was no longer replenished than the color been-chest or the awkward drawers where the stock of dainties was so low. She could only fall back for her apparel upon her mother's and grandmother's dresses, and at infinite pains fasten them over for herself, with such success as their high waists and amorphous skirts would allow. And, finally, there was the old piano that had been her mother's before her, at which she sat each evening and played over the pieces she had been taught, held to the habit, partly by pleasure in her own skillful execution, partly by a vague sense of fitting a duty proper to one in her station.

But all these engagements brought in no money; and old she needed money as acutely as a great deal, perhaps, but some. She had the industry to earn it, if she had known how. There was no more to be done over to her than to work, and she could not make steel to which Mrs. Wilkins had inherited her.

She pointed over the matter again as she sat on the front gallery lead to ivory and swelling of amethyst around her shoulders, which meant rain. And the house was beginning to look terrible, large space: that in her own room was disclosed from disrepair, and

no loom in places that she was almost afraid to sleep under it. The income from her much-depreciated bank stock sufficed for her own and her faithful servant's actual necessities, but for nothing beyond. The problem of a new roof seemed insoluble.

And yet, in truth, it was not this which gave the secret sense of bitterness in her heart as she sat there in the darkness, but in trivial a thing as Henry World's ingratitude call to his dog two hours before when it had ventured inside her gate.

"Not even his dog," she said again. "He remembers a long time." But she herself remembered better. That spring afternoon so long ago, when the little World boy had followed her home from school, coming with her of her happy invitation into her own little corner of the garden, near the blue hedge, loyally digging the holes in the lawn earth and crowing there again when she had dropped in the marigold seeds; his heart and keen in a high tide of joy. And then suddenly her mother had appeared, almost like a breath of winter, and the little visitor had stopped his work politely—the long handle of the hoe quite overtopping the square shoulder in the little pink cotton body against which it rested—and had looked up at her with his innocent happy eyes. Stark a back might have stayed any ready. But the boy was not in her own thought then. She only said: "You are the blacksmith's little boy, are you not?" Was there anything you wanted here?" And presently, after the moment necessary for his young understanding to take it in, the red head had washed over the child's olive face, he had earned the low bark when he had found it, and was walking out of the garden with an air which Alina should never, never forget.

To the town, with his slow, traitorous nature, the incident survived as something more than a memory. Into the misfortune of his hood it had brought his first intimation of the difference of socially position. At first he thought of them dimly as connected in some way with the ownership of two-story white houses, and spreading flower-yards, and little girls with beautiful faces and large gray eyes that made one want to look at them forever. The larger circumstances came in his apprehension by degrees, but each, as it was understood, seemed in him the resolve to accept it for his own possession. And yet in arranging these things, soberly and patiently, as was his way, he had remained, to his good profit, unmindful by them and gruder than they.

That rebuke of Mrs. Hidenorle's was a good thing for me," he says and to himself, hanging the same look in his dark, but, even so, with a little shrinking, a little pity for the child who had stood there among the blossoming lilacs that sweet spring day.

One result of that day, indeed, survived in a deeply etched impression whose remembrance he had never relinquished like a purple step to account for—Alina Hidenorle was a being set forever beyond his reach.

She did not, for that reason, lose the hold which she had upon his imagination. He took a whole new pleasure in the charm of none than one young woman he had met: he now and then forced himself to consider seriously the defeat, the defeat, of a life unclouded into

quietly with any other; but when he tried to meet what seemed to be the logical issue of such pleasure, such reflection, any compelling purpose failed to appear. Ever at the gate of his world of vision a particular woman stood, whose white hands must open it if it opened at all; and ever in his thought her face was averted from him.

He sat to-night on his piazza and waited longer than usual for the light to appear in the pecker of the house over the way—that dim light which would have seemed to show at all through the closed blinds save that the rest of the house was in darkness. He saw it there at last, and in a few minutes more the tinkling notes from a piano came across the wide street to his silence and solitude. He knew well all the pieces she played, but he could never forget her selection, nor tell what was the order in which they would come. To-night he thought the pieces she chose, especially the songs, were all very sad ones.

"But she has nothing to make her sad, his she, old doggie!" he said to Cere, when at last the music had ceased and the single light and glimmered shine again after an interval in the room above. The tradition of the Holbrook wealth, even though diminished, remained intact in his mind. He did not discuss the affairs of his erstwhile lady with greater minds, nor draw any conclusions from her manner of dress. In fact, he had never discovered that her gowns were old and oddly fashioned. As he watched her on Sundays from his obscure corner of the American Church, he honestly thought the white and lavender drapery which enveloped her fairness was apparel fit enough for a queen, and that neither the wealth nor the fashion of the world could have added to her sweet perfection.

The month wind brought the rain the next day, as Alicia had feared, and the signs of the coming wet and heavy weather were plain. But when the late afternoon sun came out again, the weight of dampness lifted and the long sprays were once more fit for a bridal; the purple and white flags unfolded their gold-embossed petals and the quiet street was filled again with the breath of blues. The plastering in Alicia's back-parlor, however, being the work of an artist, but of mean, showed no such power of setting itself right, and the brown and yellow stains spread themselves darker and uglier than ever.

Henry Webb chose to ride back from Commerce, for the wetness of the roads, and soon after he had put up his horse old Haseltine presented herself at the door of the side porch. "We might come out on the piazza, Aunt Haseltine," he said, wincing at her appearance. "Will you sit down?"

The old woman seated herself in his presence with grave dignity. Her eyes except the wide lawn, the embowered walk to the front gate, and the old green-brown, empty of plants, but with fresh gnaws of glass in its masonry. "Ceres is changed a heap since I used to be in her art of this year house, when the Dunstoakes were all in it," she said, soberly.

He answered with sufficient interest.

"Ain't none of 'em of the places what they used to be." She looked nervously at the house and sat on the piazza roof.

"You keep up things better as the people do."

"Not as well as I might. It's hard to find much interest in keeping up things when there's nobody but myself to see what I've done."

"How come you ain't never married, Mr. Webb?" she inquired, with sudden interest in his situation. "If he had been a descendant of the Dunstoakes, instead of the owner of their house, she would have called him 'Mrs. Henry'."

"Ain't there no nice young lady to you 'nir' over in Commerce?"

In spite of himself he felt a sting in the unreasoning disparagement of her words. But he replied only as if humoring a good-natured curiosity. "Do you think any of the young ladies in Commerce would suit me, Aunt Haseltine?"

"I reckon there's nice ones over there"—much of qualification in her inflections—"more'n apt to be nice ones everywhere. But I ain't got much opinion of 'em, plain myself. Slowly lak one of these yere sarkers on a good old tree—clear supped away all the life out'er our towns. Tain't never gwinter be no such a place, though."

"It's a pity the old people of Ferby would not let the railroad come by here, when the company wanted to bring the route this way before the war."

The old woman stiffened perceptibly. "My old master and the rest of 'em gent'mens didn't want no railroad to be bringing the ruin of creation here where they was a-rising up their families." But the flash of loyalty died down before the consciousness of unaccountable failure. "They done what 'twould be to us best at the time. Tain't expected of nobody, till 'twould be to a better roof than this, to be as far before 'em as they ever be behind 'em. You know that. Who men's yo' elvies for you, Mr. Webb?" she asked, suddenly.

"I'm afraid they don't get much mention," he said. "Sometimes the tailor over in Commerce does a little job for me."

"If that's all, that's mighty little," she said, with conviction. "I hear you 'twould away many a good garment, or give away one, 'bout 'nir' not having nobody to take a stitch or two at the right time." She studied his appearance closely. "That there waist you got on now, sir, if it was just to be fresh 'bout."

He diverted the conversation in her eyes. He noted also that the blue-checked housecoat in which her tall spare form was garbed was almost threadbare and darned laboriously. "Do you know anybody that wants any mending to do, Aunt Haseltine?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know as I would say—letting down her dignity with as little as is possible, till 'twould be to a better roof than this, to be as far before 'em as they ever be behind 'em. You know that. Who men's yo' elvies for you, Mr. Webb?" she asked, suddenly.

"Yes, indeed, I do," he admitted, cordially. "There's a coat in my wardrobe right now that needs to have something done to the lining and the pockets. And I expect there are a good many more things beside that. You wait here till I go it and see."

He returned presently, making a little despatch. "Really, there wasn't quite as much as I thought," he said. "I'm afraid I've been giving away things too freely to Jim, my office-boy. That your mending ought to be worth more than anybody else's, Aunt Haseltine; I know you would take more pains with it."

"You'd better wait an' see it fust," she said, a little grimly. But as she advanced to the hallway from his hands a smile of satisfaction broke over her long narrow face.

Two days later she brought it back. "I reckon it might be worth seventy-five cents, Mrs. Henry"—her countenance in a friendly glow at having something more from the Dunstock house to negotiate with, and, besides, her estimate of the blacker's son had changed since she had seen him at closer quarters. "It's worth fifty cents anyhow."

"Fifty cents, indeed! Why, a tailor would have charged me three or four dollars at the least!" He crumpled a bill together and put it into her hand.

She smoothed it out and looked at it carefully. Suddenly her head grew heavy, and she laid it down with a sigh. "The warden, Mr. Webb," she said, leaning the money back to him. There was life in her voice.

"Of course you haven't," he agreed, promptly. "Let me see; maybe I have something else." He took back the bill and began counting four dollars in silver into her hand. "There is not a tailor in Commerce would do it for less," he protested, as her long heavy fingers began to shrink back. "If you won't let me be honest in paying you for your work, then I can't give you any more."

She made a little curtsy and turned away. "Thanky, Mrs. Henry," she said. The look of joy in her face went to his heart. Was she really so poor?

Where was that memorandum which one of his clients had thrust into his hand in the hotel dining-room? He asked himself the next day in Commerce. Why couldn't the fellow have brought it to him at once? He hunted for it, but he found it was not his client's it belonged to one? What a plague to be so absent-minded, anyhow!

He searched his pockets the second time, and came upon the bit of paper at last in the inside breast pocket of his coat. But his fingers touched something else, something small and hard. He drew it out—a lady's thumb. Yes, this happened to be the coat that time had mended. But this was not his client's thumb. He could not go over the tip of his little finger. Besides, it was of gold. He did not know there were such things. He remembered buying his mother a silver one with the first money he ever earned, grieving over the ugly black stain the one she wore left on her poor hard hand. This thumb was so tiny and so light.

He took it to the window and turned it over in his palm. There were letters on it—"A. B." Alicia Holbrook! Suddenly it seemed to him, the moon was full of voices shrieking the name in his ears. And he was wearing the work of her hands! Those beautiful white hands! Sometimes in church he had heard a frantic desire to bow down on his knees before them and kiss them as his nearest approach to the worship of purity and goodness. How men like himself see so deeply, and felt so long.

Even now, under all his stimulus of emotion, his thinking was slow. She must have had some special need for a small ornament and taken this way to earn it. There was so much little of money in poor old Ferby for anybody, none at all for women, except perhaps for Mrs. Perkins, and surely she carried her small living by the honest. He tried to hide from himself his delight in the chance, whatever it had been, that had brought him and Alicia Holbrook into even this slight relation.

But the object in his hand brought him face to face with a very definite issue. It was her thumb, and she needed it! But how to get it back? To return it openly would be to let her know her secret had been discovered. He flushed hotly at the thought. A dozen schemes presented themselves, and the succeeding instant demonstrated the folly of each. He would have the thumb duplicated and exposed to her from a jeweller's, perhaps in New York. And have her divine the whole matter, and be even more deeply wounded than if he had told her it in a straightforward way from the beginning! He would go at night and thrust it over her garden fence. And run the risk of its being lost forever! At the thought a primordial instinct asserted itself. That which once had been hers was his—and he meant to keep it!

The next morning was Sunday, but perfect as was the April morning, the benighted lecture in the great workshop of the old rectory-house, for Henry Webb all the glory faded into nothingness. Alicia Holbrook was not there! The singing was really too execrable, he thought; why had he not ridden over to Commerce to serve and bend a chair that knew what it was about? And that when in the end he really valued it. It was really a value!

But as the objectionable voice began the long-drawn monotony of the second prayer, his ear caught the lightest of light steps on the brick floor of the vestibule. Haseltine had been a little talking that morning, and her mistress had waited to see her quite comfortable before the risk of being a half-hour late at church. But the sensation of disturbing public worship by coming to after it had begun was an absolutely new one to Alicia. She stood for a second in the open doorway, and then, without word or warning, glided softly into the seat nearest to herself. Henry Webb was his other end.

In sixty seconds that slow man had sixty seconds of gray and gray. First a wild rush of blue. Then a profound gratitude that the rest of the congregation were well to the front and that the woman at the other end of the pew had closed her eyes in devotion immediately upon entering it. What if there or she could see the last flash which was burning even to the north of his back and which seemed determined to burn on indelibly? What if she could see this long sacred prayer of the Presbyterian Church? Perhaps before the end of it she would turn around and demand of him her missing property! His lips curled ghastly at the thought. He would ask her to remove in a court of justice that he had it. What if she would add to the whole matter a word he could drive to her across the space between them as she bowed forward with closed eyes and shut the thumb into her clasped hand as they used to play the game when they were children—and laid fast to what I give you."

THE SEASON'S PLAYS

VENTURES IN MELODRAMA

By "I"

THE sensation which *Heuri de Vries* made last year by his powerful acting in seven widely differing parts in one play, "A Case of Arson," rendered only natural New York's expectation of another artistic triumph when he returned this year in a new play, "The Double Life." It is unfortunate to relate that Mr. de Vries has not repeated his former triumph. The fault does not lie with him. He is an excellent actor, but he has been provided with a play which gives him the very smallest opportunity for the display of his abilities, and it is only when the play itself rises above the commonplace that he even remotely suggests the actor who made "A Case of Arson" the great dramatic event of one season. The play is by a woman, whose pen-name is Ruthless Roberts, and bears every token of being her first effort. It is called "A New Psychological Drama," which has a fine sound. Unfortunately, it is frequently diversified with incidental slither music and the spot-light. It deals with the life of a young man, part owner in a West Virginia mine, who, while on his way to visit the mine, is held up by robbers and rendered unconscious by a blow on the head. He is found in the woods in this condition by a physician, who, upon reviving him, discovers that the young man's mind, so far as he has put is concerned, is utterly blank. He knows nothing of himself, not even his name. So much for the prologue. The three acts which follow deal with events which take place within two years after the "awakening." The young man has now become *Henry Hartmann*, and is given to the world as seeing play with his old friend. His daughter is in love with the son of the man who, owing to the unexplained disappearance of the young man in the prologue, is about to come into full possession of the latter's share therein. A strike is in progress, accompanied by numerous violence and the usual hatred of the owner of the mine. *Hartmann* is so incensed upon learning of his daughter's love for the owner's son, that he threatens the young man at the first opportunity. The intense excitement of this moment produced the shock which rendered *Hartmann's* recollection of the past, taking him back to the day of his injury and blighting out all appreciation of the twenty-two years which followed. Then comes *Hartmann's* acquaintance with his wife and daughter, now quite new to him, and the inevitable happy end.

ing. Mr. de Vries showed all the skill the part permitted in his differentiation of the two personalities, but the opportunities are not marked. Miss Sibyl Klein as *Molly Hartmann's* daughter, played her role with a very genuine girliness.

Under the title of "The Law and the Man," Mr. Wilton Lockyer has presented a dramatic version of Victor Hugo's great novel, *Les Misérables*, and he, like every one else who has attempted this task, demonstrates how impossible it is even to contemplate a dramatic form of this stupendous work. This is not to say that Mr. Lockyer's play is by any means bad. It is good melodrama, and would appeal probably very strongly to any one who has not read *Les Misérables*. In the case of such a work as this of Hugo's, it must seem so evident to any one familiar with the book that a dramatization which will present the characters as the Frenchman has portrayed them is beyond the playwright's wit. All he can do with the work is to present it fragmentarily, his skill determining the fragments and the manner in which they shall be pieced together to make the future of his drama.

Mr. Lockyer has, naturally, selected the best remembered incidents of the book and strung them together with some skill. Therefore he has produced a very interesting drama, but he has not by any means dramatized *Les Misérables*. Perhaps, after all, one should not be too severe upon the author-actor because he simply says his play is "based" on Hugo's work. The play opens with a prologue which rehearse the incident of Jean Valjean and his theft of the Bishop's silver candlesticks. Mr. Lockyer as Valjean gives here rather a strong impression of the convict just from the gaols. He is inclined to be a bit theatrical, but that is the keynote of the play. Four acts follow the prologue. Two of them picture Valjean as the upright Mayor of Montreuil and two as *M. Le Hor*, bringing into the story nearly all the well-known characters of the book. Javert, the police inspector, and the disheveled Thénardiers, Fantine and her daughter, Cosette, move in or out naturally through the action, but are not especially convincing. The great pity is the ineffectuality of Javert, not due to the acting of Mr. Wilton Lockyer but to the tenderness of his part. Hugo intended him to be cruel only to Valjean. In Mr. Lockyer's play he, to say the least,



Maurice Farina and Cecilia Loftus in "Dream City," at Weber's Theatre

and to say it in the vernacular, is not one, two, etc. The play would be quite satisfying were it not "fustled" on *Les Misérables*.

[illegible]

Two Shahs of Persia

(Continued from page 52.)

illustrate the process. Mr. Price offered an Englishman of high rank and title whose wife was a celebrated beauty £10,000 for the lady, whom he desired to add to his harem.

While he was at Thord in the old Helgion police were much excited by the appearance in town of three rugged Bretons, armed with revolvers. It was surmised that their purpose was to kill the Shah, and they were therefore kept under close observation. When they were Persian merchants, who, becoming dissatisfied at home, where they had come in a business venture, had fled to the vicinity of their ruler, had managed to beg their way to Thord to ask him for assistance. They had purchased the revolvers to protect themselves from hostile English and Belgian spies on the journey, they declared. *Murad* was being assured of their plight, and intimating that their story be true, at once issued orders that they be freed for and sent back to Persia.

Nothing could better illustrate the difference between Mirzaifar and the average Oriental diplomat, however, than the Shah's conduct after the attempt by the assassinated Baron to assassinate him in Paris, in 1900.

Nasser would doubtless have insisted that the would-be assassin be learned, elegant or heroic in soul. His son only asked for Salomon's photograph, and said that the man was probably crazy. He even expressed sympathy for him as President Carnot, who ruled at the Hotel des Naumannes, to express the overwhelming regret of France that the life of the illustrious ruler of Persia should have been attempted on French soil.

While Xue was not as much approved of by his son in European courts, however, his visits received considerably more attention than those of his successor, even aside from the prestige of the app Aisin. Xue had a certain flair for show, with a refinement and a certain grace which reflected itself in all far above the greatest nobles with whom he came in contact, and treated these with arrogance or condescension as he chose directed. When dining with the enormously wealthy Duke of Devonshire, he was the only guest who was not the then Prince of Wales, the Shah caught the eye of the Duke and drew his hand across his throat, his aim being to convey the suggestion that in Peking a vessel would be disposed of, and his remarks interpreted.

There, in a white hall at Windsor a certain great lady who had had a reputation for beauty, but was no longer in her first youth, was presented to Naweed-Din, at her own earnest solicitation, and not much to his satisfaction. The Persian monarch, who spoke only his own language and French, inspected her critically from head to heels through his spectacles, and then turned away with the remark, "Trop tard!"—meaning that he had not her too late in her life to find her acquaintance valuable.

As a result, he visited many state banquets during his tours of Europe, but he generally outshined his aristocratic hosts in dress he came to the table, where he found it difficult to live up to modern etiquette. He could not overcome the impulse to take his food in his fingers, for example, and he was almost sure to throw what was left on his plate over his shoulder, when he had eaten all he craved to of its contents. The story is told that he was once sitting at the right of Queen Victoria, at a formal dinner at Buckingham Palace, at a time when the use of paper plates was introduced and heaped the remainder to his esteem to finish, such a particular mark of respect.

While a distant suspect, Miraflores still was his brother's up-to-date person. He was able to handle a knife and fork, and to properly sit a table; but, when alone, he preferred to sit up a stick with his feet on an elevation about the same height and use his fingers. His first voyage on the water was during his visit in 1930, when he crossed the English Channel from Calais to Holland. He remained at Calais for several days, before he could make up his mind to take the trip, and on another made his second voyage and other numbers of his sister soon frequently. Finding that they went and came safely, Miraflores finally found courage to go aboard the boat.

It was a long time, also, before the Nish would venture his person in a motor car. Though eventually he took several trips to Florida with him. At first, however, he preferred to watch his attendants risk their lives in the dead-end races that were fought for his amusement, into the courtyard of the Hotel des Nations, and it was not until they had made sufficient number of journeys without accident that he ventured to trust himself in one. He was very timid about automobiles, and always travelled on special trains so that he might keep the speed under twenty miles an hour.

Although care of the wealthy immigrants in the world, Miraflores was not unacquainted about the payment of his debts on his journey abroad. He made extravagant purchases in most of the European cities he visited, and many of the tradesmen with whom he dealt had cause to regret it. On his second visit to Paris his French creditors attended his baggage and offered partial payment, but he was forced to liquidate these debts. On his third journey to Paris, in 1846, when the Shah stopped overnight at Lemberg, he and his family occupying forty-five large and thirty-five smaller rooms at the Lemberg hotel. In the morning he was rendered a bill for about \$10,000. Miraflores was ferocious and rated the landlord as an extortioner, but the hotel-

keeper told him that it had cost \$3000 to repair the kitchen in preparation for his royal guest, and insisted on payment. There was not sufficient money in the treasury to meet the bill, and the landlord refused to accept jewels as security, because he did not know whether they were real or not. I finally a local banker came to the rescue; accepted a draft on Persia, and settled the account.

During the visit to Paris, in 1900, Saragat created something of a sensation among European royalties by conferring the grand cordon of the Order of the Lion and the Sun, which had hitherto been confined exclusively to reigning sovereigns, upon an American dentist who had relieved him of an obstinate toothache, after many others of the craft had failed.

It may be mentioned that Mirza-farid-Din was interviewed only once during his visits to Europe, and that was at Berlin in 1900. If the scores of journalists of both sides had been present at the interview, the results of the research, only one succeeded, an American woman. The net result of a week or two of effort and considerable time and expense was meaningless answers to three questions. The interviewer asked the conventional question by asking the Light of the World, "What is your mission?" He asked to the Lady-Lily of Paris, and whether he had enjoyed the trip across the Channel, beginning the real interview by inquiring what he thought about the River spanning, then occurring in them. To the first question the Shah answered, "Yes," the second, "No," and to the third, "Neither."

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SPENCERIAN
STEEL PENS

[illegible]

MUSIC AND THE OPERA

EVENTS AT THE METROPOLITAN

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

REVIVALS and new productions of more or less interest continue to diversify the record of events at the Metropolitan Opera House. Following close upon the first performance of Gluck's "Fidelio" and the production in operatic form of Verdi's "dramatic legend," "La Donna del Lago," have come Debussy's "Lakmé"—which had not been heard in New

York for a decade and a half—and a performance of Wagner's "Siegfried," with new interpretations in the roles of the son of Siegmund and his predestined bride. As this is written, there is in prospect a revival of Meyerbeer's "L'Africain," the first performance of Puccini's "Mason Lescarot" and "Madame Butterfly" (in which Mr. Cuzzocini as Lieutenant Benjamin Franklin Fiedler will doubtless ensure all honors), and, as the season's climax, Richard Strauss's extraordinary "Salome," opinions concerning which are even now disrupting families and blasting life-long friendships.

Of the two events which, at the moment, invite consideration—the revival of "Siegfried" and the performance of "Lakmé"—there is not a great deal to say. "Lakmé" is a pleasing and ingenious work by a minor composer whose most notable achievement was the composition of some pretty and ingratiating dance music. In "Lakmé" a conventionally tragic tale is embroidered with music which deftly evades all of the dramatic points at issue—music which is at times mildly amusing and at times entertainingly spectacular, but which is at all times insensibly superficial. Why the work should have been awarded out of its powerful and appropriate slumber is a mystery which one looks the incentive to explore. It afforded a site for Madame Scherich in which New York had not before had the privilege of observing her, and which was perhaps, for her, a welcome change from the unwary sequence of "Faustina, Lucia, Mimì, and Rosina" in which she has so long exhibited herself. But, selfishly as "Lakmé" does not contribute greatly to the sum of our operatic joys—on the contrary, it is distressing that such art and labor as she expended upon the part should have been devoted to so poor a cause, Mr. Rousseau, as the perfidious son of Athan who deserts his Oriental sweetheart to return to his regiment, was doubtless as effective as he needed to be. One's sensory habits also, as a legacy from this production, the recollection of a ballet which still lingers looms in the eyes: one can but wonder why, in this

admirably this season. The achievement is a handsome brother in the cap of the Herr-Divertidor than the production of a dozen "Lakmé" and "Fidelios." It is not an ideal representation, for it is weak in two of its essential features: the Siegfried and the Brunnhilde. He have seen many Siegfrieds in New York of all grades of excellence and futility. There was Alvarez, the greatest of them all, despite the fact that he never really sang the music; there was Ernest Kraus (we need not observe the chronological order), whose interpretation had the buoyancy of an old man and the port of a coal-heaver; there was Jean de Reszai, who sang the part like an unchanged and acted it like a boulevardier; there was Aulius, who was mediocre; Kuntze, who had more glow than vigor; Hugelstatter, nicely energetic and perky but quite unimpressive; Dippel, unimpressive though acceptable; and many others, to name whom would be but to catalogue similar shortcomings and compensations. Mr. Karl Burian, whose Siegfried was showcased at the performance of December 20, adds no very memorable figure to the long line of his predecessors in the part. Through no fault of his own, of course, he lacks the appropriate physique. He is large and awkward; he is more bulky than heroic; and his movements, instead of suggesting a superb hero of animal spirit, suggest rather the pallid vivacity of the obese. These are defects, as I have said, for which Mr. Burian is clearly not to be held accountable; but they are factors, nevertheless, which operate very importantly in his interpretation of the finest youth of Wagner's play. They are, indeed, very grave handicaps: a corpulent and unweary Siegfried is as incompatible as a jumpy Hagen, a middle-aged Eve, or a hen-legged Lohengrin. To add to these disabilities, Mr. Burian's sense of the poetic element in the part does not seem to be very keen; his tenderness, his wisdom, his exquisite gaiety, are apparently as foreign to his conception of the character as his expression of its line and heroic vigor is incomplete. Some of the music he sings well, as the scene of the forging of the sword; but in such passages as that in which the young hero ruminates under the forest trees, the raucous and unwieldy quality of his tones becomes disagreeably apparent. It is, on the whole, an intelligent and well-defined conception of the part that Mr. Burian presents; but it is very far from being either eloquent or revealing.

Madame Frischer-Eddy's version of Brunnhilde is a point of excellence. It is a masterpiece, but it does so violence to the traditions of the role. In most other respects, the part was virtually weak. The "Hänschen" of Van Hout, the "Wine of Mr. Hout," the "Aberich of Mr. Gierke," are unimpaired, while the "Ende of Madame Kirschy-Linn" and the "Farewell of Madame Rapold" were, in the main, effective.

One cannot conclude a note upon this performance of "Siegfried" without paying a tribute to the admirable work of the orchestra under Mr. Alfred Hertz. Never so the Metropolitan orchestra seemed so full and rich, so energetic and so potent in its execution of the score. The conducting of Mr. Hertz was delightful in its fervor and vitality.



KATHARINA FLEISCHER-EEDY
The new dramatic Soprano at the Metropolitan Opera House



EMMA EAMES



MARIELLA NERI

Two Important Metropolitan Sopranos

"Siegfried," following on the heels of "Lakmé," came upon one like a pre-arranged wind from the north. How wonderful must be the vitality and the power of the work which can exert so irresistible a spell as does this most magnificent, preposterous, and engrossing of musical fairy-tales, with its declamatory drapery, its articulate and prophetic bird, its perambulating deity, its trap-door appetitions, its miraculous flames, its exquisite poetry of mood, its superb and recuperating music! Mr. Cozzani gives the work

All In a Garden Fair

(Continued from page 61.)

She looked him full in the face with her kind eyes, much more than kindness in them now. "And do you think that I have never been loved without you, Henry?" she said.

It was an hour later that old Howl-line came in search of her mistress, wondering greatly that she delayed so long to leave the cold Sunday dinner set upon the table. No one could have been more surprised than herself when she turned the corner of the blue bedroom and came upon the two together. But neither could say one the have concealed her surprise with a finer hearing.

For a minute or more she stood in the walk considering naturally upon the weather and the garden, and introducing with apparent not a bit of village gossip. And then after a long silence—a silence which the soft air and the sunshine and the look on the two faces before her easily filled—she moved across to her mistress's side, and with almost modern tenderness lifted one of the slim white hands and held it against her breast.

"Be good to her, Miss Henry," she said, tranquilly. Her old face, black and lined with a thousand wrinkles, was itself transfigured by the divine beauty of love. "I know you'll be good to her. These white hands were 'tender' over her head, ain't no pity no sweeter than what she's been all her life."

Explicit

"FETTER legal testimony," says a well-known member of the New York bar, "can easily be made a two-edged weapon in court."

A clever and capable mining engineer was obliged to take the stand as an expert in a suit in Nevada, a couple of years ago. The case involved large sums.

"The examination was conducted by a young and smart attorney, who patronized the expert with all the authority of a full down years of practice."

"One of his questions related to the form in which the ore was found, a form generally known as 'skidder hoops.'"

"Now, sir," said the attorney, "how large are these hoops? You say that they are riding in shape. Are they as long as my leg?"

"Yes," replied the expert, "but not nearly so thick."

"Praise from Sir Hubert—"

FELICIOUS "HARRY" MAISON is quoted as telling of a trip made through the Northwest some years by a Congressional committee comprising several Senators and members. Among the number was Mr. Mason himself.

While in Montana, says Mr. Mason, he was much struck by the strength of character and resolution characteristic of the men of that State. The comment was "put up" for several days by a rich mine owner, whose manner of thought and action, acquired in the rough days of prospecting and poverty, had in no way been altered by his acquisition of great wealth.

When the time came to say good-by, the owner grasped Mason's hand, which he shook with great force. "Smash," said he, "we like you here. You're an Easterner and a public man, but you're no damned snob either! We've taken a great fancy to you, Mason, because you're free and easy, and no gentleman in fact, you're just like us!"

Profit and Loss

It had been a hard day for Mike Flute, but the "ragman." May and varied had been days of rage. But as he seemed inclined to drop of rage. As he was making his way toward the corner of this hot July day, through one of the most recent sections of the city, he heard a cry from above. Looking up, he saw a woman at a sixth-story window vainly looking down to him. Mike's heart was full of hope as he stumbled up the ladder stairs.

At the top he was met by a woman holding a weeping child by the hand.

"Hey, mother," cried the mother to the weeping Mike, "don't you take him little boys away in your big bag?"

A
FITTING
FINAL
TO A
GOOD
DINNERA
FITTING
FINAL
TO A
GOOD
DINNER

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This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Charfreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse; the above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as Liqueur Pères Charfreux (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle, and label as they see fit) by the same order of Monks who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, and who alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.

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THE AWAKENING OF LONDON



THE FIRST TRAMWAY ACROSS THE TRAFALGAR WAS RECENTLY OPENED IN LONDON. THE TWO-TRACK LINE, WHICH CROSSES THE KINGSMAN BRIDGE, HAS ABOLISHED THE DRE OF AUTOMOBILES, SINCE IT OCCUPIES ALMOST THE ENTIRE WIDTH OF THE ROADWAY.

Electric Steel

During the past several years technical literature of many countries has teemed with extensive reports regarding melting processes by electricity, but there is only one instance where the first invention has been put into successful operation. The first has recently contained an article on electric smelting for pig iron, but said nothing of the feasibility or economy of producing steel by this process.

At the Linderberg Steel Works at Linderberg, Hanau, Prussia, this new process for the production of the highest-grade steel has been in continuous operation night and day for nearly a year, the old methods formerly employed having been entirely discontinued.

This plant produces almost exclusively high-grade and alloy steel, for which there is an enormous demand by the large skate, cutlery, and tool manufacturers. No great loss has been the recent demand for the new steel that an enlargement of the plant is being made in order to increase the output.

Up to the successful manufacture of electric steel high-quality steel had been produced by a smelting process in gaspate crucibles with a capacity of only 60 to 110 pounds, and as the necessary raw material had to be imported the expense was very great.

At the Linderberg electric steel-works high-grade steel is produced from the most ordinary scrap-iron rubbish of the cheapest kind and quality, and its condition is quite immaterial, as by the process all damaging substances, like sulfur and phosphorus, are practically eliminated, being reduced to one one-hundredth of one per cent. The loss in the use of this material in slag and refuse varies between one and eight per cent. The rubbish is first melted in a tilting furnace or oven, constructed similar to those ordinarily used in American smelting-works. After being thoroughly reduced to a fluid state it is poured and conveyed in a vessel by a travelling crane to the patent electric oven, which has a capacity of from one to two tons. In this oven the necessary quantities of carbon, manganese, chlorine, silicon, nickel, tungsten, arsenical iron, etc., are added, to produce any kind or quality of steel desired. The whole process of production requires from two to two and a half hours.

The developing bath is heated by an electric current of 15,000 volts, which is brought into connection with the oven by means of a steel electrode and carried back to the current by a second steel electrode, both of these electrodes being suspended perpendicularly through the top of the oven, and adjusted so as to touch, but not quite come in contact with the melted mass. The current leaps from the electrode in a wide, mighty voltage arc, and passes through the mass to the second electrode, thus producing the degree of heat sufficient for the purifying and fusing process.

The casting mode for electric steel are the same as are used in any other factory. The cost of production depends upon many points which will become clearer after further experience in the new process. Raw material, fuel, electric current, wages, etc., depend largely upon the locality, and the improvements in the process that may be made make it difficult to give accurate figures, but it is safe to say that an average quality of steel as heretofore produced by the crucible process can be made by the electric process for from \$25 to \$24 per ton.

The advantage of the electric steel over the manufactured by the old system is its superior purity, and permits the introduction of from 20 to 30 per cent. more carbon than in the crucible steel. It can be made more easily forged, is not easily affected, like the crucible steel, by the damaging influence of carbonizing, it is stronger and more firm, and offers a much greater resistance to wear and tear. The new system also gives added independence on account of the very ordinary material used for producing the steel. Such advantages have never been reached by any other system, and it has only recently been given to the public. This is accounted for by the fact that the inventor, Dr. Engineer Paul Hirsch, a Prussian, has kept the secret a secret and he was able to demonstrate to the public a complete, successful working plant.

The electric process is based on scientific metallurgical principles, which are of the secret of the invention, while the old method was a result of experience, and depending upon the use of only the most expensive ores. This new process should be of great interest to the American steel industry.

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The Reconstruction of Religious Belief

By W. H. MALLOCK

Author of "Religion and Science" (New York)

An interesting fact is that, in the reconstruction of religious belief, the reconstruction of science and religion is the same thing. The reconstruction of science is the reconstruction of religion, and the reconstruction of religion is the reconstruction of science. The reconstruction of science is the reconstruction of religion, and the reconstruction of religion is the reconstruction of science. The reconstruction of science is the reconstruction of religion, and the reconstruction of religion is the reconstruction of science.

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MODERN TOWERS OF BABEL IN NEW YORK

By GEORGE ETHELBERG WALSH

"THE Tower of Babel was 606 feet high, according to Genesis, when the confusion of tongues brought all of our present linguistic troubles into the world," said my antiquarian in reply to a question for exact information, "but every scholar believes he exaggerated the height."

"And the confusion of tongues?"

"Oh, that was a legend which probably sprang from the wrecked (confused) condition of the Tower after its destruction, and which for so many centuries remained untouched by human hands."

"Then its extreme altitude carried to other lessons than that it's dangerous to build beyond one's ability to make good?"

"There is a similar story," the man of letters replied with a smile, "found in Central America, where Xelhua built the pyramid of Cholula in order to storm heaven, but the gods destroyed it with fire and confused the language of the builders. The lesson you're after is contained in that legend. It's fire, and not the confusion of tongues, or fear of collapse, that is the real danger."

An engineer who is building the tallest building in the world—a veritable Tower of Babel right in the heart of New York—dismissed this fear with the remark:

"The new Singer Building will have a total height of 625 feet, which beats the Tower of Babel by quite a little, and it will be as solid and lasting as the Pyramids. As for being destroyed by fire at the top, it is safe to say that would be a physical impossibility. Fire-proof terra-cotta and concrete won't burn, and, when protected by these, iron and steel won't warp and twist. No fire is out of the question. Danger from that source is an exploded doctrine in New York."

New York agrees to many things, but in nothing more than in her skyscrapers. We lead the world in the attempt to "storm heaven"—not sacrilegiously, but for purposes of gain. Our tall tower-like buildings may be typical of the Babel story, for in no part of the world is there a greater confusion of tongues. By actual count there are twenty-three nationalities—direct or indirect descendants—working on the lofty building which is to eclipse in height all other office structures.

Ten years ago a serious attempt of merchants and city officials was made to limit the height of tall buildings in New York. They succeeded in doing nothing. Then the fire department took a hand at it. The city's very existence was threatened by the skyscrapers. A fire breaking out two hundred feet above the curb would not be a flaming torch to scorch the spire, but a wide disaster.

"Some of these blazing spires," characteristically remarked one alderman, "could be carried by a strong wind to the Jersey side or across the river to Brooklyn. The whole water-front is thus menaced by our skyscrapers."

But the only torch that threatens the harbor front up to date is that held in Liberty's hand, and that is not considered very dangerous, except by those who look upon our unrestricted immigration as the greatest menace to our country. Moreover, the opposition to the tall building is subsiding—has subsided. What is the cause of it?

"Three distinct professions have combined to remove the incubus from the sky-scraper," is the explanation given by a leading architect. "The architect has labored not in vain to make the tall building something else than a monstrosity. Some of the new structures are finished architectural products, such as the Trinity Building, for instance. The engineer has eliminated any danger of collapse from faulty construction, and, lastly, the fireproofers have made these tall buildings so proof against all fires that they are considered as fire-retardants instead of fire-spreaders. The exposure hazard has been materially reduced in New York down-town by the construction of these massive fire-walls, over which no fire could pass."

There is no use trying to discuss the artistic side of modern tall buildings. There are too many critics of rigid camps to make the work pleasant. No two agree, or at least if they have any point on which they can favorably compare notes they obscure their words of praise or condemnation by terms too technical for the ordinary reader to comprehend. There has filtered down to the lay mind an impression that all sky-scrapers are ugly, insatiable, beside towers which personify the American spirit of self-advertisement in big letters. But this impression may be all wrong. There are sky-scrapers and sky-scraper-towers with sheer walls, three and four hundred feet high, lofty, massive structures capable of housing a whole city, with sub-basements that honeycomb the rocks of Manhattan to a depth of sixty feet; long spinning shafts, which from the street look quite large enough for an elevator to run up, and for a stage-set to surmount the peak.

Architects have, in some instances, sought to add beauty to the sky-scraper, producing harmony of design out of irregular proportions; but the excesses of the shadowing structures say that such buildings can never be other than grotesque to the city. A prominent architect who was asked to draw plans for a twenty-five-story building in New York absolutely refused, and gave as his reason this: "I shall not risk my reputation in trying to achieve the impossible. Such a monstrosity is an engineering problem; not an architectural one. A building out of proportion cannot be made beautiful by hanging a few decorations on its outside."

Yet another, especially high in the profession, said to me: "The modern sky-scraper—office-buildings we like to call them—is a tri-

umph of art over commercialism. We have made the tall building an artistic success. It is a commercial structure, but we spend more money in the exterior design than many suppose. There are half a dozen such buildings in lower New York which are as architecturally perfect as any up-town mansion. It is a new style of architecture—Latinized American—and as such it must persist and grow in enthusiasm."

If architects and the public differ as to the artistic side of the sky-scraper, it would seem as if the engineers—structural engineers, as they are called—had no point of disagreement. Building a modern steel structure, clothed inside and out with brick, stone, marble, and terra-cotta, is an exact science. This science, however, has changed marvellously in the last few years, and an up-to-date engineer knows the methods in vogue four or five years ago. That the science is still in an evolutionary stage is manifest from the interviews had with engineers.

"Concrete is the coming structure—reinforced concrete built up and around steel cages or frames," explained one. "There will be no limit then to the height of our buildings. Ours in Chicago, the original home of sky-scraper, they are limited in height by the nature of the soil, but here on dear old Manhattan we have a rock foundation which will permit us to build up to the clouds. We've run our foundations sixty and seventy feet below the curb; and still the rocks hold good."

From another source comes this information: "The steel frame of an office-building can be run up a thousand feet in the air, and if protected from fire it will stand for hundreds of years. We can do this today because of the manufacture of light, semi-precious terra-cotta. This is absolutely fire-proof, and it weighs so little that the load factor on the framework is comparatively small. Such buildings as the new United States Express Company's twenty-second-story structure, and the mammoth West Street building have their steel frames clothed with terra-cotta blocks inside and out, and the load carried by the ten upper stories is less by one-half than nine-tenths of the buildings constructed in the past. I see no reason why, with steel and terra-cotta, we couldn't build fifty and sixty story buildings in New York."

Of course all this is more or less confusing to the uninitiated. It is the old proverb over again of common men getting considerably mixed when the doctors disagree. So no more of it for the present. The technical side must be settled by the experts.

Second matter in the city comes an elevator elevator of a tall office-building, he shakes up two hundred feet in the air, and after he has recovered his equilibrium he glances down the great well or shaft and asks, "Is there no limit in the height of elevator-runs?" Whether or not he knows it, this simple question is a crucial one. Five years and more ago the height of the tall building practically stopped at twenty stories. That was the limit of safety for elevators. A few ran higher, but it was not advised by engineers. It was supposed that this mechanical difficulty would work for good the height of our tall buildings.

But now, as we pile story upon story in building skyward, we have reached the period where we are going to add more elevator sections, and keep piling elevators upon elevators. A future cliff-dweller may have to transfer two or three times before he reaches his office. A second battery of elevators will be installed in the new thirty and forty story structures now building, and when we reach a higher point there will be three distinct elevator sections. So the problem of the elevator is solved, and there is apparently nothing to prevent our tall buildings rearing their heads a thousand feet in the air.

Within a year from next May the new Singer Building at Liberty Street and Broadway will be ready for occupancy. The plans call for a tower to rise to the height of forty-one stories, or a total of 625 feet. This is seventy feet higher than the Washington Monument. It is a good deal short of the Eiffel Tower, but that was not constructed as an office-building or living place. It is merely a freak for temporary artistic purposes of a great fair. The tower of the new wonder of the New World will be sixty-five feet square, and on each floor there will be ample office-rooms.

Comparisons may be useless, but sometimes they are instructive. The Park Row building—which in its day was famous as a tall sky-scraper, and viewed in a distance stands as a pretty respectable sort of structure, with its twenty-three stories, and extreme height of 300 feet from the sidewalk to the roof—could be placed on the main roof of the new Singer Building, 262 feet above the curb, and the top would still fall short of reaching the apex of the mighty tower. The same is true of many other famous skyscrapers—the St. Paul Building, at Broadway and Ann Street, with its 306 feet; the American Surety Building, 306 feet high, the Trust Company Building, the new Trinity Building, the Commercial Cable Building, and the famous Flatiron Building.

This new height of New York's buildings sets a standard which cannot forever remain unchallenged. Already there are promotions of rivalry. The tower of the new Biltmore and from Exchange will reach to an altitude of 401 feet, and the tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's building in the corner of 42nd and 5th Sts. (Plaza) is planned to reach nearly 600 feet above the curb. This will dominate the Flatiron Building, and make Bixna on the Madison Square Garden ashamed of her past haughtiness.

Yet it will fall short of the Singer Building tower by a considerable number of feet. There will be more expensive buildings, such as the new Boreel Building, which is practically an enlargement of the Trinity, with its estimated cost of \$15,000,000; but for sheer height the Singer tower must dominate New York's landscape for some time to come.

The wind velocity in the vicinity of New York is not, on the average the year round, extraordinary, but at times it blows at the rate of fifty and sixty miles an hour. Then gales go surging up Broadway, upstate turn inside out, and the weavers of skirts struggle frantically to hold together their various articles of clothing. The man on the top of a skyscraper is like a sailor wet aloft in a storm to furl sails. He rings by tooth and nail to whatever support he can find, and gets down again—of he can—with more electricity than he went up. This wind velocity—not in its average, but at its maximum—is an important mathematical problem with the engineer when he runs a building twenty to forty stories high. The wind pressure on a tall building must be reckoned with carefully. A structure five or six hundred feet in the air must be braced to withstand a wind pressure of something like thirty pounds to the square foot. With a tower sixty-five feet square and several hundred feet above the top of the main building there is a wind pressure at certain seasons of the year sufficient to drive a dozen ocean steamers half across the ocean if it could be harnessed and converted into available horse-power. The resistance to the wind pressure must be secured by angle-braces every second or third story, and the whole calculated out by mathematical formulas.

If there is any doubt in the mind of the sceptical about the force of the wind at great altitudes, he should drop a plumb-line from the top of the structure to the bottom of some inclined court on a windy day. The line would then be found to vibrate and swing very much like the pendulum of a clock. A recent test of the vibration of a tall building in a heavy wind was thus made, and it was found that the line swung back and forth through an arc of nearly two degrees. Nature has supplied us with everything that corresponds to a plumb-line. Our beams appear to that in a liquid when standing on a vibrating tower, and the dizzy sensation communicated to us is not all fancy. The rocking of a tower five or six hundred feet in the air is not very different from that of a ship in a sea. There are numerous cases of "seasickness" among the cliff-dwellers of Manhattan, and they have to get accustomed to their high altitudes before they are immune.

If the wind pressure should at any time reach the maximum stress allowed for the Singer Building, it would represent over its whole surface a force equal to 128,000 foot-tons. At the total weight of the tower is only 21,000 tons, it would be possible to overturn this portion of the building, or rather lift it up from its foundations, should the wind blow at such a velocity as to exert an even pressure of thirty pounds per square foot. To avoid any such contingency, each heavy iron column is anchored to the foundation elements some sixty feet below the surface of the ground. The margin of safety thus obtained is sufficient to withstand any of the summer wind-squalls or tail-ends of West-Indian hurricanes which sweep across Manhattan.

One consistent sky-scraper vertically, as it were, instead of horizontally. Their enormous heights dwarf our appreciation of their proportions in other respects. Sprung out on the ground, the forty-story towers would cover nine and a half acres, which with land at present high prices in lower New York would be worth a Rockefeller fortune. How many people can live comfortably and do business on such an acreage? Certainly in congested lower New York crowding is phenomenal, and a good many people can live on an acre. But in the



The City versus a Railroad

ACTING UPON A DEDUCTION OF THE BOARD OF ESTIMATE AND APPOINTMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, THAT THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD HAD LAID TRACKS FOR ITS FREIGHT-TRAINS UPON PROPERTY TO WHICH IT HAD NO LEGAL RIGHT, THE SUPERINTENDENT OF HIGHWAYS PROCEEDED TO RIP UP THE TRACKS AND MARSHED VARIOUS TRAINS THAT HAD BEEN USING THEM

Singer Building there will be accommodations for some six thousand people, and they will not be crowded. There will be some luxurious offices where only a few clerks will occupy a whole suite of rooms. Crowded as parts of the East Side are to-day, this single building could house something like 20,000 people.

The mechanical equipment of any one of a dozen of New York's recent tall buildings represents the phenomenal development of modern work of the builder. In the sub-basement from 000 to 1000-horse-power plants furnish the energy for driving the elevators, heating, lighting, and ventilating apparatus. In one building alone there is an even thousand dynamo. In the Singer Building there will be installed sixteen elevators in the main structure, and four in the tower. Several thousand electric-lamps are required to furnish light for even the ordinary twenty-story structure. Outside air is drawn into the buildings by powerful suction fans, and then after being filtered it is distributed through the different floors. Enough coal is consumed every day to run an ocean steamer, and the heat thus released would keep "all cowboys" warm over a ten-acre lot.

There are some forty buildings in New York which are strictly fire-proof, and many others which pass under this name, but are, technically, only semi-fire-proof. Nearly, if not all, the tall sky-scrappers belong to the first class. They are practically indestructible from fire and the ravages of time. Wood is used as sparingly as them that matches are sometimes said to be the only wooden articles of furniture in sight. Fire-proof curtains, carpets, draperies, and furniture make combustible material an unknown quantity in those lofty cyruses of man.

"But what about earthquakes?"

Not unless the rocks of Manhattan were split sunder could even an earthquake seriously injure the best modern sky-scraper, for their foundations are imbedded in them and could not be dislodged by shakes and quakes. Some of the fire-proofing could be shaken off, but the steel frames would remain intact. Even the dislodgment of the fire-proofing is becoming more difficult by earthquake shocks, for it is now the practice to anchor all blocks and bricks used for this purpose securely to the steelwork. Altogether the sky-scraper of to-day is a pretty safe place to live and work in, and its comfort is beyond question.

A Misunderstanding

"Give me a ticket to Pierre, South Dakota."

"Single?"

"If I was I wouldn't have to go to South Dakota."

The Chastisement of a Saint

In a small barrio not far from Manila during the cholera epidemic of 1902 the Filipinos died by the score.

They had torchlight processions in which they carried the image of the patron saint, and they prayed to him, and spent much

money in candles to burn before his shrine, but still the scourge continued.

At last a meeting was held, and it was decided that San Roque was neglecting his children, and that some strong measures must be taken to make him take notice of them.

They accordingly took his image, fastened a strong rope to one of the legs, lowered him head first into a well, and left him there for two days to show him that they were not to be treated with disdain.

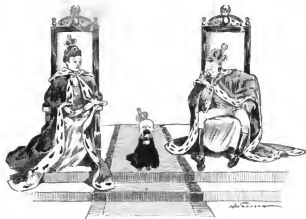
At the end of that time they drew him up and restored him to his place in the church, telling him that they were sorry, but he must atone for his duties.

Strange to say, no more natives died of the cholera in that barrio.

A Tough Brutus

E. B. WILLARD, the English actor, says that the provincial English audiences greatly relish a witty interruption of a performance. Mr. Willard followed this statement with a story of an actor who played Julius Caesar in a minor English city.

In the final scene the actor who was playing Brutus stabbed himself with a trick sword which allowed the blade to slide into the hilt. When the actor tried to stab him by jerking the sword to his breast the blade refused to slide, and despite his earnest endeavor he could not work the staff of steel into the hilt. After several strenuous trials a corkscrew abouted from the gallery, "Lord, but ain't 'e a tough chap!"



Cear: "If the czarévitch cries like that over a little thing like the colic, what will he do when he grows up and inherits my troubles?"

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STEAPNS & CURTIUS (no 1, New York, N.Y.).

STEAPNS & CURTIUS (ed.), New York, N.Y.

MONOLOGUES

By MAY ISABEL FISK

These five specimens were published in the book on *Blatta*. However, where they really are, Mr. Lill noted, is far at variance, types of people, nations, houses, and especially gardens. It is probably, long native, but does not flag at great distances.

解法 2 由原方程得 $x^2 + 2x + 1 = 2x^2 + 3x + 2$, 即 $x^2 + x - 1 = 0$, 故 $x = \frac{-1 \pm \sqrt{5}}{2}$.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THE WIDTH OF A SCHOOL-BENCH

THE REASONS FOR CALIFORNIA'S DEFIANT DECREE
AGAINST THE JAPANESE IN HER PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By WILLIAM INGLIS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



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MAY LEARN A FEW POINTS FROM HIS UNCLE BEFORE LONG

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COMMENT

FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY OF NOVEMBER 24:

The sole requisites of the reestablishment of the Democratic party upon an enduring basis are an Issue and a Man.

The issue: Katingismism of tariff taxation now bearing upon the poor, and the substitution, for revenue purposes, of graduated inheritance and income taxes to be paid chiefly by those whose surplus wealth has been acquired through privileges accorded by the state and opportunities afforded by a democracy.

The man: WOODROW WILSON of Virginia and New Jersey. The Democrats of New Jersey possess a rare and glorious opportunity to point the way, and make a striking contrast, by naming the Man as their candidate for United States Senator to succeed JAMES F. DAVIS.

Can they rise to the occasion?

We shall know next week.

The political sensation of the week ending January 5 was the first annual message sent to the New York Legislature at Albany on January 2 by Governor CHARLES E. HUGHES. In the speeches made by him in the campaign, which ended in his election to the Governorship, he promised that if elected he would carefully investigate the structure and working of the State government, and would try to remedy the defects discovered. How and when he would make good the promise was, of course, a different question. He has lost no time in proving that he meant precisely what he said. In his very first message he recommended that immediate provision be made for a recount of the votes cast for Mayor at the municipal election in New York city in 1905, pointing out that the matter was one into which no consideration with respect to persons or expediency should be allowed to enter. It is not, of course, a question whether Mr. McCLELLAN makes a good Mayor, whereas Mr. HEARST might make a bad one. The paramount, fundamental, exclusive question is whether in a commonwealth possessing representative institutions votes shall be counted as they were cast. The Governor went on to urge that with reference to future elections the courts should be empowered to order a recount summarily—a power which the New York Court of Appeals found lacking in the present election laws. He would have the power to authorize the bringing of an action to try the title to a given office lodged in the Supreme Court rather than in the Attorney-General, because the latter's title to his own office might be disputed. The Governor also called upon the Legislature to amend the Corrupt Practices at Elections Act by imposing a limitation upon the amount of money that may be expended by a candidate to procure his election. We take for granted that the amendment will be passed, in view of the disclosures of the lavish disbursements made by Mr. HEARST in furtherance of his candidacy.

It was, however, Mr. HUGHES's recommendations of drastic statutory changes designed to improve the means of railway

transportation within the State which most startled the Legislature. He earnestly advised that the existing Board of Rapid Transit Commissioners be abolished, and that a new board be created, to have all the powers now exercised by the Rapid Transit Board, and also to have powers with reference to the operations of railroad companies within the territory of Greater New York, or, should such an extension be deemed advisable, within a wider district, embracing the adjoining counties into which certain lines of the surface railroad do now or may hereafter reach. Mr. HUGHES proceeded to assert the advisability of abolishing the present Board of Railroad Commissioners and the Commission of Gas and Electricity, and of creating a new commission endowed with powers of regulation and supervision, within constitutional limits, of all the corporations now subject to the two existing boards last named, which powers should be supplemented, he said, with such additional authority as may be needed to insure proper management and operation. The reason for such new legislation is, he said, that domestic commerce must be regulated by the State, as interstate commerce is regulated by the Federal government, and that to this end the State should exercise its power to secure impartial treatment to shippers, the maintenance of reasonable rates, and adequate service with due regard for the convenience and safety of the public. That is to say, the Governor would have the State of New York perform the duty which, if left unperformed, would, in the opinion of Secretary Root, cause the American people to invoke the powers of the nation and obliterate State lines. Mr. HUGHES has also announced an intention to subject at once to rigorous investigation every one of the appellate departments and boards, some of which have long provoked a great deal of criticism. Among those to feel the probe will be the Insurance Department, the Banking Department, the office of the Forest, Fish, and Game Commissioner, the office of the Commissioner of Agriculture, the Health Department, the State-prison Department, the State Tax Commission, the Lunacy Commission, and the office of the Excise Commissioner, together with many minor commissions and boards.

Such is the new Governor's programme. It remains to be seen to what extent the New York Legislature will permit it to be carried out. Merely by proclaiming it, however, Mr. HUGHES has made a most favorable impression, and now finds himself one of the most-talked-of men in the United States. The New York World does not hesitate to say, with all respect to Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. ROOSEVELT, that Mr. HUGHES's message is the most hopeful and invigorating document penned by any Chief Executive of this State in many years. The Philadelphia North American thinks that the message marks the beginning of a new era in American politics, and sees in the new Governor a "strong man." The Philadelphia Press recognizes that Mr. HUGHES's appeal is made straight to the people, and sees in him "a man with possibilities, who is to be watched." The Washington Post pronounces the address admirable, and advises its readers to "keep an eye on HUGHES." The Washington Herald avers that "the eyes of the nation are upon Governor HUGHES," and declares that the country is looking for a man who knows how, and has the moral courage and stamina, "to do things." The Boston Transcript acclaims the message as not disappointing to those who expected Mr. HUGHES to take independent ground and an advanced position. The Boston Herald says that it marks the advent of a new power in the affairs of the State. On the whole, it is probable that Governor HUGHES, if he goes on as he has begun, will be able to get the New York delegation to the next Republican national convention. As a vote-getter he has been tested in a memorable contest, and he will have been tested in office before the spring of 1908.

Mr. LOOSE had to abandon his proposal to the Senate to vote that the President's action in discharging the negro troops without honor was legal and constitutional. The President, it seems, desired such an endorsement, and Mr. LOOSE was anxious to get it for him, but even his own colleague, Senator CRANE, could not see his way to support such a resolution. There was no chance for it to pass in the Senate, so it was not pressed. Mr. LOOSE offered instead a resolution authorizing the Senate's Committee on Military Affairs to make inquiry into the Brownsville affair of August 13, with power to summon witnesses. In this he forestalled Mr. FORAN, who, neverthe-

less, offered a resolution of his own, to much the same purport as Mr. LOOSE's, but differing from it in several more or less important details. Mr. LOOSE said that two questions were involved, one of fact and one of law, the latter being the question whether the President, in dismissing the companies without honor, had exceeded his powers under the laws and Constitution. His argument on that point was that though the "dishonorable discharge" can only be given by sentence of a court martial, the "discharge without honor" comes within the discretion of the President, the Secretary of War, and the commanding officer. There could be no doubt, Mr. LOOSE thought, that the power of summary dismissal was inherent in the office of commander-in-chief when the President was invested by the Constitution with that office, and there never has been any attempt by Congress to prevent the exercise of this authority.

The Army Regulations lay it down (§ 146) that when a company commander deems a soldier's service not honest and faithful, a board of officers shall be convened to determine whether it has been so or not, and "the soldier will in every case be given a hearing before the board." "Discharge without honor on account of 'service not honest and faithful' will be given only on the approved finding of a board of officers as herein prescribed." So the Regulations; though there follows in paragraph 148 the information that the blank form for discharge without honor shall be used when a soldier is discharged "(b) without trial, on account of having become disqualified for service, physically or in character, through his own misconduct," and "(c) when discharged without honor is specially ordered by the Secretary of War for any other reason." The Regulations seem amenable to a good deal of interpretation. If paragraph 146 applies in the case of the men of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, the lawyers of the Senate will let us know it. Senator FORAKER, in his reply to Senator LOOSE, said that discharges without honor have only been known since 1895, and there was no instance (up to the time of the Brownsville case) where a soldier was discharged without honor when he was charged with a crime, protested his innocence, and was denied a trial. That is interesting but not conclusive. The question whether the President has power to discharge soldiers "without honor" without a hearing seems still unsettled and debatable, and needs more discussion.

It is a very important order which, by direction of President ROOSEVELT, has been issued by Secretary of the Interior HERRICK, the order, namely, for the summary destruction, after April 1, 1907, of all illegal enclosures and obstructions existing on the public domain. On December 17 the President sent to Congress a message in which he called attention to illegal fences on the public domain, and gave notice that if the necessary legislation to legalize proper fencing by government control of the cattle-ranges were not passed, he would himself take steps, under the existing statutes, to have all illegal fences removed. Congress having given no intimation of its intentions in the premises, Mr. ROOSEVELT has fallen back on the act of February 23, 1885, and has notified all receivers and registers of land land-offices and all special agents of the government that this law, hitherto almost a dead letter, must be carried out. The extent to which this order will affect great grazing interests in the West will be appreciated when we recall that a census of the illegally fenced public domain has shown that it comprises more than five million acres. It is alleged that the Nebraska Feeding and Cattle Company alone has 400,000 acres in one tract surrounded by illegal fences. When we say that the act of 1885 has hitherto been almost a dead letter, we do not mean to say that no attempt has been made to prosecute offenders under it. The sentences imposed, however, have been lenient. The first conviction of the Nebraska Feeding and Cattle Company resulted in the imposition of a nominal fine on some of the officers, and in their commitment to jail for six hours, which time they were permitted to spend in charge of their attorneys at the Omaha Club. The wholesale spoliation of the national domain has gone on long enough, and the determination to stop it is one of the things for which his fellow citizens will be grateful to Mr. ROOSEVELT.

The investigation of the HARBOR railway merger by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the light cast by it on the use to which was put an issue of \$100,000,000 worth of convertible bonds by the Union Pacific corporation, is not unlikely to lead to some drastic legislation by the Fifty-ninth or the Sixtieth Congress. On January 3, the day before the inquiry began, Mr. VENABLE, of Minnesota, introduced a bill giving the Interstate Commerce Commission power to control the issue of stock or bonds by interstate commerce carriers. The measure provides that before any increase of capital shall be made the carriers shall apply to the Commission, stating the amount of stock or bonds to be issued, the reason therefor, and the purpose to which the proceeds are to be applied. The Commission, if it be deemed necessary, shall order a hearing on the application. The bill further provides that no special or preferred stocks or bonds shall be issued by any common carrier to represent an increase in the value of the property of carriers unless there shall have been a real corresponding increase in the value of the property. Moreover, no stock shall be issued based on the earnings of the carriers. In other words, with due allowances, earnings must be divided among the stockholders as they accrue, and not accumulated so as to provide a basis for the inflation of stocks. Finally, the bill prescribes that no competing carriers shall be permitted to own the stocks or bonds of a rival. It is manifest that if such a bill had been a law some years ago, the Union Pacific would never have been able to acquire control of the Southern Pacific; much less could the proceeds of the bonds of the former railway have been used in the purchase and sale of the stock of outside corporations, such as the New York Central, which it could have no hope of controlling.

Boston is still struggling with its sumptuary laws, especially Massachusetts Sunday laws. Last Sunday, a lieutenant of police, acting under the orders of the not-yet-suppressed District-Attorney MORAN, visited the clubs to find out what the members drink, how it is served, and how it is paid for. For MORAN's convenience, the policeman also made a note of recent banquets held at the clubs, taking down the names of the guests. It behooves a stranger to be cautious, perhaps, before attending a banquet at a Boston club. Besides this, still under the whip and lash of MORAN, Police-Commissioner O'MEARA proposes rigidly to enforce the Sunday law. According to recent decisions of Boston's judiciary, here are some of the things which may and may not be done in that town of a Sunday. Bootblacks may shine until 11 A.M.; then they must retire. Bakers may sell bread before 10 A.M., and from 4 to 6.30 P.M. A florist may sell flowers for a Sunday funeral, but not for a Sunday wedding. Ice-cream may be eaten, but not made or sold. Photographers may not take pictures. Hotel porters may not wash the sidewalks of their luns. Show-windows may not be dressed. A shop-keeper may not wash the floor of his store. A musician may not play at a hotel. These are some of the momentous decisions of the municipal courts within the five days prior to this writing. They make a Boston Sunday look like a London Sunday, and nothing more is needed to induce travellers to wait until Monday before going there. It is open to discussion whether Boston's Sunday habits or the Massachusetts statute-book shall be reformed.

The attention of Northern and Southern people both ought to be drawn to efforts which are being made in Georgia to settle some of the problems of the race question. The Rev. Dr. PRESTON, of Atlanta, has made a very interesting statement in the *Congressionalist* on this subject, telling us that there are three movements in which both races are interested. The first is industrial; the second is religious; and the third he calls civic. The first movement is supporting a reasonable and promising proposition to establish an industrial school. As branches of this school there are to be established schools in which the domestic arts are to be taught. Negro men are to be trained in the one for mechanical pursuits, and negro women in the other for household services. The second movement is carried on by committees of the white and negro churches, and under their direction an effort is being made in the pulpits to inspire the people of both races with a love of law and order. The third is carried on by two cooperative civic leagues—the one black and the other white. The idea

of this combined league is, as far as possible, to put more responsibility upon the negroes. Negro policemen are to be appointed for negro parts of the city, and the number of negro jurors is to be increased. Some good effects have already been felt. These efforts by the white and black citizens of Atlanta have a deep significance. They prove what rational men, uninfluenced by party necessities, have always believed. No more than any other part of the civilized world does the South desire to be counted barbarous, and there is reason to believe not only that the South will do its best to solve its own social and domestic problems, but that when it tries it will make a better job of the undertaking than can any outsider.

There is a good deal of peering into the future lest, peradventure, the peers may see the end of our present era of prosperity. Some of these, who are called financial magnates, seem to expect disaster; and to expect disaster too loud, if the utterer be an authority, is frequently to court it. So far, however, there is little sign that the country is to be plunged into ruin. The latest prophets among the "magnates" are Mr. STEVENSON FISH, to whom the year just passed has been rendered unpleasant by Mr. HUBBARD, and Mr. GEORGE GUILD, who is in a happier frame of mind. Mr. Fish expects a panic soon, and Mr. GUILD sees no sign of one. At their annual meeting, which was held this year in Providence, the economists took notice of the question, and some of them gave their opinions. Professor JOHN R. CLARK, of Columbia, thinks that there may be a good many bubbles that need pricking. He thinks that there is over-speculation in lands and mines, although he admits that some of the securities that lay heavily on the financial stomach a few years ago have been digested. He looks for a shrinkage. Another economist—Professor W. G. SUMNER, of Yale—is more hopeful, and his view seems to be nearer that which we may call prevalent. "We have seen," he says, "an amazing expansion of undertakings of all kinds, and they have been carried on with success. The property is real and very wide. I cannot see that it is anything but true growth and genuine achievement." There is a sanity in this view which is inspiring.

Two United States district judges have declared the Federal employees' liability law unconstitutional. Although they are both of Southern districts, they are also both appointees of Republican Presidents. Judge EVANS, of Kentucky, who has already been publicly lectured on account of his opinion on this very law, was appointed by McKINLEY, and Judge McCALL, of Tennessee, was appointed by ROOSEVELT. Congress passed this law under the commerce clause of the Constitution, and it is expected by the political power at Washington that the courts will construe this clause in such a way that Congress may enact laws regulating the contractual, or otherwise legal, relations between the railroads and their employees. Of course, if the Supreme Court gratifies the political power by such a construction, all contracts between those engaged in interstate transportation and others, whether relating to interstate or to intrastate commerce, will be judged to be within the jurisdiction of the United States. In other words, any contract to which a transporter is a party would be interstate commerce. A contract with a drayman to haul goods to or from a freight-station; a contract under which hackmen are admitted to a passenger-station for the convenience of travellers; a contract to clean the windows of cars; a contract to supply new plush for Pullman or other sleeping and parlor cars—all these are quite as much commerce as are the relations between the laborers in a railroad yard and depots and the railroad.

In deciding as they did, Judges EVANS and McCALL decided as all lawyers, merely lawyers, would have decided a very few years ago. In holding that navigation was commerce, Chief-Justice MARSHALL defined commerce as the word is used in the Constitution. "Commerce undoubtedly," he said, "is traffic, but it is something more; it is intercourse. It describes the commercial intercourse between nations and parts of nations . . . and is regulated by prescribing rules for carrying on that intercourse." Possibly it would not occur to any one that the relations between employer and employed constituted such intercourse except to one not averse to amending the Constitution by construction. At any rate, in

the light of MARSHALL's definition, Judges EVANS and McCALL have not yet done anything worthy of castigation. They have simply expressed an opinion based upon MARSHALL's definition.

It seemed as though Secretary TAPP's remarks about his candidacy for the Presidential office meant, if they meant anything in particular, that he would not go on the bench until the next Republican convention had had a chance to nominate him. Later advice, conveyed through the Washington correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, are to the effect that the next chance, if any, that President ROOSEVELT has to nominate a justice of the Supreme Court he will nominate Judge TAPP. The inference is that the Judge's prospects as a Presidential candidate do not seem to be worth nursing at the cost of the chance to secure him for the embellishment and ingratiation of the bench.

After all, the question of the disciplining of the companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry is hardly likely to be a Presidential issue next year, nor are Judge TAPP's chances likely to be affected by it. Tariff may have come again to be a topic in another twelvemonth, and in that case it may be recalled that Judge TAPP said in a speech at Bath, Maine, last September: "How soon the feeling in favor of revision shall crystallize into action cannot be foretold, but it is certain to come, and with it those schedules of the tariff which have inequalities and are excessive will be readjusted."

The Baroness BRACKETT-COWTIN had a great funeral, on January 5, in Westminster Abbey, where she was buried. The Abbey was filled with mourning people, and flags were at half-mast in London. She was an old-fashioned philanthropist, and spent a great deal of her money in improving the physical conditions of the miserably poor. The great givers of our generation incline to other channels of expenditure, and especially to facilitating the rise of those who are able to help themselves. Our successful money-makers seem to take more kindly to helping likely people to succeed than in ameliorating the condition of the unsuccessful. Anything that seems like a provision for the perpetuation of failure goes against the grain with them. Their millions come out readiest to provide better education for better-than-average scholars, and to increase knowledge. Charities such as won the Baroness BRACKETT-COWTIN such wide repute in the last generation appeal to them less strongly. The Baroness, however, was not trained in the school of self-made success. She inherited her fortune from her father. Possibly the later taste in philanthropic disbursement is sounder than hers, but at any rate she had a very large funeral.

Is it *Ue-majesté*, or contrary to army regulations, for an officer of the United States army to speak with disrespect of the race-suicide bog? If it is, there may be a court martial ahead for Major CHARLES E. WOODGERF, M.D., U.S.A., who, in an article in the *Sunday Times*, almost makes light of the race-suicide scare. He avers that the birth-rate diminishes in direct proportion to the growth of human intelligence, and that within very recent times the death-rate for infants has been so diminished by medical discoveries that it is no longer necessary to produce half the children needed a century ago. All that, we knew before; but Dr. WOODGERF goes farther. He finds an incalculable benefit in the fact that the human race in its civilized branches is gradually becoming confined to the lines of small families. That, he finds to be part of the process by which the survival of the fittest is now being accomplished in the higher nations. Feeble children are now raised who formerly perished. Present types, much feebler than the powerful prehistorical brute, arrive in obedience to natural law, as being fitter than the stupid man of great strength, and able to drive him to the wall. So (contrasting modern nations) in England and France the more intelligent children survive; in Russia—with large families and a huge infantile death-rate—the most robust and often the stupidest. Five births to a family, now ample for us, would have meant race-extinction a thousand years ago. The average family, Dr. WOODGERF says, is now about four, but in two or three centuries, if our death losses continue to diminish at present rates, the birth-rate will drop naturally to a fraction over two children to a family.

The Coming Ambassador from Great Britain

It is settled that the successor of Sir HENRY MOTIMER DURAND in the British Embassy at Washington will be the Right Honorable JAMES BAYCE, the distinguished author of *The Holy Roman Empire* and *The American Commonwealth*, who was President of the Board of Trade in the ROBERTSON ministry, and who has just resigned the post of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, which, in his case, carried a seat in the cabinet. He has been for twelve years a Privy-Councillor. The appointment deserves attention because it is a unique incident in the history of the diplomatic intercourse between our mother country and its daughter state. Never before has England selected for her regular representative at the seat of our Federal government an eminent man of letters or a statesman of cabinet rank. Striking, indeed, is the contrast, from this point of view, between the course which, from the achievement of our independence down to the present hour, our Federal government has pursued toward Great Britain and that which Great Britain has hitherto adopted toward the United States. Our first minister to the court of St. James's, appointed in 1783 by the Congress created under the Articles of Confederation, was JOHN ADAMS, the second President of the Republic. In 1792, three years after the Federal government was organized under the existing Constitution, President WASHINGTON was chosen for our representative in London, General THOMAS PINCKNEY, who had served with great gallantry throughout the Revolutionary war and had been Governor of South Carolina. PINCKNEY received fifty-nine electoral votes for President in 1796, and would have become Vice-President had not JEFFERSON beaten him by four votes. He was succeeded in the British metropolis by RUTHERFORD KING, who represented successively Massachusetts and New York in the Federal Senate, and who was the Federalist candidate for Vice-President in 1804 and for President in 1816. For a number of years following 1803 our minister plenipotentiary in London was JAMES MONROE, who afterward was twice elected President of the United States. In 1815 the same office was filled by JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who became our Federal Chief Magistrate ten years later. The post was occupied in 1825 by ALBERT GALLATIN, who had been our Secretary of the Treasury from 1801 to 1814, and who is generally acknowledged to have been one of the greatest financiers and statesmen in American annals. In 1831 WASHINGTON IRVING, then the most distinguished man of letters in America, was *chargé d'affaires*. He was followed by MARTIN VAN BUREN, who in March, 1837, became President of the United States. In 1841 our minister at the court of St. James's was EDWARD EVERETT, who was successively a United States Senator from Massachusetts, a President of Harvard University and a Secretary of State. Five years later the same office was filled by GEORGE BANCROFT, the well-known historian, who had been a Secretary of the Navy, and who was to be the first minister to the German Empire. From 1853 to 1856 we were represented at the court of St. James's by JAMES RICHANAN, who had been a United States Senator from Pennsylvania, and a Secretary of State, and who was to be President of the United States. His successor was GEORGE M. DALLAS, who had been Vice-President. Next came CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, the son and grandson of a President, who himself had been a candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the Free-soil ticket in 1848. In 1860 the functions of minister plenipotentiary were discharged by JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, the well-known historian of the Dutch Republic, who previously had been minister at the court of Vienna. In 1860 we sent to London JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, then our most eminent man of letters, and previously minister to Spain; and in 1863 Mr. CLEVELAND named as the first Ambassador to Great Britain THOMAS F. BAYARD, who had been a United States Senator from Delaware and Secretary of State. Such are the names most notable for literary or political importance in the remarkable record of our diplomatic appointments to the court of St. James's. Viewed as a whole, the list attests an almost pathetic anxiety to select the best men in the country to represent the government and the people of the United States in England. No such anxiety was evinced in the selection of ministers to other European powers, not even in the case of France, except during the quarter of a century which immediately followed 1778, the date of the treaty of alliance.

Relatively careless and contemptuous during more than sixty years after the establishment of our Constitution was the selection by the British Foreign Office of envoys to the United States. The first twelve were obscure persons, not one of whom was to play an important part in history, and one of whom, JACKSON, had to be dismissed for insubordination in precisely charging the Secretary of State with duplicity. The next eight British ministers were equally insignificant, intellectually and socially, with the exception of Sir STRATFORD CANNING, who had not yet given proof of the abilities which were to enable him long afterwards as ambassador at Constantinople. One of the eight, CAMPTON, had to be dismissed summarily for a violation of the neutrality laws, having undertaken to enlist soldiers for the British army during the Crimean war. A man of genius, Sir HENRY LYTTON

BULWER (some time afterward made Lord DALLING), was sent over to negotiate the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, but not until the Buchanan administration was the importance of the United States distinctly acknowledged by the successive appointments of two members of the peerage, Lord NAPIER and Lord LYONS, to be ministers at Washington. The experiment has not since been repeated, for Mr. LOVELL S. SACKETT-WEST had not inherited a peerage when he came hither as envoy, and Sir JULIAN PAULING, though he was ultimately made a lord, was simply permanent Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office when he became minister. We repeat that the long list includes not a single man who had attained cabinet rank at the time of his selection for the post of British minister at Washington.

On these memorable occasions in the past the British government recognized that the services of a man of first-rate abilities were, at least temporarily, required at Washington. In the early fifties, Lord ELGIN, then Governor-General of Canada, was appointed a commissioner to negotiate a reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada. The task was performed successfully. Again, when the controversy concerning the Alabama claims threatened to involve Great Britain in war with the United States, a commission headed by Earl de Grey and Harrow (afterwards Marquis of Ripon) was sent to our Federal capital, where it arranged the Treaty of Washington. Once more, in 1896-97, the British Foreign Office named for its representative on the Joint High Commission appointed to settle, if possible, outstanding disputes between the United States and Canada, Lord HERSHELL, who had been Lord Chancellor in a Liberal administration. There is reason to believe that if the British government had been equally solicitous about the qualifications of its permanent envoys to the United States during the first half of the last century, the war of 1812 might have been averted, and the questions respecting the boundaries of Maine and Oregon might have been settled without bringing the two countries to the verge of hostilities. The British government has apparently determined never again to be guilty of the mistakes committed in the earlier period of its diplomatic relations with the United States. It has arrived at the conviction that some of its foremost statesmen is too good for the post of ambassador to Washington. In the selection of the Right Honorable JAMES BAYCE for the office it has evinced discrimination. The practical acquaintance with public affairs gained in a long Parliamentary career, and in the exercise of the functions of President of the Board of Trade and Chief Secretary for Ireland, has peculiarly fitted him to transact the political and economic business of the embassy. He is the first British envoy to appeal strongly to the sympathy and esteem of Irish-Americans, because among British Liberals Ireland had no firmer friend. To educated and thoughtful Americans he carries credentials such as some of his predecessors have presented, for he is known throughout the Union by his authoritative work on *The American Commonwealth*, which exhibits a more accurate and exhaustive knowledge of the structure and working of our Federal and State Constitutions, and a more intimate acquaintance with our laws, institutions, customs, modes of thought, and points of view, than any American citizen is known to possess. He comes, in a word, equipped with a capacity of understanding us, such as no former British minister has evinced. That is, of course, the fundamental condition of useful and fruitful intercourse.

The Flourishing of the Wicked

It is somewhat difficult to come to realize that justice is not so much a supernatural revelation as an outcome of human sensibility and of slow growth. It falls upon us at times with almost crushing force that there is no justice in chance or fate, and that the good man is hard to slay, to storm and shipwreck and earthquake, equally with the villain, and that the wicked man, if he be sunny, is still, as in the days of the psalmist, likely to flourish and spread himself like a green bay-tree. The singer of the psalms showed an ethical insight far in advance of the average human consciousness when he made that marvellously poetic effort to explain the adjustment of rewards and punishments in the thirty-seventh psalm, where it had to be admitted that the wicked man usually gained his share of the world's goods and prospered exceedingly, while the attempt that could be pronounced to be righteous was that his seed should not be beggars and his end should be peace. The law that like will unto like, and that rewards are of the nature of the effort put forth, is never broken down. It may be because we are so apt to say to the little child, "Be good and I'll give you some candy," that it falls upon the youth like a calamitous stone that the reward of duty done is not praise or acclaim or success or prosperity, but simply the power to fulfil further duties; that it is not the way of Destiny to answer to man's impatient clamor, but to frown and often unsearchable losses. The whole scheme of punishments and rewards, childishly as we may play with them in fancy, at

times, is simply the law that effort put forth calls into being results of like kind with the effort, that a man's life grows into the shape and stature of his thoughts and his wishes.

The religious consciousness leads to a patient acquiescence in the higher and ultimate designs of Destiny and the strength for self-sacrifice, so that such designs may not be even temporarily impeded. The impartial methods of nature with the just and the unjust cannot be superseded, nor except in very slight measure controlled; but the ideal of human justice grows steadily. As the centuries add to the exactitude of man's sense of moral justice it becomes less and less possible for a man to accept those gains which mean another's loss. The voluntary erasing of poverty was at one time the hallmark of a saint, and saints were looked upon as supernaturally endowed. Such saints are cast abroad over the earth to-day, and we look upon them as only a little odd, and wonder what disappointments may have taught them the worthlessness of earthly goods and the value of spiritual rewards. The sham workers, the social-settlement people, the theosophists, and the various new sects and creeds which lay stress upon inward effort and inward results lay no claim to a supernatural holiness, but simply stress the fact that results are according to the nature of effort, and that peace is not gained by making another suffer. The aim with them is of wider growth, and endures humanity instead of circling a mere personal career. If one give one's faith to the theory that there is an all-knowing, all-loving creative Intelligence, it follows that such Intelligence would desire the welfare, the growth, of all creation equally. Being above hazard and chance, it must be that imperfect creations are imperfect only in so far as they are in process of growth, only partially created or dropped as a seed into darkness, to work the way out into light and into consciousness. And man, in as far as he acquiesces in all creation, will know no limitation of sympathy, no barriers of separation, but, like MARVELL's perfect man, will learn to become "equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless." It has been said of St. FRANCIS, "If you had taken him in the loneliness that the madness of an astronomer can conceive, he would only have beheld in it the features of a new friend." This is the reward of the acquiescent consciousness. Who believes in a loving universe shall himself gain such, and no journey through the black coal-sacks of interstellar space shall divorce him from the loving hope and trust he has created. Socrates, who said, "No evil can befall a good man," was not protected from the death penalty, but his force in heaven or earth could make him meet death with tranquillity or ignoble fear; he was the victor transforming the horrible shade into a calm and noble vision.

A modern writer has said that poetry and religion are in essence identical, and differ only in the way in which they are attached to practical life. "Poetry," he says, "is called religion when it intervenes in life; when it merely supervenes upon life it is seen to be nothing but poetry." When that which is of farthest sight and most essentially beautiful, whole in concept, unobscured by personal considerations, controls life, it is religion; when it is merely aesthetically contemplated and enjoyed as an adornment of consciousness, it is art, but art divested of its highest powers. For art is great just in so far as it sets upon life and consciousness and proceeds from the man of courage and truth in the creator.

Religion, then, is the application of the highest concepts to conduct, and no one will contend that the highest concepts applied to conduct result necessarily in prosperity, riches, or honors. As the psalmist foretold, the righteous man may go to have peace in his inward consciousness and to see a good disposition in his children; but as religion rules only in the realm of the ideal, it has only an ideal adequacy. Those who look to virtue to help them to prosperity or to shield them from misfortune are allowing themselves to invite the real to encroach upon the ideal. The reward of virtue is peace, in the sense of having attained at first to apply one's highest concepts to practice in a world quite inadequately prepared for such attempts, and the chances still are that the cunning man, the unscrupulous, the self-interested, will flourish and spread himself like the green bay-tree—but the end of the righteous is peace.

Personal and Pertinent

JONAS QUINCY, once Mayor of Boston, has long illustrated an old but only half-recognized truth that intellectual men are sometimes utterly incapable of succeeding in business. Mr. QUINCY is reputed a cold man by those who do not know, and he here again illustrates a truth the non-recognition of which often leads to cruel injustice and harsh judgments. This truth is that real shyness frequently appears to be frigidity, but the ice is only in the manners. Mr. QUINCY is one of the most loyal of friends, and in public and private affairs is an idealist. Practically, he is a shrewd legislator and a dreamer of fine plans, but he is not by nature an executive. He comes of an old line of scholars and statesmen, and was born land poor. He has tried to meet his con-

ditions by transmuting his dreams into gold, but he has failed. The more poetic the business scheme, the more it enticed him, and he poured his funds and his credit into many fancies, among others into a vision of turning the rays of the sun into motive power. The rays were to be harvested in Egypt, that now he goes voluntarily into bankruptcy to put an end to it all, and purposes to look after the law business of his clients. At the same time he ought not to retire from politics, for there he is not only an idealist, but he is sound and sane, and he has the public interest, not his own, at heart. More than any one else, he is entitled to the credit of making WILLIAM K. BRYAN'S election of Massachusetts. As a legislator he was the ablest leader of the Democrats of his State ever had. As Assistant Secretary of State he performed a thankless task for which he received much odium not his due. As Mayor of Boston, that city owes him its great railroad terminals, and the poor much park room, free music, and other wholesome pleasures.

The news that comes from England about the tall hat in the House of Commons is almost revolutionary. The tall hat is the modern successor of the medieval head-gear of the free bourgeois and citizens of the thirteenth century who were summoned to SIMON DE MONTFORT's Parliament, and who are supposed to have worn their hats in the presence of the knights who represented the shires in order to mark their equality with them as legislators. That hat is going, they say, and is soon to be the merest memory of a sign, but the sign is, indeed, of blessed memory to those who know anything about Parliamentary history. Mr. ASQUITH, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, so it is reported, refuses to wear his hat in the House, and so an age-old tradition vanishes, or at least threatens to vanish, from the hearts of men, so it has vanished long since from their memories. If this report be true, it may appropriately be said that ASQUITH was the man of all men to kick the House of Commons tall hat out-of-doors, for he married into the "Dolly Dialogue" set, in which ARTHUR BALFOUR also takes his recreation. Pretty soon we shall see the tall hat disappearing from the heads of the men who sit in the windows of the club on Pall Mall, and when the news of this reaches our country, hats will be hung up in the parlors of our own clubs. But as has been vaguely outlined, there is a reason for wearing the tall hat in the House of Commons, and although it has been forgotten by most men, the tale's overthrow must reveal to many who are not unmindful of small historical incidents the high significance of what seems to modern notions a funny custom. We are more tolerant of some of these funny customs when we know their origin. When JOHN BRYAN entered the House of Commons with his hillycock hat and his "refer," he was presumptuously superior to the tall hat and the frock coat, but after he had lived there for a time he spoke kindly of them, saying, "The 'lifter' up I get in society, the better I understand why ways are different."

There seems to be an inclination to question the right of the friends of CHARLES S. FAIRBANK to ask for a suspension of the public judgment concerning the charge against him. As he has been indicted for an offense in connection with the sale of some railroad securities belonging to the New York Life Insurance Company, some censors of public morals have found him guilty. This is the fashion of such censors, as it is in accordance with their nature to say that those who believe in Mr. FAIRBANK are moved by a selfishness which leads them to ask for favors for a man of position that they would not think of asking for a poor man. But the friends of Mr. FAIRBANK are not such. They are people who believe in civic duty, and have faith in Mr. FAIRBANK because he has sacrificed so much for the public welfare. Mr. FAIRBANK was a friend of THOMAS when many of the best young men of the country were the followers of that statesman. He served the State as Attorney-General, and did much to aid in breaking up the TWENTY. He was one of the leaders of the Democrats who made CLEVELAND Governor and President. He was Secretary of the Treasury, and won public opinion of men by the wisdom of his administration. When he came to live in New York he was made president of the New York Security and Trust Company; but he was much more than that: he was a leader and adviser in all good movements for the betterment of national and municipal conditions. Public men, reformers, and philanthropists sought his advice, and they got that, and also his money. He was the organizer and head of the Anti-Smugglers in New York, and persuaded the national convention that Tammany did not tell the truth when it asserted that CLEVELAND could not carry the State. A recent appearance in national affairs was in support of Mr. NIXON against BRYAN. For Mr. FAIRBANK's unselfish devotion to the public interests, a devotion which has cost him much sacrifice; for his modest services in support of charities; by reason of the simple purity of his private life; and, recalling his own sympathies with all high things, his friends do not believe him guilty, and will not until he is known to be. In asking for a suspension of judgment they are not singling him out for a special favor; they are asking for what is due, under the law, to every accused man, high or low, rich or poor, useful citizen or tramp, a man of virtuous repute or one who is usually bad.



The Corner of the Executive Offices where the Bomb was exploded. The Desk at which the Cashier sat may be seen on the Right. The Bomb was exploded at a Point near the Centre of the Floor Space on the Left



A View of the Cashier's Office from the Side opposite that shown in the Photograph above, and a Portrait of the dead Cashier

THE BOMB-THROWING OUTRAGE IN PHILADELPHIA'S RICHEST BANK

ON SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 5, A MAN ENTERED THE RICHEST BANK IN PHILADELPHIA, THE FOURTH STREET NATIONAL, AND, AFTER GAINING ACCESS TO THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT, REQUESTED A LOAN OF \$5000. UPON BEING REFUSED, HE WAS ESCORTED TO THE OUTER OFFICE BY AN ATTENDANT: WHEN OPPOSITE THE CASHIER'S DESK, HE THREW A BOMB SUPPOSED TO HAVE CONTAINED NITRO-GLYCERINE, WHICH EXPLODED WITH DEVASTATING EFFECT. THE CASHIER OF THE BANK, W. E. MCLAUGHLIN, WAS INSTANTLY KILLED, AND THE BOMB-THROWER HIMSELF WAS SHOWN TO FRAGMENTS; FIFTEEN OTHERS IN THE BANK WERE MORE OR LESS SEVERELY INJURED, AND THE INTERIOR OF THE OFFICES EARLY WRECKED. THE THROWER OF THE BOMB, WHOSE NAME WAS HIL- LAND STEELE, IS BELIEVED TO HAVE GONE TO THE BANK WITH THE PURPOSE OF SOMEBODY IT BEING THE CONFUSION FOLLOWING HIS ACT. HE IS KNOWN TO HATE HAD DESIGNED UPON OTHER BANKS AS WELL.

THE WIDTH OF A SCHOOL BENCH

THE REASONS FOR CALIFORNIA'S DEFIANT DECREE AGAINST THE JAPANESE IN HER PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By WILLIAM INGLIS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

This is the first of a series of articles in which Mr. Inglis, who has gone to Japan for "Harper's Weekly," will discuss at first hand the crucial question of the real attitude of the Japanese nation toward the United States—a matter which threatens to become increasingly vital to the peace of the world. Mr. Inglis, whose graphic articles from Cuba and the Panama Canal Zone during the President's visit have been recent features of the "Weekly," will make a close and searching study of conditions in Japan as they affect American interests. His next article will tell of the manner in which the American authorities in Hawaii have solved the problem of Japanese encroachment, which is even more pressing there than in California.—Editor.

CALIFORNIANS want to be rid of the Japanese. They feel sure that somehow or other they will put the little son out of the way very soon. Whether the putting out of the way involves the United States in a war with Japan, or whether the thing can be done smoothly and peacefully, is a matter of supreme indifference to the people of the Golden State. They are the glibest, most flexible, most reckless community in the Union. Just now they are determined that the Japanese must go, just as any generation ago they were resolved that the Chinese must go.

It is impossible to imagine the people of any other State of the Union acting like this. One cannot conceive of the citizens of Texas or New York or Massachusetts making war on a powerful alien race regardless of the consequences to our nation. In order to understand why one of our greatest States is thus dancing merrily on the brink of war it is necessary to take a clinical view of the situation. The condition is psychological rather than political.

And to arrive at a clear understanding we must probe back to the very beginnings of this marvellously rich, generous, joyous, lavish, devil-may-care community. There is nothing else quite like it in the world. (California really began to exist when gold was discovered in Captain Sutter's mill-race and thousands of strong, reckless, daring, able men flocked here in search of it from all parts of the world. Among the gold-hunters were many who hated law and order, the foremost adventurers in existence. They gambled, ran threats, operated the first machinery of shame and duress—did all the things except honest work, in order to possess themselves of the gold they thirsted for. How these fellows actually seized the reins of regularly constituted government, how for a time they speeded terror along the golden stream, and how at last the real Americans of the region arose, the Vigilantes and with pistol and hangman's noose rid the world of the foul crew, are still slowly inked upon the pages of history. These things happened only half a century ago. Many men still live who took part in that drama of graft, oppression, and swift revenge.)

California has grown great since the days of the Vigilantes. The State now produces crops every year that are of far higher value than the gold output of any twelve months in the richest mining period. The profitable traffic of the great port of San Francisco rolls on in an ever-increasing flood, unchecked by the earthquake and fire which did more harm to commerce than any other calamity in American history. Within a few years a newer, richer, more beautiful San Francisco will arise from the charred ruins of the old. For the unbreakable spirit of the pioneers is still the guiding genius of these people.

Yet the old mining-camp spirit is still dominant, too. In spite of an area of charred and blasted ruins as great as all Manhattan Island from the Battery to Fourteenth Street, San Francisco is still buoyant, effervescent, fond of lavish pleasures, indifferent to what all the rest of the world may think or do. And as in the old days the rich camp was obsessed by short-cut methods, cut-throats, swindlers, scoundrels, and thugs, so now the city of San Francisco is in the clutches of a gang of political vultures as reckless and daring and devilishly cunning as any recorded in history.

The taxpayers, the citizen generally, the entire newspaper and periodical press of the State, are united in an effort to drive the ringsters out of office and into the State's prison. Entrenched behind the defences thrown up by able counsel, the plunderers are laughing at the people's clamor for punishment. The old thug gang of the golden fields were never more insolent or bolder in their defiance of right and the popular will.

But, one may ask, what has all this to do with the question of excluding the Japanese? Much. On this entire page were filled with the facts already laid before the Grand Jury about the highly organized and developed gang of San Francisco the reader might get a suggestion of the soil in which the dangerous anti-Japanese nettle has grown. The armies of graft and of decent citizenship are drawn up for a battle to the death. The orderly process of the law has been put in motion in a determined effort to convict Mayor Schmitz and his associates, accused of corrupt misdoings in office, and send them to State's prison. Every article known to

shrewd legal minds is being used to defeat this procedure, and the army of graft admits is predicting that "they'll eat all the roses." So desperate are the citizens that there is much talk of the righteous lynchings done by the old Vigilantes, these periodical published recently a full-page cartoon showing an old-time lynching in all its hideous detail, and suggesting that if ordinary methods of punishing grafters should fail, there is still such virtue in the methods of Judge Lynch. Under the editor's name is this significant title: "Coming events cast their shadows before."

So it is easy to see how in the present furious state of the public mind in California such a minor question as whether or not there may be war with Japan is here thrown aside as a mere academic problem. One of the ablest editors in the State spoke of the complication most casually last evening at dinner.

"It isn't at all impossible that the war will come," he said. "But what of it? One of the two nations has got to elbow the other out of the commerce of the Pacific some day, as we might as well have it out on the pretext of the public schools excluding business as anything else. Of course we'll win. We're too big for the Japs. They'll bother us a bit at first, but then our superior weight and money will tell. What we're really anxious about is to punish the grafters and ringsters who have plundered San Francisco ever now while we are in crisis. That's the really vital question of the day. That's what you should be writing articles about. Never mind the Japanese. We'll attend to them sooner or later."

That editor reflected accurately the spirit of the community as I have found it during the few days I have spent in San Francisco. For most of us Americans, accustomed as we are to the welfare of the nation as the first concern of every citizen, this spirit is hard to understand. It is necessary to remember that from the earliest days these people have lived in isolation. What goes on in the world across the Pacific or the opposite world, almost as remote, on the other side of the Rockies and the great plains, is equally indifferent to the Native Sons of the Golden West. Not that the California lacks patriotism and loyalty. He has both these qualities in abundance. But his patriotism and his loyalty are concentrated, first of all upon his State. The nation comes a long way after, in his estimation.

It is impossible to breathe the air of San Francisco without realizing how completely all business, all traffic, is in the hands of labor leaders. The wages paid to every kind of labor are far higher than anywhere else in this country. The work of rebuilding the stricken city has been badly delayed by strikes for higher pay by every kind of skilled and unskilled laborer. The situation is pitiful. Every man or firm or corporation that supplies labor or material for the rebuilding of the city has raised the price of labor or material. All the fine spirit of brotherhood, of loyalty to the city, seems to have been lost in the desire to make as much money as possible out of the rich landiness of rebuilding. It is difficult now to be sure whether rich corporations or poor men began the plundering; but it is certain that the idea prevailing in the minds of most men to-day is to get rich quick, let the consequences fall where they may. There are many noble exceptions to this rule, both great and small; but the money-hungry majority, set the noble exceptions, is in command of the situation.

Under these conditions, the grafters have done everything in their power to carry favor with the labor leaders. These leaders, in return, have influenced the vote that kept the ringsters in power. The result has been disastrous in many ways. There is no form of enterprise, legal or illegal, in San Francisco, that does not pay its tax to the grafters in public office. The revelations during the past month have been astounding. Even the wretched business of tearing down and carting away the ruins has been forced to pay its toll to the ringsters. The street cars are owned by city officials through the friendship of relatives or other reliable persons. Under a shamless pretext of necessity, whose shame has been clearly exposed, the streets of San Francisco have been given over to the unightly, dangerous overcrowded trolley system.

Mention the labor leaders have been honored by public officials and encouraged in their war against the Japs. What is written here is not intended to apply to the merits or demerits of the Jap as a laborer in America. But every one who understands the situation admits frankly that the exclusion of Japanese from the public schools was only the beginning of a general move-

went to exclude the race from California. The exclusion of the Japanese from the State may or may not be right and necessary. The reckless manner in which the fight was waged upon them in the public schools is the thing that must make any thoughtful observer stand aghast.

No one denies that Japanese pupils could have been excluded from schools attended by white children in such a manner as to avoid giving offense. As a matter of fact when the trouble was begun there were only ninety-three Japanese pupils attending the twenty-three public schools in San Francisco. Of these ninety-three pupils, only two were twenty years of age; four, nineteen years old; six, eighteen years old; twelve, seventeen years old; nine, sixteen years old; and ten, fifteen years old. The rest were between six and fourteen years of age.

When you ask the average San-Franciscan why the outcry was raised against these Japanese pupils he gives two answers: (1) they are an immoral lot, apt to contaminate any children in their neighborhood; (2) it is not desirable to have full-grown or half-grown men, whether Japanese, American, or of any other race, associating with little children.

Without stopping to consider the merits of these contentions, one is startled to note the method by which the Japanese were excluded from the schools. The Board of Education suddenly adopted a resolution directing that Japanese, Korean, and Chinese pupils must not go to schools attended by white children, but must attend separate schools provided for their race by the Board of Education.

That was the rub. That was the provision that called the cry of protest from all Japan, which has not yet ceased to reverberate throughout America, and which might still lead to war. The citizen of Japan is not only proud, but sensitive. Especially sensitive since overruling Russia to any reflection upon his honor; he is like Sir Walter Scott's Hielander, who walked abroad with nostrils quivering, and catching the air for an affront. To throw him in pell-mell among Chinamen and Koreans, whom he despises, is the crowning act of humiliation. It was bad enough to be publicly branded as unfit to associate with Americans, but after that to be cast contemptuously among his inferiors was not to be endured.

Why, then, did the Board of Education deliberately affront the whole Japanese people, when, by the use of tact, they might have avoided any trace of friction? Clearly, I think, because they acted with needless haste, and secondly, because of the violent opposition of the labor-union to everything Japanese. The labor-union is the dominant force in all California to-day. Its wishes are not only obeyed, but eagerly sought out in advance, so that obedience may be rendered even before the asking. To affront the Japanese was to gain the favor of the labor leaders. Therefore, the thing was done. If the consequence of the act should be an embroilment of the United States with Japan—well, let 'em fight it out.

There can be no doubt that the Japanese laborer and artisan is rapidly becoming a dangerous rival to the American of the Pacific slope. He is alert, adroit, industrious, lives cheaply, and works for low wages. There are now more than thirty thousand Japanese on the Pacific coast, and they are arriving at the rate of five a month. The Japanese now outnumber by far all the other races in the Hawaiian Islands.

Notwithstanding the wild loud clamor that Japan is secretly sending veteran soldiers to Hawaii and the Pacific coast, in order that they can be armed and used against the United States in case

of war, it is possible to see a sane reason for their looking in this direction. Wages are more than twice as high here as they are in Japan, and the cost of living is not much more. The intelligent Japanese citizen naturally inclines to the country where his work will yield him the largest amount of profit.

Naturally, too, the California laborer, who is the first to feel the effect of this competition, is the first to protest. It seems unfortunate, though, that in this instance his protest should have been so badly bungled. There can be no doubt that Japanese immigration to these shores must be restricted, whether by a new treaty or through a proclamation by the Mikado as the result of a friendly understanding with Washington.

In searching their memories diligently most Americans can recall Denis Kearney, the orator of the Sand Lots of San Francisco, who, twenty years ago, raised the slogan, "The Chinese must go!" Denis is old now, but his mind is still active, and his voice as loud as ever. He has hosted a pronunciation on the Japanese question, which is worth quoting here, because it voices, although with extreme vehemence, the sentiments one finds in ninety-five Californians out of one hundred.

"The Japanese," he says, "are the Yellow Peril. There is no question about that. I tell you solemnly if the fathers and mothers of this country don't see it now, they will see it later on to their sorrow when it will grow to such size that it will be impossible to settle it. Yes, bloodshed!"

"They're establishing tailor shops, shoemaker shops, laundries, restaurants, and everything else. They're becoming gardeners, and doing all kinds of work which our own children and our own people ought to be compelled to do. They're leasing land all over the State and raising products on it to compete with our own farmers at a cheaper rate. They're worming their way into every work.

"By and by there'll be a million of them here, because this is the finest place in the known world to live. Now one million Japanese would be a menace to the peace of these States. They'll fight. We know that. The Russians, Japanese war shows it. They are a fighting nation, and they are fighters by nature. They mean to win by hook or by crook."

"If our Republic should get into trouble now of these Japanese would volunteer to defend it, but they will help it overthrow it and upon it to do so. When they are called on to fight, who do they fight for? They go into battle for their Emperor and not for Japan. Let us get into difficulty with their Mikado there'll be a million of 'em here in our own country to take up arms in his defence. Ain't that true? Do we want it to be true?"

But the vehemence against the Japanese is by no means confined to persons of the Denis Kearney type. Mr. Bonavent, the Superintendent of Schools of San Francisco, defends the action of the Board of Education. He says that in 1872 the Legislature of California enacted a law forbidding Indians, Chinese, and Mongolians from attending public schools with white children.

"Aside from the fact," he says, "that ninety-five per cent. of these so-called Japanese children are young men, and that if any European nation were sending any number of students to a like age we should segregate them from the white students, we should understand now and for all time that he cannot insist on a personal association of his children with those of the white race."

"We had no conception when we endeavored to force this rule that it would cause an national commotion. It was purely a local



THE JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY WHO STANDS BETWEEN TWO NATIONS

Keiichi Aoki has been selected by the Japanese Consul in San Francisco to be plaintiff in the test suit which is being brought against the School Board of the City of San Francisco at the instance of the Japanese residents to test the constitutionality of excluding the Japanese from the public schools. The Japanese claim, under treaty, the rights accorded to the most favored nation, that is, the one on whom is accorded to any European nation. The School Board offered to segregate the Japanese and give them the same advantages as the white children, but the Japanese declined to accept this. They wish equalized competition in the public schools. There are twenty-three Japanese children in the San Francisco public schools, twenty-eight girls and sixty-two boys. Seven are in the first grade; ten in the second; twelve in the third; sixteen in the fourth; eleven in the fifth; thirteen in the sixth; seven in the seventh, and seventeen in the eighth. Of these sixty-eight were born in Japan and twenty-five in the United States. The boys' ages run from five to twenty years, and of the grown-up Japanese there are nine aged 18; twelve aged 17; six aged 16; four aged 15, and two aged 26. They are distributed in twenty-three public schools throughout the city.

regulation for the good of San Francisco children, whose parents urged us to action and which was much easier to enforce after the fire than before.

"If the Japanese use this pretext to find fault, why have they never objected under the most-favored-nation clause to the fact that many States of the Union prohibit the intermarriage of whites with blacks, Asiatics, or Indians?"

"We give them the same accommodations, learning, and teachers as are afforded our own children, but we object in an adult Japanese sitting beside a twelve-year-old schoolgirl, and if this

be prejudice, we are the most prejudiced people in the world on that point."

Whatever may be the outcome of the public-school question, one cannot help regretting that the matter of Japanese exclusion was not handled with more suavity. It was not the exclusion that hurt; it was the contemptuous classification of the conquering Japanese with the Chinese and Koreans. I have heard that exactly the same problem has been adroitly solved by the American authorities in Hawaii, where the Japanese are much more numerous than they are in California.

TRYPSIN AND SOME POSITIVE CANCER CURES

By C. W. SALEEBY, M.D., F.R.S. (Edin.)

ON January 20, 1906, there appeared in the *British Medical Journal* a brief preliminary note by my friend and former teacher, Dr. John Beard, of Edinburgh, upon the results he had obtained by the treatment of cancer in mice with trypsin, according to his theory of the nature of this terrible disease. Knowing what manner of man Dr. Beard is, and recognizing the enormous significance of his results in the mouse, in the light of his former work on the subject, I determined to give the widest possible publicity to his results, so that if they meant what they appeared to me to mean, no life should needlessly be sacrificed. By great good fortune I was enabled to present my article to the American public and to the profession in HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 3, 1906. I need not now return to what was said there. I will say nothing now about the theory, but will confine myself exclusively to the results which have been obtained. My article attracted the attention of Professor W. J. Morton, of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, and in April he set to work. I will almost immediately deal with his results, for which mankind is justly indebted to his skill and energy and insight. The reader will remember that a second article on this subject from my pen was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY on September 1, 1906. The subtitle of that article was, "An explicit statement of achieved results." But what I had there to say is simply nothing at all compared with what I have to say now. I proceed to my immediate business, and, therefore, if I have time, I will state certain details as to the manner of treatment which have come to light since I wrote my second article.

The first case of cancer reported to be cured by Dr. Beard's method was published in the *Medical Record* of New York on November 24. I am writing on December 10, having last week heard by cable that a second case, very different in nature, and treated by other physicians, was in have been reported in that journal for Saturday, December 8. The cable also stated that that same issue of the *Medical Record* would contain a preliminary report on the treatment by Professor W. J. Morton. By his kindness I received late on Saturday evening an advance copy of his report, to which I have already given publicity in this country in our leading evening paper, the *Full Malt Gazette*, of London, for today, December 10. Of course I cannot actually see the *Medical Record* for December 8 until it reaches this country in about a week, but I will immediately avail myself of the copy of the report sent me by Professor Morton. I know that I would have his concurrence in using it for the benefit of the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, since it was there in March last that I introduced the subject to the American continent, my article being referred to in his report. My present business is not to discuss any kind of theories, but to demonstrate in the most authoritative way—that is to say, on the authority of a physician who needs no praise from me—that there are now known facts which should be immediately acted upon by all those concerned.

In the pioneer case reported in the *Medical Record* for November 24, the disease was situated in one of the vocal cords of the patient. The result of the injection of trypsin has been an absolute cure at the time when that report was written. Even more remarkable, since the disease was far more advanced and long past hope from surgery, is a case of cancer of the tongue, which has been attended by two leading physicians and two leading surgeons in Naples. That case will shortly be reported. Professor Morton's paper (which a few readers—at any rate, medical readers—may possibly have seen) deals with no less than twenty-nine cases, some being private patients and some hospital patients. After eight months of continuous trial—much of which time was spent in giving doses far smaller than are now known to be safe and desirable—Dr. Morton was able to report three "hopelessly inoperable cases," cured to date. In one of these cases nothing remained of the tumor but a dense fibrous mass, which was easily removed by a distinguished surgical colleague of Professor Morton, and was examined by the pathologist to the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital. That report states that only a very few remaining cells, more active and cancerous, were to be found among the debris, and that the tumor displayed complete atrophy and degeneration. Before very long I shall have the delight of seeing some microscopic sections from this case, which

are now on their way across the Atlantic; but it is already evident that the appearances which they present are eventually indistinguishable from those presented by microscopic examination of the dead tumor killed in the mice upon which Dr. Beard first experimented. Those appearances were described by me in this place on March 3. This first case of Professor Morton's is the most valuable because of the completeness of the demonstration. In no other case in America has it yet been possible to examine, under the microscope, the results of the treatment of a tumor by trypsin. In two cases of hopelessly inoperable free cancer, which had defied all other means, complete cure is reported, but in these there does not even remain anything to be examined by the microscope.

I now proceed at once to quote the summary of Professor Morton's report. He says:

"Commence upon cancer. 1. Two of them, cases 10 and 14, severe cases of free cancer, are cured to date by the use of trypsin.

"2. A remarkable process of retrogression by degeneration and atrophy of a carcinomatous (sarcomatous) breast gland to final and curative obliteration has been microscopically demonstrated by case 1.

"3. In all cases signs of amelioration in the progress of the disease have been observed.

"4. Cases 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8, as well as others not specially recorded among the hospital cases, demonstrate that trypsin produces constitutional reaction characterized by rigors (shivering fits), fever, pain in the back, sense of weakness, drowsiness, etc., but of temporary duration.

"5. Cases 1, 2, 3, 11, among others, demonstrate beyond question that trypsin may produce local reaction in a cancerous tumor, indicated by swelling, heat, pain, or increased discharge.

"6. Cases 20 and 21 demonstrate that enlarged glands associated with cancer have rapidly diminished in size under the influence of trypsin.

"7. It has already been pointed out that these cases were mostly absolutely hopeless at the time of beginning treatment.

"8. Rigors and increased temperature following within a few hours the injection of trypsin is an encouraging sign, since it indicates that the cancer has been attacked by the trypsin. The toxic action is due to the toxic action of absorbed and destroyed cancer products.

"9. Trypsin has a decided effect in reducing cancer cachexia (system-poisoning) and in improving the general health.

"10. Trypsin in many instances, as notably in cases 12, 13, and others, demonstrates that even in severe cancer (of internal organs) the disease may be brought to a halt, so in effect, even if the patients do not eventually recover.

"11. The use of trypsin has caused hemorrhages to cease, and has alleviated pain.

"12. It is a fact that the patients frequently refer their greatest feeling of improvement to the period of time when they are taking amylopsin following trypsin. An important, as well as a difficult, feature of the treatment, therefore, is to reasonably determine the proper time to administer the diastatic ferment as well as the requisite amount, following or during the use of the trypsin. It has seemed to me that the pure diastase (injectio-amylopsin) had much to do with favorable results.

"13. Weighing carefully the above cases, I have come to the conclusion that trypsin, if possible, should be used in larger doses than I have yet used it in most of them. Feeling one's way, for instance, from ten to thirty minims daily for from four to six weeks, as advised by Dr. Beard, and then resorting to amylopsin. It is only lately (November 23) that I have been able to get a microscopic report (case 1) of the actual effect of trypsin upon a cancerous tumor. This report has entirely another aspect to the work, and encourages me, as it should all others.

"14. In all fairness, I conclude that trypsin deserves further trial, but I reserve an opinion as to its actual therapeutic value until I can speak from a larger experience."

The action of trypsin upon cancer, then, which the grains of Dr. Beard's method enable us to get enabled to get, is the most important of the past twenty years, is a reality. There is a special relation (Continued on page 88.)



The rescued miner on the horse upon which he rode six miles to a hospital immediately upon being released from his sixteen days' imprisonment



The mouth of the tunnel in which the rescue party worked day and night for more than two weeks to liberate the entombed miner



Hick's comrades aboveground serenaded him with a phonograph to prevent his going insane during his imprisonment. The photograph shows the machine being played into the pipe that led down to the miner's subterranean prison



The cross indicates the location of the tunnel in which Hick was entombed for more than two weeks. The shaft was situated sixteen miles northeast of Bakersfield, California, in a wild section of the Sierra Nevada Mountains

THE MINER WHO WAS ENTOMBED FOR SIXTEEN DAYS

LUDWAY B. HICK, THE MINER WHO WAS TRAPPED IN A CAVE-IN AT THE EDISON POWER PLANT IN THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS NEAR BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA, WAS RESCUED RECENTLY AFTER HAVING SPENT SIXTEEN DAYS IN A CHENCK ONE HUNDRED FEET UNDERGROUND. WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE LOSS OF A LITTLE FLESH AND THE ACQUISITION OF A FEW GRAY HAIRS, HICK IS NONE THE WORSE FOR HIS TRELLING EXPERIENCE.—INDEED, HE WAS SO LITTLE PERTURBED THAT HE GOT ON A HORSE AND RODE SIX MILES TO A HOSPITAL.



THE GENTLEMAN FROM TOYLAND

BY

PHILIP LORING ALLEN

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE WRIGHT



"I DIDN'T suppose," said the girl in the gallery, "that they ever allowed children down there on the floor."
"House-clearing," explained the guide. "All these Congressmen's wives are picking up to leave at the end of the session. Some of 'em can't find a place to put the youngsters, and send 'em down here to spend the afternoon out of harm's way with their daddies. Nobody objects, though I suppose it don't strictly conform to the rules."

It was Donald's first visit to the halls of legislation, but he had already concluded that they were not places in which any sensible person would care to spend his time. He knew vaguely that his stern-faced, white-haired father was honored and famous

there, that he had worked hard and fought hard, and stayed away late of nights to attain the place that he now occupied. He had a hazy notion that all this would imply some degree of pomp and circumstance—not, of course, like that of the kings in story-books, but nevertheless having somewhere the modern equivalent of a fanfare of trumpets or a gleam of cloth of gold. To-day he had been confronted by the reality. And of what did the reality consist? Sitting at a varnished desk among battalions of varnished desks, reading interminable letters and papers, and forgetting all about one's little boy squirming in the next seat.

If Donald had only known it, this was the very dulllest day of a dull session. The House had made a generous allotment of its time for considering "a bill making

appropriations for the sundry civil expenses of the government." But nobody had anything to say about the sundry civil expenses of the government, so the new members were allowed to take up the time and talk about other things. Some talked on the biggest and weightiest questions of statescraft, others on modest minor bills of their own, but all were on a common footing in this—that almost no one paid the slightest attention to what they were saying. Once only did something interesting happen. Then the drowsy-looking man who occupied the high pulpit under the gilt clock suddenly rose to his feet.

"All those in favor of the amendment offered by the gentleman from Louisiana," he said, "will please rise and be counted." Donald wondered why every man on the other side of the room stood up and nobody at all on his own side. He was on the point of asking his father for the explanation, when the man in the pulpit said something about "those opposed." Instantly all the men who were standing sat down, and all about Donald others began popping up from their seats. His busy father raised his head, looked about him on instant, as if to see what came next, and was starting to his feet.

"Why are you voting, General?" suddenly inquired a deep voice just behind.

"You've got a proxy right beside you," Donald felt himself picked up and stood on the top of his father's desk. His father, protesting a little, sank back in his chair. When Donald was reached he to the count the gavel passed a moment, pointed at him, and all the men laughed.

Donald looked around and saw that the strong arm



Drawn by George Wright

"Why are you voting, General? You've got a proxy right beside you"

which had lifted him up to vote belonged to a fat gentleman with round red cheeks, eyes that twinkled behind his spectacles, and a high white collar.

"Did our side win?" he ventured to ask as he was helped down. The fat gentleman only chuckled. Donald's father had again become too much engrossed to notice him, but he had gained a little confidence in his strange surroundings and presently slipped down from his chair and wandered off through the maze of varnished desks in quest of the fat gentleman. Seeing him some distance ahead, Donald approached hesitantly, but the fat gentleman, unlike most of his neighbors, seemed to have nothing in particular to do and that was reassuring. He took Donald on his knee and they watched together for a while the efforts of a young man with a white waistcoat, who was reading a speech on the improvement of the Congaree River.

"Why don't you get up and talk?" Donald was emboldened to whisper.

"Do you go to school?" inquired the fat gentleman.

"Yes."

"Do you remember the first week you came to school?"

"Yes," said Donald again.

such wonderfully branching horns that artistic appreciation presently overcame self-consciousness.

"He's running so fast," observed the artist, wiping his forehead when the sketch was half finished. "That it's as much as I can do to keep him on the paper." The animal was running in Rhoda's direction and she drew back a little nervously, but was reassured when the completed picture was laid up with all four of the reindeer's hoofs safely on the page. Here the fat gentleman outdrew her. "Who's that talking now?" he said.

The little girl hid her face for a moment. "My papa," she said, with a titter.

"That's my papa over there. See him writing with a pen," explained Donald. "What grade is my papa in?" he whispered to the fat gentleman, beginning to catch the spirit of his friend's joke. But neither he nor Rhoda made any reply and Donald obligingly turned to look at her father. The man who was speaking was tall and dark, with long hair and a fierce bright eye. He was not dressed like Donald's father, who wore a soft gray suit and a blue necktie with a pin in it. His coat was long and black and his necktie was only a tiny striped bow of every color. Donald did not understand what Rhoda's father was saying, but he could



Drawn by George Wright

Donald gripped Rhoda's slim fingers and started down the strip of red carpet

"Did you ever get up then and recite when you weren't asked to?"

"No, I didn't," said the boy, puzzled by the questions.

"Well," said the fat gentleman, "I'm one of the new boys in this school. That's why I don't. I've been here just one year. I'm not out of the first primary."

"But you're a big man!" objected Donald, incredulously.

"Oh, I can make excellent speeches, capital speeches," explained the fat gentleman, eagerly. "Only I have to make 'em at home."

"I'm sure they're nice," said Donald, earnestly. Then he was puzzled on another point. "I get my lessons at home," he essayed, "but I say them at school."

"You're lucky," said the fat gentleman, and chuckled once more.

Here Donald suddenly discovered that he was not, after all, the youngest person in the hall. Coming towards them was a little girl a trifle smaller than himself. She was all in white, starched and very white, with a blue sash, and her hair fell in curls that were yellow and soft. "Hello!" exclaimed the fat gentleman.

"Here's my little sweetheart. How is Rhoda?" he asked, as he lifted the little girl to his other knee.

Donald regarded her shyly, but the fat gentleman reached for a sheet of paper and began to draw the picture of a reindeer with

see that the others were finding it worth listening to. He did not quite realize how, but a change had come over the place. Men were hurrying in from the cloak-rooms and corridors and taking their seats. The gallery, which had been nearly empty, was magically filled. Applause began to come at every pause, but it all arose from the orator's own side of the House. Where Donald sat, all the men were listening, but they never betrayed their interest by a hand-clap.

Then, all of a sudden, a new thrill of expectation came over the place. Donald's father had slowly swung himself from his seat and stood expectantly, his body leaning forward, ready to put in a word. The black-haired orator saw him and stopped.

"Does the gentleman from Tennessee yield to the gentleman from Minnesota?" asked the man in the pulpit.

The gentleman from Minnesota was Donald's father—he knew that. So Rhoda's father, who was just saying "With pleasure" most politely, must be the gentleman from Tennessee. Rhoda sat still, as if a little abashed by the prominence of the family's representative. Donald was only anxious to see what would happen next.

If the gentleman felt that I did not state his position correctly in my remarks of yesterday," Donald's father was saying.

(Continued on page 101.)

TRYPsin AND SOME POSITIVE CANCER CURES

(Continued from page 85.)

between this ferment and this particular kind of tissue. Furthermore, Dr. Beard was absolutely correct in stating, as he did from the very first, that trypsin had no action of any kind upon tissue that is not cancerous. Recent experiments of Dr. Finkus of Freiburg, conducted at the request of Messrs. Fairchild & Foster, who have done magnificent work in the preparation of this ferment, have shown that active trypsin given to small dogs in doses proportionately scores or hundreds of times larger than any hitherto given to man, causes no symptoms of any kind. But if results are to be expected in the case of cancer, evidently active trypsin must be used. We are now learning that this ferment is a delicate and unstable substance which only too easily loses its power. Unfortunately, inert trypsin has too often been used, and it is plain that trypsin—or rather, the remains of trypsin—which will not digest dead white of egg or albumen in a test-tube cannot be expected to digest and destroy the albumen of a living cancer cell. On this all-important point we must follow the advice of Messrs. Fairchild & Foster, of New York, whose experts have been in collaboration with Dr. Beard almost from the first, and who have contributed essentially to Professor Morton's success. I believe that the trypsin employed by him has been freshly prepared for him every day by Messrs. Fairchild & Foster. When I said, then, in September in this place that the "remedy... can be purchased... at any chemist's shop in the civilized world," I was in error. I believe I may say that was the only misleading statement in my articles. What purports to be trypsin or pancreatic extract, and what at one time was trypsin, can be so purchased, but that is not good enough, as we now know. My current advice now to all physicians and others concerned is to consult with the great chemical firm which has been of such service. Dr. Beard's private address is 8 Barnton Terrace, Edinburgh, and his advice and skill are at the service, for nothing, of any physician or surgeon who cares to write to him. I am always happy to hear from correspondents, but in this matter it involves delay to write to me, as I promptly forward all my letters on this subject to Dr. Beard, who deals with them himself.

The summary of Professor Morton's report contains one word which will be new to the reader, and that is the word "amyllopsin." This introduces a point not hitherto discussed in HARPER'S WEEKLY, and of importance scarcely second to that of the activity or inactivity of trypsin. Trypsin is not the only ferment produced by the pancreas or sweetbread. On the contrary, there are at least three others, one of them being what is called a diastase ferment, the ordinary business of which in the adult body is to digest the starchy matters in our food; its name is amyllopsin. When Dr. Beard heard of the constitutional symptoms which usually follow the use of trypsin and which, as Professor Morton says, are due to the poisonous action of absorbed and destroyed cancer products, it occurred to him that possibly there was a meaning in the association of amyllopsin with trypsin in the secretion of the pancreas. Possibly, he said to himself, the amyllopsin completes the work done by the trypsin—that is to say, it further breaks down and

disposes of substances which are formed when trypsin digests the albumen in a cancer cell—or in what corresponds to the cancer cell in that early stage of the development of the body to which I referred in my first article. At Dr. Beard's request, Messrs. Fairchild & Foster therefore prepared injections of pure amyllopsin, and during the last few months these have been regularly employed, in the hope that they would complete the essential work done by the trypsin. All Dr. Beard's predictions in this respect have been magnificently verified by experience. As Dr. Morton says in the body of his report: "It is only fair to Dr. Beard to state that the outcome here demonstrated is exactly what he predicted." We will, therefore, do well to speak not of the trypsin treatment of cancer, but the pancreatic treatment of cancer, since not only the trypsin of the pancreas, but also the amyllopsin, is necessary for the complete treatment. In my knowledge of science I can think of nothing that more brilliantly verifies the saying of Herbert Spencer, "Science is prevision," than the manner in which the use of amyllopsin has verified Dr. Beard's expectations. If any instance surpasses this it is of course the results of the use of trypsin itself.

I believe I have fulfilled the purpose with which I started this article. Its importance is not to be estimated by its length, for, in the first place, I do not wish to burden the essential with the unessential, and, in the second place, I am already overworked in the effort to give this treatment a fair hearing as soon as possible. Accordingly I shall never cease to rejoice at the magnificent results which have followed as a direct consequence of my first article in HARPER'S WEEKLY. The point I wish to make are simply these: Though the treatment is still in the experimental stage and will long remain so (for there are many things we do not yet know), it has absolutely demonstrated that it is capable, not in one isolated case or two, but in many, of curing by its unaided power hopeless and inoperable cancers. It seems to me that many improvements will yet be made, amongst which theory suggests to me the use of simple alkalies, since it is in an alkaline medium that trypsin acts best. The body tissues are all alkaline, but there is some reason to believe that a cancer is acid. Nevertheless, we already know enough to convince those who are capable of learning, that at any rate in every case of inoperable cancer this treatment should be tried. I, for one, am not without hopes that before long surgery and surgery will have scarcely anything to do with one another. Secondly, I have tried briefly to show that the treatment needs the utmost attention to details. Active trypsin must be used if success is to be expected, but active trypsin is not easily to be obtained, and it is not easily kept active. "Heating it merely to 60° Centigrade, so many a doctor has done when preparing the injection for use with boiled water, destroys its activity permanently. There is any amount more to be said, but I have not time to say it now. In due course I shall publish a book dealing with the whole subject. Meanwhile I have briefly stated all the essential facts that I know. It is my earnest prayer that this article may save as many lives as, thanks to Professor Morton and his helpers, my first was the means of saving—and many, many more.

A DISTINGUISHED RAILROAD PRESIDENT AND HIS SUCCESSOR



The Pennsylvania's New President

JAMES MCCREARY, FORMER VICE PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, SUCCEEDS THE LATE A. J. CASSATT AS PRESIDENT OF THE ROAD



Alexander Johnston Cassatt

MR. CASSATT, WHO HAD BEEN PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD SINCE 1893, DIED AT HIS HOME IN PHILADELPHIA, ON DECEMBER 28

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN—TWO BILLION DOLLARS!

By HENRY HARRISON LEWIS

THERE is somewhere, lost, strayed, or stolen, a stupendous fortune of more than two billion of dollars, the greater part of which might have been the property of Uncle Sam at the conclusion of the fiscal year ending with June, 1906.

If a more determined and intelligent effort had been made to capture the export trade of the world.

This colossal sum represents the amount of manufactured goods not sold by the United States in the period mentioned, but disposed of by her great trade rivals, Great Britain, France, and Germany.

To bring it nearer home, the loss during the fiscal year ending with June, 1906, because of the failure of the manufacturing interests of the United States to sell their wares in foreign markets, would amount to the sum of \$25 for every man, woman, and child in the country. This sum, small as it seems to be, represents one-fourth of the amount it cost each American citizen, his wife, or his children to live during the same period.

There is plenty of interest in the above hastily stated facts. Although we are the greatest manufacturing country on earth, we have been content to see the world's markets slowly but surely absorbed by the British and the German. I say content, because it is through no lack of warning that we have all but lost the world's export trade.

The profit in selling manufactured goods abroad, in Central and South America, in China, Japan, and Africa, in Europe and Australia, where money pours out in a never-ending stream for imports, has been known to the average American manufacturer for years. We have been told so by students of economics and by experts, and a wise government has created a new department for the purpose of keeping an informed of the possibilities of selling our cotton goods and our shoes and our hardware and our machinery, yet last year America sold not more than five hundred millions of dollars' worth of manufactured goods abroad instead of two billions of dollars' worth which she might have sold. It is only a step to the ports of Central America, there is no broad ocean to cross to reach them, yet America's share in Central America's import trade in 1905 was barely one-fifth! China manufactures practically nothing, her population of consumers exceeds four hundred million souls, and her imports are annually in excess of two hundred millions of dollars, yet the United States stood twelfth in the race for this magnificent market in 1905.

It is true, as you will be told by any student of economics, that our total exports for the last fiscal year exceeded those of Germany by \$209,000,000 and were within \$5,000,000 of Great Britain's, but the statement simply clouds the main issue.

Practically two-thirds of our total exports consist of such articles as wheat, raw cotton, mineral oil, and other staples for which there is a steady demand among the nations of the earth. These articles are sought by our neighbors, and it is no credit to us that we sold more than a billion and a half dollars' worth, that is, no credit from the legitimate exporter's point of view.

The rice for the world's markets is not in these articles placed by nature in your own country practically to the exclusion of other countries, but in the long line of manufactured goods of which no country has a monopoly. It is in that particular field that the United States has been badly worsted by her trade rivals, and it is in that field that we saw two billion dollars' worth of goods supplied by Great Britain, Germany, and France, instead of by us.

It is patent that a good reason must exist for this apparent carelessness on the part of our manufacturers. The American business man of any degree is not in the habit of overlooking trade opportunities, that is, in his own country, but it is evident on the face of it that this same American business man is overlooking—whether advisedly or through sheer neglect remains to be seen—the immensely profitable markets outside his particular horizon.

Several months ago I paid a visit to a manufacturer of builders' hardware in an Eastern city. The factory was large, covering many acres of floor space. There were hundreds of men in each mechanical department all busily engaged. The office here was large, and alongside the shipping building in the grounds was a railroad spur holding a dozen cars. There was an air of prosperity everywhere.

The general manager, who is also vice-president and a member of the firm, rubbed his hands as we watched the steady stream of cases being loaded on the waiting cars.

"Looks like business, doesn't it?" he said, complacently. "We're working like this all summer, overtime almost every night, and still we can't keep up with the orders."

A case loaded on a truck passed us at that moment, and a shipping truck stentled on the end caught my eye. It was a diamond-encrusted letter "D-P" and the words "New York," the commercial insignia of a well-known metropolitan export commission house.

"Ah! I see you are one of the wise American manufacturers who realize the value of an export connection," I said. "Doing a large business abroad, I suppose?"

The manufacturer smiled. "Large business?" he replied. "Humph! that's the only case of goods we have shipped abroad this year. We wouldn't have sold

that if the commission house in New York had not begged us for the stuff. We happened to be 'long' on a certain brand of bronze hinges and we filled the order. But they had to take what we could spare."

"I suppose you got your money on bill of lading?"

"Sure thing. We are not short of goods out of the country on credit. It's a long haul, but it's not for us."

"What is the destination of the goods?"

"I don't know, nor do I care very much. We sell direct to the commission house, and they fill the order from their foreign customer."

"And you didn't even give the customer the kind of hinges he wanted?" I said in amazement.

"No. We need all that stock to fill domestic orders, and it is the domestic field we are trying to cover. We don't give a tinker's dam for foreign trade, at least just at present."

"But you expect to go into export trade some day, I suppose?"

The manufacturer shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps. We are doing pretty well now, thank you, but I presume the time will come when we may find it worth while to sell abroad. It may be within five years and it may not be for twenty. When we find the domestic market slumping, we'll ship our surplus to other countries."

At the end of this interview, held with a representative American manufacturer, I thought I could see one or two reasons why we had lost that two billion and odd dollars' worth of manufactured goods longed in Central and South America and in other foreign climes during the year 1906. It was becoming plain that the money had not strayed, nor had it been stolen. It was lost, and lost in a way not very pleasant to patriotic Americans.

In this conversation with the manufacturer of builders' hardware several very pertinent facts became apparent. In the first place it was evident that one of the greatest of obstructions to the satisfactory growth of our foreign trade is the fact that our manufacturers are almost entirely occupied with their domestic sales. Their factories, of which there are more than 600,000 according to the government statistics, have been built solely for the purpose of manufacturing goods to be sold in this country. Their increase in number from year to year has been just enough to provide for the increased demand of the domestic market, and apparently no provision has been made to provide for a possible foreign demand.

The second important fact in that our manufacturers make no effort to see beyond the national horizon. A manufacturer in New York or Philadelphia or Pittsburgh can tell all about the possibilities of trade in California or Texas or Maine, but his focus ends at tide-water. He knows vaguely that the Argentine Republic, for instance, buys annually more than one hundred million dollars' worth of goods abroad, and that only seventeen million dollars of this is bought in America, and he also knows that his shoes or ploughs or hardware or cotton goods would have a ready sale down there if handled properly, but the fact doesn't interest him.

He will supply goods in the export commission houses for sale abroad if he has the goods to spare, but if there should be an increase in the domestic demand, the foreign trade will have to wait. Aposon of this point in the report made by Special Agent Hutchinson, who was sent to South America in 1905 to investigate our trade with the countries down there, Mr. Hutchinson reports:

"Much complaint is made as to the apathetic character of American enterprise in the Brazilian market. A dull year in the domestic markets of the United States sends a flood of circulars and a horde of commercial travellers to South America in an attempt to get rid of surplus products. Usually these efforts are fairly successful, merchants in Brazil being induced by the excellence of the goods or by unusually low prices to enter into American connections. But the moment the home market shows improvement the American exporter grows indifferent and neglects or purposely ignores his South American orders. In short, Brazil is looked upon as a convenient dumping-ground in times of need, while the demands of more regular trade are neglected."

"In some cases the neglect takes the most unexpected forms. For instance, I was told a few days ago by one of the exporters of goods from the United States, a man who fully recognizes the excellence of American manufactures and the possibilities of development of our trade, and who is anxious to do a larger business with us, that he has almost despaired of increasing his American purchases or dealing with any but a few of the largest and best-known houses in America. He told me of numerous cases in which, after forming new American connections solicited by the Americans themselves, he had had his orders neglected, or his shipments delayed for months or even abandoned entirely, with no more satisfactory excuse (to him) than that the factory was too busy on other orders. Such connections he naturally abandons for good and for all."

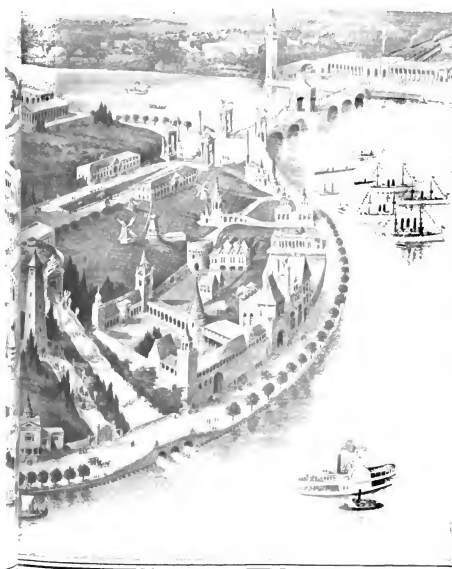
This last complaint really strikes the key-note of the whole difficulty: American exporters have not met with greater success in Brazil largely because they have not made sufficiently persistent effort. There is not an importer in Brazil with whom I have talked, whatever his nationality, who has not told me emphatically



CELEBRATING THE DISCOVERY OF THE HUDSON

A bird's eye view of the projected exposition at Verplanck's Point, two miles below Peekskill, the inauguration of which will celebrate the discovery of the Hudson.

DRAWN



ER—THE PROPOSED TERCENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

memory of Henry Hudson's noteworthy voyage of discovery in his ship "Half Moon." He entered the Hudson River on September 3, 1609

that there is a big trade awaiting the Americans the moment they are ready to take hold of it with persistence and determination. But apocryphal is the story of the long-haired, bearded man.

This statement of conditions in Brazil does not describe an isolated case. There is not the slightest doubt that similar conditions exist in almost every other market in the foreign trade. The two billion dollars' worth of exported goods lost by the United States last year were lost in large part simply because the American manufacturer selected to ignore the outside markets. It is a condition of affairs of almost direct interest to every man of family—yes, and woman of family—in the country.

The United States cannot always saunter at the high level of prosperity. The wheels of the country's factories will not always whirl for the benefit of the domestic demand. The time is coming, and perhaps soon, when overproduction will slow down the manufacturing plants, and instead of the full day's measure of work and the well-filled pay envelope there will be half-time and even less for those of the great army of men whose daily bread depends on the continued prosperity of our manufacturing interests.

Not very long ago I was told by the head of one of the largest leather-binding establishments in the country that he not only firmly believed in the value of foreign trade, but that he had derived enough of his time and capital to secure a fair share of the export sales in his line.

"Ten per cent. of my output goes abroad," he said. "We book upon that ten per cent. as an anchor to windward for me in case of a slump in the domestic demand. We have a very large plant, and there are times when we would have to reduce our working force if it were not for our ten per cent. sent to foreign markets. We have established a branch house in Hamburg through which we handle the European trade, and we have men on the road abroad seven months in the year."

"Do you supply your foreign customers with the leavings of your plant, or do you try to meet their wishes?"

"We manufacture to their order and not what we think they should have," was the prompt reply. "We carry five special brands suggested to us by our foreign representatives. And we would carry fifty special brands if the trade called for it."

To make this object-lesson more apparent it may be well to look at the other side of the subject. The buyer of a large export commission house in New York relates the following experience:

"Not long ago I received from a Colombian firm an order for a certain line of cotton goods amounting to \$30,000. We laid the order before a New York dealer and offered him the order, pointing out that the goods were required in shorter pieces than are usually sold in this country. The manufacturer expressed his appreciation of the order, but said that unfortunately he could not supply the goods in the lengths desired, and that the Colombian firm would have to take them in longer pieces or go without. The change required could not possibly have subjected the manufacturer to any serious inconvenience, but the manufacturer was firm in his decision."

"Very well," said I, "we'll place the order elsewhere."

"You may try," said the manufacturer, "but you will find that it is the only people making these goods, and so the order will have to be placed for the goods as we make them, and I guess your friends in Colombia can manage to get along with them."

"I am not sure about that," I said. "I think these goods are also made in Germany, and perhaps the order will have to go to Germany."

"It required but one letter to a German manufacturer to obtain an acceptance of the order exactly as placed, and so the order went to Germany, and the American manufacturer lost not only the \$30,000 piece of business, but probably many subsequent orders for equal if not greater amounts."

It would be interesting to know just how many cases similar to this \$30,000 loss could be found in the two-billion-dollar loss. And it would be interesting to discover just how much that \$30,000 loss will ultimately affect the workmen employed by the manufacturer who refused a slight concession to a foreign customer. I recall an incident occurring several years ago in Buenos Ayres. I had returned to the city from a trip through the provinces, and met a travelling salesman recently arrived from the United States. He was of Scotch descent, and in addition to a working knowledge of Spanish had his share of Scotch obstinacy and determination.

He also enjoyed a tremendous amount of enthusiasm, and the manner in which he opened up his selling campaign soon had him warned the heart of the very father of commerce. The Scot's line of goods included cash-registers, and so we will be talk to the trade that it seemed as if every shop of importance in Buenos Ayres would buy one. I have never seen a travelling man's "run" open so completely and so soon.

About ten days later I was called to Brazil, and it was several months before the Calle Florida was no again.

MacLean was the first acquaintance I encountered after landing. I hardly knew the man. He had the dejected look of a card-sharper on a cattle-stealer, and I saw at once that something was wrong with his trade. After we had exchanged greetings, he sighed and drew a cablegram and a letter from his pocket.

"Read that, mon," he said. "And air dein' so ver' weel, too! It's enough to make a saint grey. Read it, mon."

The cable message was short and to the point. It said:

"Close all orders and return home first week in August."

The letter was more specific. It stated at some length that the company had decided to relinquish its efforts to secure foreign trade, at least for the time being; that the domestic demand had increased unexpectedly, and that the factory would be fully occupied meeting home order to come due to come due.

I would almost the salesman's great success in introducing the company's goods in spite of German and English competition, nothing

save a formal statement of conditions at home and the possibility of recalling the Argentine representative at a moment's notice. The letter had come in the shape of the cablegram quoted above.

"It's too bad, MacLean," I said, "but you are only repeating the experience of more than one professor in this field. It is your misfortune that business increased back home. When do you leave?"

The Scot struck the table with his clenched fist.

"I'm no going back," he blazed. "I'm going to stay right here and sell goods, mon, if I dee fer't. The firm is wrong. It has no right to give up this trade. It has no right to take from me the best chance I ever had. I'll show them their mistake if I have to work for nothing. Just look at this, mon. It's my order-book, and the best order books have been made since I got their old cablegram."

"But how do you expect to fill the orders if your firm won't send the stuff down here?" I asked, amazed.

"I know nothing about that, mon. I'll show them up home what a market it is, just the same. It's sheer money, mon, to kill such a trade, and it's not doing right by me that created it. I'll show them."

When I left for the States, two weeks later, MacLean was still taking orders on his line of samples. I have never heard how he made out with his house. He had determination and persistence enough to accomplish a great deal, but it is hard to move an American manufacturer who has decided that he is not in need of a foreign market.

If any particular example is needed to prove the utter fallacy of our oft-repeated claim that we control the trade of the world, let us look at the government statement that the United States can be credited with only 4.68 per cent. of the great import trade of Asia—a continent that buys more merchandise abroad in a year than America does.

It is in China and Japan that the most important and valuable increase in imports will be found during the next five years at least, yet American manufacturers apparently are doing nothing to secure an adequate share. A recent report made to the French government by an investigating agent sent to China says in part:

"As many German merchants are found to-day in the great cities in the interior of China as in the treaty ports on the coast. In Shanghai alone there are sixty-eight German merchant houses, which are doing twenty-two per cent. of the total business of the port. In Tientsin there are twenty-nine German business houses, which control forty-five per cent. of the exports and sixty per cent. of the imports of the city. Fifty per cent. of the imports of Canton, China's greatest city, pass through the hands of German merchants, and so it is throughout the rest of the empire. Germany has been working with equal persistence in other Asiatic countries, and she has secured a foothold that will be found extremely difficult to break."

In view of these facts it is almost amusing to recall the statement made by the manufacturer of builder's hardware quoted elsewhere in this article in which he said, "When we find the domestic market slumping, we'll ship our surplus to other countries." Germany and Great Britain and France, whose manufacturers are working twenty-four hours a week to establish themselves in the markets of the world, certainly will have something to say about that. A foreign trade is not acquired between us.

It is hardly fair to proclaim the absolutely unsatisfactory condition of our foreign trade, and to attribute the fault, at least in part, to the attitude of the manufacturing interests, without indicating a remedy.

The government at Washington, through the medium of the Department of Commerce and Labor, distributes broadcast literature showing what is not being done and just what can be done abroad with profit. The National Association of American Manufacturers devotes a goodly part of its time and energy in advocating foreign trade, and the various trade papers read by the manufacturers themselves fill their columns with information concerning the need of cultivating an export trade. Our public men, such as Secretary Shaw, Secretary McMillan, James J. Hill, and others interested in our national expansion, have lost no opportunity to warn the country of its almost criminal neglect of foreign trade.

The American manufacturer declares that he is too busy with his domestic orders, that he will not do business with countries requiring long credit, that a foreign trade campaign is too expensive, and that he can sell his goods abroad when it is necessary.

There is no doubting the fact that the manufacturers of the country are busy. Our internal commerce, which amounts to more than \$60,000,000 a day, counting every day in the year, indicates that we are pretty well occupied as a nation, but there seems to be no good reason why the average manufacturer should devote one-tenth of his time and one per cent. of his profits to the acquiring of a foothold on foreign trade. And there seems to be no good reason why the American manufacturer should not devote the same national, intelligent, business energy to the acquiring of foreign trade that he does in his domestic business.

The reluctance of the American exporter to give long credit to customers in South and Central America, for instance, seems peculiar when it is understood that both Great Britain and Germany conduct an immense volume of business under the same terms. If a German manufacturer can supply his customers in Uruguay on nine months' credit and realize a profit, why cannot the American exporter do the same thing? It is because he is less shrewd in the conduct of his business? Or is it because he does not know how to sell goods beyond his national horizon? In either case it might be well to paraphrase an old saw for his benefit:

"Go to the German, those exporters; consider his way and be wise."



THE VILLAGE POST-OFFICE—HER LETTER

DRAWN BY HAROLD MATTHEWS BRETT

THE ROMANCE OF ESPERANTO

By HENRY JAMES FORMAN

TIME was when every article on Esperanto in newspapers and magazines was entitled, "What is Esperanto?" or by some similar rubric, showing that the subject-matter was an exposition of something strange and new. Now, however, every one in even the sleepiest rural community who reads his newspaper knows that Esperanto is a language of remarkable ease and beauty designed as an international medium of communication. It is by now common knowledge and only to Maratoni's schoolboy, but to any schoolboy, that by a stroke of genius Dr. L. L. Zamenhof, a physician of Warsaw, Russia, invented a language which any one, whether he has ever studied foreign languages or not, can learn to read fluently in a week or so, and to speak and write it in a couple of months. To the person who has studied Latin or any other foreign language Esperanto is merely play. The average educated person can read it fairly at sight. It is pretty generally known by this time that the grammar of Esperanto, as published by Dr. Zamenhof, covers something less than five duodecimo pages, and can be mastered by our schoolboy himself in about two hours, if not in less. As to the vocabulary, so international is it in its structure that, in the phrase of one student, on every hand "the ghosts of words you already know rise up like old friends" and teach you the meaning of Esperanto words. All of these facts have by now received pretty wide-spread currency, and there is no need to go into further analysis. The purpose of this paper is rather to glance at the progress Esperanto has made thus far, and at the ever-increasing speed of that progress.

It has already been written, many times, how Dr. Zamenhof, while still a boy in the gymnasium at Bielystok (Russia), known to me chiefly by a certain massacre, dreamed and pondered on some means of doing away with the strife and hatred between the diverse nationalities dwelling in that city and in all cities. A common language seemed to him the best means of bringing about a mutual friendly understanding. For, as he observed in a recent article, "If some one speaks to me in my own language I feel that he is spiritually akin to me, even though he may dwell in a far country; but if he speaks another tongue he is a stranger to me, even though he dwell in the same town with me." At the age of nineteen, we learn, when he was still a student at the gymnasium, he had already invented and developed a language, which, however, was not as perfect as the present Esperanto. A little band of students, comrades of young Zamenhof in the highest class of gymnasium, celebrated the achievement of their eleventh by a sort of festival, at which they sang joyfully that "the unity of nations must fall, must fall! The world should unite into one family." It was not until 1887, however, that the author published his beautiful system in a small pamphlet signed "Dr. Esperanto," where the name.

Few were the friends of "Dr. Esperanto's" language in those days. Volapük had failed so abominably that people naturally hesitated to listen to any one with a new idea for an international language. To be sure, Esperanto was good and sound, point for point, in every respect in which Volapük was bad and defective; but to discover that required some investigation, and nobody cared to investigate. In 1894 a solitary organization was formed for the study and discussion of the new language at St. Petersburg.

Into France Esperanto had made its way earlier. As early as 1893 M. Louis de Beaufront, a Frenchman of talent, though a Marquis, became interested in "Dr. Esperanto's" system, and determined to introduce it into his own country. For twelve years previously M. de Beaufront had been working upon an idea of his own for an international language, called *Ido*. He came across Dr. Zamenhof's pamphlet, however, and to his amazement found a strange similarity between the two systems. The two men had never even heard of each other, but by chance they had hit upon the same idea. The Frenchman, however, saw clearly that the Russian's system was in many ways superior to his own, and with touching loyalty in the idea that an international language was a necessity, he shelved his own and set himself to aid the propaganda of Esperanto in France.

He was weary with his twelve years' labor upon *Ido*; he lacked time to prepare text-books and money to publicize them. Besides, the shade of Volapük here also stood between the enthusiasts and the public. But, nevertheless, in 1892, M. de Beaufront succeeded in bringing out a complete text-book on Esperanto, which brought it more within range of his countrymen. Soon thereafter, too, he was joined by other propagandists who saw the value of this remarkable tongue. In 1901 a society was formed for the purpose of spreading a knowledge of the language, and a journal devoted to the cause commenced publication under the editorship of M. de Beaufront. It was not until 1900, however, that a new era began for Esperanto in France. The Paris Exposition brought together many learned men, and the Esperantists did all that in them lay to bring their beloved language before these savants. In a large measure they were successful. Ernest Naville, General Secret, Charles Méray, and many other eminent men endorsed the cause. College professors throughout the country followed suit. And to-day Esperanto has a wide currency in France and Switzerland. Many hotels and commercial houses employ it; many classes and societies devoted to the study have been formed. A year ago there were seventy-five societies registered in France, and this winter, it is expected, legislation will be introduced in the Chamber of Deputies providing that Esperanto be taught in all the public schools of the country. Members of the French Academy, as, for instance, M. Boireau, rector of the University of Dijon, are writing and speaking in favor of Esperanto, and the first Esperanto Congress (1905) was held on French soil.

In England the success of Esperanto has been almost as great. Ever since Mr. Joseph Rhodes organized the first society, at Brighton, Yorkshire, in 1892, Esperanto has been making steady progress. Numerous groups and societies have sprung up quickly; the British Esperanto Association began to publish a journal, in which may be found every month long lists of persons who have joined the movement or passed examinations in Esperanto. Among England's Esperantists are Lieutenant-Colonel Poles, Major General George Cox, W. T. Sted, editor of the English *Review*, and Felix Moscovice, the well-known artist and abolitionist apostle. To-day courses in Esperanto are offered in many of London's County Council schools, and the next Esperanto Congress is to be held at Cambridge, England, under the chairmanship of the famous etymologist Professor W. W. Skeat.

In Germany there are now two publishing houses who devote themselves to the publication of Esperanto literature, and one of these, at Frankfurt, is about to commence publication of an *Esperanto* journal covering the entire world. Every day new societies are springing up all over the world, in the United States, in the West Indies, Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. Among the Japanese, ever alert for the best in civilization, there are now hundreds of students of Esperanto, and the Japanese Esperanto Association is daily adding to its membership.

In the United States it is only recently that the movement began to gain headway. A few pioneers scattered throughout the country had for some years been working on behalf of Esperanto, and some groups were formed in Boston and elsewhere through the endeavor of Mr. John F. Tumbly and a very few others. But within the last year the activity has been marked. A number of university professors, notably Professor Morse and Houghton of Harvard, Professor Macdonald of Princeton, and Professor Viles of the Ohio State University, have come out in favor of Esperanto. Societies have been formed at Harvard and other universities, as well as in the leading cities of the country; at least two Esperanto papers have begun publication, and the famous Roxbury Latin School in Boston has a voluntary course of over fifty students in Esperanto under the leadership of Professor Lowry.

Perhaps the most important volunteer to the Esperanto propaganda in America is *The North American Review*, the oldest and most conservative magazine in the country. Founded by personal study and fascination of the excellence and value of Esperanto, the editor of the *Review* has instituted a regular department giving instruction in Esperanto and information concerning it.



Dr. Ludwig L. Zamenhof

AUTHOR OF ESPERANTO, THE INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE

THE RACE FOR NAVAL SUPREMACY

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD

IF the annual expenditure on naval armaments continues to increase at the present rate, surely the burden will be unbearable within ten years?

This is the question which thoughtful men of every nation are asking themselves to-day. Thirty years ago civilization paid less than \$100,000,000 a year for its defense in land and sea; to-day the figure probably stands at \$2,000,000,000 per annum. All countries, even immense military powers like France and Germany, appear to have entered upon an aimless race for naval supremacy.

"Keep on building and maintaining at the highest point of efficiency the United States navy, or quit trying to be a great nation."

The words are those of our President. And Admiral Robley D. Evans thinks we can hardly stop "until we have fifty first-class battle-ships and a naval force of at least 70,000 men."

Such dicta are significant signs of the times. "Germany," says the Kaiser, "must be so strong as to be able to impose peace on the sea as well as on land." As to the new French President, M. Clemenceau, he asks the Chambers, "At a moment when the peace of the civilized world rests upon force of arms, how can we disarm?"

Russia, too, is making good the naval wastage of her great war. She has launched a new *Patulda* and has a *Repos* building; both cruisers of this name were sunk at Port Arthur. Then, too, the *Andrei Perestroev* of 10,000 tons is on the stocks of St. Petersburg, the *St. Evstasie* at Sebastopol, and her sister, the *Esperanza*, will be launched in the spring. The *Rurik*, sunk by Kamura, is being replaced in the yards of Vickers Sons & Maxim.

Meanwhile Japan has a naval budget of \$37,500,000 to be spread over five years of ship-building. Great Britain looks as usual with her *Dreadnaughts*, which have set a new fashion in war-ships and rendered obsolete even vessels of the latest pattern. France is hurrying to lay down *Dreadnaughts* also; while Germany's Imperial Budget for 1907 contains an item of no less than \$78,000,000 for ship-building and maintenance. Of this a million at least is

to be set aside for the building of submarines of an entirely new type.

Germany has long celebrated this little-known naval weapon, but the laying down of the *F. No. 1* at Kiel shows that at length the submarine is to form an integral part of the German fleet. Within the next two years the Berlin Admiralty will build no fewer than thirty submarines of this type, six against 40 built and building for England, 80 for France, 12 for Italy, 23 for Russia, 9 for America, and 7 for Japan.

As at present arranged England will have, in 1910, 60 first-class battle-ships; France, 32; the United States, 20; Germany, 25; Japan, 16; and Italy, 11. And of big and powerful cruisers the numbers are: England, 74; France, 23; United States, 18; Germany, 13; Japan, 16; and Italy, 9. Our own naval expenditure goes up in leaps and bounds, and quite recently Representative Kahn, of California, introduced a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to buy fifteen submarines at a cost not exceeding \$3,500,000 for the defence of the Pacific coast.

The submarine is thought to be the safest, surest, and quickest means of defending the Pacific coast against the attack of Japan should this country be involved in a war with her. It is proposed to install the vessels in the great coast ports, such as San Francisco, Seattle, and Portland. As all the world knows, there are fashions in war-ships as in other things: fashions, too, and costly ones, in heavy guns, armor, and minor dispositions. Just now the "Big Ship" theory holds the field, and all the nations are practically copying the British *Dreadnaught*, a monster three times as powerful as any other battle-ship afloat, yet with the speed and prodigious engine-power of the fastest cruisers.

Yet such a war-ship from first to last will cost \$10,000,000, and one of this type is about to be built for us. This costly game is being played very much in the dark, for long before our new and improved *Dreadnaught* is ready for her guns it is likely enough the flying-machine will be a practical proposition, reducing in turn all the billions of dollars' worth of naval armaments to mere scrap-iron!

THE TRAGIC WRECK OF THE LINER-YACHT "PRINZESSIN VICTORIA LUISE," OFF PORT ROYAL, JAMAICA



THE "PRINZESSIN VICTORIA LUISE," OF THE HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE, WENT ABOARD ON THE DOVER-GETT PORT ROYAL, NEAR KINGSTON, JAMAICA, ON A CLEAR NIGHT IN NOVEMBER. NO ALIGHT WAS THE INITIAL SHOCK THAT THE SHIP CONTINUED PLUNGING AND THE PASSENGERS PAID LITTLE ATTENTION. THE SUBSEQUENT SHOCKS GAVE RAPIDLY MORE SERIOUS, AND IT WAS BEFORE LONG THAT THE SHIP WAS DOWNED. SHORTLY BEFORE THE PASSENGERS WERE TAKEN OFF, THE SHIP'S COMMANDER, CAPTAIN BRUNSEN, BEARING BOMBACE, WENT TO HIS CABIN AND SHOT HIMSELF.

MUSIC AND THE OPERA

EVENTS IN RETROSPECT

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

THERE is a certain pleasure in indulging oneself in comment upon artistic events whose significance has had time to sink gradually into the mind. The loss in sharpness and vividness of impression is more than atoned for by a certain mellowness and perspective which advantageously accrues to it. Such events, for example, were the first performance in New York, by the Kessel Quartet, of a string quartet in F major by Maurice Ravel, and a remarkable performance by Mr. Wassily Safonoff and the Philharmonic Orchestra of Wagner's "Tristan" Overture. Comment upon these matters, both of momentous interest, has necessarily been held in reserve by the press of conflicting events of less intrinsic, but more popular, importance. It is well worth while to advert to them now, with somewhat more deliberation than would hitherto have been possible.

Maurice Ravel is one of those music-makers of to-day who are somewhat loosely classified as the "younger Frenchmen"—that group of contemporary (sic) composers whose radical procedures in their art have set them conspicuously apart from such comfortably established men of music as Saint-Saëns, Massenet, and others of an older and less adventurous day. Ravel may be grouped, for the sake of convenient reference, and with what Mr. Mendelssohn would call "rough truth," with such gifted iconoclasts as Claude Debussy, Vincent d'Indy, Pierre de Bœville, Charles-Marie Leffler (an American by the chance of residence, though French by artistic affiliation), and others who are finding new and surprising musical forms for the utterance of their thought. Of this group of determined (though variously able and significant) personalities, we have become familiar, of late, with Messrs. d'Indy and Debussy; of the work of Mr. Ravel we had heard in this country nothing of importance prior to the performance by the Kessel Quartet.

Mr. Ravel has quite obviously fallen under the thrall of Debussy's capricious style; if, as has been maintained in Boston, there is a definite and individual personality here beside the shadow of the composer of "Pelléas et Mélisande," it is not perceived. One finds in this quartet (and one does not, of course, pause to estimate the man's art as fully by the measure of this one work) no extremely devious and sensitive manipulation of harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic elements whose character is invariably, for most of us, unaccounted with Debussy's peculiar and fascinating art. Did we not know Debussy and his insouciant and elusive music, Ravel would doubtless seem unaccountably significant. One has small patience with those pettifoggish opinioners who have chosen to discuss writing as Ravel's because of its departure from traditional and long-hallowed methods of expression—who elect to find in it nothing more significant than a "ba-tred of common tricks," a

"doting on chromatic complications," and an absence of "old fashioned melodies." It is better to be quick with Debussy than dead with Schumann and Brahms. It is not unlikely that Ravel will emerge from those enchanted woods and those haunted and magic gardens where brood the spirit of Pelléas and Mélisande and the Faun (of Mallarmé's prophecy), into the woods and gardens of his own imagination: he has the impulse and the art, though he lacks, as yet, the vision.

Let it be emphatically affirmed that Mr. Franz Karel and his associates deserve the cordial thanks of all unbiased and alert and untrammelled music-lovers for having given them an opportunity to hear this new and very interesting music—it and scarcely he said, incidentally, that Ravel's quartet could not well have been more exquisitely and more eloquently displayed.

There has been discussion in some quarters of the merits of Mr. Wassily Safonoff's recent interpretation, through the medium of the Philharmonic Orchestra, of Wagner's "Tristan" Overture. For the great majority of his audience, and most of his critics, Mr. Safonoff's performance of this time-worn and trifling work was as superb as it was notable. For these, Mr. Safonoff achieved the astonishing

feat of presenting this increasingly hackneyed music in such a way that it took on a new beauty and—*mirabile dictu!*—a new appeal. Yet he has been taken to task, with a fine show of righteous indignation, because, in his reading of the finale (where the theme of the Pilgrims' Chorus is triumphantly chanted by the horns), he "discovered" a middle voice which could be used in one spot to bury the melody as given out by the trombones, and he accordingly so used it, and expounded one of the most significant modulations in the closing portion of the score.

It is a pity to dispute so unimpressive an indictment; but the obstinate facts are these: In the first place, Mr. Safonoff did not "discover" this middle voice in the score; it was "discovered" some time ago by Arthur Niksch—a conductor of not altogether despised attainments. In the second place, the articulation of this particular voice (heard for three and four horns in unison, which would seem to indicate that Wagner intended it to be prominently heard) does not "capture," but, on the contrary, accentuates and italicizes, "one of the most significant modulations in the closing portion of the score."

The point does not admit of dispute; it is self-evident to any sensitive and musically intelligent mind, so long as it be an unbiased mind.

Mr. Safonoff needs no defender, nor Wagner's music an expositor; but the seeds of misrepresentation are often deleterious, long-lived, and ineliminable.



Mr. Alfred Herzs against the Light

HOW THE CHIEF CONDUCTOR AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE LOOKS TO THE AUDIENCE

THE SEASON'S PLAYS

FARCE AND MELODRAMA

By "I"

It would seem to be an accepted fact that any play written for a comedian must present him as up to his ears in difficulties. It is never making him from the bright side of things, always from under the cloud of distress. Of course, the cloud is always tipped up in the last act to disclose its silver lining, but during all the acts which come before the comedian is destined to struggle with adversity. It has been thus in all of the plays with which Mr. William Collier has delighted us of late, and now, in a play of which he is joint author, when he has the opportunity to reverse the accepted order and give the comedians "a show for his white alley" and portray him from the rise of the curtain even unto the fall thereof as a happy human being, he does no such thing. He surrounds him—himself, that is—with all the troubles the comedian is heir to and lets him squirm out the best way he can, to the great delight of the audience.

The farce Mr. Collier and his collaborator, Mr. Grant Stewart, who has a part in the play, have provided is entitled "Caught in the Rain," and the audience at the Garrick Theatre are such as to fill the playhouse to its capacity. The play deals with the somewhat elderly theme of mistaken identity, although it is embellished with the newest of ribbing and provokes laughter about every half-minute. The action takes place principally in Colorado, and Mr. Collier is a dashing young mining expert who is frightened to death at women. He would go miles out of his way to avoid one, and—the most calamitous thing in the matter of lovers—he is brought into unavoidable contact with a very charming and very pretty one, in the person of Miss Nanette Comstock. Mr. Collier is Dick Crawford, and Miss Comstock, Fazel Mason, and they meet in the streets of Denver just as a great storm of wind and rain—real rain—hurls upon their environment and imprisons them under an awning in front of a barber shop. When Mason is the owner of a ranch which Crawford's partner, Maxwell, is anxious to buy on account of the copper under it. Crawford, most naturally, falls in love with Fazel Mason, and is utterly unconscious of her identity. Maxwell insists that he must marry the ranch-owner, but Crawford, having all women, intimates he would much prefer to be hanged. Maxwell then plans to

marry her himself, to keep the copper in the family, as it were. But at the proper farcical time, however, Crawford learns that the young woman he has declined to marry is the very one with whom he is so much in love. The rest is easy.

Mr. Collier's part is naturally one which is admirably suited to him. If it were not it would be his own fault. There is no one else on the stage who can struggle so buoyantly against comical troubles as Mr. Collier, and in this he has shown all the time. The lines are at times very broad indeed, and the scene between Mr. Collier and Miss Comstock under the barber-shop awning is particularly happy, affording Mr. Collier just the opportunity he desires for his discharges. Miss Comstock, who is pretty, and there is no harm in saying it twice, is an admirable foil to Mr. Collier with her amusing sedateness and glances. Mr. Wallace Eldinger as Bob Livingston, the young man who is always posted at his club and run got no credit, made quite a hit.

Mr. Grant Stewart contented himself with a secondary role, and among the others in the cast were Charles Pearce, Miss Anne Langel, Mr. George Nash (who played Maxwell), Miss Helen Collier (Marion), and Miss Louise Drew. Mr. Pearce was the negro servant at the club—George Washington Blake, who had nothing to serve but ham and eggs—and, of course, drinks. As a whole, "Caught in the Rain" is a very amusing bit of nonsense, and will delight a great number of persons.

As an example of how to spend money and spend it with a most engaging consciousness, let me suggest a visit to "Brewster's Millions" at the New Amsterdam Theatre. It is a melodrama which can give pointers to the good accomplished "spender" in New York. And Edward Ahearn, who plays the part of the "spender," "Money" Brewster, does it all just as naturally as if he had thrown away his hundreds of thousands before he took to being an actor. The story of the play is more or less known, and it concerns the efforts of an ambitious young man to make away with one million dollars in a year, which he must do in accordance with the terms of a will before he can inherit the astounding sum of seven millions. There is one scene in a ten-act play, which is the best stage illustration New York has seen in many a day.



William Collier and Nanette Comstock, in "Caught in the Rain"

A DREAM THAT CAME TRUE

By FRANK MARSHALL WHITE

THE story of the life of Christen Dase Maglelsen, the Norwegian sculptor, who has become famous in his old age as the discoverer of the process of making what he has termed "classical clay," such as was used by the ancient sculptors at the highest period of Greek and Roman art, and whose achievement constitutes him a benefactor to his fellow craftsmen for all time to come, is that of many another devotee of dreams that have come true who was unable to give a sufficient reason for the faith that was in him. For the thirty best years of his life, from the time he was thirty-three until he was sixty-three years of age, Maglelsen gave his first thought and his highest energy to the quest for the lost art, and for twenty of those years his life was embittered by poverty and the ridicule and contempt of his acquaintances.

Maglelsen was among the most devoted of all men and creeds worshipping at the shrine of art in Rome in the early seventies of the last century. His previous career had been a romantic one. Born in Trondheim, Norway, in 1841, he had left school at the age of fifteen to go to sea, and for seven years had voyaged in sailing-ships about the globe, visiting Australia, India, China and America, rounding the Horn and the Cape of Good Hope many times, and six times crossing the equator.

During all his service at sea, however, the young Norwegian had cherished deep in his breast the ambition to become a sculptor, an ambition that had existed there ever since he had had any recollection of an inner consciousness. As a boy at school he was continually sketching and carving on wood, or modelling in clay or any other plastic material that came to his hand. When he was twenty-two years of age, and first made of a big vessel in the American carrying trade, he could no longer restrain the impulse that impelled him to an artistic career, and he left his ship at Alicante, in Spain, and secured employment with a wood-carver as the first step toward the fulfillment of his ambition. For three years Maglelsen worked as a wood-carver in Spain, England, Sweden and Norway, and then he had saved enough money to go to the Royal Academy at Copenhagen and study sculpture under Professor Bissen, the father of the present sculptor of that name. When his money gave out he returned to hand-carving of Christiansia to earn more; and in 1871 a subscription was raised among citizens of that town, who had learned of his artistic promise, and he was sent to study in Italy.

At that time students of art from all over the world were flocking to Rome. Living was cheap before the establishment of the sea of Victor Emmanuel's government there forced up the price of the necessities of life. The high priests and the acolytes of art were all simple in their tastes. After a day of work in the studios they purchased meat and vegetables at the slope and from street vendors,

and carried them to be cooked at the wine-shops, where men and women of all nationalities spent merry evenings together.

Maglelsen's associates were such other members of his craft as Hansens and Holbeck, Bunes, the latter a pupil of Thorwaldsen, Wolf and Schultz, Germans, who won distinction; Borgesen, the Swede; Charles Sumner, an Englishman of reputation; and Fossile Sumner, who ranks among the leading American sculptors today. Three other Norwegians, whose reputations are international, the young sculptor numbered among his friends in Rome—Olaf Bull, Henrik Ibsen, and Hjalmar Hjorth.

An illustration of Maglelsen's artistic sincerity is found in the fate of the statue that he won the gold medal of the Paris Salon. He had taken Melsager as a subject for a statue in the auditor after the Greek model while he was a student in Copenhagen; and, after working on it for two years, had broken it up, although Professor Bissen had considered it a creditable piece of work, and was vexed when his pupil destroyed it. In Rome he began another statue of Melsager, worked on it a year, and broke it to pieces. A third time he devoted himself to the same subject; and, completing the statue in five years, sent it to Paris, where it received the award as related. Nevertheless, when it was returned to his studio it seemed to him still as unworthy work of art, and he destroyed it finally.

It was not until Maglelsen had been three years in Rome that the idea came to him that was to cost him so much of effort and suffering. He saw that it was impossible for the sculptor of his time to "reach up"—as he expressed it—to ancient Greek art. There must be a primary cause for their failure when such masters as Thorwaldsen, Canova, and Michelangelo could not attain the results of the ancients, he thought, and the only solution of the enigma to him was that the classical sculptors worked in a different material. The conclusion was comb-

ated by the fact that among the earlier Greek and Roman sculptors had worked from a hot hand had something of a granular and sticky appearance by the most skilled of the moderns. Indeed, Holbeck had told him that Thorwaldsen himself had once turned over with his foot the head of a recently discovered antique statue in Rome, and remarked sadly that he had never been able to do as good work as that.

To Maglelsen's surprise, his fellow sculptors took little interest in his theories, though some of them believed with him that the ancients must have known other methods and materials than those employed by the moderns. While he was pondering the subject one day found a fragment of the arm of a life-size statue from the best period of Greek art, that had obviously been stretched after it had been moulded. Of course the arm could not have been stretched on without having a support of iron or wood inside, which led to the



Christen Dase Maglelsen, the Norwegian Sculptor

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY OLIVER HENRIKSEN

inevitable conclusion that it could not have been made in common clay, since common clay cracks on being fired over a hard substance, and a material that cracks cannot be fired.

Even that day the sculptor made the labor whereby he earned his last bread secondary to the search for the lost art of the ancients. For a time he suffered no hardship, because he received many commissions from visiting Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish. In 1877 he married a beautiful Italian girl, for he was seeking a comfortable living and the future looked bright. Just at the present, however, Ross began to be less of an attraction to the traveling public. The relations between the Queen and the Vatican had disquieted much of the mystery that hung over the Eternal City, and foreign visitors became fewer and fewer, while the increased cost of living drove many artists and students away.

In 1878, his commissions having practically ceased in Rome, Magdalen returned to Christiania with his wife and two children—to poverty, ridicule, injustice that was almost penurious, and scorn. For a time all went well, for his work as a sculptor was known throughout Scandinavia, and his friends sympathized with him in his enthusiasm in the cause of the lost art. Indeed, the city of Christiania gave him permission to erect a small house, with a studio adjoining for his work and experiments, on a stretch of vacant land in the suburbs that belonged to the municipality. A wealthy housewife, who had one of his sculptures, gave him the material to construct the modest building, and he built them himself, with the assistance of a single carpenter, and borrowed the money to furnish them.

As he had done for the last six years of his residence in Rome, Magdalen in Christiania gave almost his entire attention to the discovery of a material that should give the same result when fired as the ancients obtained twenty-five centuries before. He scarcely did enough remunerative work to pay his household expenses, and the consequence he did create he often destroyed because they did not reach his ideals. He purchased and made experiments with combinations of every plastic material that he could get to learn about, from whatever source, and still he was no nearer the solution of the problem than before. It, like Falsony, who worked extra hours to discover the lost art of the smelting of earthenware in France three centuries before, Magdalen did not turn up his household furniture to carry on his experiments, he deprived himself and his family, that was what was necessary to the success of the necropolis of his life in the struggle to attain the goal of his ambition.

It was not long before Magdalen's friends became convinced that his cherished belief was a delusion, and no argument or expostulation on their part could induce him to relinquish his quest. They told him that he was doing injustice to his family, and they finally decided that he was insane. Magdalen had the advantage of Falsony in this respect, however, that he was believed in him, and he believed that he was never so happy as he was during the period that he lived in the little house he had built himself and worked in the studio beside it. "My wife, above all the world had confidence in me," says Magdalen. "The Italian of good blood are the few people in the world, the women are the best of them all, and my wife was the best of all the women."

But now evil days overtook the dreamer. The city had given him the use of the land upon which his house and studio were situated with the proviso that he vacate within four days if it was found unnecessary to it. Though he was assured by a city magistrate that this was a pure formality, a municipal government, however, could not afford to encourage a madman, and the house he had occupied the better six months, the same magistrate who had assured him that the agreement to vacate was a formality put it into execution.

At the time this disaster befell, Magdalen felt that he was just on the point of making his great discovery. He went to the magistrate and, on his knees, begged him to allow his studio to stand at least for two months more. The utmost allowed him was two additional weeks; and, before that time had expired, the sculptor arrived early one morning to find workers on his studio, and knocking down his chimney, hoisted by a group of

enclenchers. Through the chimney the wreckers descended into the building, and not content with razing it, threw his tools out of the windows and broke up his moldings. Some statues that were the work of years, and that he had lost the loss of ever since, were destroyed. For ten years after the city of Christiania pulled down Magdalen's house and studio, the soil on which they had stood remained vacant.

Years of bitterness poverty followed, and Magdalen declares that he cannot now understand how he was enabled to keep a roof over his head and that of his family. "If I were among my acquaintances to ask for assistance, the door was closed in my face," he says. "I was publicly laughed at as a man without sense. I was the most despised man in Norway. The only friend I might have depended on was the banker who had given me the material for my house, and he was even worse than I, for he was in prison charged with fraud."

It is possible that Magdalen's discovery might never have been accomplished had he not one day, while still experimenting for the chemical clay, made a practical invention that brought him sufficient revenue for the support of his family. With only one object in view, he now worked on, day after day, and month after month, until twenty-seven years had passed since he first devoted himself to his task.

Had Magdalen known even a Modest Falsony, the quest for the lost art would certainly have been abandoned, for Magdalen himself tired of it, and was almost ready to believe that he had suffered and worked in vain for all the weary years. His wife insisted, however, that he continue his experiments, and almost immediately thereafter the idea came to him to mix the component parts of clay without their ingredients. The first trial showed him that he was on the right track, but three years more of experiment followed before the dream actually came true.

The value of Magdalen's discovery has been estimated by the sculptors both of Europe and America, but it is through the Sculptors Society of New York that he is giving it to the intensity throughout the world.

A Billion and a Half from American Earth

According to a statement by the United States Geological Survey, the United States, during 1905, dug from the earth minerals valued at \$1,823,877,127, an increase of 200,000,000 dollars over the preceding year.

Cool and red products, of course, far exceeded any other commodity, there being produced 77,650,830 short tons of anthracite, and 315,559,491 tons of bituminous coal, of a total value of \$492,477,217, and 22,231,129 short tons of coke, valued at \$72,478,180. Of miscellaneous coal products there were 40,454,215,152 cubic feet of gas, \$6,022,943 gallons of tar, 40,000,258 gallons of petroleum liquid, and 39,000,000 gallons of ammonia sulphate, the total value of these products being \$36,684,972.

The total production of iron ore is 1905 amounted to 42,248,133 long tons, valued at \$7,103,084; pig iron, 21,692,884 long tons, valued at \$192,450,000; manganese, 4118 long tons, valued at \$36,214; gold, 4,205,742 ounces, valued at \$88,188,711; silver, 54,161,294 ounces, valued at \$16,254,972; copper, 601,067,843 pounds, valued at \$139,797,716; lead, 392,000 short tons, valued at \$28,690,000; zinc, 203,849 short tons, valued at \$24,854,192; and platinum, 318 ounces, valued at \$6320.

Musicians' Autographs

Autographs of great musicians are no certain assets. Except, perhaps, in the case of Beethoven, one of whose letters at a recent sale in Berlin realized \$197, and another, which contained two lines of music, a man's celebrity would not appear to guarantee a "luxury" value to his signature, as on the same occasion an autograph of Johannes Brahms, the much-prized one of Beethoven, sold for only \$155. Here are some other prices which obtained

at this sale, notwithstanding that, at previous auctions of the kind, autographs of the same men had practically gone begging: A letter of Beethoven, \$37; a small one of Mozart, \$40; three letters of Beethoven, \$86; a letter of Chopin, \$250. Gluck manuscripts are scarce: one of music, dated from Vienna, December 31, 1769, although a small affair, changed hands at \$1000. A visiting card of Haydn found a purchaser at \$26, and a letter of the same at \$127. Two letters of Schubert realized respectively \$400 and \$337; a scrap of writing of Mozart, \$275; four letters of Wagner, \$322. Such figures may be taken to be satisfactory or not according to the point of view. To many they will but suggest a grim comparison with prices paid for those musicians when alive for their actual work.

Outspoken

A REPRESENTATIVE from a southwestern State was, not long ago, lecturing to a college that his memory was getting poorer each year.

"Things that I hear go in at one ear and out at the other," said he.

"That's bad," said the colleague, with a forced smile; "but you'd better be thankful that your case is not so bad as that of Hank of Indiana. Things go in at his ear and come out of his mouth."

A Sad Case

A CHICAGO physician was one day called to attend a sick child in a "shabby get-together" quarter of the Windy City.

"Madam," said the doctor to the mother, "you should send this child into the country for several weeks each summer."

"I am sorry to say, doctor," responded the woman, "that we are not rich enough to do that."

"Then," suggested the physician, "have her sent by the Fresh Air Fund."

"Oh, doctor," exclaimed the woman, "we are not poor enough!"

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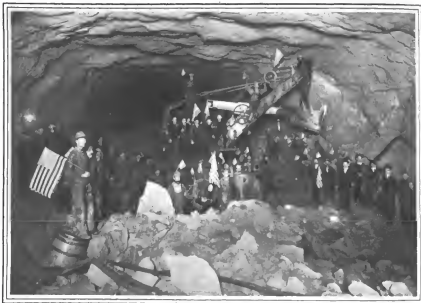
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ON JANUARY 4 THE SECTION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD'S TUNNEL, LINED BETWEEN FIFTH AVENUE AND THE EAST RIVER WAS MADE CONTINUOUS BY THE JOINING OF THE EAST AND WEST BOWEN BORDERS AT A POINT BENEATH THE JUNCTION OF THIRTY-THIRD STREET AND THIRD AVENUE. THIS COMPLETES AN IMPORTANT SECTION OF THE TUNNEL, WHICH WILL PENNSYLVANIA ROUTE WITHIN A FEW MONTHS. THE BOWEN UNDER THE NORTH RIVER HAVE BEEN MADE, AND THE UNFINISHED PORTIONS ARE BEING RAPIDLY COMPLETED. IT IS EXPECTED THAT TRAINS WILL BE RUNNING BETWEEN THE TERMINAL ON THIRTY-THIRD STREET AND NEWARK IN THE SUMMER OF 1908, AND THROUGH THE EAST RIVER SECTION A YEAR OR SO LATER.

Commerce of the United States with Panama

Exports from the United States to Panama are increasing with very great rapidity. The exports to Panama during the year just ending will aggregate a little more than fourteen million dollars, against nearly eight millions in 1905, and a little more than 2½ millions in 1904. The figures for the full year have not yet reached the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor; but those for the eleven months ending with November were \$12,926,871, and as the figures for the single month of November were \$1,523,367, it is quite apparent that the grand total for the full calendar year will exceed fourteen million dollars.

These figures cover only the exports to Panama sent in merchant vessels, and do not include that sent by government transports or naval vessels. What proportion of this total of over fourteen million dollars' worth of merchandise sent by merchant vessels to Panama is sent for the government, or by its representatives, cannot be determined at present, since the shipments of this character when sent by vessels engaged in the general transportation of commerce are treated in the same manner as merchandise sent by individual exporters or firms. While a considerable part of the merchandise exported to Panama is doubtless for the use of the government, or at least for use in the work upon the canal or the Panama Railroad, an examination of the list of articles forming this total indicates that a large part consists of articles of food and clothing or other merchandise intended for individual use rather than for the canal works. Nor can it be determined just what proportion of this total goes in the way of citizens of Panama located outside of the Canal Zone, since merchandise intended for citizens of Panama may pass through the ports located within the Canal Zone and

thence into the hands of the merchants of the State outside of the Canal Zone.

The fact that the value of the native products sent from Panama to the United States aggregates three-fourths of a million dollars annually, and that the purchasing power of the people adjacent to the Canal Zone is doubtless greatly augmented by their trade relations with those employed upon the works of the canal, suggests that perhaps two million dollars' worth may be destined for importers and dealers located outside the Canal Zone, but within the Republic of Panama. These figures do not include the value of merchandise sent from one coast of the United States to the other by way of Panama, where the Bureau of Statistics maintains a separate statement for merchandise of this class, showing between two and three millions dollars' worth of merchandise annually passing from San Francisco to New York by way of the isthmus, and between five and six million dollars' worth passing from New York to San Francisco by way of the isthmus.

The Wings of Time

METURCIAN was walking in his garden. "My goodness," he exclaimed, suddenly, "here's another flower on that centurion-plant! Why, it opens but yesterday since I plucked a blossom from it."

He walked slowly toward an oak-tree two hundred years old which he had tenderly raised from an acorn.

"Ah, no," he mused, "how time flies!"

Next Time

"Yes," said Mrs. Malaprop, talking to a friend about her daughter Emily's wedding. "I'm glad it's all over. If it had lasted several longer I should have had serious palpitation or something! Why, what is a palpitation? When the minister pulled her to the wedding, I asked him whether it was

necessary to have two spouses for the bride and groom to kneel on. He smiled, and said he thought that something thicker would be better; and Emily laughed right out and left the room. Well, of course I knew I'd said something wrong, so I corrected myself. 'I didn't mean spouses,' I said, 'I meant two Cossacks.' And what do you suppose he said?"

"Asked you whether you desired a foreign military effect?" ventured the guest.

"No. He said that, judging by the present state of affairs in Russia, he doubted whether he'd be able to get them; and even if he could, he doubted whether they would be agreeable to be knelt upon, judging by the way they were fighting oppression. Oh, I was so mild! You can bet the next time I won't beat around the bush; I'll come right out and ask whether or not we need two pillars!"

As a Favor

At the pit of a coalmine in Pennsylvania there have occurred, during the past few months, quite a number of accidents whereby innocent bystanders have come to grief. Accordingly, some kind official has caused to be posted a notice that reads the name of politicians. It reads:

"Please do not tumble down the shaft."

The Millennium

SENATOR FORAKER tells of a remarkable speech made by an illiterate spellbinder at a Western State, wherein the orator, gradually working himself into a hysterical condition, exploded his peroration something as follows:

"O low citizens, when these principles of mine are triumphant, we shall have happiness and prosperity from Maine to California, from Florida to Alaska, from Alpha to Zumbah!"

Telephoning From a Train

Extensive practical experiments have recently been conducted by a Kentucky railroad with a telephone device, the complete success of which is of such importance. By means of this device, a moving train may communicate with any city having telephone connections, and, in the trials, under adverse weather conditions for the most part, conversation was held with parties in New York, while the Kentucky train was moving at a speed of from fifteen to thirty-five miles per hour.

By means of the new system, train dispatchers can at any time give orders to a train crew, thus absolutely eliminating all danger of collisions, and passengers may call up any one with whom they wish to speak just as they would on an ordinary long-distance wire. Trains travelling in the same or in opposite directions may also communicate with each other. By many prominent railroad officials the device is said to be second in importance to a safety appliance only in the air brake.

In the trials, the telephone was placed in the cabin of the engine, and connection with land exchanges was obtained by means of two heavy copper wires stretched alongside the track, at a distance of five feet. Contact between the train and the wires was maintained by a form of trolley connected with the locomotive bell. This trolley is made of gas-pipe, and carries two small tanks filled with a chemical mixture through which steam is fed to make a chemical reduction at a distance which may vary from half an inch to three feet, thus allowing for all vibrations and sway of the moving train.

The expense of establishing such a telephone line would not, in many instances, be at all great, as the wires could be strung on the telegraph-poles along the right of way.

Not Yet, but Soon—Perhaps

A PROMINENT New York lawyer says that in his earlier professional days he was glad to expand his slender income by bill-collecting. One day, however, he had a bill against a man who, incidentally, had since achieved a success which puts him beyond the necessity of such an indefinite statement to be made on that occasion. The young lawyer found him with his feet joggled upon his desk, while he gazed dreamily at the ceiling through a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"But really, sir, I must insist that you give me some definite idea as to when you will settle," the lawyer said, after having been gently rebuffed.

The reticent responded in lower his eyes and to have his pipe brought.

"Why, certainly, sir—though there seems to me to be a rather unnecessary conversation about this trifle," he drawled. "I will pay the bill as soon as I think of it, after receiving the money which a dividend will put me in a way to accept the dividend. I will write and send him just as soon as I feel in an energetic mood after a really good idea for a plot has occurred to me."

Not for His

A PROMINENT lawyer who formerly practiced at the bar of Kansas City tells of a fatal incident he encountered there during a time in which a certain young device was sold as a success.

A counsel for the other side in cross-examining the youthful medicine-giver, testified to several sarcastic remarks tending to throw doubt upon the ability of an young man.

One of the questions was: "You are certainly familiar with the symptoms of contraction of the brain?"

"Yes," answered the cross-examiner, "suppose my learned friend, Mr. Taylor, and myself were to have our heads together, should we get contraction of the brain?"

"You learned friend, Mr. Taylor, might," suggested the young physician.



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The Gentleman from Toyland

(Continued from page 87.)

"Why did he say anything about it then? Why did he not stop me whenever I entered one of those pervious of truth of which he was so complacent?"

"I had no desire," replied Rhoda's father, in his gentle tones, "to condemn the gentleman to total silence." A shout of laughter that was almost a yell went up from the other side and Donald saw his father's face turn crimson.

The fat gentleman did not look happy. "Oh, Lord, oh, Lord!" he muttered, "to hang two innocents into this bear garden just as the slaughter begins. They can't help seeing—Come," he went on, brightly, turning the two children toward his attention.

"The picture I drew just before was only my second-best picture. Do you want to see my best one?" He proceeded to draw them a supernaturally slender giraffe, but when he painted the horn of a rhinoceros in the middle of his forehead as if he had been a unicorn, attention ceased to be a virtue. As Donald came back from the jungle, the first words that broke upon him were his father's sharp and angry.

"Not that, not that. I never said that." He swung his head and his whole body with every phrase and struck the desk with his fist.

The gentleman raises the issue of sounds. "Since he does so, I can use a little language as he. I can characterize to him in a word. I can say that he is a different and audacious—"

He passed for just an instant, and there was a look from one side of the chamber to the other that was frightening. Up in the pulpit the ivory gavel rapped sharply. Twice the fat gentleman did something that imperious. He hurriedly set down the children from his knees and stood then in the aisle. "Quick," he whispered. "Don't ask questions. Don't join hands and march straight down the carpet here right towards the man with the mallet."

Donald did not reason why. He gripped Rhoda's arm, fingers, started down the strip of red carpet, drew a deep breath straight to the front and marched. Rhoda trusted obediently at his side. Donald's father, his eyes blazing, was leaning forward, one hand behind his ear to catch the next word: Rhoda's father, shaking his long hair, was about to speak it. Rhoda saw them both dimly, but he only lightened his hold on the little girl's hand and marched on.

Then he saw the strange thing of all. He saw the true features of both fathers alike. Their arms fell to their sides and they looked helplessly at each other. As the diminutive couple reached the area of freedom under the eyes of the clerks, they were cheered by the great din of laughter and cheering that went up from Republican and Democrat in relief that the noise was past and the insulting word said.

"The gentleman from Minnesota has the floor," announced the speaker, when quiet came again.

Donald's father fumbled at his watch-chain in his pocket of mind came back. "I yield to my friend from Tennessee," he said at last.

His late antagonist stepped forward, bowled back the locks from his forehead. "Mr. Speaker," he began, very slowly, "I have the honor to represent a fraction of the country in which the floor"

—he passed a second—was an honorable and renowned institution. A few moments ago it may have seemed to you, sir, that the gentleman from Minnesota and myself were about to be precipitated into some of the aboriginal frocks. But, Mr. Speaker, it is absolutely essential that a trial, one started, shall be carried on, even to the third and fourth generations, and when we see in this instance the nobility, he made a sweeping gesture toward the shaven Rhoda and Rhoda, still hand in hand, he can never allowed to finish his sentence, then rose to the point of laughter and again retired the painted panels of the ceiling.

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wife are rising up the Old Road; they're the nearest gossip in our country—and they'll be here in ten shakes of a lamb's tail." "How do you know they're coming?" asked Patty. "Jane Abbott rang me up to warn me," was the answer.

"Central," remarked Patty, after an irritating struggle, "can't you give me a better connection? I can't hear a thing my friend is saying."

"Connection's all right," answered Central, with some asperity. "If your neighbors that are listening will hang up their receivers you'll hear all right." There was an indignant sound of receivers slammed to place, and Patty heard.

In the Western harvest season one year a wedding fell upon a busy day. To some of the harvesters delay meant loss of money to risk for a merry-making. At the hour appointed the wedding party gathered, the bride, groom, and clergyman close to the telephone. The absent farmers and ranchmen were rung up, and each with his car at the receiver heard the ceremony and congratulated the bride. In Illinois, farmers fifteen and even thirty miles away from a recent political convention sat in their homes and listened to the speeches. These are the lighter amenities of the telephone. It is a greater thing when it summons a doctor and saves a life. Not long ago a baby on an Eastern farm, in fact that he could not have lived a half-hour unassured, was rescued by the nearest doctor caught by the telephone just as he was leaving his home for the city; a messenger would have been too late.

Electricity in Farm Work

The trolley and the telephone are not the only help electricity gives the farm. Several years ago a New York man developed a small water-power on his farm. He set it to generating electricity; the electricity saved wood, cut up feed for cattle, churns butter, and lights his house and barn. He is one of a group whose numbers, already considerable in Europe, are growing in the United States.

The farms of summer hotels have been object-lessons to whole neighborhoods. In the dairy of one of them, twenty-five miles from New York city, a bottle-washer, a churn, a cream-separator, a butter-working machine, a can-crusher, and an ice-crusher are operated by the same electrical plant that drives washing-machines, lifts swampy pools, crushes stone, and performs lighting and lifting chores in two hotels. All this can be done for a group of small farms as successfully as for one big one—done so cheaply as to save more than pay for the cost and trouble of installing the plant.

An electric motor is more compact and comfortable for farm travel than steam, and it is found by competent experts to cost much less to operate than the steam-locomotive which is often used to run a threshing machine. (A ten-horse-power locomotive is estimated to cost from \$9,000 to \$10,000 per horse-power unit, while an electric motor under the same conditions can be operated for \$8,000 to \$9,000 per horse-power unit.) The introduction of electricity into practical farm-work is immediately due to the enterprise of manufacturers who are adding to their business by the sale of electrical machinery adjacent to the plant. *The Electrical Magazine* (English) called attention some time ago to the local opportunities for supplying farmers enjoyed by two electrical companies in Kent and Gloucestershire, and to the advantage to both farmer and companies if the latter would use these opportunities. In California, it seems to be ahead of England and this country in electrical farming. It is being found to pay in the south of France, where there is plenty of water-power to generate the electricity, and reports from both French and German farms indicate that electrical farming is profitable under varying conditions.

The account of these farms given in the *Electrical Age* should be as thrilling to youth as the tales of Jules Verne. One farm, at Sumner, has a portable motor that, set up in its neat carriage, trundles easily from field to field, from quarry to barn. By a few feet of wire it can be attached to three machines. Driving them all at one time, in an hour it cuts up 1430 pounds of carrots, crushes 1100 pounds of linseed-cake, and lifts 333 cubic feet of water to the stables. Disconnected from these machines, it is taken to the fields, and at the same time gaily drives a threshing-machine and a corn-sheller. Certainly electricity is not too lively a word for such a contrast with old conditions when men with "split and frozen fingers" flailed their grain, chopped their carrots, and carried water in pails.

At Quindran this society has a three-hundred-acre farm that furnishes 25000 gallons of milk daily. On it electric motors do farm and dairy work during the day, a part of the current generated being used also to charge storage-batteries from which to draw for lighting and other necessary work at night. The portable motor performs here all the labor it achieves at Sumner, besides driving a windmill and running a little mill. There is no record of its shoring sheep, but electrical shoring is done on other farms, where this latest power does everything but haul.

There are in practical use several systems of electrical ploughing. The motors, one on each side of the field, are connected by wire cables that draw the plough back and forth. The Quindran plough cuts down thirteen inches into the hardest soil, and replaces twelve horses and eight men. This plough passes from one furrow to the next by automatic switches, and, like many of the new machines, is so simple as to be almost unteachable. An observant student of such matters describes an Italian electrical plough, used successfully near Turin, that travels a thousand feet in eight minutes, turning three furrows at a time, each twenty-four inches deep.

Lack of organization, the initial expense of installing plants, the skepticism of those who are slow to imagine what they have not seen, have retarded practical demonstration by private indi-

viduals in this country, but there are in existing experiments a definite prospect of what is to come. Rural communities are already more frequently lighted by electricity than cities. They have no gas companies to dislodge. I have seen, even in the East, where electricity is less "universal," farmhouses lighted by electricity generated seven miles away. The drop-light, easily swung from farmhouse porch or tree to guide the approaching guest, is more significant than much speech. Any village or farm community with a good water-power at hand can have electricity for light and power under conditions of exceptional economy, and even without water-power electricity may be generated by steam or gas engine units on a commercial basis far more profitable than the installation of a gas-lighting system with expensive piping through a sparsely settled district. Think of the comfort of rooms well lighted, and lighted from above the table level; the relief of dressing in a farmhouse where it is possible to see one's face without elevating an oily lamp to dangerous heights, like a fella gaddis of liberty!

The "new" farmhouse is going to be lighted, supplied with water, partly cleaned, and perhaps heated by the power that drives the machines in the barn. Dish-washing, laundry-work, and even cooking, the friendly current is already performing with suitable aid. A New York department store is now giving to all who will look an exhibition of cooking by electricity. In the exhibit of an English company at the St. Louis Fair, electrical machines automatically manufactured chocolate cakes and delivered them in paper bags! A successful electric kitchen was there conducted by a young woman, who, with big curls all around her doing a prodigious business, in four months cleared \$10,000. The space her establishment occupied was no more than one city block, but there was no smoke, no smell, no dirt; the cleanliness of the electric kitchen appealed to people, and the food was good. These things take time to tell, for one scientist who teaches us how to kill harmful insects, maintain the over-temperature in a beehive, and purify water by electricity, there will soon be thousands of farmers who do these things.

The lighting of fields for night work, the heating of fruit orchards in time of frost, may be slowly progressing, but already, as East as well as West, electricity is busy lighting farm elevators and storing away grain and hay. It is no severe mental strain to see it running elevators in the farmhouse! The women of the farm are going to be grateful to the electrician. If he lightens their indoor tasks and gives them the light for porching, so much the wiser for consumption. The world's work is set on a stationarily male and female. If it were, the women would still make mistakes.

Green Light in the Greenhouse

Electric lights in greenhouses encouraging plants to grow over-time are apparently a subject of new possibilities for the market-garden since the advent of the familiar mercury-vapor lamp. This light, green and ghastly to the human eye, but pleasing to plants, is costing only a third of the price of white light, may not be new to most people, but the increasing use of it in greenhouses by playing a stimulating electric current among their roots is the latest, newest word in forcing vegetables.

Whether in the house or outside, pumping is perhaps the most impressive part of electrical farming. The windmill was one of the first farm engines. First, gasoline, wind, and sun motors are now everywhere doing "manual labor" for the farmer or generating the electricity that does it. The electric pump is becoming the water-pump of the Northwest. It began its work on a line eighty-three miles long, from the San Bernardino Mountains to Los Angeles. This line has now been farther extended; distance has no terrors for the electric current. Some of the irrigation wells go down fifty feet, some a thousand; to the electric pump it does not matter. These irrigation pumps are installed in small houses placed at intervals on the farms, and when the farmer needs water in his ditches he "flips his flashlight and closes an electric switch." The pump starts up, and his crops are watered. Land that at first was practically worthless soil, since the installation of the electric pumps, for \$200 or even \$500 an acre in grass sections; and where fine fruits are grown, for \$1500 to \$2000 an acre.

Statistics of gallons and square miles in irrigation reports may be dry reading. Translated into human experience they are full of wonder. A California vineyard that for twenty years had been successful suddenly began to go back. The land depreciated a million dollars in two years. One of the owners had no more land, and no recourse but the blaming of bad luck. The Agricultural Department at Washington is eliminating "luck" from agriculture. It heard the wail of the vine-growers and attacked the problem. Alkali, long buried and deep, had risen in a moist season to the surface. While it remained, vines would not grow, and would not yield. The Bureau of Soils planned an anti-alkali campaign. Drains were laid, connecting in rows with a central ditch into which they emptied. Then the land was flooded. The metal pump poured over it continuous streams till it stood inches deep in water. The water dissolved the alkali, the solution flowed off into the ditch; while those drains are there alkali will never again injure the vines. This re-boration rose from ten to thirty dollars an acre. One group of men had their fortunes saved to them, and the government found a way to reborn 3,000,000 acres, kith and kin with the alkali land.

Condemn with life, invention, thought—and drudgery and monotony are doomed. Boys and girls from the farms are necessary to the city. They bring to it the vigor that renews its blood and sinews. Hereafter, whether they come or stay, escape from the farm will not be for them the only escape left. If the city they will have to leave still more to give. In the city they are already impacting the new to transform the old.



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A WISE OLD BIRD WHO KNOWS HIS BUSINESS

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LL

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

A Job for J. J. Hill

Was ever any sincere effort made to put Mr. JAMES J. HILL on the Interstate Commerce Commission? It would be a splendid thing to have on that commission a man who knows in Interstate commerce and also railroads. Mr. HILL knows both. A commission consisting solely of him would probably be an efficient body, in which railroads, shippers, the general public and everybody else might rejoice and have confidence. A commission consisting of him and two other eminent experts, such as the late Mr. CANNATT and the late Mr. SAMUEL SPERRY, might be better still. Even the present commission, if Mr. HILL could be added to it, would by that single act be improved.

Federal Salaries

What are the reasons of the Senate's Committee on Appropriations for rejecting the bill passed by the House to raise from \$8000 to \$12,000 the salaries of the Vice-President, the Speaker, and the cabinet officers? If the Senate committee considers that the bill does not go far enough, and that should include a long list of other officials whose pay should be increased, it is right. If it thinks that all the proper increases should be made at once, and that to concede at this time the increases for which the House bill calls may prejudice, or delay, the granting of others that ought to be made, it may be a sound reason for delay. But in themselves the reasons that the House bill calls for are urgently desired. The cabinet officers, especially, are scandalously underpaid. They ought to get relief without an hour more delay than necessary, and more relief, too, than the House bill gives them. Twelve thousand a year is not enough for a cabinet officer, though it is considerably better than eight thousand. We hope the Senate means to try to get this work of salary raising properly done, and to make it include, besides the officials named in the House bill, the President, the judges of the Federal courts, Supreme and Circuit, and the ambassadors.

Mr. Root's Visit to the Dominion

Mr. Root goes to pay a social visit to Lord GARY at Ottawa. It is confidently expected that questions will be discussed between the two interesting to themselves and to the Dominion of Canada; and that the discussions will be carried on, in a casual and earnest conversation, in the agreeable and comfortable frame of mind which pleasant social intercourse invites and stimulates. Doubtless the two will come to an agreement upon most, if not all, of the questions in issue between the two countries. Most sensible men would. Mr. Root and Lord GARY have met each other before, and may reasonably be supposed to understand each other's mind on these subjects. Besides, Mr. Root is an exceedingly astute negotiator. The pertinent question is, of course, reciprocity, and it is the

difficult. Practically, Lord GARY can have little to do in bringing about an arrangement on this subject, or, indeed, on any other; but he will be a very useful instrumentality of communication with LAUREN. After reciprocity comes the question of the seal-fisheries. We now know that the award of the Paris tribunal has not saved the seals, who are rapidly disappearing. It is doubtful if anything can now be done to save the herd. Besides these questions there are others, among them those concerning the Northeastern, and the Lake, fisheries, and bonded goods in transit through Canada. Mr. Root and Lord GARY, as we have said, will probably agree, but it is much more important for Mr. Root and Mr. LAUREN to come to an agreement.

The United States and Canada

There ought not to exist these causes of difference between the two countries, but they do; moreover, it is very difficult to negotiate them away. It is easy, as has been suggested, for England and the United States to come to an understanding, but Canada, not England, is, after all, the principal party in interest, and Canada is not an international power. Nevertheless, England, the Dominion's representative in the council of nations, can or will do nothing to which Canada objects. As long ago as Mr. BAYARD's time he and Lord SALISBURY reached a just conclusion as to the seal-fishery, but, at the last moment, Canada objected, and Lord SALISBURY ran away. In the same way the Gloucester fishermen have prevented an agreement which would be advantageous to New England and the provinces. England, for whom Lord GARY will speak directly, cannot bind Canada; but LAUREN can. On the other hand, Mr. Root cannot bind the United States, for behind him, controlling him, perhaps thwarting all his desires, will be the Senate, and controlling Senators are the Gloucester fishermen and other constituents. It will do much good if Mr. Root and Lord GARY so conduct and proclaim their negotiations that a public opinion in both countries will be enlisted in support of their conclusions—the chances being very strongly in favor of those conclusions being just and wise.

The President and the Negro Soldiers

The President has wisely concluded to withdraw part of the sentence which he pronounced against the colored soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry. This part is that which prohibits the men from being employed hereafter in the civil service of the United States. Whether he is right in insisting that he has the power to dismiss "without honor," in spite of the articles of war, is the subject of discussion in the Senate, a discussion which we are not inclined to anticipate. But it has always been clear that his attempt to deny to these negroes the right of future public employment, at least in the civil service, was wholly unconstitutional and illegal. In his haste, Mr. ROOSEVELT not only called all these negroes criminals, but he usurped a power which the Constitution reserves for the United States Senate, sitting as a court of impeachment to try a civil officer. It is perfectly fair to assume that there is no presumption in favor of the legal decisions of one who frequently reverses himself on encountering criticism. A lawyer would have amended the President's now famous sentence if he had been consulted in advance, and doubtless that which is good in it would have stood. If this had been done at the proper time there might never have occurred the sharp quarrel accentuating the raw issue of which Senator TULLMAN took significant advantage the moment the opportunity was offered to him.

The New San Domingo Treaty

The prospects of the new San Domingos treaty, despite the efforts of the Secretary of State, are discouraging, although there is abundant time for them to improve. There does not seem to be any objection to the provision that the United States shall take charge of the custom-houses, shall collect their revenues, and shall pay the principal and the interest on the bonds to be issued for the redolent indebtedness of the island. But there is manifest in the Senate a disposition to doubt the validity of the claims against the republic. There is a suspicion entertained that these claims have been bought up in New York at a low price, and that here is the influence behind the treaty. Feeling sure that Secretary Root would know this if it were true, and, further, being certain that if the pressure were scandalous he would not favor the treaty,

we are convinced that such reasons ought not to defeat the treaty. There may be other reasons for voting against it, but it is impossible to believe that the administration would support a tainted treaty.

Governor Hughes and the Machine

It is doubtful if the Republican machine, in its present mind, desires a contest with Governor HUGHES. It seemed at first, as though it was bent on war, and the wise people who watch politics and politicians with meticulous care interpreted the make-up of the legislative committee to indicate war on the programme which the Governor set forth in his message. But for some reason or other the leaders, including Senator RAINES, have now professed to the people of the State that there is no intention on the part of the machine to make the suspected war, but that the Governor's programme is to be carried out; that the Railroad Commission and the Commission of Gas and Electricity are to be abolished, and their work turned over to one commission; and that the Governor's other recommendations are to go through, while it is also stated that the Governor has made no bargain, in consideration, that obliges him to sign any bill which the machine leaders decide to pass. In other words, Governor HUGHES retains his independence, as was to have been expected of him. This is precisely as it should be. Senator RAINES's announcement came after a speech which Governor HUGHES made before the Albany Chamber of Commerce on the day when the seemingly hostile committee were announced. This, again, is precisely as it should be. Perhaps it is a case of *post hoc propter hoc*.

Hughes and Roosevelt

In his Albany speech the Governor said: "The only strength that I or my administration may have is in the confidence of the people of this State, and in any difficulty that may arise, to the people of the State I propose to appeal." Experience teaches that the Governor may make his appeal in confidence. At the beginning of his administration he finds himself in a much better position than that which was Governor ROOSEVELT's throughout the whole of his term. Neither he nor his distinguished predecessor was the deliberate choice of the machine. Governor HUGHES is more fortunate, however, than was his predecessor. He has no distinguished and generally recognized bosses to deal with as Governor ROOSEVELT had in PLATT and ODIELL, and the smaller bosses seem to have retreated. There is no one now to occupy a room in the Capitol as his office from which to issue orders to his members of the Legislature, as ODIELL did in Governor ROOSEVELT's term. Governor HUGHES will not overstep the proper line between the executive and the legislative departments of the government. He is a lawyer and a constitutional lawyer. He will not feel himself under the necessity of weekly consultations with any boss. He will not do many of the things which Governor ROOSEVELT thought that he was compelled to do, but which called forth a good deal of harsh criticism from men who had been his friends. As it turned out, however, the people supported Governor ROOSEVELT with such fidelity and loyalty, and the popular opinion in his favor was so evident and so aggressive, that the politicians were worsted in all their efforts against him. Notwithstanding the criticisms, ROOSEVELT captured and held the popular imagination and faith. Those of the party leaders who were chiefly concerned in this State wanted him nominated for Vice-President to avoid the other inescapable necessity of re-nominating him for Governor. It may be that some of them now regret their conduct at Philadelphia in 1900. Now they have HUGHES on their hand, and if he stands by his programme and his announced purposes, he too will retain the faith which the people expressed in him at the polls.

The President and the Senate

Announcement has been made that the anti-ROOSEVELT Republican Senators have proposed to weary Mr. ROOSEVELT by revisiting some of his alleged usurpations, in a resolution and speeches, with no intention to pass the resolution, but to content themselves with criticism. It was further proposed, in the interest of the game, to induce the Democrats to father the resolution. It is to be hoped that the rumor that the Democrats will not consent to do this is true. There is good reason to criticize Mr. ROOSEVELT. He has done and said a good many things that offend against propriety, or are not

within his province or the scope of his duty as President, or are hostile to our Constitution and form of government. The Senate, however, is not the place in which to discuss differences of taste between the President and the Senate, and it ought not to be the playground for small games of politics. The President himself sets an example to Senators. He is bold, frank, sometimes with a brutal frankness, perhaps, but a fight with him is a real fight, and his fighting virtues might well be imitated by the Senators. If they are afraid to fight that way let them keep still, although to keep still may involve a neglect of duty. But if there is occasion for Senatorial action—and there doubtless is—against any proposition or act of the President's, the serious attention of the country will be the sooner attracted if Senators will be as bold and frank and independent as the President is. They can be all this, too, without falling into bad manners; but the country prefers frankness, even when marred with bad manners, to the stilette manipulated with that hypocritical smile which went so well with that old question of Job's to Amos, "Art thou in health, my brother?" If there is any need for a resolution criticising the President it ought to be a real resolution, introduced for serious business. To introduce a resolution in order to furnish an opportunity to intimate charges, true or false, and then to run away by abandoning the resolution, will never, we hope and trust, be accepted in this country as courageous and seemly fighting.

Is Roosevelt Responsible?

A recent article in the "Editor's Diary" of *The North American Review* suggests plainly a subject for a real debate in the Senate. This is the assault made in Secretary Root's recent speech upon the States, the Constitution, and our Federal government. The question raised by the speech is so serious that Congress may well express its opinion upon it. This is especially true since the editor of the *Review* has fixed the responsibility for the sentiments of the speech upon Mr. ROOSEVELT. At least he has clearly shown that the Secretary of State set forth the previously uttered sentiments of the President, and described in graver and weightier words than Mr. ROOSEVELT is accustomed to employ the well-known tendency of the latter's mind. Besides, Mr. Root has put behind the President's attitude towards the law and the Constitution his own ability and character as a judicious, thoughtful lawyer and statesman. The point of Mr. Root's speech which requires the most attention is his advocacy—at least he does not criticize the doctrine—of wholly changing the character of the Federal government by constitutional constructions made by judges appointed, and to be appointed, by the President. In advancing this theory, which is more than revolutionary, Mr. Root only repeats an idea more than once expressed by the President. The editor of the *Review* shows this by quotations from the President's speeches, notably the following: "We need . . . through judicial interpretation and construction of law to increase the power of the Federal government."

Disregard of Constitutions

The editor shows also, by citations from the editorials of leading newspapers of the country, that he is not singular in connecting Mr. ROOSEVELT with the Secretary's utterance; while he also shows that some prominent Republican Senators are startled by the utterance. That Mr. ROOSEVELT's mind has advanced to this point is certain. As he spat upon the Constitution of Cuba, he seems also to be inclined to spit upon the Federal Constitution, while he is not only willing, but anxious, to accomplish his object by the tortuous method of construction. He wants the courts to change the fundamental law, and, therefore, the character of the government, by pretending that the Constitution means what they know that it does not mean. This is an assault upon the integrity of the States; but it is more than that: it is an assault upon the Federal form of government which JOHN MARSHALL defended, defining the true powers of the Federal government, but never doubting the validity or the propriety of the rights of the States. If the Senate desires to criticize the President, here is an opportunity for discussion that should be as fearless as Mr. ROOSEVELT's and Mr. Root's announcement of a doctrine that the editor of *The North American Review* denounces, saying of the President's despatch to Secretary TAFT, concerning Cuba—"I do not care in the least for the fact that such

an agreement is unconstitutional"—that it "does clearly indicate a frame of mind which spurns restraint, despises law, and is dominated by despotic instinct; incidentally, moreover, it was the most gratuitous and insulting utterance respecting a friendly neighbor and helpless ward that ever emanated from the lips of an American President."

Bad Work of the Trusts

The condition in which, for some weeks past, the trusts have held the city of New York is very deplorable. The rubber trust has brought it about, somehow, that the sidewalks, contrary to use, should be wet four or five days a week, and the crossings muddy, inducing large and unusual expenditure for gum shoes; the gas and electric-light monopoly has contrived exceptionally dark weather, in which folk often have to breakfast as well as dine by artificial light, and many offices, and most dwellings, have gas or electric light in use all day; the ice trust has seen to it, up to this writing, that there is no natural ice-supply hereabouts for anybody to get in, so that the price of ice remains high and promises to be higher next summer than it was six months ago. Precisely by what wrongful, and probably criminal, expedients these results have been induced we are not ready to disclose this week, but the results are before the public, and the public may, and doubtless will, rest assured that to connect them with the machinations of the trusts enumerated will prove a matter of the utmost simplicity to those of us who know the facts.

Need of New Railroads

An expenditure of eleven hundred million dollars a year for five years would suffice, in the opinion of JAMES J. HILL, to provide the railroads of the country with the means to handle properly the business already in sight, without allowing for future growth. So Mr. HILL says in a recent letter to the Governor of Minnesota. The chief cause of the present congestion of business Mr. HILL finds to be a lack of railroad tracks on which to haul cars. The business of the railroads has increased in ten years 110 per cent., their mileage but 21 per cent. Mr. HILL finds it to accord with the best judgment of experienced railroad men that an immediate addition of five per cent. a year of the railroad trackage should be made for five years to come to relieve the present pressure. That means 75,000 miles to be built in five years at a cost, including terminals, of \$75,000 a mile, to cost altogether something over \$5,500,000,000. Besides the money the work would call for the labor of 200,000 men in grading, besides track-layers, bridge-builders, and others, and would take two million tons of steel rails a year, which is two-thirds of the product of all the rolling-mills in the country. Labor is not to be had, Mr. HILL says, in sufficient quantity on any terms even for ordinary extensions now being made. As for money, it will not be forthcoming until the talk of railroad confiscation or transfer to the state is over, since it is that sort of talk that has already caused railroad-building to decline to the lowest point within a generation, at the time when all other forms of activity have been growing most rapidly. As helpful remedies, Mr. HILL recommends the decentralization of traffic to relieve terminals; more points for export, and more interior markets. Also a fifteen-foot canal or channel from St. Louis to New Orleans, which, he says, would go farther to relieve the entire Middle West and Southwest than any other work that could be undertaken.

Women and Hotels

It was announced the other day that the owners of the Martha Washington Hotel, in New York, were not entirely satisfied with their experience in running a hotel for women, and would retire from that experiment and rent their property for a less restricted use. The trouble appears to have been that the hotel was not cheap enough to make it preferable to other good hotels on the ground of economy, and that the advantage of partial seclusion from the society of men was not one that enough women with money to spend would spend their money to secure. So far as appears the hotel has been intelligently managed; the building is a good one, and the location is convenient. If the Martha Washington has not paid as a woman's hotel the inference seems reasonable that women who can have their choice do not care, as a rule, and will not pay, to be secluded from the males of their species. They prefer, it would seem, if they are to live in a hotel, to

live in one where there are men about. This is a conclusion so flattering to men that the more possibility that it is true brings large measure of consolation for the Martha Washington's change of plan. There is nothing surprising about it. Hotels for men only flourish in New York when they are very cheap. The town has many bachelor apartment-houses, and a good many clubs where men hire bedrooms, but the hotels that men prefer are those that shelter women too, and nothing but pressing considerations of economy ever sends them to any other kind. Moreover, men have their uses in the maintenance of hotels besides the apparent fact that it is agreeable to the women guests to have them about. They drink more or less stimulating beverages, have their hair cut, get shaved, and smoke cigars, and what they pay to a hotel in consideration of the satisfaction of these tastes and addictions is found to be of material importance in providing the revenue necessary for the hotel's support. Not only self-indulgent men, but indulgent husbands and fathers, must be very good for a hotel. Go and dine in any of the great restaurants of New York and observe the deportment and expenditures of this class of patrons, and it will not surprise you that the woman's hotel should miss their patronage.

The Jews and the Schools

There are tokens of a little restlessness among some of the Jews in New York for fear their religion is not having absolutely a square deal. Last month the newspapers had stories of the withdrawal of some Jewish children from the Christmas trees and other Christmas exercises in the public schools of the East Side, and of protests against any notice whatever being taken of Christmas in the schools. Later evidence of a kindred jealousy appears in the remarks of Rabbi SILVERMAN of the Jewish Temple of Emanuel on Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street, on January 13. He said, as reported, that proselytism was carried on in the public schools, and that the churches were influencing the government contrary to the Constitution. Deprecating the alleged willingness of the Board of Education to allow religious pictures and symbols in the schools, he noted the possibility that "the time may come when an altar and a priest will be installed in every school, and a cross will replace the American flag on the top of the school building." "Let us call a halt before it is too late," said Dr. SILVERMAN, and he went on to enumerate various evidences of a union between religion and government in this country—such as the prayers in Congress, "In God we trust" on our coins, and the enforced observance of Sunday.

What Judaism has most to Fear

To some of these evidences Dr. SILVERMAN was inclined to be indulgent, but he felt that there could be no defence for attempting to lead the child in the public schools away from the religion of its fathers. He is certainly right about that, and we presume the Board of Education will maintain that no such attempt is being made or would be tolerated. This city is one of the few places—perhaps the only place—in the country where such attempts would be a matter of considerable practical importance, and here, above all other places, they should be guarded against. But, after all, taking this country by and large, and considering its origin and history, it seems rather hopelessly open to the imputation of being a Christian country, and Dr. SILVERMAN can hardly hope the people of his religion will escape all the inconveniences of residence in a country in that condition. The Jewish children may be and should be carefully shielded in the public schools from instruction inimical to their faith, but nothing can keep them from breathing American air and absorbing a good deal of whatever is in it. Are we mistaken in surmising that what Judaism has most to fear in this country is not the proselytizing influences in the public schools, but the absence of persecution, and of discrimination against Jews as Jews? Where no fence is built around the young Jews it is easier for them to wander. How much the rising generation of Jews in New York stray from their fathers' fold we do not know, but we hear much oftener of their being un-Judaized than of their being Christianized, and where they lose the restraints of their own religion without gaining any other they are very much the worse for it. So it is said to be with some of the Japanese, that when they lose their national religion, with its high standards of duty and honor, and get nothing in place of it, their characters crumble.

Commercial Crises

Tag pessimistic forecasts of the early future with which Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER and others have been credited has started a discussion of the question whether the prosperity which we are at present enjoying is likely to be short-lived. The answers of experts differ. Those who accept the theory that there is usually an interval of about ten years between two industrial crises maintain that a crisis is overdue, and cannot, therefore, be long deferred. As the last great crisis broke in 1873, the next, they say, should have occurred in 1903. Others aver that, as a matter of experience, the interval between two great crises is not ten years, but twenty years, though there is apt to be a minor crisis about the middle of the term. They insist that we witnessed such a minor crisis in 1893, and that, consequently, no great dislocation of industrial and financial conditions need be feared before 1913. Practical manufacturers and railroad men decline to accept any of the assumptions concerning the periodical or cyclical character of crises for which we are indebted to the professional political economists. They are confident that, just so long as our crops are plentiful, we shall continue to be prosperous, provided, of course, an era of overproduction does not supervene. By overproduction is meant, of course, an output which greatly exceeds the demand of consumers. Of such an excess there is as yet no proof. On the contrary, the productive capacity of factories is overtaxed, and their output is sold for many months in advance.

When, on the other hand, there comes a lull in the demand for manufactured products, and the factories, in consequence, accumulate a large surplus stock, many of them will have to shut down, and, owing to the resultant glut in the labor market, there will be a signal drop in wages. A shrinkage in consumption will inevitably follow the increase in the number of the unemployed. The duration of the crisis which will inevitably follow will be proportioned to its severity, and there is probably ground for the prediction that our next great crisis will be exceptionally severe and prolonged.

Apparently, it is not due, however, before 1913, unless we should have poor crops for the next two or three years. So we need not, as yet, be much depressed by the dismal view of the future which Mr. ROCKEFELLER is alleged to take. The railways of the country will have to buy enormous quantities of iron and steel products before they can make their truckage and rolling-stock commensurate with the increasing requirements for transportation, and, to say nothing of the increase of our population by the excess of our birth-rate over our death-rate, we are importing annually 1,200,000 immigrants, who will have to be fed, lodged, and clothed. An excess of supply of manufactures over demand seems, therefore, to be still distant.

A Tunnel under Dover Strait

As might have been expected, the establishment of an *entente cordiale* between Great Britain and France has led to revival of the project for the reconstruction of a tunnel under the Straits of Dover which in the last century was mooted more than once, but which was supposed to have been vetoed definitely in 1882. That, from a commercial point of view, such a tunnel would prove extremely serviceable is undisputed. It would signify facilitate the transportation of perishable goods, and would give an immense impetus to passenger traffic. There were, however, the project is opposed vehemently by military authorities, including conspicuously General Lord WOLSELEY, formerly commander-in-chief of the British army. The experts of the present-day resort to the conclusion reached by Colonel MARRIOTT in 1861, who testified that an mechanical means of destroying the tunnel within a few minutes of an alarm being given could be looked upon as trustworthy, and that if soldiers were relied upon to prevent the egress of hostile troops from the tunnel, it would prove to be practically difficult to guard against surprise. Lord WOLSELEY earnestly recalls the Duke of Wellington's oft-repeated warning that his countrymen ought not to rely upon the assumption that his country was unassailable by sea.

There is, in truth, no historical foundation for HENRY's description of Britain as a "favorite island." With the possible exception of Sicily, there is scarcely any large island on the surface of the globe which has been attacked successfully more times than has England. To say nothing of the invasions by the Romans, the Jutes, the Saxons, the Angles, the Danes, and the Normans which resulted in conquest, we may note that during the period between 1066 and 1485 there were half a dozen landings on the English coasts which affected the succession to the crown. If it be said that in those days England was weak at sea as compared with her neighbors, an assertion open to dispute, let us confine ourselves to a period much nearer our own time. In 1659, though the Commonwealth had become formidable at sea as well as irresistible on land, OLIVER CROMWELL, with a small body of followers, managed to land on the coast of Scotland, was there crowned king, and, at the head of an army, advanced into England as far as Worcester. In

1688 the Prince of Orange, with a body of Dutch troops, landed at Torbay, and in about six weeks reached London, where, presently, he and his wife were crowned joint sovereigns. Finally, in 1745, although at that time the British navy was greatly superior to the French, the Young Pretender contrived to elude the British cruisers, and with a small number of adherents effected a landing on the west coast of Scotland. Ill-equipped as he was for conquest, he soon overran the northern kingdom, and pushed forward into England as far as Derby, within two days' march of London. As for the great naval and military armament which NARCISSUS assembled at Boulogne in the year before the battle of Waterloo, there is now little doubt that a crowding of the Channel could have been effected had the Emperor listened to HENRI FRANKLIN, who offered to furnish him with transports propelled by steam. From the moment that steam became the motive power of navies, the Duke of Wellington, remembering the situation at Boulogne, never lost an opportunity of proclaiming his belief that England was peculiarly exposed to invasion. As for the present friendship of France being a guarantee against a misuse of the proposed tunnel, Secretary of War HALDANE has pointed out that in diplomacy you can never tell what may happen to-morrow, and he might have added that the last *entente cordiale* between France and England, which existed during the Crimean war, was soon followed by the panic caused by the fear of a French invasion, which led to the organization of the Volunteers. On the whole, it seems improbable that a tunnel under the Straits of Dover will be constructed in our time.

The Anglo-Japanese Treaty

THE suggestion made in the *North American Review* that the British government might deem itself constrained by treaty to side with Japan in the event of a war between the latter country and the United States, but that the British people would probably protest against legislation in such a contest, has called forth some comments from the *London Standard*, the semi-official organ of the Unionist party. The Anglo-Japanese treaty was negotiated, it may be remembered, in the summer of 1903, by Lord LANSOWORTH, then Minister for Foreign Affairs in the HALLAM government. Under the circumstances, the *Standard* naturally tries to defend the treaty, but it does not deny that, if Japan should choose to regard the right of the children of her subjects to attend public schools in San Francisco as one of the "special interests" in which the second article of the treaty refers, and to that end should levy war on the United States, Great Britain would be bound to cooperate with her. It asserts, moreover, that the British people would stand by their plighted word, and abide the consequences, though these, it acknowledges, might possibly be disastrous.

We believe that the Unionists, of whom the *Standard* is a mouth-piece, are here making the same mistake that they made when they acquiesced in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S proposal to impose a duty on foodstuffs imported from abroad. It was this proposal, more than any other cause, which subjected the Unionist party to overwhelming defeat at the last general election. The cessation of supplies from the United States and Canada would inevitably cause a marked increase in the price of breadstuffs, and the resultant dismay and anxiety would subject the British government to a pressure impossible to withstand. The millions of workmen would demand a repudiation of the Anglo-Japanese treaty, and the framer of it would become the most unpopular man in England, though, at worst, he can only be taxed with an inadvertence, for nobody dreamed of a war between Japan and the United States when the treaty was signed in August, 1903.

Books of Quiet

It may seem strange to say that in an age generally looked upon as commercial, bustling, noisy, the spirit of the times is voiced most definitely in a literature of acquiescence, of reflection, and quiet. There is nothing new under the sun, and there has never been an age since the beginning of writing that has not produced books of this same order, but never before have such books been so numerous, so widely read, so influential. It could almost seem as if the battle, the noise, the greed, the haste, the competition, were justified by the beauty of the body of admonition they have called forth.

Earlier in the century the tone of *creance* was entirely different; rebuke was more petulant and vehement and less hopeful. One has but to compare the utterances of CHARLES and BENJAMIN with those of MATTHEW LYNCH, BENSON, WAINWRIGHT, E. MICHAEL, FAIRBANKS, and the writer of *The Modern Mystic's Way*, to note the introduction of patience and hopefulness in the counsels of perfection. The new tone is not that of the patronizing master, as of one who should say, "I, hallo, have conquered life—listen while I explain it all, and learn of me how to act your part!" It is rather an admission of the solidarity of life, of the unity of

souls. The writers no longer reach down to us from a height of perfection to teach us, but they say, "I am even as you; share with me all I have seen"; but if by chance they voice the truest spirit of the age, they say, "I see you; let us acknowledge this, and share our consciousness."

"All men, even the saints," says a modern mystic, "are interested in their own affairs; so the right and wrong of it (human relations) come to be matters of the scope of self, the reach of self, the depth and breadth and height of self's affairs. Which one is neighbor to him that fell among thieves? I have grown to be neighbor and to have the neighborly heart towards him only over whom I have learned to stretch my shield of ownership, and to make real and living for me with the warmth of interest. I feel in that which I call mine; to other men I am cold: they are theirs and somebody's, they are not mine." It is the spirit of our age to feel that neighborliness must stretch as far as the whole girth of the world, and that all mankind is not only mine but we.

WHITMAN perhaps carried this feeling farther than any other, and with him it was less, too, an intellectual conviction than an innate perception. He felt it, with strange, mysterious thrills he felt his bondage to all men—in men past and men to be:

"It avails not, neither time nor place—distance avails not,—
I am with you, you men and women of a generation or ever
so many generations hence;
I project myself—also I return—I am with you, and know how
it is.

"I too, felt the curious, abrupt questionings stir within me."

That seems to be the human discovery beginning to voice itself here and there in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and singing itself aloud from a strange choir in the new century in many antiphonal chants of whole and rich and varied beauty, the song of the identity of human experience, the solidarity of the human soul—singing that the whole illusion of separateness is pain, and that until virtue is nature we must suffer, not in the least because some one outside or beyond us inflicts suffering, but because our own thought inflicts suffering.

There is another ante, too, constantly sounding through these representative books of quiet—the note of the love of all creation. One notices easily how in the nineteenth century there sounded a new and a more thrilling note in the feeling about nature. There was an impassioned undertone in WATSON'S contemplation, in BYRON'S escape from men to nature, in SHILLER'S complete absorption in natural things, and that note has gained in strength and fervor and volume. Never before has the loving observation of and rejoicing in nature so pervaded the whole of literature, prose, and poetry. MACLELLAN is writing of the individuality of flowers, quite as if he were writing of the faces of his friends; Mr. A. C. BENSON'S *Treasures of Gold* treats of that bit of light that runs through life, shooting up here and there some point of exquisite beauty, "that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment," and it is C. E. who sings of how the fresh, young years brought him back to acquiescence:

"I begin through the grass once again to be bound to the Lord.
I can see through a haze that has faded, the face full of rest
Of the earth, of the mother, my heart with her heart in accord.
As I lie mid the cool green tresses that mantle her breast,
I begin with the grass once again to be bound to the Lord."

Even the new philosophy of pragmatism (if it is not too childish to label as "new" any form of human consciousness) seems to be clearing the ground of littered obstructions, so that one may decide more what sensations and what perceptions are valid and conduce to their best moments, but whether they willfully cooperate with those or not, yet surely out of the immensity of life as it flows towards us, each one creates his personal world, its breadth, its depth, its vision, and control it for better or worse to the sum of human consciousness.

Personal and Pertinent

Now that Professor MATTHEW of Cambridge, England, is dead, the palm for scholarship in the history of medieval England comes over to this country. This may possibly console us for the sadness in which, no doubt, the nation is plunged by the news that a Canadian Rhodes scholar has distanced all his fellows from the United States, who, however, come out fairly well intellectually when their devotion to athletics is considered. Professor TIMMS, of Harvard, is now unquestionably the authority on medieval history, especially on the history of the papals. He was born in Troy, and was graduated at Williams College. Then he went abroad, studied, and hoped for a teaching job. Hope began to fail him. One day ELLEN PERCY, who was a classmate of his, found him deliriously himself with some dusty volumes in the British Museum, and to PERCY, GIBBS confessed that if he did not get his hoped-for job in a couple of months, he would have to go back in Troy and degrade himself by making money. But Harvard wanted him, and now he is a professor and an LL.D. As

a culmination of his glory, other scholars believe that he is worthy of his doctorate.

WILLIAM ALGER SMITH, who is to succeed Mr. ALGER as Senator from Michigan, is an interesting figure. He began his active life in Grand Rapids, Michigan, as the boy that swept out the law office of which he is now the head. He is a prosperous and indefatigable lawyer, and while he represents his State and his district in that loyal and faithful way that limits the usefulness of a good many American Representatives and Senators, he is not so bound to the traditions of servility that make miserable, and sometimes pitiful, the lives of inferior men who are in public life because their constituents do not want, or cannot get, better men. Mr. SMITH did not like the out-fitting bills that came before the House of Representatives with so much pressure behind them; but he voted for the first one because his private interests were the other way: he was a shareholder and a director in a railroad company. It may not seem much of a reason to some people, but it satisfied "SAM" McCALL, of Massachusetts, who is Mr. SMITH's best friend in the House of Representatives, the two families sustaining interlocking relations. McCALL spoke and voted against the scheme, having disposed of all holdings of railroad property that might have embarrassed him.

MONCURE D. CONWAY, whose *Wise Men of the East* is now receiving treatment at the hands of the reviewers, is the present figure among our literary men whose voluble reminiscences please the younger generations of the uninformed. He delights them, among other entertainment, with stories of LINCOLN. Some of these stories indicate how pettiferous good men—like the abolitionists—could be when, as LINCOLN used to say, they undertook to "run" his administration. It is so much easier to "run" a machine if you haven't got to ride with it to its doom after you have pulled the lever. Conway, as editor of the *Commonwealth*, used to go with the abolitionist delegates to Washington to urge upon LINCOLN to make war upon slavery. Just before the issuing of the famous proclamation, a delegation of this kind all around the President in the usual solemn circle, demanding emancipation. They must have been unusually offensive, for LINCOLN felt himself most comfortable when he ignored the riders and confined his conversation to the young CONWAY. So, having met and disposed of all their arguments in favor of immediate emancipation, he said to CONWAY that he had been reminded of a "little story." At this time serious, that is to say humorous, people used to be shocked by any of LINCOLN'S "little stories," before he told them. The rider abolitionists probably went over to the mantelpiece to look at the French clock. LINCOLN, thus relieved, told CONWAY that once a sinful farmer down in Maine asked a druggist of that Prohibition State to put some whiskey in his soda-water. The druggist, looking around, probably, and catching a glimpse of a peering constable, said, virtuously, that the law forbade him. Upon this the farmer prone to drink whispered, "Can't suttin' git in unbeknownst to ye?" "And such a feller," said LINCOLN, "may happen to one of my proclamations."

EDWARD H. STRAUSS, LL.D., is a modest man whom few know, and who is liked by as many as know him. He is one of those rare Americans who would be more famous, if he advertised himself, than most of those who proclaim and are proclaimed. He is the real King of Siam. STRAUSS was graduated at Harvard some thirty years ago, and pronounced on the stage of Saunders' Theatre a Latin oration which WILLIAM EVERETT said was the only Latin oration he ever heard applauded. He studied law, but he practiced diplomacy. For a number of years, a greater number than used to be given to American diplomats, he was secretary of legation at Madrid, and he held up the hands of Dr. CYRUS and PEARL BURNETT, who were ministers. He was an adept in the Romance languages, in civil law, and in the arts of diplomacy. When CLEVELAND came in, STRAUSS, whose Democracy is Charles-tonian, wanted to be a minister in South America. His Spanish experiences and successes should have given him the post at once. Finally, after a turn at the office of Third Assistant Secretary of State he was sent as minister to Ecuador and promoted to Chile. When the Republicans entered they did not want STRAUSS, so Chile made him one of its arbitrators with Bolivia. After a while Harvard made him professor of international law. The King of Siam, all this time, had an English expert to advise him about treaties, general diplomacy, and domestic affairs. He died, and the King asked for an American. STRAUSS was appointed, and he is in effect king. Among other things, he has abolished slavery. Last winter he started home for a vacation, but he was stung by a poisonous insect in Egypt, and has since been at death's door. Harvard gave him an LL.D. last summer, STRAUSS sitting on the platform as an iron wicket to receive it. The other day he started back for his three old partly cured. Although so few know him or about him, his diplomatic career has been for more important and more brilliant than that of any living American; but the United States cannot have his services, because he is a Democrat, and a conservative Democrat at that.

Correspondence

MAGIC IN POETRY

New York, January 5, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Mr. Kipling, in an address last year which attracted widespread and continued attention, said that there were only five passages of sheer magic in English poetry; and that four of them were found in Keats. But he did not quote any of these passages. By "magic," I take it that Mr. Kipling meant the production by the poet, in a few words, of pictures and impressions so vivid, vivid, powerful, and unforgettable that one, no matter how often he may read it, never pauses to analyze the passage, or to pick out a meaning here and there, this being in fact poetical genius in its highest form.

I should like to quote the five passages in English poetry which seem to me to contain the most of sheer magic, taking the word English in its widest sense, because one American is included in the list. I speak merely as one of the "million-footed," and ask you what you think of the quotations, ranking them in merit in the order named, as follows:

Perhaps the softest song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Death, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttime hath
Charm'd magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fary lands forlorn.
—Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale."

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried: La Belle Dame Sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall,
—Keats' "La Belle Dame Sans Merci."

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-loud whisper o'er the sea
Lifts the specter-haunt.
—Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

On desperate sea long woe to roam,
The hyacinth hair, the classic face,
The Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.
—Pope's "To Helen."

Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain rim,
And straight was a path of gold for him
And the need of a world of men for me.
—Browning's "Parting at Morning."

It may be noted that four of them contain allusions to the sea, the greatest of the earth's physical manifestations.
I am, sir,

JOSEPH A. ALTSCHULER.

[Our recollection is that Mr. Kipling's allusion to the magic verses is in the story called "Wireless," and that he there quoted the two last lines of our correspondent's first quotation from Keats.—EDITOR.]

ANOTHER OPENING FOR COLONEL ROOSEVELT

December 31, 1906.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—We from far away watch the progress of affairs in the States with a good deal of interest; but, naturally, affairs close at hand bulk larger in our vision. So, when we rejoice in President Roosevelt as a champion of peace, of honesty, and of activity, we rejoice more in the fact that his tenure of office has been marked by a more vigorous foreign policy. The payment of an indemnity many years overdue, the granting of privileges to American institutions in Turkey equal to those granted to others, and the raising of the States' Legation to the dignity and power of an embassy, are a welcome change from the careless and ignorant policy pursued heretofore, which for many years made "Amerrikah" a byword in Turkey. American missionaries abused, even expelled, and American property destroyed without an effective word of protest from the country of which they were so proud—this was a severe test of loyalty.

But it is not only for the American citizens in Turkey, but also for the sake of this terror-ridden land that we welcome President Roosevelt's activity and fearlessness, hoping that of the many waves of reform which his energy creates, at least a faint one may make itself felt here.

The jealousy with which the Christian powers of Europe regard each other makes it difficult for any one of them to interfere in this settling pot of misdeeds. Even if Great Britain were willing to interfere in Turkey, as the States did in Cuba, with no thought of gain or aggrandizement, but only for the sake of reform, the other nations of Europe would not trust her disinterestedness, but would rather oppose her with a view to preserving the balance of power. In addition to this there are many points of international relationship and etiquette which make it an extremely delicate question

for Great Britain or her Ambassador to interfere in any matters but such as directly concern British interests.

The United States finds herself freer in these respects. Her interference in Turkish affairs would be looked on with less suspicion by others. Also, as a younger nation and as one whose relations with European politics have been very slight, international etiquette would make fewer demands. And she could always count on the moral and, if necessary, practical support of Great Britain and her sympathizers in all measures that would tend to solve the Eastern problem, and so wipe out a blot on the page of Christian history.

May we, therefore, entertain the hope that at the expiration of his term of office as President, Theodore Roosevelt may be sent as United States Ambassador to Constantinople, where by his tact and his energy he might not only improve the status of American citizens in Turkey, but might also serve the interests of humanity?

I am, sir,

A RESIDENT OF TURKEY.

STUDY JAMES WILSON

PHILADELPHIA, January 5, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—I am much interested to see by your issue of January 5, in the editorial paragraph beginning "There is one point which Mr. Root neglected to mention," that you have grasped the fact that James Wilson, great Nationalist though he was, stood like a rock in the Constitutional struggle against Hamilton and all who would do away with the State governments. While I feel sure the writer of that editorial has made a study of Wilson, allow me to urge a careful study of his teachings by you and your force of writers, for through your pages you wield a tremendous influence on the public, and we, as a people, are drifting very rapidly into a condition which will necessitate our harking back to first principles and studying them as did the men one hundred years ago. You will find that James Wilson was a true Democrat then Jefferson, and a better Federalist than Hamilton, for he founded his whole theory of government on the people—absolutely and irrevocably—and was both an ardent States-right man and an uncompromising Nationalist, all of which represents not inconsistency, but a broad comprehensive grasp of fundamental principles and a deeper and broader grasp than any other man of Wilson's day possessed. He was not, as scurrilous as Hamilton, but he was equally as brilliant and far more profound—compared with Wilson, Hamilton was a puffy in the science of government; even Hamilton's great report of February 23, 1791, on the constitutionality of the bill for establishing a national bank, was based on Wilson's luminous argument in 1788 on the power of the Congress to incorporate the Bank of North America, and I doubt not but that the historians of the future will find evidence among the Hamilton and Wilson manuscripts to prove even a closer connection on the part of Wilson with that report. I have already found a manuscript copy of that report among Wilson's papers.

I am, sir,

LUTHER H. ALEXANDER.

NOT "DISHONORABLY DISCHARGED"

NEWLY, OREG., January 10, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—In your issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY for January 12, the front page is occupied by a cartoon representing a negro sergeant holding in his hands a paper on which is inscribed (upside down to the reader) the words "Discharged without honor from the Armies of the United States." So far so good. On the bottom of the page in large characters appears the legend, "Dishonorably Discharged."

For years HARPER'S WEEKLY has been a journal of civilization, and its words have been the conscience of a nation. Never in all that time has it displayed any marked unfairness. But you are aware that the soldiers were not dishonorably discharged, and your standard of education forbids your magazine to plead the crass ignorance of the civilian on military matters. Without entering into the merits of the case, it is no more than fair for your publication to retract the phrase so suggestive of either gross ignorance or petty bias, that HARPER'S WEEKLY may stand clear before the people as a fair magazine. I have had the honor to serve my country over a period of years as a soldier, and the army itself would not relish your cartoon, unless it has changed greatly since my day. In fair exact handling of this peculiar question you will find perhaps sympathy with your views; but it is late in the day of the day for HARPER'S to contravene so important an injunction against our Chief Magistrate.

I am, sir,

WALTER S. MACAULAY.

Military Instructor, O. S. and S. D. House.

[Our correspondent is justified in calling attention to the legend under the cartoon in the issue of January 12. It should have read, not "Dishonorably Discharged," but "Discharged without Honor." The mistake was an oversight, and by no means intended as a "somewhat harsh" jab against our Chief Magistrate. The army regulations say, "A dishonorable discharge from the service is a complete expulsion from the army, and covers all unexcused delinquencies." "Discharge without honor" is a milder expression of disapprobation. But either of these forms of discharge acts, as we understand it, as a bar to reenlistment.—EDITOR.]

THE KID-GLOVED GOLD-FIELDS

A MINING REGION DE LUXE, WHERE MILLIONAIRES ABOUND
AND NEWSPAPERS ARE PRINTED WITH GOLD INK

By BARTON W. CURRIE

THE tenderfoot will seek in vain the thrills of story and drama in the Nevada desert.

There comes no longer any border-land of civilization. The realist hunting for ideas and color must fare far and wide from even the jumping-off place in the new gold country, where scores of booming and boom communities have mushroomed forth upon the sand-plate and hitherto untrodden alkali within the past instant.

The awakening is rude. Disillusioned crowd upon one another's heels from the moment of your arrival. As far as the railroads are concerned you have reached the Ultima Thule. Southward there is a vast unpopulated waste—unpeopled if you put out of the reckoning the widely scattered little shacktowns where the gold-hunters are digging with a fair frenzy for the ore Nature locked deep in subterranean dikes of rock below the sunbaked, naked, unwatered desert.

The imagination draws vivid—home-land—pictures while you ride a day and half the aught beyond the benign pale of growing things. There is imagination in this rugged scenery where age-brush must struggle desperately to exist in sparse and vagrant clumps, where the clayey wastes (the word is of Western coinage) look rabbit and gopher can find no sustenance, and where no insect breeds in the poisoned dust.

Therefore it is abruptly disconcerting to descend from a weather-beaten Pullman (only the very derelict of has-been-palace cars are permitted to roll over the desert) into the dazzling glare of electric lamps to find the vibrant with the livery and snout and market of motels, and to find the station thronged with chauffeurs in leather livery and hungry-eyed cabmen. This aspect of the latter-day world's advance is a keen disappointment.

Why did you ever read that article and the other literatures who wrote of dismal little camps where men with picks toiled wearily at the gold-digging?

There was spice in romancing it then. There was romance, there was danger. Enthusiasm boiled vent in shavings up. The whiskey would burn a hole through a horse-hide boot. Treasure was carried in belts. Men slept with rifles in their hands and shot prowling wolves at the tent-flaps. A human wolf showed his teeth only once and then hit the dust. Revolver hilts and gun butts were notched. The tenderfoot danced the artillery quickstep. If tempests he was made to drink fuel-oil while the muzzle of a villainous weapon tickled his ear.

Where—where? Those were the days.

But now! Shades of the Party-aimers! In the modern gold quest you must have a veritable city for an outfit; no electrified, telephone-connected town, complete from bath-tub to touring-car—a portable city that can be rushed up overnight. And you must transport your city hundreds of miles over the alkali desert and set it down where the stunted Joshua-tree with its deformed tentacles has stood lonely vigil for centuries. Then you may dig amid congenial and resourceful surroundings.

Lament, oh tender stranger from the highly civilized Eastern States! The days of the storied Bad Lands are over.

"Any gun-fighters left?" is the lonesome query of the literary miner. "Our circulation demands something short and full of action."

Yes, indeed. More than several survive both here in Nevada and in California. There are gun-fights, too, which are very short and full of action. So there are occasionally on Broadway, often on the Bowery, and now and then in domestic Harlem, Nevada has no monopoly. But there are no fancy policemen, and the camp daily makes only a paragraph of them, tucked away under an ad. which reads something like this (this was in actual advertisement printed in the Goldfield News last September):

"Wanted, a piano-player. Must be good dish-washer. Last performer had a mean temper and quit very suddenly. Apply—Glad Hand Saloon."

There is a little color in the life left, but its rugged mantle of picturesque has been taken off.

What of the pioneer of this hopeless country? Surely, you conjecture, he must be picturesque to have ventured so far and remained, lodged in by mighty silence. Recall him!

The big man in white flannel, pearl-colored felt hat, glistening canvas shoes, groomed to the minute in every detail, chuckled under his luxuriant mustache.

"There blows a pioneer," laughed this modern Nevada. He waved a glove at a big French car that slid noiselessly by over the granite-hard trail that served for the main thoroughfare of the camp.

"That a pioneer!" I could not choke down my disgust. Above in the cavernous depths of the townhouse sat a young man as prettily groomed as a fashion-plate. He was immaculate and spoke in good taste, except for the glint of his fangs, which was a little out-of-pocket. His Panama might have been late, but down here (you fall into the habit of saying "down here" in spite of the 6000-foot altitude) it seemed distressingly de pioneer.

He looked utterly bored. You could see that the set of his features was studied. He considered it good form.

"Sort of a duke of the desert," I groaned.

"Killed a man yesterday," announced my companion shortly, by way of supplying a sensational antithesis. I couldn't I brightened at this. Possibly here was an Alkali Ike or a Diamond-feld-lack in a new make-up. Of course he had been whisked away in his car just as my interest rose up on its hind legs.

"Got the drop on his man, eh?" I ventured with affected unconcern.

"No," was the drawing rejoinder. "Not quite that. You see—at least it was rolled out to me in this shape, though I suppose the truth was tortured so it was passed along—the gun went off by accident. He carried a couple of those sawed-off 44's, about eight pounds of Mr. Colt's best blue steel product, in the tool-kit of his machine. In rummaging for his wrench a trigger became involved. A cartridge exploded and the ball hit Wong in the neck. Wong was the club cook and, unhappily, he was standing at the kitchen window. Disgracefully insignificant, as he was truly a celestial performer, and we were to have had one of his famous duck dinners that evening. However—" and he lazily drew forth a gold cigarette-case studded with diamonds.

"Pretty tough on Wong, too," I remarked as I accepted a moss-green Turkish. I felt glum indeed. There was not even a waft of straw of the romantic to snatch at. For a people so completely out of the world and with the Nevada laws so loose and inert, conditions seemed hopelessly commonplace.

It was difficult at first to get a proper focus for these Nevada folk. As my field of observation cleared, thoughts I discovered that there were singular features in their lives; that the country did furnish occasional thrills; that there were tragedies and scandals that would delight the heart of the most ardent city editor.

Libraries of "copy" have been written all about Western gun-fighters and Bad Men who led dangerous lives. The newspapers have brought the action down to date in the new gold-fields, but the stories have not received the brush of true color. Scarcely if newspaper fact and magazine fiction possessed even remote elements of realism these pioneers of the desert should be swaggering about with gun and whip, bawling and howling by the very terms of their reputation.

And they are there—these Bad Men. The tenderfoot meets them. But the stage business is colorless. There is the Glad Hand Saloon, with its bullet-scarred door; the Palace; the Gratitude; the Three Wheels, where you may hear the senseless music of clinking gold throughout the day and night of the year's full spate. Only the harden observe the Sabbath. They have a union and are small capitalists. They shave with significant posture and your pit does not budge. You can save a small fortune by growing a beard.

To return to the Bad Men. The impulsive, color-hunting tenderfoot will not find them behind the glittering signs. They are members of the Mine Owners Association. They rendezvous in clubs, where they chat about one-thousand-foot levels, black-out ore, high grading. Their gossip is all golden, but all their gold does not come from the mines. They own the gambling-halls and resorts that are conventionally taboos in the clubs. You will find them loitering in great leather chairs at the club, and you will find the club is a dignified three-story stone building—a light-gray stone worth more down there than some of the ore dug from the mines. They think nothing of putting \$50,000 in a little structure of this sort.

You may not know these Bad Men of Nevada by their clothes. The expensive tailors of Los Angeles and San Francisco have their representatives in every camp. You will find more well-dressed men there than in any neighborhood of the same size in the world. Moreover many of these well-dressed adventurers are college bred.

A particularly well-groomed young man I met on the train, and recognized at once as a hero of the Eastern gridiron of a decade ago, led me to the Montezuma Club immediately I had found lodgings in an unscrupled room with paper walls. He was vastly enthusiastic about the place and the people and the mines. He had me by the arm and swept me along the crowded street where groups of men stood gossiping on the wooden sidewalks. Every few steps he saluted some friend, caught him by the arm and introduced me.

"This is Mr. Jones, owner of the Red Star," or, "This is Mrs. Smith, one of our engineers." "I want you to meet Mr. Brown. He heated the Hildad Puss." "There is Mr. Green, agent for Senator Doe." "Here comes Mr. White, who represents Senator Ee."

There were dozens of these thoroughly city-looking men in the club, reading papers, sipping cocktails, and discussing the latest strike of ore in a neighboring camp. One and all treated the tenderfoot with deferential courtesy and polished hospitality.

"I have seen a gun in the palm of my hand," he certainly looks like a kid-gloved community of Bad Men, if you have any such left in what I supposed was a high-pressure corner of the world."

"My dear chap," spoke up a young Englishman, so creased and (Continued on page 136.)



The Lewandowski Model for the Kosciuszko Statue, selected by a Jury of Art Experts, which President Roosevelt rejects



The President's Preference—the Model for the Kosciuszko Memorial submitted by a Sculptor of Lemberg, Austria

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AS AN ART CRITIC

A STATUE IN MEMORY OF THE POLISH PATRIOT KOSCIUSKO IS TO BE ERECTED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT IN LAFAYETTE SQUARE, IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, AND A JURY OF ART EXPERTS HAD DECIDED THAT, OF VARIOUS MODELS SUBMITTED IN COMPETITION, THE BEST WAS THAT OF MR. ST. B. LEWANDOWSKI, OF VIENNA. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HAS DEPARTED FROM THE VERDICT OF THE COMMITTEE, SEVERELY CRITICISING MR. LEWANDOWSKI'S DESIGN, AND DECLARING HIS PREFERENCE FOR ONE SUBMITTED BY A SCULPTOR OF LEMBERG, AUSTRIA, WHO HEDDED TO SEND HIS NAME. THE GOVERNMENT JURY OF AWARD WHICH WILL HAVE THE FINAL DETERMINATION IN THE CONTEST CONSISTS OF SECRETARY TAFT, SENATOR WETMORE OF BRIDGE PLANK, AND REPRESENTATIVE MCCLARY OF MINNESOTA.

WHEN THE MINISTRY WAS ORDERED TO THE FRONT

AN AMUSING AND UNPARALLELED INCIDENT IN AMERICAN HISTORY AND THE PART A METHODIST MINISTER HAD IN THE REPEAL OF A LAW

By J. R. TAYLOR

THE possibility that the young Freshmen preparing for the priesthood may be "called to the colors" is not the least interesting feature of the struggle between government and church now going on in France. Americans are apt to regard such a thing as unthinkable in this country, where the peaceful ministrs of all denominations are known and respected. They will, therefore, be incredulous when told that the very thing has happened in those United States that is one of the sovereign commonwealths of the American Union, by the express act of the Legislature, priest, parson, evangelist, men of every holy calling, were hidden to enroll themselves in the forces which that State was sending to the front. How this happened, and how the forced service was averted, constitutes an interesting story, which even the dark disasters of the time cannot rob of a certain humorous aspect.

The thing was done and undone in Mississippi. The last years of the civil war had come, and with them the realization that the demand of the Confederacy for men was considerably larger than the reliable supply. In fact, men were getting to be something of a rarity away from the ramps in certain States. They were nearly all with Lee and the other Confederate commanders, who were leading a hope growing more and more forlorn. The proposal to enlist negro regiments had been discussed, but its wisdom as a policy had been generally denied. It is true there were many of them along with the armies at that time, but they were there in the capacity of servants, rendering the personal services to which so many of the ragged troops had been accustomed at home. Still, men had to be got somewhere. Not only the "seed-corn of the Confederacy" must be ground if the South, broken in two by the capture of Vicksburg and the occupation of Memphis, was to continue to make head against the superior and encouraged forces of the North, but all stray labor and older grains must also be utilized. Conscription, a conscription which would take the section from one end to the other, was evidently the only resource. A bounty was naturally out of the question. The depreciation of the Confederate currency, which made a pair of boots cost several hundred dollars, shut off all hope in that direction. Neither the Confederate nor State governments had anything of material value to offer. Under these circumstances, Mississippi, sitting through its Legislature, turned itself in the task of helping to fill the thinning ranks of the Southern armies. For some time the Legislature had not been permitted to enjoy the quiet conducive to high meditation or brilliant and sound

pleasure the legislators, probably because of unsettled conditions. So it left that place, and in February, 1864, met at Macon, a town in the eastern part of the State, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. At Columbus it had used the court house and the Christian Church as its legislative buildings. At Macon it was decided, after some deliberation, to occupy a female school. So it met in the old "Cal-



Mississippi's old State Capitol at Jackson from which the Legislature moved temporarily

hous Institute" for young ladies, and proceeded to solve the momentous problem of how to procure soldiers for the cause.

The solution, as intimated, was very simple. It consisted in nothing more nor less than the passage of a law which would call nearly everybody to the colors except the infants in the cradles and the women and young girls at the spinning-wheels. Section, according to those who have the knowledge that permits of a just comparison, has no all-embracing piece of legislation of that character gone through a law-making body in time of war. The age limit was raised to a point unknown before. Every man, no matter what his occupation, was hidden to join the army and impliedly threatened with being hunted down and conscripted in true military fashion if he failed to obey the summons. No exceptions seem to have been made except for absolute physical disability. Exemption on professional grounds there was none. The merchant, the farmer, the lawyer, and, last of all, the Catholic priest and the Protestant minister were all included within the terms of the act. War showed itself in all its exactness, and the State was preparing to pay the full price. She had given much; she was taking steps to give all, to throw the remnants of her male population into the breach.

But before the measure went to the Governor for his signature, while it was yet in the hands of the enrolling clerks of the Senate, who were preparing to copy it in a bold, round hand, an extraordinary thing happened. One morning the representatives had convened in a large chamber formerly used for a recreation-room, but now appropriated to more august uses. The speaker had rapped for order, and order had come. Glancing a curious eye over the assembly, he observed a solemn-looking gentleman in black in the rear of the hall. It was Mr. Harmon, a Methodist minister. He was tall, he was stern, and there was an air of suppressed indignation about him that gave warning to those near that he was laboring under a strong necessity for speech. Being some distance away, the speaker did not note the latter circumstance. He merely saw a minister whom he knew by sight and reputation. So he assumed a polite parliamentary smile, observed that he saw the House of Representatives was honored by the presence of a minister, and then asked him if he would not obligingly open the proceedings with prayer. Rev. Mr. Harmon complied. He stood up in his place, with a glitter in the eye that one does not usually have when uttering an invocation, and began. It was a prayer that every eye remembered who heard, and that has been pre-

(Continued on page 133.)



Calhoun Institute, where the Mississippi Legislature met. The only extant picture of the Building

legislation. It had not in Jackson until November, 1863, but at that date a certain General Sherman made things so uncomfortable around the State's capital that it decided to move to Columbus, a city at a considerable distance from the regular seat of government. Then Governor Clarke, the "Governor," as he was called, was inaugurated. But Columbus soon proved to



A HALT IN THE CEREMONY

THE ELUSIVE RING

DRAWN BY HAROLD MATTHEWS BETT

A DIPLOMATIC ADVENTURE

BEING AN INCIDENT OF A RECENT RECEPTION

BY JOHN
KENDRICK
BANGS

TO THE
DIPLOMATIC
CORPS

DECORATION BY
DAN SAYRE
GROESBECK

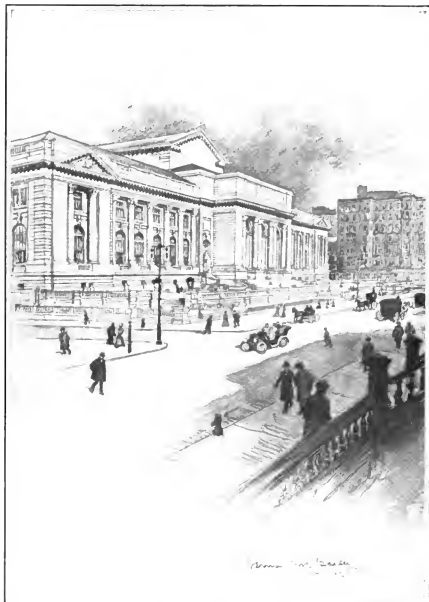


SEE the Diplomatic Corps
At the Presidential day
How independently they're dressed
In their God-blessed best!
Baron Houn leads the way
In a tennis blazer gay,
And a racket in his right—
Is he not a pleasant sight?
Juncumb's the next in pass—
Dear old Juncumb of Dem Tasse—
With a splendid football suit,
Very chic and very cute,
Leather guard upon his nose,
Sits to cover up his nose;
Chas. protector on each shin,
And a ball of pecker's skin
Underneath his duster arm—
He's a picture full of charm
Next to Juncumb comes Jimmie Bliss—
Jimmie's looking mighty nice—
Baseball cap upon his head,
And a smaller sweater red,
Harvard B just over his nose
Heaving on his hands chest,
Leaning on a standard bat—
He's person mighty neat!
Therefore will smile on him
And he'll call him "Sugar Jim"
Next we see the happy man
Credited from Taboran,
Shod with shining hockey skates
Shining through the sacred gates
In his train, kidshin to skin,
Tobak and lat Dyke
March along with smiling face,
Ready for the three-legged race
That at any time may be
Part of the formality
That prevails when Therefore
Greets the Diplomatic Corps
So they come from jolly Scotland
Navyman strong B
Saxons, Saxons York and Dane
Vassal in this Spain
All in costume for the far

Famed Pelicans Gumbana
All save one! O where is he?
Representing Magoty—
Strange for him whom none can check,
Represented by a "Speck" too—
White, O where is Speck today,
Personal of the arena?
Can it be that he is gone?
Tennis, golfing champion—
Master of the Turkey-head:
Single-sticker of repute;
Hoots loud and Prince of all
Kinds of modern games of ball—
Speck the sprinter, full of dash,
Jai Alai bold and brash—
Only man in all the corps
Who can stick to Therefore,
Kicks him that thick and thin,
Mid the roar and mid the din
Of the policy of sport
At our Democratic Court—
Taking fences, jumping rails,
Putting lions, sniping snails
Riding smooth and riding rough
Calling for the stored stuff—
Like our Speck, so good and gay
Like Sir Mussy sailed away
Nay! it has
For the gates are opened now
In they walk and bow they bow
Looking eagerly the while
For that most delightful smile
Full of love and pride,
Which I'm sure will prove to be
Just a peer in history
Then it is that Speck is seen
Sitting with untrodden knee—
Willful Speck, looking for
us for mighty Son of Bess
Playing parlous on a floor
We're our only Treasurer

Who can wonder, of the bunch
Who have the biggest "hunch"





Drawn by Vernon Horst Bailey

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING WHICH NEW YORK WILL EVENTUALLY POSSESS

SOME DAY, WHEN THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES CEASE STRENGTHENING RED TAPE AROUND THE PATH OF ITS PROGRAM, NEW YORK WILL HAVE A PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING WHICH WILL BE SURPASSED IN SIZE ONLY BY THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY IN WASHINGTON. THE COMPLETED NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY WILL COMBINE THE ASTOR, LENOX, AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS. THE BUILDING, WHICH WILL OCCUPY THE LOT (5000 FEET SQUARE) FRONTING ON FIFTH AVENUE BETWEEN 40TH AND 42D STREETS, WILL MEASURE 470 FEET IN BREADTH AND 390 IN DEPTH. IT WILL BE BUILT OF WHITE MARBLE, WILL ACCOMMODATE THREE AND ONE HALF MILLION VOLUMES, AND WILL COST IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF \$10,000,000. IT WAS BUILT IN 1909.

MAKING A BUSINESS PAY

By HENRY HARRISON LEWIS

THESE, in process of development today. In connection with American methods of doing business, a new and most important factor which is generally termed, "systematic business economy." Briefly its attributes are to show how to make a business pay when it did not pay before, pay better when it did pay before; to show how to find leaks in business and how to stop them; to show how to make the best method of doing any business fit that business.

It is estimated that during the past three years fully twenty-seven per cent. of our important commercial enterprises have applied the new factor to their plants and have achieved satisfactory results. It also has been proved that it is possible to reduce operating and manufacturing expenses fully forty per cent. in many cases, and practically an average of twenty-five per cent. in all cases, where professional systematization has been utilized in the reorganization of a plant.

A new profession known as business engineering has taken its place in the ranks of our scientific commercial industries, and it is now possible to have a business suffering from any of the other serious diseases treated by an expert much as a doctor of medicine would treat his human patient. The work of these "business doctors" is extremely interesting, and although their fees are large the results invariably achieved are more than satisfactory.

In systematizing a manufacturing plant, a commercial business, or any one of the numerous branches of industry or commerce, it is necessary to utilize both mechanical appliances and brains. The most vital factor is not the system used, but the men who carry out the system.

Mr. William Van Horn, the man who built the Canadian Pacific Railway when others failed, and who is an active director in a score of important enterprises, said one day:

"Start right. Begin at the top and work down if you desire to systematize your business. If your executive head is incompetent it will do you very little good to have a capable officer. A two-inch leak in a ten thousand gallon tank is more dangerous than the whole bottom knocked out of a water-pail. Before you equip your railway system with block signals be sure you have men capable of working them. It isn't the throttle in the engine cab that runs the train, it's the man behind the throttle."

The executive head and his immediate subordinates might be called the higher personnel in business concerns. As directors of men and leaders in the work they must have a thorough knowledge of human nature and be specialists in organization and execution. It is for them to see that the system as applied to business is carried out in all its broad details.

Further down the scale come to the rank and file, the great mass of employees who are the private soldiers of industry. To the capitalist who invests his money in business enterprises, and to the employer of skilled and unskilled labor, no matter what the volume of his trade, the question of hiring men is of great importance.

In contradistinction with the old slipshod methods we have today, directly evolved through the newer system of business economy, a new type of labor expert whose duty is to seek out, pass upon, and engage the standing army of trade.

He is a thoroughly trained man whose duties are manifold. He employs all labor. All applicants for positions are referred to him. He is the final judge of their length of employment and of their value. Not only does he form the connecting link between employer and employee as regards the hiring of labor, he also acts as the go-between in important questions affecting the welfare of both. It is his duty to keep careful watch upon the men, and if there should happen to be a trace of discontent, the labor expert, through his secret-service system, learns the facts, and either causes the dismissal of the agitators or recommends needed reforms to the employer.

In large establishments requiring the services of a great many men of various trades, the labor expert maintains a regular employment bureau. He works upon a system apparently as methodical and unerring as clockwork. In this age of specialists when one expert mechanic is worth a dozen commonplace workmen, and when manufacturers and business men in general are keen to find and keep desirable specialists, the labor expert of this modern school must be constantly on the alert to discover the best, and, once found, to prevent any other firm from winning such men away. In his work the labor expert must practice economy in the matter of wages. It is more to his credit to secure for his employer good men at average wages than through the paying of bonuses. To do this he must make up especially desirable men satisfied with his work as well as with his pay.

The great manufacturing plants and the most important corporations require in their employ men of almost every trade and profession. It can be understood, therefore, that the system creating the labor expert also created a system for the proper conduct of the labor expert's work. A concrete example will be of interest not only to those connected with the largest concerns, but also to the merchant or manufacturer of comparatively minor importance. The labor expert, when associated with a well-run manufacturing organization maintains with absolute stress the following system of engaging its employees:

In the first place, all records are kept in the form of a card index system. In the office in question there are twenty card-indexes, one for each division of service, such as carpenters, molders, fashers, formers, clerks, salesmen, etc. The cards are of different colors to indicate the proficiency of the man. For instance, if the workman is a carpenter by trade his record is kept upon a white card in the carpenter's cabinet. If he understands painting his name and address and the facts in the case are also entered upon a buff card and filed away in the painter's cabinet.

The cards used are of the medium size, and each contains such printed heads as occupation, name, address, age, married or single, education, nationality, salary or otherwise, and remarks. Under the latter head is given as fully as possible the history of the man, with special emphasis to his ability as a workman and his loyalty to his employers. The records are kept up to date through a system of correspondence, both with the man interested and with those who know him. New men are constantly being discovered through the medium of carefully worded advertisements placed in magazines and in the daily newspaper "want" columns. For instance, the labor expert of the manufacturing trust in question utilizes a regular system of advertising, using the principal newspapers of the country.

The advertisements are worded something as follows:

"Machinists.—Wanted, competent men accustomed to pattern work. Union scale paid. Address by mail only. Department D, Box 3546, General Post office."

On receipt of a reply a printed form is sent to the applicant embodying about all the information desired by the labor expert. When the form is filled out and returned, the applicant is notified that he has been registered, and that it will be to his interest to keep "Department D" informed as to his whereabouts. This system of advertising and indexing is sufficient to keep, at the call of the manufacturing trust, an army of men available practically at a moment's notice. It is apparent that almost any employer can utilize a similar system to advantage. It is merely a question of a greater or lesser amount of advertising, and one labor expert or a board of experts.

Since the existence of the salaried labor expert from the old plan of hiring men through the bureau of each department there has developed an even more systematic form of securing employees. This is the labor expert board. While this board, generally composed of from three to five members who have graduated from the bench or office force, does not deal with the workmen as directly as the individual labor expert, it exercises a similar but a wider influence in the employment of labor and in the protection of employees against the loss of desirable men; and it finds its peculiar duty in the prevention of strikes and annoying labor disturbances. An instance showing the advantage of the board is found in the case of a large American shipbuilding company. Under the old regime the hiring of men was left to the heads of departments under the general supervision of the superintendent. This system, or rather lack of system, resulted in discontent among the men, a noticeable lack of efficiency among the workmen, and a high cost of production. To-day the employees of this company are engaged to a man through a regularly organized board of three labor experts, which has direct charge of the hiring of the working force, and the retention and personal satisfaction of the work and file.

In the use of system as directly applied to the personnel, working by method does not end with the hiring of the man. There added to the pay-roll through the efforts of the labor expert or board of experts, it is necessary that he should prove worthy of his hire. If system has any value at all it should return to the user interest, goodwill or his institution a surplus or a profit. The head of a large manufactory of agricultural machinery, replying to a question asked by a trade colleague, said recently:

"We have a detailed system of handling our employees. First, we use care in the selection of men. And this costs more than the mere statement implies. We look up every man carefully, learn his experience and ability, and then try him out. There is no greater source of loss than working with poor human tools. Second, we put the matter of wage incentive up in the individual workman, by paying by the piece. Every man is working for money, the first necessity is to satisfy him on this point—to show him full returns for increased effort or efficiency."

"Where this system is impracticable, we pay a day wage and hold out the incentive of an increase dependent on the quantity and quality of work he turns out. Under either system we hold out the incentive of promotion to superior men carefully, learn his experience and ability, and then try him out. There is no greater source of loss than working with poor human tools. Second, we put the matter of wage incentive up in the individual workman, by paying by the piece. Every man is working for money, the first necessity is to satisfy him on this point—to show him full returns for increased effort or efficiency."

"We maintain an exact system of reports, showing the output of each man, department, and factory for every hour. In handling this problem, no factor is of greater importance than accurate knowledge. We have a rigid system of inspection of all work; this adds to our knowledge of conditions, shows us—as any other

(Continued on page 141.)



GULLSEGG

A STORY OF A BAY OF FUNDY BOY

By LESLIE COVERT

DRAWINGS BY E. V. NADHERNY



FROM the time he began to go to school he was called Gullsegg by everybody but his mother and the schoolmaster. It was because of his speckled clothes and freckled round dark face. He was five then, and restless as a magpie. How he hated the wooden-legged schoolmaster, the girls, and the high benches.

Even the tips of his toes would not touch the edge of the tempting knot-hole directly under his own seat. He thought it might fit his left front toe, and wrangled like a coveyed in a frying-pan, while he held by the desk in front to give more length to his limbs.

The boy who shared his bench was under the desk, watching the squirming toes, and chuckling because he did not believe the new boy's legs were as long as his. It was most exciting, but they had forgotten Anna and the schoolmaster. The old man, noticing the suspicious silence of the school, turned suddenly from his maps on the blackboard at the back of the room, and missed Chick Ingalls' head from above the rows of seats. He spoke to him, but got no answer. In spite of his wooden leg he hid from the rear unbraced and commenced to thump the bent back with his crutch. The boy started up with such force that his shoulder and head striking the desk sent it—books, ink-bottle, and Gullsegg—crashing to the floor.

After classes were over for the day, the new boy waited for his seatmate on the corner of old St. Paul's common, and, with the voice of a herald of good news, called in him, "I got it in just afore you spilled us!" To which Chick, running at the front of eighteen or twenty girls and boys, yelled derisively: "Got it in, did ya? Hi! I got sumpin' in for you! I'm agoin' t' lick ya!" and before Gullsegg could decide to run, the screaming boys closed round him.

Gullsegg had not had time to become popular, so the shouting was all for Chick, whose adoring little cousin Josie capered about the inner ring shrieking: "Chick! 'I give ya' a good fair chance—a blame good chance," while the boys from all sides screamed: "Give it to him, Chick, me boy. Ain't he some like a gull's egg, now? Hi! Chick, let's see ya' smash 'im later speckled shells! Wallop him, Chick!" And Chick did wallop him.

That phase of life was new to Gullsegg. When he reached home his mother had returned from a hard day's work at the shore, and was stripping dried codfish for supper.

"You've ben a fight in," she exclaimed, looking at her son with a warm and accusing eye, "an' you bent, an' I'm agoin' t' tell your grand-father!"

Such a climax was too much for the boy. His mother had turned against him!

His little being was flooded with the awful isolation of life. This must be the schooling his mother had talked so much about. He grew white about his mouth and nostrils, and his hands clenched. "I wish I was dead, I do! You're a goin' to tell on me, be ya? Ever'buddy in this whole world don't like me—ever'buddy." His face grew red and puffy as his passion changed to one of self-pity, and he burst into sobs: "I wouldn't tell on you to her you lacked, an' I ain't agoin' t' care if ya don't like me. I shuld think you'd love y' own drowned man's little boy—what's named—after him, he—?" But the woman smothered the last of the sobbing wall against her breast.

By-and-by, when he believed that the world was his mother and she loved him, he ate a round of bread with a strip of "Grand Maman cheese," and was still hungry, so his mother gave him a broken bit of Sunday's gingerbread. Then he cuddled down contentedly against her loving heart and dreamed of how he would always be a little boy, so he could sit on his mother's lap, and how he would learn to fight that Chick boy, and how he would scare those screeching girls, and how—and how—until he fell asleep, while his mother rocked and sang:

There was an' ol' sailorman nam'd Nebel'd-sonner—

(Ri-lo-o-o, hi-li do.)

He was a fartherer from Nova Recker.

(Hi-lo-o-o, hi-lo-o-o.)

Lisbeth Glibben's husband had been drowned while returning from a fishing trip to Grand Maman in one of Fundy's small November gales. That was near the end of the year's herring-catch when if the men got wind of a school in the weeds, no matter how black the night or dense the fog, they drop out in their smacks on the rib-tide. Great kindly fellows! Many a one at night, as his sail fills with the wind and swings his boat round Ingalls' Head, peers back for the last lingering gleam of the harbor house-lights, and often that look is his farewell. If clothed in heavy flannels, thick woollen jersey or jumper, loose overalls, and covered by yellow oilskin, wide seawater fastened under the chin and awkward hip-boots, they are knocked overboard by a swinging boom, or if from a too heavily laden boat capsizing, they are flung into the waiting sea. It is impossible for them to help themselves. Instantly the water fills their boots and sucks them down, while the waves tumble and toss as before and keep their grim secret forever.

No trace of Simon Glibben's boat or its contents was ever found. A few days after its loss his widow gave birth to a son.

The mother had not a penny above what was due the kindly old woman who had nursed and cared for



Drawn by E. V. Nadherny

"You've ben a fight in," she exclaimed, looking at her son with a warm and accusing eye, "an' you bent, an' I'm agoin' t' tell your grandfater!"

WHEN THE PRESIDENT



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WEEKLY

T MAKES A SPEECH



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her. As soon as she was strong enough, she carried her baby up to the creek and painfully climbed the stairs leading from the beach to her father's loft. There the lonely old man found her when he returned from a sailing trip. As he was glad to have her, he said, gruffly, "I allus told ya, 'Lisbeth, that twaz durned foolishness fer yon t' marry Nim Gildson, an' be'd be up t' some blame thing that 'ud bring ya' no good, an' 't'ow be's up an' done it, an' yon an' that young un are left fer me t' sh' for." But his daughter had no intention of being dependent. The next day she dragged herself heavily to the shore where men and women were toiling night and day, salting, stringing, and smoking herring. She found work amongst the stringers, and there while the season lasted she stowed day by day threading fish's gills with the smoke-browned sticks. The baby at these times she left, well wrapped in shawls, in a shed close by, nestled in a bundle of sails or coil of rope.

Her one ambition was to lay by enough money to enable her to keep little Simson at school. She could not harbor the thought of his following the sea,—that jealous mistress, who gave to them so meagrely, while she robbed them of their best.

The boy's father and his father's father had been drowned, and Lisbeth hoped to save her son, that he, long after she had been

lost an opportunity for sticking out her tongue at him and proudly teasing her curly hair. Little recked Gullberg, and though he did like her hair, sometimes he was tempted almost beyond endurance to throw some live Junebugs in it.

In the boys' opinion, one thing to Gullberg's advantage in comparison with Chick was his easier management of cars. His mother had found it impossible, living on the shore as they did, to keep him from the boats. Nobody knew how or when the boy had learned to row. It seemed equally as true an instinct as that of gulls to swim. In the soft warm days of the mep tides he grew to hate adding and lirkome spelling in that close little school-room.

He knew all there was to know, he told his mother, as he swaggered about in a new pair of breeches that were held by knitted braces like a man's.

"Marm," he said—"marm, there's Ram'sies Miller, he's a ground man, an' I know more 'an he does. Jest yesterday he wuz a-tellin' me as how he don't 'bhere in gittin' any more learnin' than you're born with, an'," daggily, shaking his head, "he'd oughter know, 'er he kin lift the heftiest heaviest 'heave o' anyblindy roun' in th' world 'mos', I guess. Anyhow he's a heap smarter'n old Stumpie!"

"Simson Gildson! Don't you ever let me hear you call that



Drawn by L. V. Sullivan

With the coolness of an old tar, Gullberg caught the ring hanging from the end of the punt as he slipped past and fastened it to the painter

laid to rest in a quiet corner of the old burying-ground, might take his father's place beside her. This would be possible, she thought, if he might become a schoolmaster.

Gullberg had other ambitions. Next to a desire to give a knock-out blow, and to manage a sailboat, and to "see all the bugs on the whole island," he barged to loved terror of himself in the mind of every girl he saw. To this end he carried bats and toads in his jumper pocket, and in his school water-bottle, that was deceitfully marked "Soothing Syrup," he imprisoned black bees. Sometimes when lessons were unusually dull he freed a dragon-fly from his penitentiary. He had bred the bright-colored things from the first time he ran away to play in the brook. Two had flashed round and round his head as if they were playing tag. He caught one in his hat and held it carefully while he examined it, then he let it fly again; but at length he caught them both, and took them home in an empty gin-bottle he found beneath the bridge.

His mother was horrified when he showed them to her.

"What be yon a doin' with them devil's dam'nin' seedles?" she gasped, and seized the bottle. "They'll sew up your mouth an' drive your last drop o' blood!" With that she flung his prize from a window into the creek. "You're ten runnin' away, too! I mos' know that if Sim could speak he'd say lick ya—but I ain't a-goin' to. I'm too tickered out."

The schoolmaster separated Chick and Gullberg. He put Chick on the far side of the little dark school-room, just at an easy chewed-ball-throwing distance from Gullberg. When Chick returned a volley of these balls the old man always saw him, and Chick had to stand on a box in the corner, balancing on one foot, while resting on his head was an empty ink-bottle. When it dropped, the schoolmaster smartly wheeled "Chick's bean legs."

"I'll track you to afflict the harshest son of a widow," he roared, adding emphasis to his words with his stick.

It was useless for Lisbeth Gildson's son to try to explain that he was also at fault, or inevitably he and Chick fought it out after school, until the younger boy grew expert and they became fast friends. This friendship irritated dose, Unlike the other girls, she showed no fear of Gullberg and his animals, and never

good old man seeh names no more. What's old Ram'sies Miller, anyways? He can't write his own name, let alone spell it! You git right off t' school, I've a good mind t' lick ya!" but ya grand father says there ain't no more use in lickin' yon than in spittin' in the ocean to swell the tide."

Chick did not go to school regularly during those gentle spring days. He hung about the shores and beaches, and sometimes tramped far down the coast in search for sea birds' eggs.

Often at noon Gullberg found him in an old punt that was pulled up out of the reach of the highest tides, eating the lunch that his aunt had carefully tin-kettled for him to take to school. The two friends always spent the first few minutes in loudly boasting of the coming ship's things and of any new possessions already had evening; then they lagged over snapping eggs for snail's shells and snails impaled on wooden pegs. Sometimes, after Gullberg had run away home for his own lunch or back to school, Chick, drowsy from the strong sea-air and growing too fast, fell sound asleep curled up in the bottom of the old boat.

One day early in May the tide, wringing in under a glorious purple haze, reached its highest-water mark just as the nine-o'clock school-bell clanged the children in for lessons.

Gullberg's grandfather was at the other end of the island, and his mother was to spend the greater part of the day charring at old Doctor Gien's, so she gave the boy a pull of lunch. At twelve, when the other children took their kettles and baskets out on the gravelled yard, he set off down the back road to find his truant-friend. When he neared the creek a strange sight met his gaze. It made him forget lunch and "Chick." The gentle face of the early morning's tide had been a doubtful one. It was now proving that at half-tide. It reared its head, like a snake, far out across the yellow flats, and belasting one moment as if to gather force, it rushed back toward the shore.

The sheds were deserted. Work was slack, and the men comfortably eating their noonday meal at home. Gullberg knew this, and like a flash he thought of the small boats lying along the shore, the tackle, slips, and sheds that would be swamped, and of

(Continued on page 135.)

HOW CHINA IS FOLLOWING JAPAN'S MILITARY LEAD

By CONLY-PINCH

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS FOR "HANKEN'S WEEKLY" WITH THE CHINESE ARMY



The Infantry Division of China's Army of the North passing in review across the Country south of Chang-te Fu

TODAY China's soldiers are armed with the best products of German and Japanese skill. They are trained by Japanese officers in the strategy and tactics so efficiently employed against the Russians in China and Manchuria. They are equipped with signal-balloons, wireless telegraphy, and a Red Cross Society. Their officers are graduates of excellent military schools, established in various parts of the Empire, in the facilities of which are to be found a large proportion of German and Japanese instructors. Modern history has but one other example of a nation so thoroughly, so rapidly, and so earnestly renovating an antiquated and useless military system as China. That example is Japan. If China's progress toward military perfection is less rapid than that of her Eastern neighbor the cause of her slowness is to be found in the commercial and unmilitary spirit which has animated China for centuries past, in the vastness of the system which she is reorganizing, and in the disordered state of her government.

China's army is en route to perfection. Will it arrive? Has it won the way? Is the march ahead of too great distance? These are the questions now asked as the result of the second annual maneuvers of the Chinese imperial army, which took place near Chang-te Fu, in the province of Honan. The only answer which can be given at this turn of the century's wheel is: "Shui chih tao, shai chih tao." Who knows? Who knows?

Compared with those of a year or more ago at Hsiao-chien Fu, military critics give the subsequent maneuvers second place. No comparison is made with the maneuvers of modern nations.

To Western countries maneuvers have a far different meaning and purpose. Strategy and skill are demanded. Large unit movements are given an opportunity to handle large bodies of men, not according to programme, but in conformity with the conditions that govern real warfare. The Chinese conception of war maneuvers is radically different from this. Every move of officers and men has been carefully arranged beforehand. Individual ideas would have put in rout the entire army. Originally had no place on the chess. However, as utilized by China, the maneuvers served the purpose of drill, gave opportunity to handle troops under service conditions, and more or less removed the small prejudices against the army which are sure to be entertained by a people who never go beyond the walls of their own cities and villages unless actually compelled to. It established, also, a new code of ethics for the soldier. Before the review was over, the villagers who had fled from their homes in terror upon the reported approach of the troops, returned with all their fear gone. Word was given out that no degradations were being made, that food was being paid for, and that kindness and brutality was to be found in the soldier's heart. Everywhere was this commented upon. So astonished were they all that the old Chinese proverb, "Good iron should not be used to make nails, nor good men to make soldiers," fell into disuse and far from public thought.

As was said by one of the experts, "The maneuvers were good, but not startling. They were more or less of a disappointment. Last year those who came to scoff remained to praise. Enough could not be said in approbation. The press went mad. The Yellow Peril was imminent—at hand, in fact. All Europe was excited. America wondered, and the world at large entertained new ideas of China and her army. This year there was no illusion. Criticism came to criticize, as they thought, a modern army; then realized how unfair they had been. They found that China had not produced a modern army, as Western countries understand the term; that conditions, as found in China, were too great a handicap, that her army, as a homogeneous unit, does not exist; that it is quasi-imperial and subject to the forces of the Empire; and that therefore the present day standard of Western nations cannot be applied."

Other critics look upon China's military failure with enthusiasm. They regard the Chinese who contented as conquerors. He has proved his capability. His discipline is excellent.

"Give me a few thousand of such men," said one attaché, "and I should not be afraid to march from Peking to Canton in the face of any opposition that China at present can produce," while the

opinion of another was that "the Chinese are doing more than was ever expected. They are, no doubt, endeavoring to do very well. It would be unkind to China to compare her army with those of Western nations. Strategists are the product of generations, not of a day. China need not regard her army with any pessimism. Physically, the Chinese soldier is the equal of the best the West can show. Who knows but that a war would develop a Chinese Napoleon?"

When it is remembered that these same soldiers which are now calling forth the admiration of the military critics of ten nations were only yesterday the apesmen of China's antediluvian army, and as such the expression of her anachronistic art, one is able to grasp the progress which China has made toward military regeneration. Less than fifty years ago European forces, invading Chinese soil, were opposed by troops armed with long bamboo poles, wooden shields, and grotesque masks intended to inspire terror in the hearts of the invaders.

The modern Chinese army, the finished product of which, to date, was presented to the critical eye of the world in the recent maneuvers at Chang-te Fu, may be said to have taken its origin from the foreign-drilled Chinese troops commanded by General Frederick T. Ward, and later by General Gordon, at the time of the Taiping Rebellion. To the efforts of General Ward are to be ascribed the weakening of the imperial government to a sense of the inability of the office military organization to cope with the disorders of the Empire, and of the superiority of foreign methods of fighting over those then prevailing in China.

The development of the new army from the "Ever Victorious" forces of Ward has not been steady. The painful lessons which China learned in her war with Japan in 1894-95, and in the international campaign for the relief of the legations in 1900, seem to point to a steadier development in the future.

From the first adoption of foreign arms and foreign methods into the Chinese army has met with opposition on the part of certain Chinese officials. The ranks of the opposition, however, have slowly weakened, until it may be said that to-day the great majority of higher officials no longer look upon the change with disapproval. The two most progressive, as well as the most patriotic, of the provincial viceroys, Yuan Shih-kai and Chang Chih-ting, are among the chief supporters of a new army movement. The forces of the north and of the south, which met at Chang-te Fu, are the direct results of the efforts, respectively, of these two statesmen. Tieh Liang, president of the Board of Revenue and member of the Grand Council, and Tuan Fang, viceroy of the two Kiangs, were also interested in the recent maneuvers. The army reform movement in China is deriving much of its support from an awakening national spirit of toleration and respect for the military. Thanks to this spirit the soldier in China is gradually coming into his own. The Chinese phrase for "society in general" is a compound of the words "sages, husbandmen, artisans, and tradesmen," in which the soldier finds no place. That this phrase has lost its usefulness as a literal expression of Chinese public sentiment is becoming daily more apparent. The Chinese army is no longer regarded solely from the cosmic class. In the rank and file of the forces which met in mimic battle at Chang-te Fu were to be found many members of the literati class. To one acquainted with the inflexibility of Chinese sentiment this is significant, and speaks well for the future possibilities of the army.

At the present time the Chinese reorganized forces are composed principally of the two armies organized and superintended by Yen Shih-k'ai, viceroy of Chihli, and Chang Chih-ting, viceroy of the two Kiang provinces. All of the available men of these two armies were mobilized for the maneuvers. The number engaged is estimated by Chinese authorities at approximately 40,000. The strength of the two armies was practically equal.

The Army of the North was composed of conscripts from the provinces of Chihli and Shantung, while the so-called Army of the South was made up of those from Hupai and Honan. All branches of the service were represented. The Army of the North was composed of three brigades of infantry, one regiment of artil-



Drilling the Field-pieces (of German and Japanese Design) of the Artillery Division of China's Army of the North. The Armies of the North and South together comprise more than 40,000 Men

lery, one regiment of cavalry, and a battalion of pioneers. It was commanded by Lieutenant-General Tuan Hsin Hsueh, commander of the third division and director-general of all military schools in Peking Fu. General Tuan is an officer of wide travel experience, and has studied tactics in both Germany and Japan.

The Army of the South was made up of three brigades of infantry, one regiment and a battery of artillery, one regiment and a squadron of cavalry, and a company and a third of pioneers. Lieutenant-General Chang Piao, who has twice witnessed the Japanese grand manoeuvres, was its commander-in-chief. He is regarded as one of the foremost generals in the Chinese army at the present day. His actual post is commander of the eighth division of the Hupeh provincial army and co-director of Han-yang Arsenal.

The artillery was equipped with 180 field-pieces, of various models and dates. German models, manufactured in China, and Japanese models predominated. The infantry were armed with the Japanese army rifle, XXXI Kuang Hieh, and the southern forces with Mausers, model 1884, manufactured in Hankow. The cavalry were armed with carbines and sabres.

Northern troopers were mounted on Chinese ponies, the southern on Japanese horses. The officers' mounts were divided amongst the English, Australian, Arabian, and French. The use of Japanese horses by the Chinese cavalry was largely in the nature of an experiment. Up to this year the only mounts employed have been the small Chinese ponies, raised in Manchuria and Mongolia. The Chinese pony is unquestionably the superior of the two animals in the matter of hardiness and cheapness of keep, but the Chinese military authorities are divided on the question of size in army animals. Judging from the expressions of opinions which have been made by Chinese officers subsequent upon the manoeuvres, the question would seem to be still unsettled. The consensus of foreign expert opinion is in favor of the retention of the ponies for ordinary mounts.

Each soldier carried, in addition to his rifle, forty-five pounds, distributed among ammunition carried in hamp-belts, bayonet and scabbard, an extra pair of shoes, blanket-roll, canteen, rice-canister, and either a pick, shovel, or hatchet. With less than \$3.50 a month, a part of which is kept by the government for his family, he buys his own ration of rice, dried fish, pork, and cabbage. Occasionally the Chinese soldier treats himself in the army

hardiack which the Japanese have adopted as a part of their army ration. He has adopted the army canteen with great avidity, and while inclined to insobriety, his monthly stipend is not sufficient to allow him to indulge himself to the detriment of the service.

For the recent manoeuvres, a section of hilly country south of Chang-tu Fu was chosen for the scene of the principal operations. The theoretical object of the manoeuvres was to test the ability of the Army of the North to defend the approaches to the capital of the Empire against the approach of the southern forces. Chang-tu Fu is a walled city of about 70,000 population. It lies on the Peking-Hankow Railway, about midway between the two terminal cities. A portion of the scheme of defence consisted in stationing small bodies of men at the various stations along the railroad and patrolling the track by solitary sentinels posted every four hundred yards. Station guards varied in strength from fourteen to fifty men each, a force quite insufficient for safeguarding the line of communication in case of actual hostilities, but large enough to serve as a skeleton formation.

The main body of the Northern Army was mobilized from its outlying stations by train and by foot upon Chang-tu Fu, and was massed among the hills and ravines to the south of the city. The Army of the South was mobilized at Wei-lin and Tangyang, the latter place fifteen miles south of Chang-tu.

The action of the first day of the official manoeuvres was destined to partake largely of the nature of a farce. The programme of the day's manoeuvring described a cavalry skirmish on a bit of level ground to the east of Tangyang. About eleven o'clock the pickets on duty straightened up, rubbed their eyes, and arranged the horizon for the approach of the Viceroy Yuan Shih-k'ai and his train of attendants. A riderless horse came galloping by: then from the west of Tangyang city a long dust-cloud stretched out and up. Another second and the line was filled with life. The northern blue was seen. Officers and men came sweeping across the wide plain just east of the Wu-lin-chow. They followed the road which branched off to the right, and took their positions east of the wall. Another dust-cloud. Out of it is seen the huge red flag of the Viceroy Yuan Shih-k'ai. Men are not discernible.

A small detachment of cavalry rode out to a road skirting the village and beckoned the crowd back. Here and there horsemen came scurrying. The foreign attaches and correspondents, all guests of the Chinese government, were seen galloping hard over the manoeuvre ground. Riding close to the flag on a small black China pony was Yuan Shih-k'ai, followed by T'ieh-liang. These were the imperial commissioners appointed to inspect the manoeuvres. A special guard of 250 soldiers encircled them. Safely across the plain, they took their position and waited. The viceroy's pet regiment of cavalry advanced to meet the enemy, who had been heard firing random volleys since the appearance of the first dust-cloud. The advantage of position lay with the southern troopers. Yuan Shih-k'ai's body-guard moved out to reconnoitre. Straight into the jaws of the enemy they went. Chang Chih-tung's Royal Guards were lying low. They waited their opportunity, then sallied forth, and strong. Volleys after volleys they rained upon their enemy. There was no reply. They found that they had charged into a body of neutrals. The mistake lost them their advantageous position. The northern cavalry massed themselves and charged foot to foot into the disordered ranks of the southern troops. The result was inevitable. The programme for the day had been changed. Confusion, disorder, and retreat for the Southern Army, the laurel wreath for the forces of the north. Yuan Shih-k'ai was joined once more by his battered and frightened body-guard. The cavalry was lined up for inspection. Twelve o'clock, the day's manoeuvring was over.

The Japanese major-general, Matsuyama, the senior observer



Viceroy Yuan Shih-k'ai and his Body-guard reviewing an Evolution of China's modernized Army

officer, and the Japanese attackers were first to reach the tiffin tent which had been pitched near Wu-chia for the refreshment of the guests. Fast on their heels were the various representatives of nine other governments, who were being surrounded by newspaper correspondents. Opinions were given freely. Major-General Matsugawa was questioned, but Major-General Matsugawa was silent.

That night the Southern Army quartered in the vicinity of I Ko Ya, a place not distant from Tsung-ying, and the Northern Army quartered at Chih Pao, five miles south of Chang-tu Fu. At four o'clock the next morning the southern infantry was moving toward Chih Pao. They had discovered the northern camp, and were pushing forward to gain the first advantage. The northerners had not been sleeping. They were reconnoitering as well. It was near Fu Tsan they met. General Tuan Hsin Hsueh took advantage of the topography of the land. He concealed his forces, trails and ravines were in plenty. The Northern Army, in their khaki uniforms, disappeared from sight, while but a few miles distant the southern regiments squatted on their haunches waiting for the word. In the open field, midway between the two lines, a huge yellow balloon was seen floating skyward. It had been sent up about ten o'clock in the morning. This was the first time that the signal-balloon had been utilized by the Chinese army.

The day came on. Suddenly the two armies directly beneath the balloon filled with life. Once more the clever and his guests had come to see another act of the great play that China had prepared for them. Their coming was the signal for the southern commander. A half-hundred horsemen pressed through the crowded road of the small village. They had come to make way once more for China's favorite victory. He was on his way to the field of action. The men on their haunches assumed a look of interest. It was then the word was given. Like lightning they were on their feet, running toward the south and east. Thousands of them were charging toward the Army of the North. In vain they hammered away on Fu, the left wing of the Northern Army along tensely to its post. A long line of southern men were advancing in the face of a dozen guns. They did not realize the battle. The northerners were crafty and full of strategy.

back six miles south of Chang-tu, and had planted their mountain-guns on the heights west of the railway. A mile east of the railway the heavy guns were stationed, while their infantry extended three miles eastward. About half past ten the southern force opened fire upon them. The mountain-guns on the heights were brought into action. All the guns were cannonading. With apparently no respect for the marksmanship of the northerners, the southern forces pressed forward in the very face of the guns. Their centre advanced in such numbers that the northern centre fell back to the north on a line with their mountain pieces. This was no doubt a ruse to mislead the southerners. In a little time it was seen that the southerners had made a mistake. Nevertheless they pressed forward to the northern centre, again not taking precautions to guard against the possibility of the heights. In the distance could be seen the coming to life of the northern soldiers. With fixed bayonets they charged. Like the rush of a whirlwind they came. Sliding, running, and slipping, they crossed the railroad track, straight over the knoll where the attacks and correspondents were congregated. In their mighty rush they completely enveloped the entire Northern Army. Twelve o'clock. The signal-balloon carried up two balls. The day's battle was finished, but no decision regarding it was given out because of the unsatisfactory way in which the movements were carried out on both sides. Again Yuan Shih-kai, the commissioner, was not on the scene of action at the critical moment, and again the guests of the government made for the refreshment-tent. Again they dealt in opinions, but Major-General Matsugawa said no word.

The fourth day was given to reviewing the army by Yuan Shih-kai and T'ieh Liang. The firing of the guns having ceased, the natural curiosity of the villagers gained the mastery over his fear, and as a result thousands of spectators were just beyond the picket-lines. For two hours the army marched in review. Officers and men were resplendent in dress uniforms of blue and gold. Yesterday's combats were forgotten. Across the open field, just outside the walls of Chang-tu Fu, the 180 guns were being wheeled across the green of the winter wheat. The cavalry, with sword at girth, swept by them. Then came the steady tread of the infantry, the band playing energetically the national anthem. Thus



The Red Cross Division of the Army of the North—a Feature of modern Military Organization adopted by China

They pressed their advantage, and succeeded in turning the left flank of the Southern Army just as the signal-balloon, sent up one of the small Paris rubber balls. The day's fight was over, and the victory, with the empire a mile way, was given to the south once more. Again the correspondents and attaches were summoned to tiffin. Major-General Matsugawa was seen within the folds of the tent. Correspondents and attaches exchanged notes. Major-General Matsugawa was again questioned, but, as before, Major-General Matsugawa was silent.

Although the Northern Army had gained a definite victory, they did not follow up the advantage secured by their position. Instead, on the following day, they resumed a defensive movement instead of pushing an offensive one. They had fallen

closed the second grand annual exhibition of the Chinese Imperial army.

While military critics may differ as to the exact amount of credit due to China for her present army organization, they are fairly well agreed that she has not yet an army which can be classed as modern. That China has made a long step toward creating such an army, and that present signs point to the ultimate accomplishment of her object, are points upon which they are equally unanimous. How long it will be before her army can hope to have reached that state of perfection which would enable it to meet European or American troops with any assurance of success, is a question which may be answered only by "Shui chih tso."

WHEN THE SHIPS GO HOME

By ALFRED DAMON RUNYON

I VE seen 'em go from a hundred ports
With th' breath of 'em in their sails,
I've felt th' thrill of th' Homeward Call
As th' wake they leave at their tails.
I've heard th' keene whisperin' Home—
Th' Catch in th' throat I know;
As I've felt th' dart of th' Homing Heart
'(Way back in th' Long Ago!)

A beautiful sight in th' Home Bound boats
With their bellying sails to th' wind;
As 'you hear 'em sigh as they're passin' by
Th' one who stay behind.

Oh, I've seen 'em drift from a hundred ports
As I've felt th' call to go;
But I've let 'em slide with th' ebbin' tide
'(Way back in th' Long Ago!)

As I see 'em go from a hundred ports
I hear th' trees sing "Stay!"
I hear th' note in th' river's throat;
In th' song of th' ocean spray.
Oh, a beautiful sight in th' Home Bound boats,
But we are the ones who know
That our hearts are here since we brought 'em here
'(Way back in th' Long Ago!)



MUSIC AND THE OPERA

STRAUSS' "SALOME"

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

NOW that Richard Strauss' astonishing music-drama "Salome" (based upon the one-act play of Oscar Wilde) has become, in the course of its international preparations, a part of the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House, its actual artistic quality becomes a matter of immediate interest in this region of the musical world.

In order to avoid any possible misconceptions, the present appraiser may be permitted to clear the ground by saying that, in the first place, he holds no brief for those who have objected to Strauss' extraordinary score because they truly find it a virtually continuous tissue of dissonances; who reject this most adventurous and unsketched music because its unequalled cacophonies seem to them "choking," or "obnoxious," or "outrageous."

Let it be said at once that the cacophonies of "Salome" are mislabeled, in this quarter, not because they are hideous, but because they are hideous; not because they transcend various long-hallowed traditions of musical rectitude, but because they lack point, vividness, salience, and eloquence—a matter which may be enlarged upon somewhat later in this discussion. In the second place, no objection will be made—though we shall perhaps be alone in this—to the character of the subject-matter which Strauss has chosen for exploitation in his music-drama; that it is a matter for quite separate discussion; since the composer might claim that the first consideration should be for the manner in which he has expressed his theme, such as it is, and in this we are at one with him; any other way lies aesthetic confusion and ineffectuality. What, then, is the quality



The Composer of "Salome"

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF RICHARD STRAUSS

of the music which the incomparable Strauss—Strauss, the most commanding musical personality since Wagner—has conceived as a fit embodiment in tones of the tragic and malevolent and haunting tale of the dancing daughter of Herodias and her part in the career of the prophet John, as recounted—with non-Biblical variations—by Oscar Wilde? We may consider, first, whether or not it achieves the prime requisite of music in its organic relation to a dramatic subject: the enforcing and heightening of the effect of the play. Let us set aside as irrelevant those other matters which, in the case of "Salome," have so absorbed critical attention, and of which we have heard overmuch: its remorseless complexity, its undragging novelty of invention, its superb and miraculous celebration. These are matters of importance, but of secondary importance. The point at issue is, has Strauss, through his music, intensified and italicized the moods and situations of the drama; and, secondly, has he achieved this end through music which is in itself notable and important? For oneself, the response must be, on the whole, a simple negative. There are passages, beyond question, in which the situation created by the dramatist is tellingly, and with remarkable effect, accentuated by the music. There are such passages in the opening scene, where the entrance of Salome is solemnly prepared; in the tumultuous dialogue between the Princess and the Fore-runner—for example, the few vivid measures in E-major, of singular intensity, where the theme expressive of the growing passion of Salome is converted with the gravely simple theme of John; in the scene preliminary to the Dance; but these flashes of power and eloquence are occasional and fugitive—they are tense and gripping passages in a waste of bombast and empty discourse. For one's ultimate impression of this music is of its tragic, its almost superhuman, brutality; for it is surely nothing less than tragic that such brave endeavors, such a mighty and splendid and resourceful storming

of the heights, should end in so desolate a rout. Never was music so avid in its search for the eloquent word. We are amazed at the ingenuity, the audacity, the resourcefulness, of the expressional apparatus that is cumulatively reared in this unprecedented score. Cacophony is heaped upon cacophony; the alphabet of music is ransacked for new and untried combinations of tone; never were effects so elaborate, so cunning, so feebly contrived, offered to the ears of men since the voice of music was heard in its pristine estate. This score, in its latent, challenges the music of the days that shall follow after it, for it foreshadows an expressional vehicle of unimagined possibilities. But they are still, so far as Strauss and the present are concerned, possibilities. The music of "Salome" is a towering and pathetic monument to the helplessness of endeavor without impulse. At point after point this music misfires. Its unexampled cacophonies, its elaborate and heaven-storming dissonances, are, for the most part, so empty, so rhetorically futile, so barren of eloquence, that one ends by classing them in one's mind among the platitudes of music—a disquieting issue, surely! The thing, to put it shortly, is abortive: the anticipated event, so elaborately prepared for, fails to occur. One is not enthralled or engrossed or perplexed or shocked; one is, on the contrary, dispirited, even, at times, bored—the means intended are so feeble, the resultant eloquence so evanescent, so occasional. The speaker declines and expatiates, he is rhetorically portentous, he is inextinguishable in gesture, he has at his command every resource, every ingenuity, every persuasion; yet we sit back in our chairs, immensely admiring, yet quite contained, quite coolly possessed, quite unmoved and unconvinced. To speak without metaphor, the drama of Wilde is not movingly realized in the music of Strauss. There are in the play moments of great passion, of overwhelming and sinister power, which find so adequate counterpart in the music. The desire of Salome for the lips of the Prophet is crystallized in a theme which incredibly reminds one of Macbeth; it is veridically and conventionally erotic, rather than wildly and ungenerously lustful; the pleading of Herod before the yielding of the Fore-runner's head lacks force and insincerity; the music of the Dance sounds almost perturbing in its want of splendor, of harmonic and colorful exuberance; Salome's madly exultant exaltations over the severed head, and her affecting apostrophe to the dead Prophet, are denoted in music which has moments of poignant intensity and of commencing and far-reaching beauty; the Strauss of "Don Quixote" and "Ein Heldenleben" cannot easily die; but its moments of banality, of pretentiousness and depressing commingling of labored and defeated improvisations, are far more frequent.

This music, then, judging it in its entirety, is deficient as an expression, as a transposition into tone, of the drama upon which it is based; it does not, as a whole, adequately intensify or italicize the moods and situations of the play; in beauty, in intensity of emotion, in puissance of appeal, it falls below the level of the drama. One does not feel that the play has been found its inevitable, its final, musical complement, as one feels in the case of so completely successful a music-drama as, let us say, at random, the "Pelléas et



Mrs. Olive Fremstad
THE DANCER WHO EXACTS THE
DILE OF "SALOME" AT THE
METROPOLITAN

Mélieux of Debussy, or the "Tosca" of Puccini—not to allege such supreme examples as the legacies of Wagner's genius. One listens to "Salome," it must be granted, with the nerves in an excessive state of tension—it is consciously exciting; but so is, under certain conditions, a determined beating upon a drum. An assault upon the nerve-centres is a vastly different thing from an emotional persuasion: yet there are many who, in listening to "Salome," will need to be convinced of it.

Let it also be said again—lest one be misunderstood—that there is no valid objection to be held against any dissonant effect whatsoever in music, so long as it is successfully articulated—so long, that is to say, as it addresses us sharply and vividly. As I have elsewhere said, "there is possible in music a kind of ugliness, a kind of deliberate cacophony, that is explosive and significant—that speaks, that is eloquent. Strauss himself has achieved such an effect in that wonderful and heart-shaking passage in his 'Don Quixote' which depicts the mental disintegration of the demented knight; or, again, in the unforgettable battle-music in 'Ein Heldenleben.' There is also possible in music another order, of dissonant effect, which may be achieved (to recall Mr. Whistler's luminous phrase) by the simple expedient of 'sitting on the keyboard': an effect that is obviously possible without either inspiration or artistry." And it is upon this order of futile and unlifting expression that Strauss, for reasons which need not here be explored, relies in much of the music of "Salome."

It would be absurd to deny, of course, that "Salome" is in many ways a noteworthy and brilliant—and for the curious student of musical evolution, a fascinating—work. Its musicianship—the sheer technical artistry which contrived it—in breath-catching in its facile and inerrant mastery. The quality of its inspiration, and its success as a music-dramatic commentary, which have been the prime considerations in this discussion, have been measured, of course, by the most exacting standards—by the standards set to other and greater works of Strauss, in comparison with which it is lamentably inferior in vitality, slowness, and importance. In at least one respect, however, it is delightful to be able to praise unreservedly this much discussed and variously regarded score; and that is in the case of its superlative orchestration. Strauss has written here for a huge and complicated body of instruments—there are 112 players in his orchestra, and he has set them an appalling task. Never in the history of music has

such instrumentation found its way on to the printed page. Yet though he requires his performers to do impossible things, they never fail to contribute to the effect of the score as a whole; for the dominant and wonderful distinction of the orchestration lies precisely in the splendor of its total effect, and the almost monotonous art with which it is accomplished. One finds upon every page not only new and astounding achievements in coloring, unimagined sensitivities, but a superb and keenly poetic feeling for the timbre which will most intensely the dramatic moment. The instrumentation, from beginning to end, is a gorgeous writer of strange and novel and obscuring colors—for in such orchestral writing as this, sound becomes color, and color sound; it is not a single sense which is engaged, but a subtle and indescribable complex of all the senses; one not only *hears*, one also *imagines* that one *sees* and *feels* these tones, and is even fanatically aware of their possessing exotic and curious colors, vague and singular perfumes. Yet all this magnificence, this unrelenting juggling with sensory impressions, is incurably external. It is a gorgeous and money-lord garment, and that which it clothes and glorifies is a poor and unmarred thing. There is little vitality, little true substance, within this dazzling instrumental envelope; and for any one who is not content with its brave exterior pomp, and who seeks a more permanent and living beauty within, the thing becomes but a vast and empty husk.

Where, one ends by wondering, is the earlier, the greater, Strauss?—the unparalleled master of music, the indisputable genius, who gave us a shroud of masterpieces; who gave us "Don Quixote," "Ein Heldenleben," "Zarathustra," "Tod und Verklärung." Has he passed into that desolate region occupied in his day by Hector Berlioz, for whom, as has been said in this place before, a sense of the tragic fatality of talent without genius did not exist—the fatality of application, of ingenuity, of constructive resource, without that ultimate and superlative flame? Is not Strauss, in such a work as "Salome," but another Berlioz (though a Berlioz with a gleaming past)? Is he not here as one disdainfully indifferent to the ministrations of that "Eternal Spirit" which, in Milton's wonderful phrase, "sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pines?" Is not Strauss to-day (to quote the bitter reproach of one who has been his most enlightened and effective advocate) "a marvelously clever man who was once a genius?"



Prince August Wilhelm Heinrich Gonthier Victor
FOURTH SON OF THE KAISER, WHO WILL SOON VISIT AMERICA



Princess Alexandra Victoria
SECOND DAUGHTER OF DUKE FRIEDRICH OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN-SONDERBURG-GLÜCKSBURG

A ROYAL BETROTHAL INVOLVING MANY NAMES

THE KAISER'S FOURTH SON, PRINCE AUGUST WILHELM, WHO IS ENGAGED TO THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA VICTORIA, SECOND DAUGHTER OF DUKE FRIEDRICH OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN-SONDERBURG-GLÜCKSBURG, IS AN INTERESTING FIGURE FOR AMERICAN ON ACCOUNT OF THE VISIT WHICH IT IS PLANNED THAT HE SHALL MAKE TO THIS COUNTRY DURING THE SUMMER YEAR, FOR THE PRINCE, IT IS ANNOUNCED, BY VISITING OUR MANNERS AND INSTITUTIONS, EVEN COMPLICATING HIS MILITARY FURNISHING, PRINCE AUGUST WILHELM WILL ACQUIRE THE ART AND TAKE UP THE WORK OF AN OFFICER OF THE CIVIL SERVICE. THIS WILL BE THE FIRST INSTANCE OF A GERMAN PRINCE TURNING ARMBY FROM THE ARMY TO ENTER CIVIL LIFE.

THE SEASON'S PLAYS

THE TWO NEW CLYDE FITCH PLAYS

By "I"

OF all the inartistic prevaricators (who would call a lady anything else) who have graced the stage we commend to an indulgent public one *Becky Warder*, the heroine of Clyde Fitch's latest play, "The Truth" which has Mrs. Clara Bloodgood in its chief rôle at the Criterion Theatre. She is a very attractive young woman who has inherited her unfortunate personality from a remarkable father, so we are more or less inclined to forgive her as not entirely responsible for her undesirable attributes, and at the same time admire such absolute frankness in her charming misrepresentation of facts.

As a play, "The Truth" is a notable achievement by Mr. Fitch, who, however, must share at least half of its honors with Mrs. Bloodgood. Neither Mr. Fitch nor Mrs. Bloodgood has ever done anything better, which, in each case, is saying much. Mr. Fitch has succeeded in depicting a young woman with whom we are all familiar—the young woman who does not misstate things with any desire to do an injury, but one whose imagination is so great and whose opportunities are so numerous that untruths escape her in the natural course of any conversation. Furthermore, she does not adhere to her lies after she has told them, but embellishes them with each repetition.

Of course, we are very sorry for *Becky Warder*, particularly so when, upon deciding in a sudden unaccountable moment to tell the truth, she is so tragically misapprehended by an less important a figure in her life than her indulgent husband. He has never doubted her in anything, however damaging the circumstantial evidence might be, until one day he discovers her unfortunate predilection, and thereafter nothing she says is the truth so far as he is concerned.

This is the pivot of the play. As her untruths have to do with a certain irresponsible young man of her acquaintance, although there is no wrong doing, only its suggestion, there is a fine scene between husband and wife and each leaves the other. *Becky* goes to her disolute father to seek asylum under his doubtful protection in his shabby two-room home in Baltimore. Far from having learned a lesson, she begins lying with her very first words to her father. The scene between the father and daughter provides one of the finest moments



Clara Bloodgood as "Becky Warder," in "The Truth"

in the play, which is his resolution in her tiny life he has been a liar misrepresentation. *Becky*, too, makes her confessions, which extend back almost into her babyhood, when she told the other little children that her father was really her stepfather, and that he used to beat her. She did this, she says, to make herself interesting.

Becky's father, Mr. Roland, is played by Mr. W. H. Shack, the powerful *Robson* of "Leah Kleesha," and his acting is a gem in natural characterization. He points out to his daughter all the follies of her heritage of untruthfulness, and yet when the mood seizes him he proves himself to be the most memorably persistent of liars, and this, bless you, within a few minutes after his fine lecture. Mr. Shack's artistic performance actually aroused a certain amount of sympathy for the wretched man and his weakness.

Another member of the company, Mrs. Sam Sothern, gave in *Ever London* an admirable performance as the jealous and erratic wife whose husband is the irresponsible young man very much in love with *Becky Warder*, and the source of the estrangement of *Becky* and her husband.

One of the important characters in the play was somewhat overdrawn, but no doubt intentionally so. This was Mrs. Jeaneer Crenshaw, the lodging-house keeper with whom Linden lives, and who is, by the way, very much in love with him, even to the point of asking him if her money is not as good as any other woman's for him to live on. The part was played by Miss Zella Sears, who did it ably in the accompaniment of much careful fringing of her "rat" and adjustment of her waistband in the Rose-sinkhouse manner.

Mr. Fitch is to be congratulated, and so in the company which presents "The Truth" so vehemently.

On the same night upon which Mr. Fitch was enjoying the triumph of "The Truth" at the Criterion Theatre, another play of his was making its appeal to a handsome first-night audience across the street at the Avor. Mr. Fitch calls it "The Straight Road"—the road from ruin and degradation to what the late Mr. Arnold would have called spiritual "sweetness and light." Along this road the heroine of the piece, known by the sufficiently descriptive cognomen of *Bonnie Street Walk* (her true name is *Mary O'Hara*), proceeds, with sundry digressions, from the gutter and the ginmill to ultimate respectability and joy. Her progress is somewhat as follows: Mr. Fitch discloses her to us, at the start, as emerging from a barroom "scrap" with another lady into the temporary refuge of the local Settlement House, where *Miss Thompson*, who runs the place, becomes convinced that, if she can only contrive to lead *Miss O'Hara* gently by the hand along the flowery path of Bible texts and plain water, she can propel her charge along the "Road" to the goal of an eventual regeneration. In net two, we find *Mary*, garbed in a sweetly pretty white muslin



Blanche Walsh as "Mary O'Hara," in "The Straight Road"

gown instead of the ankermat rags of the first act, visiting the rich Miss Thompson at her paternal mansion on the banks of the Hudson. Now Miss Thompson has a young man, to whom she has engaged herself. She loves him dearly; but the audience is permitted to suspect that the young man, Douglas Ainsie by name, is attracted more by the gleam of Miss Thompson's diamonds than by her comeliness and virtues. Mary, too, is in the toils of love, and her steady is brought before the footlights in the person of a lowly but honest harp. Now it appears that Mary, having her full share of retribution, catches the eyes of young Ainsie, the betrothed of Mary's benefactor. The young man shakes up to Mary, and is caught at it by his fiancée; but he lies out of his uncomfortable situation, putting all the blame on honest Mary who has resisted his advances. Miss Thompson, naturally enough, believes her young man rather than Mary. The latter realizes that it is incumbent upon her to prove her faithfulness to her lady friend at all costs, she therefore turns the wicked young man to her, under promise of adequate reward, and invites Miss Thompson to call on her at the same hour, hoping that thus her perjury will be revealed. But things go awry. The young man, who Miss Thompson allows herself to be fooled in his arms, with one eye on the door and the other on the clock. The hour comes and the door opens; but there enters, not the wished-for Miss Thompson, but Mary's steady, the burly harp. It will be seen that Mary's position has its embarrassments. She tries to square herself, but the harp refuses to be convinced. While he is administering due reprimands to the young man, Miss Thompson arrives, albeit too late. She, too, refuses to accept Mary's explanation of the case, though she realizes at last her lover's perjury. Finally, they all depart—the harp having bestowed upon his lady a parting curse. Mary is left alone. "The Judge observes, 'is what you get for being good';" whereupon she proceeds to break up the furniture, smash a few mirrors and window-panes, and generally to demonstrate her rage for her virtue. She has a previous all-night celebration, after her old habit; when, just as she is lifting the bottle to her lips, her eyes fall, under the inspiration of a neighborly spot-light, upon a picture of the Virgin which hangs upon the wall. Woe, being fundamentally a worthy soul, drops the bottle and falls upon her knees in prayer. In act four all is made smooth for her. She succeeds in demonstrating her innocence, the harp opens his arms to her, Miss Thompson bestows her blessing, and all is as it should be. It only remains to be said that this extraordinary farcical of vulgarity, melodrama, and Salvation Army sentiment is admirably acted by Miss Walsh and an excellent company. But both Mr. Fitch and Miss Walsh are worthy of better things. The play is a frank appeal to the gallery; what its fortunes with the public will be remains to be seen.

Gullsgag

(Continued from page 128.)

the punt, perhaps with Chick in it fast asleep.

There was no time to rouse him. He alarmed the village. His long legs never had made much time. In five minutes he stumbled over Jed Brown's doorstep into the kitchen, where several men sat about a table.

"Till everlastingly," he gasped, "the tide is a-standin' on its tail an' a-goin' 't' swell low the ahead," then picked himself up and was off like an cat for the shore.

The boys had already reached Chick's door, which lay just beyond the punt, when they saw the Creek; and Gullsgag, perched on a bowler, could see the punt rocking on the swell. Chick might be sleeping in it and be carried out to sea. The men must all save their gear. There was nobody but himself—oh, yes, the harp, so that Chick was in it. But he knew he had no time to make inquiries; the crazy sea-rashed punt might sink! His grandfather's dingy with its crew was lying

near him, beached. He felt the tide would break before it reached the boat to which he ran, and fell upon its middle thwart, landed his feet, and firmly grasped the gunwale. The wave did fall below him on the sands, but sent a breaker crashing up that soaked him to the skin and set the dingy floating.

It was a hard pull at first, though soon the tide ran back with equal speed, and the boat had only to keep his bow turned toward the tossing punt.

If Chick were there he hoped he would not wake, because, not knowing where he was, he might be happening out, as he often did on shore. On the rise of the next wave he craned his neck. Yes, there he was in the bow of the boat. They were nearly half-way across the harbor now. With the readiness of an old tar, Gullsgag caught the ring hanging from the end of the punt as she slipped past and fastened it to his painter. Chick still slept, and Bimcoe saw that the punt had commenced to take water in the stern. He brought his boat up close, and heaving over, clutched the unconscious boy.

"Nar, Chick!" he said, gently. "Chick looked up drowsily: 'Be you come for hush, Gullsgag?' Then, as he remembered the particularly large pile of molasses rike he had in his kettle, he started up ready to brag.

"I better ain't got ex big a—" Gullsgag gripped a larger handful of Chick's shirt.

"Don't get flumpe' round none," he said, quickly, "cause there's bin a tide same's yu' read about in the poplary, an' we're on it, an' the punt's a-barkin', an' you've got 't' git into this dingy." Oh, say, dingy! You're ex safe ex safe!" But Chick, startled from pleasant dreams by such overwhelming circumstances, could neither think nor move, only grasped the sides of the slowly sinking punt and howled.

Gullsgag was in despair. He begged the other lad to step across. His words had no effect. He quickly changed his grip of the jermy in his left hand from his right, which he doubled rigidly and shook before "Chick's face. "If yu' can't step over this minute, you deevil, I'll knock yu' overboard an' lick yu' afterwards."

The tone of that speech stopped Chick's howls and brought him at once to the side of his boat. The tide was now bearing from the shore too strongly for the boy to pull in. A boat was coming toward them from the Creek. Chick had stopped sobbing, in his interest in the sinking punt, which he watched with open mouth. When the last bubbles had subsided over it, he suddenly remembered how cowardly he had been, and glanced furtively at Gullsgag, thinking he must despise him for it. Gullsgag caught that look.

"Nay, Chick," he said, eagerly, "I know jist how you felt. You was kinder struck all ov a bump a-thinkin' how bad your aunt Jinnie 'ud feel. I'm glad yu' stopped thinkin' about it, cuz I guess yu' 'died' his yu'. Don't you mind, though, I've had jist sech spile myself. Say, I bring a snake 't' show yu', an' he's still a-sleepin' in me pocket."

Shortly the boat was reached by three men, who came ashore from the Creek, and towed laboriously back to shore. Most of the men were still busy with their scattered tackle, but a crowd of excited women was far down on the sticky clay to meet the boat. The women's shrieks and all his dark were there. Little Josie, before she even looked at her cousin, flung her arms around Gullsgag and sobbed with remorseful gratitude.

"Nay, wond' go for to stick my tongue at yu' no more."

But Gullsgag swarmed himself from her clinging with a grunt: "You git out this an' lemme be!" and fled from them all up the sloping beach.

He stopped at his grandfather's little vegetable-patch, where he gently put something from his jumper pocket to a grumpy aged and sped on to the house. His mother had just returned, and sat near a back door, sewing in a mat, quite unconscious of the afternoon's happenings at the Creek. Her son dropped on the pile of rags beside her. His mother's quick eye at once noticed his wet hair.

"Simmie Glidden, I cautioned you not to

go swimmin' till next month, an' I've a good—"

But Gullsgag was too hungry to listen longer. "Yes, I'll tell yu' all about it soon's you give me a piecr: an' I want it to con't. mother, cuz I ain't had no lunch, an' my trunk is a-growin' scoundious."

His anxious mother left her work and cut a large slice of bread, and spread it with molasses.

"Now," she demanded, "git outa them wet clothes an' tell me exactly what aitches you've bin up to."

Gullsgag, between bites, told her. That night, when Little Josie Glidden thought her son fast asleep, he suddenly popped his head out from his trundle.

"Marmie! You sleepin'?" His mother answered him, and he went on, shyly: "Well, I didn't tell yu' everything. After Chick an' me was brung ashore that mornin' little cousin o' his she begun to bug me same 's if I was yu' an' she was me. Say, be yu' listenin'?" We'll, same 's if I up an' wanted her, to—an' I didn't—no sech thing!"

His mother from her bunk above said, soothingly, "Of course not; mother's one lamb didn't want the honey to do no sech thing. Now go to sleep, Simmie!" For several minutes there was silence, until from the under bunk again came a small voice: "Now, marmie, I didn't mind herin' them black curls git in my eyes—muth—no more—but I had a doctor—make a—make in my pocket, an' I was scared the prosin' 'ud wake him an' he 'ud slide out, an'—in a hard of words—'an' she never 'ud go for to do it no more. But don't yu' tell grandp'!"

Generally So

WILLIE (who has never been in the country). "Pa, what is a farm?"

FATHER. "A farm, my son, is a tract of land completely surrounded by a mortgage."

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WHITE BREAD

Makes Trouble for People with Weak Intestinal Digestion.

A lady in a Wis. town employed a physician who instructed her not to eat white bread for two years. She tells the details of her sickness, and also certainly was a sick woman.

"In the year 1887 I gave out from over-work, and until 1901 I remained an invalid, in bed a great part of the time. Had different doctors, but nothing seemed to help. I suffered from cerebral congestion, female trouble, and nervous stomach and bowel trouble. My husband called a new doctor, and after having gone without any food for 19 days the doctor ordered Grape-Nuts for me. I could eat the new food from the very first mouthful. The doctor kept me on Grape-Nuts, and the only medicine was a little glycerine to head the alimentary canal.

"When I was up again doctor told me to eat Grape-Nuts twice a day, and no white bread for two years. I got well in good time, and have gained in strength so I run do my own work again. "My brain has been helped so much, and I know that the Grape-Nuts food did this, too. I found I had been made ill because I was not fed right—that is, I did not properly digest white bread and some other food I tried to live on.

"I have never been without Grape-Nuts food since, and eat it every day. You may publish this letter if you like, so it will help some one else. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pigs.

THREE NOTED COURT-TENNIS PLAYERS



COURT-TENNIS, WHICH IS MAKING AN INCREASING PLACE FOR ITSELF AMONG INDOOR SPORTS, HAS ALREADY ATTRACTED INTERNATIONAL INTEREST. ONE OF THE PROMINENT PLAYERS OF THE GAME IS JAY GOULD, THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD SON OF MR. GEORGE GOULD. YOUNG GOULD HAS WON THE AMERICAN AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP IN THE GAME. HE IS SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN AT GEORGIAN COURT, THE GOULD PLACE AT LAKEWOOD, WITH HIS PROFESSIONAL INSTRUCTOR, FRANK FORRESTER, AND FERNAND GARCIN, THE PROFESSIONAL COURT-TENNIS CHAMPION OF FRANCE.

THE KID-GLOVED GOLD-FIELDS

(Continued from page 118.)

prinked that he might that moment have stepped from a handbox, "we don't carry our poppers outside. It's decidedly bad form. Then there's a \$200 fine for freighting ordnance in the open. No. No one was ever fined. The last sheriff who sought to collect a fine died very suddenly. We gave him a fine funeral. Forty ministers followed the hearse. Poor fellow! He was a trifle impulsive. It hasn't been the custom for ever so long to go about like a hardware store shut, but you can lay a mighty loose wager that every chap you meet has some sort of shooting-iron concealed in his harness."

There was one thing of absorbing interest in this life in the alkali flats. No liars of social denunciation were drawn. There were no boundaries of caste. Proprietors of gambling-hells chummed with bank presidents and lawyers. George Wingfield, who gambled his way to many millions, is a partner of United States Senator George S. Nixon. Wildcat promoters and owners of the richest claims were thick as fellow conspirators. Several ex-convicts seemed immensely popular and chatted easily with a former Governor of Idaho and an ex-Supreme-Court justice. A man who had spent five years in prison for murder sat joking with the Governor who had pardoned him. All classes were bound by the potential kinship of the gold mine. Weeks, not years, wrought vast changes in the affairs of these men. Almost every man you met had shaken off the burden of a past when he invaded the desert; some had only recently come out of striped jackets.

"See that big fellow sitting in the corner reading?" whispered the President of the Board of Trade. "Well, last week he was slinging dishes in the Palm Restaurant. To-day his check's good for quarter of a million. He had a lease on the Moonshine; bought it for \$300 the day before they struck the vein."

It is generally taken for granted that the tenderfoot known all about the Moonshine, the Blue Dade, the Hungry Cove, the Ruby Cretins, the Big Owl, Jr., and the scores of other mines of weird title that are yielding untold treasure. A liberally paid staff of advertising men and subsidized correspondents of newspapers are expected to make all the world familiar with these underground Aladdin grottoes.

The mines, I found, were the one absorbing topic; in fact, the overwhelming interest. Family, friends, and the affairs of the outside world were buried in the shroud of oblivion. Earthquakes, fires, floods, wars, the assassinations of kings, were utterly read matters.

A tow-headed youth who ran rather speciously to phials and disassembled horsehooves, handed me a local paper and proudly called attention to the fact that it was printed with gilt ink.

"There's nothing near about us," he boasted. "We've got the stuff in the mines and we're getting it out by the hundreds of golden tons."

How many of the mines paid dividends in the yard-long stock-list that hung, framed, on the wall? Ahem! Why? "Well, now, let me explain," etc. Yes. There were many dead claims. In fact the desert was gouged here and there with holes in which fortunes had been poured—the small savings of farmers and clerks in a thousand far-away communities; so far away that their walls of anguish and despair could never reach this mountain-invested dip of the Nevada desert.

Did the tenderfoot persist in his inquiries a dozen nimble tonguers clattered specious explanations. Every man with a head on his shoulders, a gun on his hip, a heart without fear and a little more than a grubstake had a brilliant, even convincing chance, the moment he "hit the camp." All about you were men who were either millionaires or plutocrats in embryo.

Now and then, it was true, you might, after becoming pretty thoroughly acquainted, remark a distinguished capitalist borrowing \$5 around breakfast-time. Yes, when the banks were open. But there was a recent reason for this. Subterfugeously he was a Crown. Above the earth's crust (merely temporarily, of course) a pauper. Supremely resident in the merits of his claim, the gold mined was immediately reinvested in development.

This is the word the "wildcaters" conjure with. Related to gold-mining there is a ring of pleasant allurement in it. Analyzed and resolved after careful study it wrings like a sponge, and it very often happens that investors can squeeze more gold out of that marine growth than they ever wring from development.

Go FLORIDA and the SUNNY SOUTH

1. Jacksonville, Florida
2. "Apache," of the Clyde Line
3. New York
4. Charleston, South Carolina

THE fame of Florida as an American winter resort is world wide, and much of this is due to the large number of excellent hotels; but this great tropical peninsula has many and manifold attractions for the tourist apart from the hotels. It is our nearest land to the equator; its sea beaches are the finest in the world; its rivers, lakes, bays, inlets, and

minor streams are beautiful beyond description; its forests are filled with rare tropical trees; its cultivated lands are replete with orange blossoms, magnolias, and a thousand other exotic blooms. There are many miles of superb roadways, and these are being added to with rapidity; the cities, towns, and villages are thriving, prosperous, progressive; the State is crisscrossed by excellent railways, which touch every important point; and, to cap the climax, there is a splendid fleet of fine passenger-steamships—the Clyde Line—which connects Jacksonville, the capital, by a direct, all-water service with New York.

The voyage from New York to Charleston, South Carolina, where the steamer touches to and from Florida, only requires two days—two delightful days of coastwise sailing on pleasant seas. The run of the steamer from Charleston to Jacksonville takes from twelve to sixteen hours, and the trip from the mouth of the Saint Johns River to Jacksonville is one of the most delightful river trips in the United States.

From the moment that the Florida coast is sighted, and the palms are seen growing in the sands at the ocean's edge, all is novel. The wide, shallow, twisting river winding through the vivid green of the low lands that are broken with narrow and broad inlets of the stream, the tall, bare-stemmed palms of the South flanking a green roof over the palms that are the underbrush, make a series of fascinating pictures as the steamer sweeps smoothly along, perhaps in the level sunlight of the early morning, and thence to the different points of the compass in obedience to the demands of the tortuous channel with its broad surface but narrow path for vessels. Twenty-five miles of this tropical panorama passes before the eyes of the traveller ere Jacksonville is reached, and the steamer ties up at the Clyde Line wharves in the heart of the city.

Florida is certain to remain America's best and most popular winter resort. Her sunny and never-fading beauties are making strong bids for the patronage of the tourist, and when it is remembered that Florida need not fear the winter, but that she can be enjoyed all year long, and even be equalled. Despite the attractions of her competitors in the Western Hemisphere—and despite the attractive



On St. Johns River

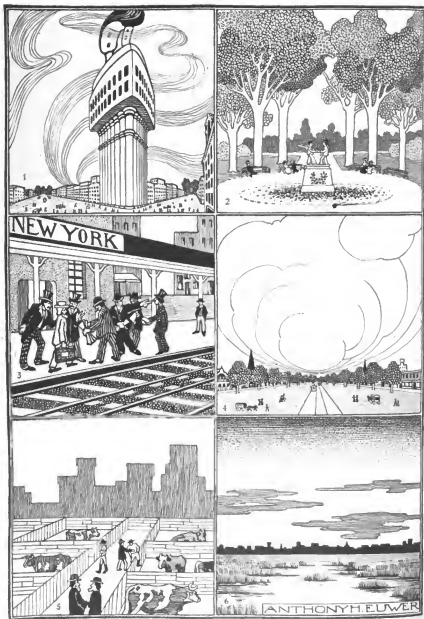
them, her supremacy must be admitted when the facts are considered.

No other American winter resort has so vast an area, so complete and so convenient transportation, and so many and such magnificent hotels. No other State in the Union is so admirably situated—both geographically and climatically—for winter sojourn. No other State has so great a wealth of seacoast, of bays and inlets, of lakes and rivers. True, there are no lofty mountains, but the central portion is high and wooded, the forests are extensive, and the western coast is the paradise of the sportsman. Game is plentiful in the uplands and the marshes, and every variety of tropical food fish is to be found in the adjacent waters. Here is the native birth of the majestic tarpon, the mightiest fighter against whom man has pitted his skill with rod and reel. The marshes and the bays of the Gulf Coast are the winter habitat of migratory wild fowl, and the wooded uplands teem with quail and grouse. Too much cannot be said for the charms of this tropical wildwood, this deeply indented and delightful west coast; and when all has been said, when its attractions have all been set forth in the language of fact, more convincing than florid superlatives, one item, the most important of all, remains to be added—the vastness of its area. This woodland elysium, this aquatic paradise, is more than a thousand miles in length, extending from Pensacola to Key West.

The St. Johns—America's only navigable tropical river—penetrates more than four hundred miles into the heart of the State. The St. Johns is fed by the Ocklawaha, the head waters of which are close to the source of the Kissimmee. This latter river, flowing south, while the Ocklawaha and the St. Johns flow northward to the Atlantic, runs into Lake Okechobee, the largest body of fresh water in the State, with an area of 1250 square miles. Lake Okechobee empties into the Gulf through the Caloosahatchee River at Charlotte Harbor. This system of rivers and lakes, almost continuous, makes a diagonal winding waterway through the heart of Florida, from Jacksonville to Fort Myers, more than six hundred miles long.

The Florida East Coast is synonymous with winter-resort luxury. Here are most of the famous shore and interior places identified with the annual incoming of wealth and fashion from the North. Here are America's most beautiful resort hotels; here is St. Augustine with its relics of Spanish medievalism; and here is Orlando with the wonderful water beach that holds the world's automobile speed records.

The St. Johns River is navigable to Sanford, 220 miles from its mouth; while the beautiful winding rivers of the interior, the lakes, and the smaller streams are ideal cruising waters for launches and paradises for house boats.



NEW YORK—ITS POINTS OF INTEREST AS CONCEIVED BY HESEKIAH HIGGINS, OF HIGGINS CENTER

1. The Flatiron Building. 2. The Soldiers and Sailors' Monument. 3. The Reception at the Station. 4. Broadway
5. The Stock Exchange. 6. The Harlem Flats

DRAWN BY ANTHONY H. EUWER

When the Ministry was Ordered to the Front

(Continued from page 122.)

served to this day in Mississippi in the form of a little pamphlet.

Some said it was a prayer, some a speech, some a philippic, some an impertinence, but all agreed nothing like it had ever been heard in a legislative chamber. As the speaker proceeded cold chills ran down the backs of the legislators. He implored God's mercy on the misguided men who would convert the ministers of the "Lamb of Peace" into the instruments of hatred war. He criticized their action from various viewpoints. He intimated an equal distrust of their patriotism and intelligence. He plainly implied they were all hard cases, who would almost tax the infinite resources of heavenly compassion. His voice rose louder and louder. People on the outside thought some one was making an impassioned speech within. And through it all, with faces as which was mirrored an astonishing mixture of respect and indignation, the breasted members stood. However, it was ended at last. Rev. Mr. Harmon did not tarry for any congratulations, but passed at once into the Senate Chamber.

That body, as because its more exclusive pretensions, had not assembled quite so early as the other. In fact, the president had just dropped the gavel on the table when the theologian had once glommed when the clerical visitor entered the room. Following a natural impulse, he did as the Speaker of the House had done. He invited the minister to open the proceedings with prayer. The minister was expecting the invitation. He had doubtless thought of a few points inadvertently suggested in his other prayer, and was anxious to gratify the omission. He was preparing to read the request when a clarion voice rang out, "I object."

It is easy to leave the surprise of the speaker at this totally unexpected and apparently unseemly objection. Every one looked indignantly toward the man from whom the interruption had come. Fanned demands for an explanation came from all sides.

And it all stood the hellfrenzied minister, seizing an opportunity to repeat his recent performance. The Senator did not hesitate to state his objection. He had been present in the other chamber, he remarked, and had heard the prayer offered by the renowned statesman. He then repeated the objection as nearly as he could, and a very effective speech it made in the mouth of a layman.

The Senate listened for a while in silence. But when the situation dawned on the members there was an outburst of laughter that shook the rafters of the prime old building. Even the preacher had to job in before it was over. When it had subsided he remarked that as his prayer had already been said, and especially as the Senate did not seem to be exactly in the mood for that sort of thing, he would not insist on praying. This, of course, brought a polite repetition of the request from the president. Whereupon the minister read a brief prayer in which there was not the remotest suggestion of a political allusion. That closed the affair as far as he was concerned. He had made his point.

However, it was not the end of it in the legislation. The protest had had its effect. The members began to question it, in their mind, they had not given a bit beyond the last. The conviction quickly arose that they had. The bill was revealed from the reading clerk and once more brought up in the Senate session. The vote to amend the entire which landed ministers in the hall in the end was practically unanimous.

The House adopted a similar course. When the House finally went to the Governor's office, where it was signed and became a law. It looked the president when he read the law of Rev. Mr. Harmon. But the only case in which the clerical was ever called to the colors in the New World house a bit of which occurs this volume. From both of which sources this volume is drawn.



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AN OPEN LETTER

Much has been printed about the life insurance business during the past year. Let me call your attention at this time to a few things regarding The Equitable Life Assurance Society. It is as solvent as the Bank of England.

Every contract with it will be carried out to the letter.

Every asset claimed by the Society has been found by independent expert accountants, and re-appraised in value on a conservative basis.

Loans have been verified; liabilities have been measured; bad accounts have been charged off or marked doubtful.

The income of the Society from investments and savings has been increased over \$1,200,000 per annum. A still further increase can be relied upon. This will in time result in larger profits to policyholders, even if not reflected in this year's dividends.

The Society has complied with the new laws of the State of New York with exact preciseness. These laws provide every safeguard that a wise Legislature could devise to protect policyholders. They restrict the investments of life insurance companies. They provide that expenses shall be kept within proper limits and control the cost of new business. They prevent rebating and political and other blackmail. They prevent many questionable things that insurance companies have done heretofore.

Hereafter every policy issued by this Society will bear the hall-mark of the State of New York.

The new management is committed to the interests of the policyholders. It understands thoroughly that the best advertisement it can have is a satisfied constituency. The effort of the present administration will be to make this Society the best life insurance company in the world.

Life insurance in the Equitable is the best asset you can have. It will grow better with time. If you have no insurance, or if you can afford to increase the insurance you already have, you are doing your family an injustice if you do not take it. Nothing can take its place.

We want new policyholders. We want new agents, both men and women, but none except energetic, able and truthful men and women need apply. For such there is a splendid opportunity.

A life insurance policy runs longer and means more to the average man than any other contract he ever makes. Therefore the necessity for great care in selecting a company in which to insure or a company to represent. Safety and strength are paramount to everything else. We intend to keep the Equitable the safest and strongest company in the world.

Address The Equitable Life Assurance Society, 120 Broadway, New York, for full information as to insurance or an agency.

PAUL MORTON, President.

Exports of Manufactures from the United States

Exports of manufactures from the United States in the year just ended aggregated more than seven hundred million dollars. The Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor has compiled the figures for the eleven months ending with November, and adding to these a conservative estimate for December, finds that the total exports of manufactures for the full year will, beyond question, exceed seven hundred million dollars. Ten years ago, in the fiscal year 1900, they amounted to but two hundred and fifty-eight millions; in 1880, but one hundred and forty-five millions; and in 1870, one hundred and five millions. The share which manufactures formed of the total exports was, in 1900, 42 per cent.; in 1880, but 30 per cent.; in 1870, but 22 per cent.; and in 1870, 20 per cent. Thus the exports of manufactures in 1900 are three and one-half times as great as a decade ago, and the share which manufactures form of the total exports about one-third greater than at that time.

This is the first time that exports of manufactures have crossed or even approached the seven hundred million dollar line. Even in the fiscal year 1900, which is only six months away, the total exports of manufactures were but six hundred and eighty-six millions; in 1899, six hundred and twenty millions; in 1898, five hundred and twenty-three millions; in 1903, four hundred and sixty-four millions; in 1902, four hundred and fifty-four millions; in 1901, four hundred and sixty millions; in 1900, four hundred and eighty-four millions; in 1899, three hundred and eighty millions; and in 1898, three hundred and twenty-five millions. Thus the exports of manufactures in the calendar year 1900 are actually twice as great in value as in the fiscal year 1898, having thus doubled eight years.

Practically one-half of the manufactures exported from the United States go to Europe, the great manufacturing sector of the world. Of the six hundred and eighty-six million dollars' worth of manufactures exported in the fiscal year 1900, three hundred and eighteen million dollars' worth went to Europe, one hundred and eighty-two millions to North America, seventy-nine millions to Asia, sixty-four millions to South America, thirty million to Oceania, and thirteen millions to Africa. Of the three hundred and eighteen million dollars' worth of manufactures sent to Europe, seventy-three millions was manufactured of copper, forty-six millions of steel, thirty-two millions of iron and steel, twenty-seven millions of leather and manufactures thereof, eight millions of naval stores, thirteen millions of agricultural implements, and the remainder miscellaneous manufactures.

The United States now holds third and among nations as an exporter of manufactures.

Modern Shakespeare

The following quotation comes from "Lear's Lear's Lear," Act V, Scene 2, London. "The omnipotent Mary of the almighty. Have better a gift—Blessed. A gift of nature. Bless. A lesson."

Couldn't Answer

Mr. BROWN is daily on the subject of scientific problems, but his wife has no sympathy with him in this direction. The other evening he laid down his paper and remarked to his wife:

"What?" she inquired.
"Why," he stated, "that it would take 1,000,000 years to pump the sea dry at the rate of 1000 gallons a second."
She thought over the statement for fully half a minute, and then innocently asked:
"Where would they put all the water?"

Financial

THE AUNT COMPANY OF NEW YORK
Investigations for
Married, Bankers, Corporations, and Companies,
NEW YORK.
Mutual Life Buildings, 60 Cedar Street.
Philadelphia, 100 Arch Street.
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MINING INVESTORS!

that are effective without legal expense to completion. 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22-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473-1474-1475-1476-1477-1478-1479-1480-1481-1482-1483-1484-1485-1486-1487-1488-1489-1490-1491-1492-1493-1494-1495-1496-1497-1498-1499-1500-1501-1502-1503-1504-1505-1506-1507-1508-1509-1510-1511-1512-1513-1514-1515-1516-1517-1518-1519-1520-1521-1522-1523-1524-1525-1526-1527-1528-1529-1530-1531-1532-1533-1534-1535-1536-1537-1538-1539-1540-1541-1542-1543-1544-1545-1546-1547-1548-1549-1550-1551-1552-1553-1554-1555-1556-1557-1558-1559-1560-1561-1562-1563-1564-1565-1566-1567-1568-1569-1570-1571-1572-1573-1574-1575-1576-1577-1578-1579-1580-1581-1582-1583-1584-1585-1586-1587-1588-1589-1590-1591-1592-1593-1594-1595-1596-1597-1598-1599-1600-1601-1602-1603-1604-1605-1606-1607-1608-1609-1610-1611-1612-1613-1614-1615-1616-1617-1618-1619-1620-1621-1622-1623-1624-1625-1626-1627-1628-1629-1630-1631-1632-1633-1634-1635-1636-1637-1638-1639-1640-1641-1642-1643-1644-1645-1646-1647-1648-1649-1650-1651-1652-1653-1654-1655-1656-1657-1658-1659-1660-1661-1662-1663-1664-1665-1666-1667-1668-1669-1670-1671-1672-1673-1674-1675-1676-1677-1678-1679-1680-1681-1682-1683-1684-1685-1686-1687-1688-1689-1690-1691-1692-1693-1694-1695-1696-1697-1698-1699-1700-1701-1702-1703-1704-1705-1706-1707-1708-1709-1710-1711-1712-1713-1714-1715-1716-1717-1718-1719-1720-1721-1722-1723-1724-1725-1726-1727-1728-1729-1730-1731-1732-1733-1734-1735-1736-1737-1738-1739-1740-1741-1742-1743-1744-1745-1746-1747-1748-1749-1750-1751-1752-1753-1754-1755-1756-1757-1758-1759-1760-1761-1762-1763-1764-1765-1766-1767-1768-1769-1770-1771-1772-1773-1774-1775-1776-1777-1778-1779-1780-1781-1782-1783-1784-1785-1786-1787-1788-1789-1790-1791-1792-1793-1794-1795-1796-1797-1798-1799-1800-1801-1802-1803-1804-1805-1806-1807-1808-1809-1810-1811-1812-1813-1814-1815-1816-1817-1818-1819-1820-1821-1822-1823-1824-1825-1826-1827-1828-1829-1830-1831-1832-1833-1834-1835-1836-1837-1838-1839-1840-1841-1842-1843-1844-1845-1846-1847-1848-1849-1850-1851-1852-1853-1854-1855-1856-1857-1858-1859-1860-1861-1862-1863-1864-1865-1866-1867-1868-1869-1870-1871-1872-1873-1874-1875-1876-1877-1878-1879-1880-1881-1882-1883-1884-1885-1886-1887-1888-1889-1890-1891-1892-1893-1894-1895-1896-1897-1898-1899-1900-1901-1902-1903-1904-1905-1906-1907-1908-1909-1910-1911-1912-1913-1914-1915-1916-1917-1918-1919-1920-1921-1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927-1928-1929-1930-1931-1932-1933-1934-1935-1936-1937-1938-1939-1940-1941-1942-1943-1944-1945-1946-1947-1948-1949-1950-1951-1952-1953-1954-1955-1956-1957-1958-1959-1960-1961-1962-1963-1964-1965-1966-1967-1968-1969-1970-1971-1972-1973-1974-1975-1976-1977-1978-1979-1980-1981-1982-1983-1984-1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-2012-2013-2014-2015-2016-2017-2018-2019-2020-2021-2022-2023-2024-2025-2026-2027-2028-2029-2030-2031-2032-2033-2034-2035-2036-2037-2038-2039-2040-2041-2042-2043-2044-2045-2046-2047-2048-2049-2050-2051-2052-2053-2054-2055-2056-2057-2058-2059-2060-2061-2062-2063-2064-2065-2066-2067-2068-2069-2070-2071-2072-2073-2074-2075-2076-2077-2078-2079-2080-2081-2082-2083-2084-2085-2086-2087-2088-2089-2090-2091-2092-2093-2094-2095-2096-2097-2098-2099-2100-2101-2102-2103-2104-2105-2106-2107-2108-2109-2110-2111-2112-2113-2114-2115-2116-2117-2118-2119-2120-2121-2122-2123-2124-2125-2126-2127-2128-2129-2130-2131-2132-2133-2134-2135-2136-2137-2138-2139-2140-2141-2142-2143-2144-2145-2146-2147-2148-2149-2150-2151-2152-2153-2154-2155-2156-2157-2158-2159-2160-2161-2162-2163-2164-2165-2166-2167-2168-2169-2170-2171-2172-2173-2174-2175-2176-2177-2178-2179-2180-2181-2182-2183-2184-2185-2186-2187-2188-2189-2190-2191-2192-2193-2194-2195-2196-2197-2198-2199-2200-2201-2202-2203-2204-2205-2206-2207-2208-2209-2210-2211-2212-2213-2214-2215-2216-2217-2

Making a Business Pay

(Continued from page 124.)

all-where improvements can be made, prevent defects, and the repetition of errors.

"We interest men in the general welfare and policy of the firm; this is a difficult thing to do, and every company must work out its own specific means. If such a feeling can be aroused, especially among foremen, it works to immense advantage. We surround men with pleasant, healthful conditions. The object of surroundings is on a man's spirits and on the quality and amount of his work needs no emphasis—it is a granted fact."

It is possible that nowhere can system, as applied to the thoroughly intelligent work of the personnel, be brought to a higher plane of effectiveness than in the large railway organizations.

One railway organizer and systemizer who entered boldly into almost unknown fields in search of practical systems, came into a railway combination west of Chicago. This man holds in the hollow of his hand the secret of success. And like most successful men he plays the rational combination of brains and system. When he began the reorganization of his various lines several years ago, he decided to make use of the brains of every man in his employ. His files total almost ten thousand ideas, and he has an employee in some capacity or other for every mile.

The head of each department of each road was instructed to place small boxes in convenient positions, and to each employee was given a printed announcement requesting him to offer any criticisms or suggestions concerning his particular line of work. The employees, from engine-wiper to general superintendent, were asked to write their ideas without fear or favor, and to deposit the replies in the boxes posted for the purpose. The conductors and guards were encouraged to criticize the present method of running trains, and a note-power house was asked to criticize the type of engines and to offer suggestions, and the general accounting department was requested to suggest new and improved methods of bookkeeping.

It was promised that the letters would be considered by a regularly appointed board composed of the various general managers, and as a stimulus to good work a series of cash rewards totalling \$10,000 was offered for the most intelligent criticisms and practical suggestions. The result exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the railway organizer. Fully eight thousand replies were received, and today that particular railway system is being managed along lines practically suggested by its army of employees.

There is a large manufacturing plant not far from Boston that makes "opportunities" its watchword in dealing with the ten thousand men in its employ. From the lowest to the highest merit wins all the experience, and knowledge of the business.

The present manager and all of his immediate assistants began with the criterion, a sufficient capacity. The present superintendent of construction began as an employee in the draughting department. The wing department foreman rose from the bench, and the present secretary came to the company as a bill clerk. This company's methods automatically lift its employees and send the best ones to the top.

In a room adjoining the president's office are laid a number of card index cabinets divided according to departments. The cards are large and there is one for each employee. On each card are noted the man's history and a record of his work.

There are four classes of merit, and each has its particular color. The first, or "star" class is white, the second is buff, the third is light blue, and the fourth, or "average" class is light green. As a man progresses in merit and value to the company his card is changed. All promotions and a man also is in that class is invariably advanced as a "star" man. Merit in this class brings a five-per-cent. bonus each year.

LIQUEUR Pères Chartroux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

THE AFTER-DINNER LIQUEUR
OF REFINED TASTE



At Bottling Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Clubs,
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DEALERS EVERYWHERE

SPENCERIAN
STEEL PENS

Sample card containing 18 pens, different patterns, sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents in postage.

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Read *The Call of the Blood*

**THIS IS THE
STEAMSHIP**



The magnificent S. S. "Duchess," built, owned, and operated by the New York & Naples Steamship Co., is the only ship of her class in the world. She is a marvel of speed and power, and is the only ship of her class in the world.

Leave New York February 4th, 1907, for Naples in 7 days, 16 hours, 45 minutes; return, 19th, 16 hours, 45 minutes. Leaving New York, 19th, 16 hours, 45 minutes; return, 4th, 16 hours, 45 minutes.

THIS IS THE OPPORTUNITY

To travel in comfort and safety as a steamship that contains every modern convenience and appliance that money can suggest, or that money can purchase.

The S. S. "Duchess" leaves New York February 4th, 1907, for Naples in 7 days, 16 hours, 45 minutes, making the trip in 19 days, 16 hours, 45 minutes.

Steamship, Italy, to the South of France, and the American Division, can be conveniently visited, also excellent connections made at Naples with the S. S. "Duchess" for Alexandria, Egypt.

First Cabin Rates, \$15.00 upward, including steamer accommodations and meals.

Two special rates, rates including all necessary expenses, have been arranged in connection with this sailing as follows:

<p>Year A 36 Days Cost \$350</p>	<p>Including sightseeing in Spain, Italy, and the Riviera, returning on the "Duchess," leaving Genoa Feb. 12, 1907.</p>
<p>Year B 66 Days Cost \$350</p>	<p>Including sightseeing in Italy and the Riviera, returning by the S. S. "Duchess," leaving Genoa March 1, 1907.</p>

Also regular sailings to Gibraltar, Naples and Genoa by the steamers "Melita," "Bambino" and "Bianca."

Complete particulars, plans, booklets, etc., at the

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20 South St., Boston. 1005 West St., Philadelphia. 301 Olive St., St. Louis. 130 Randolph St., Chicago. 301 Market St., San Francisco.



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To enjoy the pleasures of a voyage in California is to deserve yourself of one of the privileges of a lifetime.

Not the least of the joys of such an outing is America's Flower Garden in the trip thither on the Rock Island's new

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The finest and most up-to-date train over the lowest altitude and most scenerically route.

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A host of the new and up-to-date—increasingly more and more—excursions, here for the taking. Read for it today.

**Rock
Island**

JOHN SEASTAR,
General Passenger Agent,
Rock Island
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HE THOUGHT IT WAS A "BLARSTED EAGLE"

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COMMENT

Discontented Swettenham

PHILIPAS GEORGE SWETTENHAM'S nerves were so upset by the Kingston earthquake as to leave him in imperfect possession of his faculties. Perhaps he has lived overlong in the tropics to the prejudice of his liver. Whichever is true, his letter to Admiral DAVIS offers on its face such evidence of his profound indignation that there is nothing important to be said about it except to express sympathy for the British government in having such a man in such a place at such a time.

Secretary Root on the Tariff

Secretary Root has spoken once more for the administration. This time his utterance was on the tariff question. He insisted that the time has come for the adoption of a minimum and maximum tariff. This may foreshadow the next important controversy between the President and his party, including some of the leaders who are now more or less with him. But experience teaches us to wait before determining that any Republican tariff movement is in the interest of the consumers; that is, of a real revision. If the minimum tariff is to be the Dingley tariff and the maximum something higher, it will be a cruel jest. But it is clear, at all events, that Mr. Root's own view on the necessity of some tariff action has been impressed on the President, and that the commission to Germany, compelled by German complaints against our tariff law, may work some good. In the mean time Mr. DE ARAGONE has introduced a bill in the House of Representatives providing for further instruction of the consumer by putting upon each bundle or package of our domestic products the rate of duty which the purchaser pays for its protection from foreign competitors. "Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," is the motto which the Kansas City Times suggests for tariff-reformers.

The San Francisco School Question in Court

The Federal government has now taken the proper action on the order of the San Francisco School Board segregating Japanese children in separate school buildings. The courts, both State and Federal, are called upon to decide whether the United States may enforce a treaty provision notwithstanding opposing State laws, including a city ordinance authorized or acquiesced in by the State. If the decision should be against the school board and its members refuse to obey the order of the courts, the question then will be whether the President will enforce an order of the courts to arrest and imprison the members of the school board for contempt. It is to be hoped that this point will never be reached. The people of the Far East are still entitled, like us, on the other hand, Japan's authorities seem to be taking the view of

Baron JUKURI, that the whole matter is not of enough importance to warrant war.

The House Subsidy Bill

The House substitute for the Senate subsidy bill is not agreeable to the thick-and-fast subsidy advocates. The fact that it was agreed to after Mr. GIBSON'S amendment of the Senate bill, and that the new measure has the approval of Speaker CANNON and the President, is significant. It means that Congress, at least the Representatives, do not believe that the country is ready to build up the American foreign shipping trade by direct grants of money. Intelligent and well-informed people recognize the truth of Mr. Root's admission, that a subsidy is intended in reality to bring into vigorous life what the tariff has nearly slaughtered. It seems to be incumbent upon a Republican statesman, one of even so liberal a frame of mind as is Secretary Root, to devise some way for the improvement of the shipping business other than the removal of tariff burdens and of severe restrictions. Therefore it is proposed that the tariff to shipping by reason of the tariff law and the rest shall be made up by increasing the burdens upon the people in general. The Senate is ready, it seems, to apply this economic commercial device which, characteristically, contemplates further taxation of the consumer. The Senate bill proposes a subsidy for freighters; but the House, not being minded to agree, would not have the Senate bill. But some must be paid to ocean-going ships, so it is proposed to pay more for mail service to vessels sailing to certain East American, Central American, and Pacific ports. This will cost the taxpayer several million dollars—how much we cannot guess, although both advocates and opponents of the bill are busy with estimates. Experience teaches us, however, that such preliminary estimates, especially when made by partisans, whether for or against, are likely to be fairly actual results. What we do know, however, is that a vote for a fast mail is only really a vote for a subsidy for commerce, and that, if the bill passes, the subsidy camel will have its head in the tent.

Governor Hughes's Appointments

By the appointment of Mr. STEVENS to be Superintendent of Public Works, and of some others, none of whom was the choice of those who have hitherto distributed the patronage of the State, Governor HUGHES has maintained his reputation and has gratified the good people of the State. It was not our intention to eulogize the new appointees, but we ought to be permitted to speak for ourselves by the manner in which they perform the duties of their offices. The error says that he will be his way, and it is the best way, the only way. Apparently he is not trying to kill the personal machine. It was Governor ROOSEVELT's assertion that he was not attempting to displace President OHLEBY by ROOSEVELT's losses. In a measure he succeeded, for he was Governor, but he has met with some disappointment since he has been President. However, the interesting fact is that Governor HUGHES is not only convinced that he must do his duty by not building up a personal machine, but he is also certain that his obligations to the State involve the necessity of consulting old losses. The loss of losses in the public welfare is secondary and inferior. This makes his advice to Governors often misleading. Governor HUGHES is justified in working out his own reforms. One reason why the people like Mr. ROOSEVELT is that they believe that he has done what Governor HUGHES is doing. It has been, however, a real drawback to Mr. HUGHES that he has undertaken, in Washington, to make losses, or the Senators, select "good men" for him. WAYNE McVEIGH has pointed out, this is to impose the losses an impossible task. Governor HUGHES's better; he is seeking the good men himself.

The Race Question in Politics

The controversy over the Birmingham affair is doing much to bring to the attention of the people the race question. It is an important question, or important question, as it is called by the President's dismissal of the negro "Yellow Hammer" and the indictment upon them of the president show he had heretofore considered the race question in the navy, it is so complicated and so difficult a question that it is not possible to do justice to it in this article. It is a question of the first importance to the nation.

Mr. SEVEN's advice to him, the President has admitted that he had not the power to deprive the men from employment in the civil service; therefore he revoked that part of his sentence. It was agreed between the Republicans that there should be adopted a simple resolution to investigate the affair. But before this the race question had inflamed the minds of Senators, and a bitter debate broke out. The race question could not be quieted, and it was inevitable that it should inspire all the speeches as it infused the thoughts of men. It is unfortunate that there is so much politics in this unhappy controversy, which should really be settled by temperate councils, by men whose object is to get the two races out of an unhappy scrape, and who are moved by love for their country and their kind. Unfortunately both Republicans and Democrats find in it too many opportunities to put their opponents "in a hole," and the South especially suffers from the prevailing base and sordid kind of statesmanship. It may be that the Democratic Senators generally believe that the President had the power to dismiss the black troops as he did without trial. The evidence against them has convinced good men; but their guilt may not justify the specific act of the President. That point is important, and should be settled. To try to make it a party question will not settle it; it will convince no one of anything but that Senators are willing to play politics in so grave an affair.

Brownsville and the Constitution

For many reasons it would be well to have a Congressional inquiry into the facts of the Brownsville affair, as JAMES D. LONG pointed out in his recent speech in Boston. The country wants the facts, and if the negro troops are guilty, as on the President's evidence they seem to be, the total penalty inflicted upon them was, as the President said, inadequate for the crime committed. But there is no reason whatever that the color of the men should come into the discussion. It is unfortunately true that it does enter, and that this contest is just now characteristic. Senator BLACKMAN's resolution admitting that the President has the constitutional power to dismiss without honor raised an unfortunate contest, but the resolution itself was not of grave importance, for any action or view of the Senate as to the constitutionality of an act of the President would not be controlling, except as it affected its own legislation. The unfortunate feature of it is that the Senate, by reason of this resolution and of the party passions which at once broke out on its introduction, seemed at once to be called upon to pass upon an important question without regard to its merits or to the real opinions of Senators. The President deplored this misfortune, if reports are true, by insisting that any Republican member of the Senate who voted that he had not the power was the enemy of all his policies. In effect he said, "You must take my view of my constitutional power or be regarded as my foe on the railroad rate question, on the Federal Reserve question, on race wars, or on any other device that I may invent or policy that I may announce." The situation is so intense, when it comes to this sort of thing, that reason no longer rules. The Senator who votes on a constitutional question because he believes in all that the President thinks or feels, or because he disbelieves in it, expresses an opinion that is not entitled to respect. As to the question itself, the Senate has no power to judge the constitutionality of an act of the President, any more than he has the power to judge of the constitutionality of a law of Congress. The tribunal to determine such a question is that of the judges—the courts; and any one of the dismissed men can procure a decision from the courts on this subject—a decision that would bind the President and Congress. Why is it that the political opponents seem to be avoiding the obviously proper course?

A Tradition Strengthened

It is worth remembering that the President's order to dismiss the Brownsville companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry was published and took effect after the President had put out to sea on his way to Panama. What he might have done had he been at home and observed the impression that the order made on the public mind can only be guessed at. When he did get back, the order had been enforced and the fat was in the fire. Considering the duration and possible effects of the resulting rampus, there seem to be grounds for the opinion that the tradition which directs that

the President shall not leave the country during his term of office will not be seriously weakened by the only breach of it which has occurred.

The Money We Have

Have we enough money? The question has been raised, and it carries us back to 1890, when the country's mind was wreathed by the debate between the advocates of the quantitative and those of the qualitative theory of money. In that portentous year the amount of money in the United States was equivalent to \$53,62 a head, while only \$21 41 of this was in actual circulation. That is, the business, pleasure, and extravagances of the country had use for about four dollars less than could have been had from the banks and the Treasury. The people decided then that the country did not want more money of the kind that was proposed by Mr. BAXTER, and now, it may be said, with the concurrence of Mr. BAXTER himself, that the people have been justified in that decision. In the mean time the volume of money has increased, both in this country and in Europe, and the volume of business also. This was to have been expected. This increase is in accordance with the law of progress, or, in a word, with the law of nature. In the mere matter of coin, the United States is coming annually about \$100,000,000 in gold; Great Britain, nearly \$60,000,000; Australia, a little more than Great Britain; France, about \$15,000,000; Germany, about \$25,000,000; and Japan, more than \$10,000,000. In this country the amount on the 1st of October, of gold and silver coins and certificates and of United States and national bank notes, was \$5,148,719,552. Not all of this by about \$137,000,000 was in circulation, although, as we know from the controversies which have been frequent between Secretary SULLIVAN and some of the bankers, that more of it was needed now and then and here and there. The sum of \$137,000,000 was in the Treasury, and in its depository banks was \$125,000,000. The official description of "money in circulation" means money lying about and money in the banks. It means money that is passing from hand to hand, as well as money that is lying in bank to secure circulation and deposits. Besides the actual money in the country, there was in the banks individual deposits to the amount of \$4,199,038,410. If we add to this amount, against which checks could be drawn—and checks constitute currency as well as national bank notes—we had in the country in the fall of last year nearly \$7,500,000,000 available for all the transactions of the people, less the \$137,000,000 in the Treasury. We had a *per capita* circulation of \$53.68, or nearly eight dollars more than the abundant circulation of 1890. Some of the money in the Treasury was held as security for outstanding certificates, and some of it might easily and safely have been deposited in the banks.

Do We Need More Money?

When we note the amount of money that we have, and the amount of money that is added to our own stock and to that of the rest of the commercial world, we see that the amount increases at a greater rate than that of the increase of population, and, furthermore, it is the fact that the increase is at least equivalent to the increase of the demands of business. It is not a sign that money is lacking in amount because it is hard to borrow it or to secure it for use from the vaults of the banks. That is a sign of distress, of a general lack of faith, of a consequent loss of credit. In 1903 there was abundant money in the country, but it could not be had. The banks would not lend it. The result was that men and corporations were put to shifts to procure currency with which to pay their way, their necessary expenses. They issued orders on shops, and a kind of shingle currency that was wholly illegal, although the illegality was overlooked on account of the necessities of the unfortunate situation. We have now doubtless money enough for all our needs. The present relations between London and New York will doubtless adjust themselves. Business itself will see to that, as it has always done, and if we need more gold for our foreign exchanges, the Bank of England cannot keep it from coming here by raising its rate. In our domestic affairs we want a better distribution of money than the national government has yet been able to give us. There are times when we want more currency than we have, and there are times when we want

less; but we have money enough to sustain all the currency that we need. If the Federal government will so amend its banking laws as to permit automatic expansion and retraction, it will go better with us.

Independence for the Philippines

We have got to think again presently about the Philippines. It is a duty, and a pressing duty. We forget how pressing it is—forget all about it as much of the time as we can. The Philippines are like a tooth in the head of a busy man which he knows needs attention, but which he neglects as long as it does not ache. The simile is imperfect because the Philippines do ache, but we who are responsible do not feel them. When are we going to have that tooth filled, as Secretary TAYLOR would have us do by amending our tariff so as to give the Philippines a market for their products and a chance to live! When are we going to have the tooth out altogether! This last is what Mr. JAMES H. BLOUNT would know. He is a lawyer from Georgia, the son of Congressman BLOUNT, who was President CLEVELAND's special commissioner to Hawaii in 1893. In the Spanish war he served first in Cuba, and later in the Philippines, where from 1891 to 1895 he was a judge of the Court of First Instance. He has had a chance to learn both from the military and the civil standpoint how matters are going in the Philippines, and he seems to have improved it. To the current number of the *North American Review* (January 18) he has contributed an article, entitled "Philippine Independence—When?" which we wish every citizen who has a sense of political obligation might read. Mr. BLOUNT believes, out of his considerable experience, in independence for the Philippines, and thinks a date should be set at which it shall be given them. He thinks ten years is long enough to wait. His reasons are very persuasive, especially because they are so obviously based on real knowledge, and are so reasonably and dispassionately conveyed. The chief points he makes are that the Philippines could easily be protected from foreign conquest by treaties negotiated by our government; that all the Filipinos are now of one mind in wanting independence; and that things go very ill with them now, at vast expense both to us and to them, and will continue to go ill until they have clear assurance of independence at a stated time.

To Raise Government Salaries

On January 18 the House voted, 133 to 92, to increase the salaries of the Vice-President, the Speaker, and the members of the cabinet to \$12,000 a year, and the salaries of Senators and Representatives and delegates from the Territories to \$7,500. The increase voted to the cabinet officers is imperative; the increase to the Vice-President and Speaker is unquestionably proper. As for the Senators and Representatives, their case is less pressing. Yet they too should have, in our opinion, the increase of pay proposed. It is really not so much an increase of pay as an adjustment. The cost and standard of living in Washington have increased so much since the pay of members of Congress was last fixed that \$7,500 goes no farther now than \$5,000 did then, and if \$5,000 was a proper salary then, \$7,500 is no more than proper now. The same reasoning applies to the pay of the army and navy, the Federal judges, and many others, including especially the ambassadors and other members of the diplomatic and consular service.

Mr. C. F. Adams at the Lee Centennial

Writing in the *North American Review* about the Ethics of Corporate Management, President HUGLEY says:

Just when things were at their worst a really great man appeared on the scene of affairs in CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, of the Massachusetts Railroad Commission. He promulgated as *idea*, essentially ethical in its character, which not only was of great service at the time, but has been the really vital force in all good schemes of corporate regulation ever since.

"A really great man," Dr. HUGLEY calls Mr. ADAMS, and so calls him because he has great and useful ideas. He has also an excellent faculty of imparting them. The papers which he reads from time to time before the Massachusetts Historical Society, and which relate chiefly to the Civil War period, are of a most unusual liveliness and interest. Mr. ADAMS made the chief address on January 19 at Washington

and Lee College in Lexington, Virginia, on the centennial of the birth of ROBERT E. LEE. Whoever had the thought to send to Massachusetts for an orator to speak of LEE had a happy inspiration, so long as the orator was Mr. ADAMS. His ideas about General LEE had been for forty-five years in process of formation, and very interesting they were—more so, probably, to his Southern hearers and readers than would have been those of an orator of General Lee's own State, or any State beyond the Potomac.

Custodian of Dynamite

The New York State Senate has voted to give its clerk the power to expel a reporter from the floor of the Senate. The clerk did not ask for this accession of authority, and is not likely to exercise it impulsively. It may be flattering to be made the custodian of the Senate's dynamite, but a wise man would as soon not be too much flattered.

The Thaw Trial Impends

The trial of THAW for the murder of STANFORD WHITE is impending as this issue of the WEEKLY goes to press, and the newspapers have already for some days been preparing the public mind to deplete itself intelligently to the contemplation of the proceedings of justice. While the trial continues, however protracted it may be, it will no doubt compete successfully with all other occurrences, no matter what, for the attention of the great American reading public. Not the conflicts of the Senators and the President, nor further earthquakes, nor railroad accidents, nor railroad investigations, nor stock-market agitations, nor any happenings we can imagine, are likely to crowd the record of its daily progress off the front pages of the daily papers. In respect to murder trials of special note human nature does not seem to change much. All classes of people have always been interested in them, and are as much interested in them now as they were a century or two centuries ago. The main difference is that in our time the means of feeding the popular taste in this respect are very much more comprehensive and efficacious than they were when white paper cost more and type was set by hand and printing-press took longer to do their work. We shall all want to follow that trial, though many of us will wish to avoid the immense mass of supplementary slush, pictorial and literary, that will accompany the reports of the court proceedings.

New York's Canal Appropriation Decried

Mr. J. J. HILL's requisition of \$1,000,000 a year for five years for railroad building looks like a hundred millions that the State of New York is going to spend on its canal lock considerably smaller than it did. Moreover, Mr. Hill says that the best and cheapest form of project aid that can be given to a congested country is the improvement of a waterway, to wit, a fifteen-foot channel from St. Louis to New Orleans.

Barroom Rows and Soldiers

Newspaper despatches published on January 22 indicate a row at Columbus, Ohio, which, *malitia mafandis*, is the duplicate of the Brownsville trouble which has so befogged the gazyety of the nation. On the night of January 21 about fifty white soldiers, it seems, raided the negro quarter of Columbus, broke windows, terrorized colored citizens, and cleaned out saloons, until they scattered before a mob. Unlike the Brownsville aggressors, these white soldiers were not armed. Another difference is that about half the marauders were promptly arrested by the police working with two companies of soldiers sent out by the officer in command of the barracks. The trouble arose out of a recent barroom row between whites and blacks. It would be interesting to know whether any one in Congress is taking notice that these difficulties of barroom origin might be less frequent if the army canteen was restored and more encouragement was given to enlisted men to keep out of low-down dives and grogeries.

Fictitious Man in a Real Place

Very acceptable is the suggestion of the *Sun* that Sir ALEXANDER SWETENHAM is a fictitious character invented by Mr. W. S. GILBERT. Somehow he cropped from the "Bab Ballads" and "Pinafore" and got to be Governor of Jamaica at an inopportune time. That is really about all there is to it.

Recent Discussions of the Negro Problem

THE Atlanta riot and the Brownsville riot have had the effect of concentrating anew public attention on the negro problem to the temporary eclipse of every other, and have evoked a great deal of more or less heated and illuminating discussion, culminating in the remarkable speech delivered by Senator TILMAN, on January 12, in the Senate-chamber. No man has brought out more forcibly the gravity and urgency of the problem than has Mr. TILMAN, who reminded us that in six Southern States—South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi—the aggregate number of negroes exceeds the total number of whites, while in South Carolina and Mississippi the colored population greatly preponderates. He points out that although, within the territory named, the negroes are for the moment disfranchised by State laws, yet these laws, as being evasions of the Federal Constitution, as amended, are in their nature temporary, and raise with no permanent cure, so that in the not-distant future negroes will again be able to vote, and thus make inevitable the struggle at the ballot-box for mastery between the races. It follows that race antagonism is destined to increase in intensity with every day, if it be true, as Senator TILMAN declares, that the white men and women of the South are just as determined now as they have been for forty years not to recognize race equality in social or in political life. Hence the question which he pressed home to his fellow-Senators: Is the statesmanship of our time adequate to avert a direful crisis? Or will it fail to solve the negro problem, just as the statesmanship of 1868 failed to find a solution by the bloody expedient of civil war? That is undoubtedly the one great question for American civilization to answer.

If we review and analyze the various palliatives or remedies offered with the aim of preventing the threatened race conflict at the South, we find that they may be reduced to four: namely, deportation, segregation, serfdom, and, finally, the ultimate elevation of the negro in the social scale by a full recognition of his political rights and the improvement of his technical and general education. The first proposal may be quickly and decisively rejected. For two reasons: the Southern whites do not want the negro to be deported. They want him where he is. They need his labor. The testimony on this point is emphatic and well-nigh unanimous, including that of Senator TILMAN himself. There are, indeed, some indications that Southern farmers would like a substitute for negro labor, if they could get it. Governor J. M. TERRELL, of Georgia, has lately cited on the lack of farm-laborers in his State, due to the relatively higher wages paid in other fields of work, and to the indisposition of the average negro to toil any more than is needful to feed himself. He earnestly recommends, therefore, the encouragement of white immigration, and would direct the influx of Germans or Scandinavians to the upland regions of his State, and that of Italians to the more southern counties. Exposed to the competition of the newcomers, the negroes would have to settle down to steady work or go elsewhere. Even though, however, a time should come when, so far as economic considerations are concerned, the Southern whites might be willing to witness a voluntary negro exodus, they would not, for humanitarian reasons, insist on compulsory deportation. In his speech of January 12, Senator TILMAN recalled the miseries and horrors incident to the deportation of Moriscos from Spain in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, and he might have added that he was comparing small things with great, for the total number of Moriscos expelled from the Iberian Peninsula at the period named has been variously computed at from half a million to a million and a half, whereas there are nearly six million colored persons in the six States from Texas to North Carolina. The transportation of so vast a multitude would prove impracticable, even if public opinion at the South and at the North would tolerate such an act of oppression, and even if it were possible to provide an area adequate in size and climatologically suited to the accommodation of the exiles.

The second remedy, segregation, has lately been advocated by Mr. WASHINGTON GLADEN in the *American Magazine*. He is convinced, he says, that the outcome of interracial strife would be the intervention of the Federal government, which, in order to keep the hostile races apart, would have to set aside certain Southern States for the blacks, who thereafter would govern themselves therein, and be represented in the Congress at Washington. It is easy to see what Senator Mr. GLADEN has in view, to wit, South Carolina and Mississippi, together, perhaps, with Louisiana, Alabama, and Florida. This proposal is even more impracticable than deportation. There is not a white man in any Southern State who would not fight to the last gasp rather than renounce his home in favor of a negro. Moreover, the injury inflicted on the negro himself would be almost as serious in the one case as in the other. For, relegated to States in which there were no white inhabitants, he would be left to his own resources, and would in his isolation be almost certain to deteriorate as he has deteriorated in flight. This proposal also, then, must be dismissed as entirely out of the question.

We come to the only two practicable methods of averting a

conflict of races. As was pointed out by CARL SCHURZ not long ago, we must either, avowedly or tacitly, sanction the reduction of the negro to a permanent condition of serfdom, or we must, as a nation, resolve to move in the direction of recognizing him as a citizen in the full sense of the word. That, for the moment, at all events, the South prefers the former alternative there are many indications. Governor YARBAMAN, of Mississippi, who evidently has behind him a large majority of the whites of his State, has frankly announced that he desires to be sent to the United States Senate for the purpose of advocating the repeal of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. Such a programme is undoubtedly favored by Mr. HENRY STARR, of Georgia, who won a signal victory at the recent election in his State because he stood forth the champion of the rigorous and lasting repression of the negro in political and social life. The policy personified in Governor YARBAMAN and Mr. BLOK SMITH points, of course, straight to serfdom, and might not prove so difficult of fulfillment as Mr. SCHURZ assumed that it would be. No doubt, it is a very different thing, as he said, to keep a race in slavery than that which had been in that condition for many generations, and to reduce that race to slavery or serfdom after it has been free for half a century. The latter thing has been done, however, and we need not go back to ancient or medieval times to find a precedent. It was about A. D. 1600 that by an arbitrary decree of the emperor Boris Godunov, the Russian peasant, who had been immemorially free, was tied to the soil and thus reduced to serfdom. No dissolution of society, no far-reaching catastrophe followed. But, while the gradual introduction of negro serfdom might be practicable in certain Southern States—a step was taken in that direction when the negro was disfranchised—such a retrograde policy would never be sanctioned by public opinion in the Northern and Western States, although, as a matter of fact, racial prejudices withholds from the colored man at the North many industrial opportunities which are open to him at the South, and which would remain open under serfdom.

Under all the circumstances, it seems probable that the temporary disfranchisement of the negro by State laws will be the farthest step that the South will be suffered to take in the direction of serfdom-creating regulations. But, as Senator TILMAN has pointed out, the State disfranchising laws will become ineffectual in proportion as popular education is diffused among the negroes, who will ultimately recover their vote, provided the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the Constitution are repealed. There is absolutely no ground for believing that three-fourths of the States will ever consent to a repeal of those amendments, unless, indeed, the people of the whole country should arrive at the conviction that, for whites as well as for blacks, universal suffrage is a blunder, and that we ought to revive property qualification for the franchise. Such a conviction will never be reached by a numerical majority and embodied in law by a popular vote, and, therefore, the Southern whites will, apparently, have to make the best of things as they are, and help the negro to make the best of himself, individually and collectively. That is what they are advised to do by such representatives of Southern high-mindedness as the head of the University of Virginia, as President KILGUS and Professor WOODWARD of Trinity College, South Carolina, and as the Reverend EDGAR GARNETT MURPHY, of Alabama. These men do not dread, but would welcome, the elevation of the negro in the scale of civilization.

Is Shakespeare Read?

HOWEVER ahead TORLATO's strictures upon SHAKESPEARE may seem to those born in the tradition that he stands upon a lonely promontory of excellence unreachd by all others, it does at least give us pause to find three living authors, all of admitted excellence in their own kind, disclaiming the Shakespearean allegiance. TORLATO denies SHAKESPEARE'S greatness on the grounds that he is not universal and makes no appeal to the average man of to-day. One may entirely admit TORLATO'S premises and refuse his deductions. MARTELINCK denies SHAKESPEARE'S greatness on the grounds of the lack of spiritual wisdom in his characters, of the low plane upon which his humanity lives and acts. Mr. DENHAM MAW denies SHAKESPEARE'S supremacy on the grounds of his being "dead" over three hundred years; he claims that it is only natural that there should be a new stock of ideas and, he hopes, better points of view. What he quite truly asserts is that the most indiscriminate eulogies of SHAKESPEARE come from the least considerable and most ignorant sources.

The tradition that SHAKESPEARE is the greatest and most widely read of all English authors is universally accepted, and, in view of it, it is interesting to stop our casual acquaintances, literary and otherwise, and find out how many of them have read all of SHAKESPEARE'S poems and plays. The result of one such personal canvass was that a lawyer in a small Western town was found who had read and reread all the plays, but did not read for the women and other persons; a naval officer was found who did not care for books in general, but who always carried the sonnets in his pocket

and enthusiastically recommended them; a professor of literature was found who had read some of the plays many times, had dissected and analyzed them, and who was fairly sure that he had read all the plays at least once; one little girl of twelve had read all the plays, and had played out many of them with her paper dolls. Nearly every one in the educated class who was questioned had read one or two plays, usually at school, but nearly all held mistaken ideas about what they had read, and had a most superficial knowledge of the construction of the plays, the significance of the characters, and the points of prominent experience.

The commonest fallacy is, of course, that SHAKESPEARE is direct and simple, that he told a tale for the sake of the tale without artifice or adornment. As a matter of fact, SHAKESPEARE is extremely difficult reading. The mere fact that he lived three hundred years ago shows that historic sense and knowledge are required to understand him. Second place, while SHAKESPEARE is very skillful in dramatic construction, he was notably more interested in manner than in matter. He took his tale wherever he found it, quite regardless of how or where it had been used before, and embellished it with his wonderful style. If ever there was a lover of the word for the word's sake, and style for style's sake, it was SHAKESPEARE. As for thoughts, he seized them to the right and the left, wherever they might be lying. In *Brutus*, in *Livy*, in *Marlowe*, at the tavern, in the street; but he translated them into the wonderful style of SHAKESPEARE, euphuistic, affected, elaborately adorned in the early plays, but tending ever toward a method more obscure, rarer, highly changed, elliptical in the later plays. He was in plot-structure, in the systematic building up of the play to hold the interest tense to the end, in emotional force and in word-magic, the supreme master of English literature. But HERMAN SHAW is right when he says a new type is needed to express the modern mind. *Gilbert's* ill-founded jealousy, *Macbeth's* crude ambitions, *Roslin's* doubt and hesitancy and, above all, his escape into the realm of men's words, are out of date; the stress laid upon the sexual motif is old-fashioned; the swiftness of impulse, the strong play of emotion, the subservience of the reason and judgment, all belong to another age than ours, and HERMAN SHAW'S *Caesar* is much more heroic, according to present-day thinking, than SHAKESPEARE'S *Antony* counting a kingdom lost for love.

MAFFEIOLLO's complaint against SHAKESPEARE is perfectly well founded, that his characters have not spiritual wisdom and insight, and that they do not control destiny, but that destiny falls upon them from the outside, like a hail upon its prey, and destroys them. Heron lies the very basis of tragedy, that a man finds himself not great enough to cope with his fate, and in more or less painful circumstances he succumbs. SHAKESPEARE belonged to a precursor of humanitarianism: the quietest acceptance which discards destiny, and the spiritual insight which circumvents it, belong to religious eras.

If TOLSTOY's theory of art is correct, then, too, SHAKESPEARE must yield to his accusations. TOLSTOY'S thesis is that that art is best which makes the most universal appeal and reaches the simplest and most uneducated classes. If that can ever be proven, SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, and SHILLER must doff their hats while we crown MARK TWAIN and HALL CAIN. These are the people who reach the masses. The truth is, great beauty and great virtue are always inaccessible except to those who strive, who learn to accept, understand and enjoy them. Profound subjects, beauty of treatment, absolute sincerity of wisdom, are by no means matters readily understood, nor are things we may, perhaps, grow to understand by humility, perseverance, study; the reward is great when won, but nothing that we know without pain is worth knowing, and this is the fact in TOLSTOY'S argument. In his desire to feel all men equal in endowment and power of enjoyment, he has asserted that whatever is not universally liked is bad. It is perfectly true that SHAKESPEARE is not universally liked or read; that to an average illiterate person he would be, except in parts, totally incomprehensible; but that only proves how great will be the reward of those who learn to know him.

Personal and Pertinent

COLUMBIA HENRY WATSON has been nominated for President of the United States in a letter from *Carmes* to the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*. The writer suggests that it is time for the Democrats to put up a Southerner, recounts the Colonel's distinguished services, and declares that "his latest pronouncement, 'I am so old-fashioned as still to believe in the Constitution of the United States,' would ring over the whole continent." It is a first-rate pronouncement, and is likely to ring in the Democratic platform, wherever the candidate is.

The intelligent women of Washington, and there are many who are inclined to like politics, much after the manner of Lady GLEN-COURA PALMER, will find Mrs. JAMES BRYCE very entertaining. She is the daughter of a wealthy cotton-spinning house, the As-

turns of Flowery Field, her father being one of those British manufacturers who flourished intellectually, as well as pecuniarily, in the time of GLADSTONE, BRIGHT, and CORBET. The ASHURTON daughters were brought up in an atmosphere of politics when politics consisted especially of questions of principle, and the houses of the northern and western capitalists of finance and industry resounded with argumentation limited in the fire of moral indignation. The women of that kind of family know about that kind of politics, and if any ladies in Washington are ready to discuss free trade, reciprocity, universal peace, woman suffrage, or colonial problems, Mrs. BRYCE will be a very stimulating lady for them to know. But perhaps they would not find her caring much for the personal fortunes of any statesman but Mr. BRYCE. Besides, she is very pleasant to look upon.

A New York clergyman whose down-town church is in the heart of the office-building district sought to benefit his neighbors by proposing a guild for women employed in the neighborhood of his church as stenographers and typewriters. A chief feature of his plan is to offer the stenographers a pleasant lunch-room and some club-rooms where they may spend the noon hours. Dr. GREEK's church is well situated for such a work, and the plan seems a good one. Unluckily, in proposing it he dwelt at some length on the dangers to which a small minority of the stenographer ladies were exposed by having to "sustain relations of business intimacy for eight hours of every working day with men wholly unworthy of the confidence reposed in them." That has led, as might have been expected, to spirited denials from writers to the newspapers that the business relations of stenographers with their employers are dangerous. In the great majority of cases they are not, but now and then they are. But the last argument to use in public in starting a downtown lunch club for stenographers is that some of them need such a place for the protection of their morals. It would be a pity to have a good plan marred by a possible indiscretion in the launching of it.

SIMON GLOUGHEIM, the new Senator from Colorado, is a very rich man, and it is said that this is the reason why he was elected. However that may be, he has not made all his money by his own exertions, for his father and the family made a fortune by selling lace in Philadelphia and New York. With the money made in this sort of business he invested in mining and smelting, and SIMON went out West in 1892 for the purpose of looking after the millions—actually called interests—of the family. There he became a celebrated millionaire, and he was also a philanthropist, his good works being done out there and here. He is a fair man and a good man, if, indeed, a twentieth-century millionaire can be good. He may even give up his official places in the "smelter trust," as it is called, and he may not. He says that he is not going to represent mines, working dollars, but the people of Colorado. It is to be hoped that he may know how to stick to his words, and then stick. It is certain that he will not be a radical, and men who are not radicals are needed now in politics. If only to balance things. He knows nothing, of course, about the art of statecraft, but he knows prosperity when he sees it, and may escape being denounced as a lander.

Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, who has just eulogized General Lee at the celebration of the Washington and Lee University, is a typical ADAMS. More than any of his brothers—HENRY and HENRIETTA, now living, and JOHN QUINCY, dead—he is concerned in national questions, and he is a liberal and far-seeing man. He has long taken a generous view of the Southern man who fought for States' rights, as he fought—for he was a United States officer in the war of secession—for the Northern conception of the Union. It is characteristic of the ADAMSs, and it has been for four generations, never to permit personal feelings, affections, or dislikes to govern their public conduct or their views of public questions. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS long since abandoned public life for historical study. He abandoned it at the same time as Boston and Quincy, and procured for himself a new and beautiful home at Lincoln, in Massachusetts, a town that adjoins Waltham, and is behind a range of hills which exclude the ocean breeze, particularly damp down that way, and give to its people the breezing inland air more like that of western Massachusetts. In this home Mr. ADAMS works in a study which looks far over the Sudbury and its marshes, past the Wayside Inn. Mr. ADAMS, surrounded by historical memorabilia of his own family and of others, thinks and writes about our historical problems. When he is tired of this he takes a ride on horseback, or goes to Boston and looks after ADAMS property, while for a complete rest he gets a friend down to Lincoln and plays at violent mental and conversational exercise with him until two or three o'clock in the morning. He long ago came to the conclusion that in 1961 Southerners were as legitimately believers in the right of the States to secede as he and his were believers in the indestructibility of the Union. It took a combat between the LEYS and the ADAMSs to establish the Supreme Court principle that this is an indestructible Union of indestructible States.



The Ruins of Kingston's principal Hotel, the Myrtle Bank, the Stopping-place of many of Jamaica's American and English Visitors



The West Wing of the Myrtle Bank Hotel, viewed from the Court-yard

KINGSTON SHARES SAN FRANCISCO'S FATE

THE EARTHQUAKE SHOCK WHICH VISITED THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA ON JANUARY 14 DEVASTATED THE BUSINESS PORTION OF THE CITY OF KINGSTON, AND RESULTED IN THE DEATH OF AT LEAST 600 PERSONS—MOST OF THEM NEGROES. THE HEAVY SHOCK WAS FOLLOWED BY AN OUTBREAK OF FIRE, WHICH COULD NOT BE FOUGHT BECAUSE OF LACK OF WATER. THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT THAT THE LOSS OF LIFE WOULD HAVE BEEN FAR LARGER HAD NOT A TREMENDOUS WINDSTORM, ACCOMPANIED BY HEAVY RAIN, GIVEN WARNING OF THE IMPENDING DISASTER. THIS AROUSED WIDESPREAD FEAR, AND CAUGHT THOUSANDS TO LEAVE THEIR HOMES

THE DUST ON THE BACK STAIRS AT ALBANY

GOVERNOR HUGHES'S POLICY OF "GOVERNMENT IN THE OPEN," AND ITS UNHAPPY EFFECT UPON THE POLITICIANS TRAINED IN THE "PRIVATE-EAR" SCHOOL OF STATECRAFTINESS

By CHRISTIAN MACDONALD

ILLUSTRATED WITH SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY W. A. ROGERS

ALBANY, January 25, 1907.

OF all the offices in the \$23,000,000 and unfinished pile of bad construction that tops Capitol Hill in Albany, three are set aside for the use of the Governor of the State. They occupy the southeast corner of the second floor of the big building. From their windows may be had one of the finest views in Albany. The Capitol is invisible. The rail-roads yards are in full view. The unparalleled collection of steps that leads up to the main entrance of the building may be seen in all its grandeur. Up and down these steps corpulent citizens of Albany walk and trot, scuffle and trudge, reliving their weight. They afford relaxation and amusement to the Governor and to the rising generation of Albany. Just below their exercise-ground is the Ten Eyck. In its ample bar great statesmen gather and curse the Governor. As fine a collection of curses as can be found anywhere on earth may be gathered in Albany to-day.

The three offices in the Governor's suite consist of the public reception-room, or Executive Chamber, in the extreme corner of the building, the secretary's room to its west, and the Governor's private office to the west of that. Albany treasures a tradition that there is a private staircase somewhere in these rooms, by which one may gain the lower corridor and the street without being seen. Perhaps there is. If so, Governor Hughes doesn't know it. Hence the curses in the bar of the Ten Eyck. Hence the terrors of ruin on the marble brow of the lion, Timothy L. Woodruff. Hence many unhappinesses that rend the statesman's breast at Albany.

Since Cleveland trailed for the Presidency in the Executive Chamber at Albany, that noble apartment has been more or less neglected. Hill sat there when he had no business on hand. Flower used it when the private office was too small for his purposes. Morton utilized it. Black considered it an incident in his office-building. Roosevelt put himself behind his big desk at intervals. Hill received a few delegations there and looked bored as he did it. Higgins allowed it to be an entryway for the inner sanctum. But none of them thought of making it his headquarters. None of them considered it an instant as the place in which to transact business. It served as a hall for formal receptions. That was all. Cleveland alone of all these did the real work of government in the Executive Chamber, and when Higgins went out of office, looking so sick and weak that his friends thought he would faint before the inaugural ceremonies were over, the idea of using the front room for the actual work of the

Governorship was one which no true patriot harbored. Ask Rains. Ask Woodruff. Ask Odell. Ask Whipple.

These statesmen knew where the working Governor has sat during these past twenty years. Many others know. They know that the front room, the maligned-paraded, Spanish-leathered Executive Chamber has been merely the show-place of the floor. In it citizens in quest of a "pull" were welcomed and talked properly. In it Governors recited with great show of virtue the phrases that in their campaign speeches won the most applause. In it the noble platitudes about "the people's interests," and the resounding talk about the "salvation of our institutions," and the soothing assurances of devotion to the public have been repeated so many times, that the walls automatically re-echo them at the slightest provocation. In it Governors have appeared in their frick-outed, tail-batted stage. In it Governors have felt painfully like glass-enters in museums, conscious that they were on exhibition to Seering Albany tourists at so much for the round trip. In it they have been formal Governors serene, calm, majestic—that is, as majestic as was possible.

But the real Governors, the Governors in working clothes, the men with the power of appointment and removal, the designators of justice, the signers of appropriation bills, the conveniently unalumniated masters of little jobs, have sat in the inner chamber, where none but the pre-eminent qualified might penetrate. In the small room no platform phrases have been heard. There has been no waste of time over the public interests. "Our institutions" have survived despite complete neglect among those who have had the power for the third office from the southeast corner of the building. That is, until Hughes came up here and began his work.

Hughes is an odd sort. He is mostly independence. The rest is self-reliance. He also knows things. He knows all about the inner office, for instance. He has heard of the crowds of men that stood in the Executive Chamber, waiting to see the Governor, while ward patriots walked through the room, past the secretary's desk in the second chamber, and entered the private office beyond. He knows that few of these men left by the route that led them in. He knows that they walked out of the private door to the corridor and went their ways, and that the words they spoke to Governors while the crowd waited in the Executive Chamber were seldom repeated, but carried weight.

He knew, when he began his first day's work, that he might lock himself up in that little room, pop out into the big room only when it suited his convenience, and that his conduct would be



The new Order of Affairs at Albany—"Government in the Open"

GOVERNOR HUGHES AND HIS SECRETARIES. THE SMALL DOOR ON THE LEFT LEADS TO THE FORMER "KITCHEN CABINET" CHAMBER

in perfect harmony with that of the men who have been making precedents at Albany for years. He knew that he was looked on as a cold and unsocial man, and that if he refused to be seen much in public no particular harm would be done. He knew that he might send to any part of the State, call for any man, have him enter by the back door and depart as he came, with none to know anything about it. He knew that this was the approved way to build up a "machine." He knew that it was the only way to do if he was to have an all-powerful kitchen cabinet to run him and his administration, and to work its own little games while he took the responsibility and the blame. So, knowing all these things, Hughes didn't use the little back room. He established himself in the front office. He began to tear off the work there at a rate that astounded the civil servants in the Capitol.

There, in the big public room, he sat him down. There he began to receive his visitors on the principle of first come, first served. It was a revolution in State affairs. Woodruff was one of the first to learn of the new conditions Hughes had brought from New York with him for the edification and instruction of Albany and its hangar-on. Woodruff visited the Capitol in all the importance of a State chairman. To be sure, he was a State chairman who had lost everything except his collar-button, and Hughes had that. That made no difference. Woodruff pranced up the hill with all the assurance of Odell when Odell was Governor and chairman, and State Committee, and Legislature, and a few more. Woodruff led himself into the Capitol as though he were the proprietor, just home from a trip abroad, and found the Executive Chamber deserted. He asked where the governor was. He was told that the Governor was in the private office. Then he was informed that the Governor was too busy to see him, thank you kindly. Whereupon the Capitol walls cracked a crack that was not the result of bad construction, but was moved of their cracks, and Woodruff led himself down the hill. He eased himself over the rough spots. For Woodruff was sore, and he feels the hurts yet. Later, he saw the Governor. What he said to the innumerable Hughes is now known except those who do not talk about it, but it did not close the wounds of that denial to the lower office. The day Governor Hughes sent word to Charles Woodruff that he was too busy in the inner room to see him, he let it be known that he was going to govern in the daylight, where every eye who cared to watch might look on and see the wheels go round. A revolution? If the Capitol had stepped suddenly down and knocked Harry Benson's "Talk" at its fountain, it would not have been more revolutionary.

Hughes sat in the Executive Chamber a few days later, performing his unique act of governing without the aid of a confederate, when in came a delegation from an up-State judicial district anxious to tell him all its troubles. On the right of the Governor sat his secretary. On the left of the Governor sat his military secretary. All around the room sat waiting citizens on sofas. Some were great men, some by no means so great. The delegation took its turn among those who were to see the Governor—for not all who enter the room get the ear of that office. In time his opportunity to be heard came. It moved forward with that queer, self-conscious shuffle that all delegations get when they stand before authority. The delegation's spokesman spoke. Each side was told. The Governor listened, analyzing, sifting, arranging, weighing, appraising, every statement with the wonderful severity that enables him to give his final answer in the time another would use in asking for a few days to think it over. It was not a matter that could be settled offhand. The Governor said it would have prompt attention. The delegation bowed and moved away. As it neared the door, one of its members, a smart little man, a politician trained in the "private-war" school of statecraft, darted back to the Governor, who had not yet sat down.

"Now, Governor," said this wily little man, "I know a lot about this thing that you ought to hear. I'll be glad to let you have all the facts whenever you want them. I'd like to talk with you about it."

The Governor looked his returned visitor over. The Governor is the politest of men.

"There is no better time than the present," said he. "I want to get all the facts at this time, so that the matter may be disposed of finally when we get the documents bearing on the subject."

"Now, wasn't that fine for the pretty little man?" It was just what he had been looking for. He almost hugged himself for joy. He thought of those less accomplished politicians who were sifting through the day, and he thought of the Governor's ear. Then—

"Messenger, call back those gentlemen who are leaving the room," said the Governor. "They will be glad to hear what you have to add to what has already been said," he continued, turning to the sharp little man beside him. Back came the delegation, surprised and wondering, and what he acute member who had been so proud of himself a few moments before had to say did not take long in the telling. And to think that this man Hughes was never trained under Odell, and really knows no politics!

How does Hughes expect to keep out of trouble without confidential agents, spokesmen, representatives, and back-stairs visitors? Such have been the instruments of all Governors for generations—political penitentiaries—past. How can this inexperienced man avoid the pitfalls that are being dug for him by the most experienced hunters of Governors in the State? His plan is simple. It is not the deep plan of a man who fears himself or for himself. It is going to run out out of the State government as he believes it should be run. He is going to take care of the Executive Department just as he has taken care of the business of his clients in his law practice. He is going to tackle each job as it comes along, and dispose of it with the interests of the State alone in mind.

Now will the Governor become prey of cranks and bores. Dis-



Not like Old Times
"I DON'T YUFTER HAY" TO WAIT"

continuing the back stairs did not mean that front door and Executive ear were open to the purposeless ramblings of those who merely wish to "lay the details before" some victim in office. No man in public life can turn away an unrelenting or useless milder more quickly, more effectively, than this same Hughes.

Another time of some importance, not without bearing at this time: Hughes is no professional "be of the politician." It causes no surprise in his mind that a man has won a place in his party. It causes him no grief that a man has attended caucuses, or been of conventions. He is able to restrain his reverence for publicists whose whole stock he trades in vituperative denunciation of party workers. He is not without knowledge of the usefulness of party management and party organization. He looks on a corrupt politician as he looks on a leader of trust funds, but he does not consider an corrupt politician every man who has been in public office simply because of that fact. If some over-gentle partisans have been surprised at the Governor's leaning toward them, at the abolition of the kitchen cabinet, at the locking of the private door, at the disuse of the back stairs, there are those on the other side of the fence who are shocked for few revelations before the end of the Legislature's session.

Before he announced his appointments, a delegation from Kings County visited the Governor to urge the nomination of one of its men for an important office. The Governor listened to them with the utmost attention. When they had said all that they could think of in favor of their choice—it was not a long session—he thanked them, and then added: "You know, I must rely on my own judgment, after all." To which, manifestly, there is no adequate answer. If what possible use, as a political asset, is a man who intends to rely on his own judgment, after all?



The easily-reached Ear of the Governor

UNDER THE NEW CONSTITUTION GOVERNOR HUGHES REJECTS VISITATION AT HIS PRIVATE DESK,
NOT BEING CLOSED DOOR

Enter now the head of a State department, a man of some consequence in State affairs, and only a month ago of great bulk in the panorama of State politics. He takes his seat to wait his turn. He does not have long to wait. The Governor is not one who wastes time in his conference. The State officer gets the chair to the left of the Governor. The Governor swings his chair around so that he looks straight into the eyes of his visitor.

"Governor, I do not know whether you are aware that the statute requires me at this time to inform you of the conditions that—"

"Yes," interrupts the Governor, "I am quite aware of the requirements of the statute. I have been wondering why the report was delayed."

He has been Governor two weeks and he wonders why a report only a few days overdue is not in hand? When a man begins his term like that there is no telling where he will end. Already, in Albany, public officers are beginning to wonder what their next jobs will be, and whether they can get on the Federal pay-roll. Nor do they expect to be dismissed from the State service. They see that the Hughes party is too fast, and that they will not be able to keep up with the procession. Besides, government in the daylight is new to them. There is something unsteady, to them, about it and the rule of perfect equality. They miss the days of the little side door into the inner office, when all that was necessary was to make sure their political standing, and the rest would care for itself.

This Executive Chamber style of doing things has advantages for its practitioner not immediately apparent. The best way, the easiest way, to tame a Governor who shows signs of independence is to "get something on him." To "get something on" a Gov-

ernor who works in the dark is but child's play. Many things were "got" on Odell, for instance. Odell was a strong, husky man, however. Things would not stick on him, he shook them off. He shook those who "got" them until they sickened of their experiment and quit, or came over to his side. But how can anything be "got" on a man whose work is all in the light of day? Hughes greets about his business without caring whether others overhear what he says, without trying to keep under cover, without any of the time-honored subtleties of the man who has something to hide. He was asked what he would do if he found the Legislature playing tricks on him, for the Legislature loves not Hughes. Some Senators would almost sacrifice their special interest even if they could make him

pay through the nose. The answer came naturally to Hughes. He said he would appeal to the people. Not that he has been thinking of this contingency seriously; he has given it thought, but he is not expecting trouble. Yet he knows what he would do. He knows, too, that he could tell all of his side of the story. The other fellows would have to keep part of their side dark. More daylight government; more work in the Executive Chamber.

The estimable Haines, whose contempt for criticism is so great that he and friends have amended the rules of the Senate this year to enable them to punish any newspaper whose writers may displease them, prepared, this year, a list of committees so offensive to decency that there was a State-wide howl of rage when it was published. Woodruff helped to make up the list. Accounts differ as to whether the Governor ever saw it before the appointments were announced. He says he did not, and his word is accepted. Woodruff said the Governor was "consulted," which was not true. What probably happened is this: Woodruff took a list of the committees to the Executive Chamber, and held them where the Governor could see them if he looked sharp; the Governor did not look at them, and Woodruff called it a "consultation." Woodruff tried to stave off the wrath of the public by shouldering the responsibility on the Governor. His statement that the Governor had helped select the committees had been in circulation about ten seconds when it came to the Governor's ears. The Governor's denial travelled even faster than the original statement. It was accepted at its face value.

And this teaches that the Governor is not far wrong if he believes that he is not without resources in the contest that the Legislature intends to make against "Government in the open."



The Retreat of the dismayed Army of ex-Governors

SO FAR AS THE "PRIVATE" POLITIANS ARE CONCERNED, IT HAS BEEN KNOWING HAIR AT ALBANY SINCE JANUARY 1892

O WHERE ARE THE STATES THAT WERE

AN IRREGULAR BALLAD INSPIRED BY AN IRREGULAR PROCEEDING

by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

O WHERE are the States that used to be:
New York, Dakota, and Maine;
Kentucky, and good old Tennessee,
The home of the liquid grain?
Will grand old Texas come again?
Will Rhody once more occur?
Or green Vermont, with her hill and sprain?
O where are the States that were?

When Teddy retired the Union free
From valley, and hill, and plain,
And wiped them out with a one, two, three,
Like snow-drifts before the rain;
When out of the massive, fertile brain
Of Teddy's Prime Minister
There came the edict, men cried with pain:
"O where are the States that were?"



They sought them upon the land and sea;
They sought them in mountain chain;
In valley and glen right faithfully,
In highway and country lane.
In places sacred and eke profane;
In lands of the pine and fir;
Nor was that ardent search in vain
To locate the States that were.

For at all points of the weather-vane,
O President Roosevelt, sir,
Those sovereign States did yet remain
Just as they used to were.



SPENDING A BILLION AND A HALF DOLLARS TO MAKE A DESERT BLOOM

THE STUPENDOUS WORK OF THE RECLAMATION SERVICE IN THE WEST, WHERE TWO-FIFTHS OF THE AREA OF THE UNITED STATES ARE BEING CONVERTED FROM ARID LAND INTO FERTILE FARMS

By C. H. FORBES-LINDSAY

OUTSIDE of the regions in which its field of operation lies, little is known of the wonderful work of our Reclamation Service. This fosterhood of masons and ditchers is too intensely occupied in accomplishment to give thought to advertisement. Its members are men of the resilient type—slow of speech, but with unbounded imagination, and the daring that defeats difficulties at the first assault. The creed of the corps is expressed in the homely adage, "Where there's a will, there's a way," and they hold to it with an unshakable faith that prompts them to the performance of miracles, for such, surely, are the marvellous jugglings with rivers and mountains that conform the handiwork of Nature to the designs of man.

To these latter-day Lombardians, slow titanic labors transform the sandy wastes into gardens of luxuriant growth, the words of the ancient prophet are literally applicable:

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as a rose."

Viewing the achievement of the Service during the short term of its existence, and remembering that its men are practical to the last degree, we must treat its boldest projects with a respect which we would not otherwise accord to them. Nevertheless, our amazement is excited by a proposition to convert two-fifths of the area of the United States from arid land into fertile farms. Yet this stupendous enterprise is seriously entertained by the youngest division of our government. It contemplates nothing less than the ultimate salting of the 50,000,000 acres of waste comprising the Great American Desert. The undertaking will involve the expenditure of \$1,500,000,000, but it will create \$2,500,000,000 worth of taxable property, and will provide homes for 3,000,000 of our future population. This is the prospective goal to which the bureau

aspires, and its engineers declare that it is attainable within the present half-century.

During the four years since its organization, the Reclamation Service has rendered productive 250,000 acres of desert, being one-fourth of an area that has been mapped out for irrigation under twenty-two projects. The prosecution of this work involves some of the most unprecedented and spectacular engineering feats of modern times, of which a few only may be described within the limits of this article.

In the Uncompagere Valley, the old-time hunting-ground of the Utes in Colorado, there are 150,000 acres meagrely fed by a scanty stream. It is rich land—as rich that, with sufficient supply of water, a five-acre homestead would amply support the average family. Along the eastern edge of the valley flows a copious river, but its flood is cut off from the thirsty plain by a solid wall of rock two thousand feet high and six miles thick. The engineers of the Reclamation Service determined upon the daring expedient of tapping the futile flow through the Gunnison Canyon, and diverting to the valley as much of it as might be deemed necessary. This conclusion was reached after the feasibility of the scheme had been determined under dramatic circumstances. There are legendary tales of lives lost in the effort to make the passage of the canyon, but the Indians declared that no man had ever survived the attempt, and they pronounced the feat impossible of human-being achievement. Nevertheless, two men of the Service, Mr. A. L. Folsom and Mr. W. W. Torrence, volunteered to essay the necessary work of inspection. They were lowered by ropes, and encumbered by their few indispensable surveying instruments, made an almost perpendicular descent of two thousand feet to the bottom of the fearful abyss. Here the most perilous part of the undertaking



One of the Cement-lined Canals which will convey Water from the Truckee River over the Nevada Desert, opening to Agricultural Use more than 400,000 Acres of hitherto Arid Land



One of the Dams of the Truckee-Carson Project, in Nevada, showing the Method of diverting the Truckee River from its Bed to the irrigating Canal

begin. Lashing their instruments and provisions to a rubber mattress, they committed themselves, upon a raft of logs, to the racing flood, in which a boat could not have lived for an hour. borne along by the swift current, they contrived from time to time to secure footing upon the slippery rocks in mid-channel, from which uncertain vantage-ground they made observations. A party of their comrades helplessly followed their progress from the brink of the chasm. When at length they became lost to the sight of their friends, and when no sign of them was seen for forty-eight hours, it was taken for granted that they had sacrificed their lives to their sense of duty. After several days, however, Mr. Fellows and his companion emerged from the mouth of the canyon, bruised and hungry. Their raft had been wrecked and their instruments and provisions lost. For two days they had been without food of any description, but secured to their bodies, in oil-skin casings, were the precious notes which proved the tunnel was to be practicable.

Following the heroic exploit, the canyon was mapped by topographers dangling at the ends of half-mile lengths of rope. Next, with indomitable perseverance, the engineers cut a wagon road out of the face of the rock, hauled in machinery, and installed a power-plant. That was two years ago. Since then the force, working day and night, has established a world's record in tunnel excavation, and has traversed more than half of the six miles through the granite wall.

This quite unique aqueduct lies 2000 feet below the surface of Verinal Mesa. Its cross section is 10½ feet by 11½ feet, and its capacity will be 13,000 cubic feet per second. It is to be cement-lined throughout, and will be completed in 1908, at a cost of about \$2,000,000.

The work of this tunnel is beset by constant and various dangers. The drills are driven unceasingly night and day, the while giant pumps draw out noxious gases, supply pure air, and drain the subterranean springs that threaten the lives of the workmen. In May, 1903, the roof of the tunnel caved in, cutting off nine-tenths of the excavators. When, after forty-eight hours of herculean labor, their comrades cleared an opening in the debris, the imprisoned men stood cowed to their armpits in the rising water. At its outlet, the tunnel will connect directly with an elaborate system of canals and ditches extending in a network all over the valley. The completion of this operation will add 3000 homes to the Pecos-pulvere Valley, and will increase the value of its lands by not less than \$10,000,000.

In the Valley of the Salt River, in Arizona, the Reclamation Service has one of the most remarkable engineering operations in the world well under way. In a narrow portion of the rock-walled canyon of the Salt River, a dam of solid masonry is rising to a height of 270 feet. It will create a storage lake 25 miles long and 200 feet deep, with a capacity about fifteen times that of the New Canton reservoir in New York. From this lake water will be carried to the arid lands of the valley through canals and ditches.

In the construction of the Roosevelt dam, 240,000 barrels of cement are required. The isolation of the site and the apparent lack of alternative source of supply on the part of the government,

tempted the cement manufacturers to put the exorbitant price of \$1 per barrel on their product. Before accepting a bid which would so greatly enhance the estimated cost of the work the Service determined to investigate thoroughly the possibilities of the situation. As a result, limestone of the best quality and an abundance of blue clay were discovered in proximity to the operation, and it was decided to erect a cement-plant. This unexpected development evoked from the interested corporations a loud protest, and an offer to furnish the material at one-half of the former quotation. The Service, however, precluded in its plan, and for many months its mill has been turning out 250 barrels of excellent cement daily at an expense which will ultimately save to the settlers of Salt River Valley upwards of \$1,000,000. The town of Roosevelt, situated at the lowest level of the lake site, presents the curious condition of a city built upon substantial lines, although with an assured prospect of early destruction. When the dam is completed the place must be abandoned and submerged. Nevertheless, the inhabitants, most of whom are engaged in the construction of the dam, have erected dwellings and stores, schools, and churches of permanent material, and have installed electric lighting, sewer, and water systems. The present population of Roosevelt is more than 2000.

The Salt River project will cost \$5,450,000 and will effect the reclamation of 260,000 acres. The operation is located in what was an almost inaccessible spot, and before the work could be entered upon it was necessary to construct a wagon road sixty miles in length, three-fourths of the way being through the wildest and most precipitous canyons in this country. Experts have pronounced this road a marvel of skill and one of the most spectacular pieces of engineering in the world. It opens up a new region of beautiful scenery that will doubtless soon attract the tourist.

A still higher dam than that which is named after the President, and the highest in the world, is in course of construction in northern Wyoming. The Shoshone dam will rise 310 feet above its foundation, and will lock a narrow granite canyon so as to form a lake covering 5000 acres. From this reservoir hundreds of miles of canal will radiate. When completed, the Shoshone project is calculated to reclaim 310,000 acres of waste at an approximate cost of \$9,250,000.

Flowing among the clouds in the mountains of western Wyoming, the Teton River pursues its erratic course to the Gulf of California, now cutting a bed at a depth of more than a mile, and anon flowing on the top of a self-made dike, at a considerable elevation above the country on either side. This river, which has been aptly called the American Nile, periodically floods an extensive delta, depositing over it rich layers of silt. Here the problem of reclamation involves the difficult task of confining the mighty stream to its channel. The system of boxes which is in course of construction will open to occupation 120,000 acres of the richest land on the face of the earth. The diversion dam is in connection with this—the Yuma-project will be one of the most remarkable structures on our continent and the only one of its kind. In the utter absence of bed-rock for a foundation, the engineers had recourse to the methods employed under similar conditions in India

and Egypt. The structure is of the East India weir type—a mass of masonry weighing 600,000 tons and resting upon sand. It will be less than twenty feet in height, and about 5000 feet in length.

One of the most vexing features of this project is the disposition of silt, of which the river carries 1,500,000 tons past the dam site in twenty-four hours. The difficulty has been surmounted by an ingenious arrangement at the head-gates, contrived to draw off only the top foot of water, which is comparatively clear. An auxiliary effect will be secured by using the sluiceways and heads of canals as settling basins, constructed upon plans that will permit them to be scoured out at intervals.

Another notable engineering feat harnessed in this enterprise consists in carrying a canal across the Gila River to the arid lands on the south side. This will be contrived by means of a siphon of steel and cement, 3000 feet long, passing beneath the bed of the stream. The uncertain trend of the river, with its frequent changes of channel, necessitated the erection of extensive levees at this point to guard against the possibility of the stream diverging so as to leave the crossing on one or the other side of it. The climate and the character of the soil under the land affected by the Yuma project marvellously fertile. Seven or eight crops of alfalfa are harvested annually, producing frequently from ten to twelve tons per acre. All manner of grains and fruits flourish in this locality.

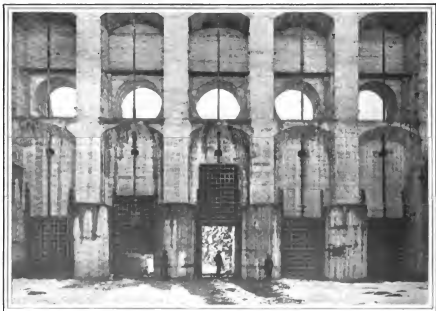


An Arizona Home built on irrigated Soil formerly bare Sand and Stone

acres of land at present absolutely worthless. It will cost \$1,000,000, but will create values in the soil of not less than \$30,000,000.

Settlers are drawn, as by a magnet, to the localities in which the Reclamation Service has begun operations. Land is eagerly taken up long before the completion of the projected improvements. The transformation wrought by these pioneers is truly wonderful. The Minidoka project, in southern Idaho, affords an example in point. A little more than a year ago, when the engineers went into the country to select a site for their works, they found themselves surrounded by a vast expanse of sage brush, without a sign of human habitation within thirty miles. To-day one may traverse, in a railroad car, the trackless route taken by those surveyors, and on the way he will pass three new towns

The first of the great works entered upon by the Reclamation Service, and the farthest advanced, is the Truckee-Carson project in Nevada. This undertaking contemplates lifting the waters of the Truckee River, and casting them into a great canal which will carry them to the Carson reservoir. Thence they will be conveyed by laterals over the desert in every direction. The beautiful dams on the Truckee and Carson rivers are models of engineering skill. The long lines of canals, many of them large enough to carry rivers, are cement-lined through a considerable portion of their lengths, and invariably so in the several places where they tunnel through hills. This project, when completed, will open to agriculture more than 400,000



The Gates of the huge Minidoka Dam. An important Factor in the Plans for the Reclamation of the Western Deserts



Building the Laguna Dam, which will control the Colorado River for purposes of irrigation

which have risen in the wilderness in anticipation of the priceless boon presently to be bestowed upon the desert land. These centres are not camps, but permanent settlements, comprising almost two hundred houses, three newspapers, and three banks. Furthermore, every eighty acres embraced in that project is occupied and has upon it a dwelling, so that where, less than two years ago, the land was absolutely tenantless, it now has a population of 4000; and this development has occurred before the water has actually been supplied to a single acre. During the four years of its activity, the Reclamation Service has constructed upwards of 250 miles of main canal, 120 miles of distributing system, and 400 miles of ditches, including dams, headworks, etc. Tunnels having an aggregate length of more than six miles have been driven. More than 600 miles of telephone lines have been installed and are in operation; 250 miles of wagon-roads, much of them cut in solid rock through almost inaccessible canyons, have been made, and 110 bridges; and numerous buildings have been constructed. All the irrigation works are of the most complete and durable character, utility rather than economy being the guiding principle of the operations. The government is pledged to maintain these works in good order for ten years, and at the end of that period to transfer them to the people in the condition most effective for the object sought.

Not the least remarkable feature of the Reclamation Service is the system under which the operations are being carried out.

The funds are derived, in the first instance, from the sale of public lands. The cost of such operation will be spread over the lands reclaimed by it in the form of a water tax to be paid in ten annual instalments. Then the fund, which now amounts to \$10,000,000 and is constantly increasing, will be continuously available for carrying out new projects. When it is conclusively proved—as it will soon be by the projects already on foot—that reclamation is in every instance a paying enterprise, Congress will be asked to make direct appropriations for the extension of the work.

In the words of President Roosevelt: "The pressing danger just now springs from the desire of nearly every man to get and hold as much land as he can, whether he can handle it profitably or not, and whether or not it is to the interest of the community that he should have it. . . . Speculation in lands reclaimed by the government must be checked at whatever cost. The object of the Reclamation Act is not to make money, but to make homes."

The act requires that the land shall be put into the hands of actual cultivators and settlers, and that the size of the farm unit in each section shall be limited to the area which will comfortably support one family. If the present policy is faithfully pursued, the next generation shall see the American desert "blissful as a rose," and bear abundantly the fruits of the earth at the hands of a prosperous and independent yeoman population.



One of the Newborn Cities which have sprung up in Idaho as an immediate Result of the Reclamation Projects

THE MOUNTAIN

By MARY TAPPAN WRIGHT

DRAWINGS BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

Monday, August 7.

OUT of the silence and the night I am calling! I, who know not true speech, nor hear in mind the echo of any single sound. I, in whose memory lingers no shadow of human form nor light of human smile, for those the people of the outer world, which is my lost inheritance, tell me their faces gleam and gleam.

Something welling up within me demands expression, my own expression in my own language—not my dumb tongue, taught to speak, haltingly, in terms of color and sound—for tonight I rebel, I bitterly rebel, before this compulsion of expressing myself in another language and living another life than my own. They insist that I distinguish with my fingers between red and blue. They read me their verses, fall of azure skies where floating clouds move stately, like snow-white ships; a mass of fleecy sail. They make me learn their poems all about the purple of the hills, the green of the trees, the scarlet flame of the autumn woods, and the deep dark blue of the sea. I have learned it all by heart; I speak of it intelligently; and they expect me to be glad.

It is as dust in my nostrils! Still, I have not desisted, and when I have laughed and talked with my friends I have been honestly cheerful. I love them! Under the delicate touch of my fingers I recognize them, one from the other—none are alike in me. I am even conscious when they are gay and when they are sad. There are days when I know that an instinct is given me which they do not possess, and there are times when the lack of eyes and of ears means that there are but two barriers the less between their souls and mine. I cannot hear the deceitful tone that makes the grave saying light, nor the light saying that is full of heartache. I cannot see when their eyes contradict the smile upon their lips; nor their lips curve with fun while their tongues are uttering bitterness.

And if to a disembodied spirit all things are known, why may it not be that, in so far as I lack the perceptions of sense, just by so much do I come near to the essence of the true knowledge of souls?

But how I have striven to see with others' eyes, and to hear with others' ears, and to speak with others' tongues!

And how I am alone!

This evening I have been sitting a long time with Mamma and the rest of them on the porch here. They tell me that before as stretches a fertile valley; a winding river glitters at the foot of the pine-covered hills on the other side of it, and beyond those, all about as, piled high in the air, rise the great, still mountains, occasionally a hand would drop into mine, spelling out to me, with sad, reverent touch, some secret, trivial incident of the moment. They warm breezes puffed against my forehead and blew back my hair. The atmosphere seemed all still and free from confusion. Without being told, I knew that the little children who romp and scream daily upon the lawn were tucked away snugly in their beds. From the hill above as a faint, keen vibration struck downward upon my closed ears. Some one was playing a violin. I felt it; still, I did not say so—I grew so tired of their constant surprise—but even this ceased before long, and as it became later the others, one by one, went away, and we two were left alone together.

I wonder why I have the night? Is it because then people come nearer to me, being all blind? Is it the darkness that makes them tread softly and move carefully and cautiously, like me? The touch on my hand that told me, a little while ago, that I was lonely, was the tender, fleeting touch of the blind. He does not touch me thus in the daylight.

How quickly he has learned to make me feel his fingers! A month ago he did not know how to make the letters! Four weeks ago, our short weeks!

The people of the outer world say "weeks" and "days" and "months" to me, while I only know that I rest, and rise, and eat, and drink, and sleep, and study at their times.

My dear mother is reading to me from the works of a great old man whom they call George Meredith, and—she laughed when I told him of it. I could feel the quiver in the air of the sudden little explosion of mirth.

"You poor child!" he said, spelling it slowly. "Do they make you wade through all that?"

And when I said that I did not wade, that I loved it, he did not believe me; not even when I told him that the book gave me a feeling as if I, myself, were climbing the mountains, would he be convinced.

"You shall try it some day," he said. "I will take you up the Giant—then you will find the difference."

No tomorrow we're going together. We have been together this morning, we were together yesterday, both days in the warm sunshine; and last week when it rained almost constantly, we trudged along the muddy roads together in the showers. The water soaked in my face. I wonder if his was wet. It must be strange—dreading!

Mamma trusts me to him in these long rambles, because they say that he is good, noble even. With all his great wealth, he is simple and honest and wise. He gives to the poor, he sacrifices his own pleasure and comfort for the sake of many, many rates. He gives to education; he gives to art; he works, himself, in the depths of the mines, with his own hands. The older people told me all this.

One of the girls said that he was dull.

I know by myself that he is young, and that he is not bad to look upon; for, that first day when they brought him to me and I let my fingers wander over his face, I remember a straight nose, deep eye sockets, thin mustache, and a square, determined chin under a short, pointed beard, but—when I touched his lip it trembled. One quick, short quiver. I could never touch his face again!

Oh, women that have eyes! Oh, women that have ears!

Tuesday, August 8.

How do I know that, to some people, I am repulsive? No one has ever told me, but I have learned it—from the shrinking motions of their hands, from the slight withdrawal of their heads backward, away from my groping fingers. I think I know it, too, by the warnings that I have had not to laugh. Oh! never to be able to laugh! And they have taught me that I must not open my eyes and turn my face towards people; but they have not told me why. Is there a different look in my eyes from that in other eyes? Is there a different sound in my voice from other voices?

I know that I am not ugly, for they have trained my fingers in the lines of other things that are beautiful. They let me feel the statues—I have caressed all my own that I touch reverently, carefully, and I think that their loveliness gives me pleasure; or is it because I can investigate and try and measure with these unresponsive things, where, with shrinking faces I am withheld? I do not know. I only speculate; everything is a vast, dark speculation!

This morning we started out to climb one of the lesser mountains not far from the cottage, but we had scarcely got to the foot of the first slope when Mamma slipped and fell. She caught my hand, wrenching and squeezing it, and I knew that she was in pain, too great to spell out to me what was wrong. Then I felt him come and kneel beside me, where I held her as she rocked back and forth.

In that real outside world they asked each other questions and answered and returned answer, while I knelt, not knowing what had happened. I became so frightened that I reached out my hand to him, but he did not see; and so in my terror, wishing to know what he was saying, I put my fingers to his lips to feel the words.

Then suddenly he drew back his head, quickly, sharply, away from my touch.

Yes, there are people to whom I am repulsive.

And yet—was it yesterday evening?—he told me that I was lovely!

Saturday, August 12.

All this week I have stayed with Mamma. I have fetched and carried for her, almost as a seeing girl would do, and he and others have helped. She has let me handle her ankle, for she had sprained it badly, and I have rubbed it and taken care of it. The tips of my fingers search out the pain, and know how to squeeze and knead and press it away.

What a joy of service, every day, comes to those who see and hear and speak. What a joy of service is denied to me! But I have tried to be happy with what I have. Dear child, I have had to try so hard, for all the time I could not but remember that there were people to whom I was repulsive! I would ask my mother about it, only I know she would not tell me.

Sunday, August 13.

This morning I asked my cousin, Belle Lambert, whether she ever felt that feeling towards me. She said no, never since I was a little, little girl.

I had rather a million times that she hated me now than that her repulsion should have been such a real thing that even the sweetness and loveliness of childhood could not overcome it! Things come brutally to us that are reversed to the seeing and the hearing ones in half a glance and the faintest inflection of a word, and we must suffer all our suffering within.

But, in spite of all that, it has been a long, sweet, pleasant Sunday. He has been here, in and out, reading the Meredith book to Mamma, and she has told me in my hand, as he went along, what he was reading.

I have carefully kept my face turned away all the time, that it might not disturb him. And then he came to me and said that he thought I looked pale and ill and weary, and that Cousin Belle Lambert was going to take care of Mamma tomorrow, and he was going to take me with him for a long day on the mountain. It was kind of him, out of his pity.

Monday, August 13.

I awoke this morning to the steady drumming of rain upon the roof. I could feel it thrilling through the walls, and when I went to the window and stretched out my arm, the water splashed down and wet my sleeve.

He came and read again. The day was dark; we had to move Mamma's chair away from the fireplace nearer to the light, and he and I sat together on the window-seat. I could feel him move restlessly from time to time, and once he drummed with his fingers impatiently.

The little tap, tap came to me, and I asked why he did it. "He can hardly believe that you felt it," Mamma spelled out in my hand.

"I could even feel the different quality of the strokes," I answered.

They talked together a moment and I waited. "He thinks that you might learn to telegraph," Mamma said to me at last. "Let him explain."

I stretched out my hand towards him, and he took it in his. I felt him lean forward, between Mamma and me.

"Don't change countenance," he spelled: "it makes no difference whether you learn to telegraph or not, only will you please let me speak to you alone some time to-day?"

Mamma's hand took mine from his. "Do you think you could do it?" she asked.

I nodded my head at both her question and his.

He spent the rest of the morning trying to teach me; my progress was not rapid. I do not think he knows very much about it himself; but when he tried to say things to me that were not meant for Mamma, something made me refuse to answer. I did not wish to deceive her; moreover, she is very quick, and I felt that it was as wise to try, so that he has had no opportunity to speak with me alone.

It cleared this evening; we are to take our walk up the mountain to-morrow; perhaps he will speak to me then. They have often told me of the great crouching mountain in the distance, lying out along beneath the sky, all its sides ribbed by rain and torrent, and torn by lightning. I have felt its presence, huge, lofty, silent; and every night when I go to bed here, I have stood in the window and called across to it in the same dumb language which it uses to me:

"Oh, you, that have borne and suffered and never spoken, that in the daytime and in the night-time endure without complaint, strengthen and uplift your dumb sister!"

Wed., Aug. 16.
I was tired last night, more tired than I ever have been in my life, and all day I have been busy with Mamma.

We started early yesterday morning, and drove to the foot of the mountain—a long drive in the fresh air. I asked him if he felt it so, too, and he said: "Of course; that was the way it was."

They are so sure of these things!

We left our carriage at a farmhouse. The farmer's wife scarcely wanted us to leave her. She was so curious to see and talk with me that she kept my hand to her lips, asking me why I wanted to go to the top of the Giant when I could not see the view. Then he said that we had no time to waste and pulled me away; his touch felt quite angry. I wondered what I had done.

It was a long climb, but not very hard—that is the reason that he chose this mountain, because there is a logging path nearly all the way to the top. As we went, sometimes in the sun, sometimes in the shadow, sometimes in the deep woods where the air scarcely stirred, and sometimes out upon the steep pasture slopes; and the higher we went the more he told me of the far mountains we could see in the distance. A deep excitement took possession of me—I began to feel as if I were ascending slowly, slowly into the company of my own. We did not talk very much, and I was careful most of the time to keep my face turned away, remembering that little quiver in his lip when my finger had touched him.

It is kind of him to take so much pains with one for whom he does not care; but I began to forget even my trouble about this in the joy of getting home. Further and further we went; under my feet I could feel the hard stones, and for the last long pull we scrambled over bare rugged cliffs where, more than ever, he had to drag me up bodily for fear I should slip. All breathless we came to the top; I caught his hand and spelled out to him that I knew we were there.

Space trembled through me; I was a part of it; between me

and heaven there was nothing, and far down, away below, lay the puzzling, puzzling world of little human creatures who needed to look and speak. There, almost, I dwelt with my own, and he seemed to be one of them, for he made no sign, told me no word. If he had described and pointed and said, "Here is the field behind the cottage and there the tall twin elms that border the brook," I think I would have broken my heart. It was enough that we two sat alone, part of the very eternal Silence itself!

The heaving of the hills encompassed all my torn and suffering spirit, and my heart spoke: "Brothers," cried, not in the hideous voice which grates on bearing ears, but in the dumb language of the mountains, my kindred—"Brothers, I am here alone with one I love! No, through countless ages, you, too, have been alone. Perhaps in dim, clear nights the great angels sweep down and, resting on your pinnacles, fold, for a time, their tremendous wings; and only here, vast, silent, unspoken and unrecognized, throbs in your deep hidden hearts; then you suffer as I suffer a sorrow whose well-spring



When I touched his lip it trembled

Illustration by J. M. W. Turner

is joy. Brothers!
brothers!"

I forgot myself and stood up with my arms stretched out wide, holding my face to the sky; and he also rose and gently put his hand on the skirt of my dress. I dropped my arms and turned towards him. "This mountain is my brother," I spelled out to him; it was a quotation from the book we had read together the day before.

And he answered me back, "I put my hand upon your dress to stay you lest you should start forward; if you were to slip or stumble upon the edge of this precipice, you would find your brother cruelly hard."

"On these heights we do not stumble," I told him.

He waited a minute, and then he answered: "You always are on these heights. I had not thought of it before, but the feeling you give me—"

But I pulled my hand away. I could not have him tell me the feeling that I gave him then; I wanted to be happy in the warmth of the sun as the mountains are.

After that, as if he understood, he tried to make things pleasant and gay. We went back to a little hut that was a built for camping further from the chasm; he had had wood

carried up the day before, and our luncheon had been sent ahead of us, so we made a fire and cooked things. I am so young that there are times when I cannot help being happy. I was happy then; I shall remember it as matter what comes—nothing can steal it away. I shall wear it, as people who see wear beautiful things, it will make me happier—forever.

The cooking and the fire made me thirsty, but, as an unguarded movement, I had overturned the canteen, and as the climb to the spring was too steep for me, he said he would leave me and get me a drink of water if I would promise not to stir. I begged him to take me back to the precipice above the valley; for a while he refused, but at last, when I had almost cried for disappointment, he consented, and telling me that he would return in ten or fifteen minutes, he left me facing the great open space only two feet away from the edge. The sun had been shining there all day long, and as I leaned back, I could feel the rocks warm against my shoulders. I held up my face to the sky, and a sense of self-possession, of rest and peace, came upon me. The indignity of my blind, dumb, silent poverty was forgotten, and in the strong protecting embrace of this greatest of my kindred I fell asleep.

I must have slept some time, when the terrifying, shaking, soul-shattering concussion of thunder waked me; it seemed all about me; I did not remember where I was until I had taken one or two steps; then I remembered! The rain began pelt upon my head, and the wind, suddenly lessening my I lashed it like whips about my face. As springing up I had



I was drawn backward sharply

Drawn by Louis Robert Blacklock

my sense of direction. For a moment, in the awful terror of it, I believed he had been killed, that he would never come to me any more; but I had hardly thought this when I was drawn backward—so sharply and violently that I lost my balance and staggered into his arms. Something pressed my head—once, twice, a third time! So it is when my mother strokes and kisses the parting of my hair. Only—it could not have been. But I leaped against him and a little sob broke from my lips.

"Are you frightened? Are you hurt?" he asked.

"I thought that you were killed, that the lightning had struck you."

"The storm gathered behind the wilderness; my back was to it, and I had not noticed how near it was coming. This fury has passed, but I see another thunder-cloud coming up down the valley; we must be as quick as we can," he spelled back to me, and throwing his arm about me, he hurried me over the bare face of the rock towards the trail.

Alas, that rush downward! The mountain spoke: the mountain laughed. I could feel the deep tremors of its tramping feet, shaking, jouncing, thrilling, all about me, as we

strode on together, we three; he and the Mountain and I. The breath of his shouting tore at my hair and heaved my garments about my limbs; the rough stones rolled under our flying foot-falls, and my face was stung by a thousand little whips; my teeth chattered with the cold, and my heart sang with the glory of it.

"It is hailing," he spelled on my head. "Hear my head."

But I would not hear. With my eyelids closed and my lips shut tight I moved it, rushing on down the path, and, though he tried, he could not hold me back. I had come to my own. I was mad with joy.

I cannot remember which became stilled the first, but all at once I knew that my brother the Mountain was left behind, and we two were walking along quietly in the warm rain had in hand.

The carriage was waiting for us, and we drove home without attempting to talk. The damp fresh air blew in our faces, and from the roadside came the delightful odors of the wet woods: ferns and helons and haws of tillands; and the storm on the mountain seemed a wild, glorious dream. But Maxima was frightened when we told her of it. She made me let them wrap me warm in blankets and sent me to bed. I slept long and sweet, and to-day I have taken up the old life, reading, doing little errands for Maxima, handbagging her foot, and trying what I could be of use.

But—have I lived? I have lived!

Therefore, August 17.

A strange thing happened. He thinks that I dislike him. He says that I trust him; but he feels that he is stupid

and dull and unable to interest me. I told him that it was not true.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Very sure," I answered.

"Then why is it that, while you are willing to feel what other people say with their lips, you will never use that method with me?"

"I thought that you preferred this way," I returned.

"I am going to say something to you now," he spelled; "I want you to feel it!"

I turned my head from side to side, thinking there were people near.

"They are none of them here," he said. "They have gone over to look at the comet through the telescope; we are alone."

I stretched out my hand; he beat his face nearer. I felt his breathing upon my fingers, and all at once I dared not do it. Slowly, slowly I stepped backward, and in the still darkness where I dwell I moved through the hall, and with that other sense of which they knew nothing I found the stairs. The treads, pushing, each, against my senseless feet, seemed to lift me of themselves.

My door is shut and I am alone with happiness. I do not understand myself.

Ah, why do I laugh and hide my face? He understands me!

Friday, August 18.

What have I done? He has gone away. Belle Lambert came over at noon and told us that he went off on the early train before breakfast. I did not think it was possible for him so to misunderstand.

And yet why should he misunderstand?

I must think. He asked me to let him tell me something and I ran away. What he meant to say seems common, every day, trifling thing, as people do when they ask me to feel their speech? What if, in my foolish joy, I betrayed myself?

Dear Lord, I pray that he may have misunderstood!

But no, I must go down deep into my heart and grapple with this thorny pain. He has gone away quietly to let me know how useless it is. He needs to have done that! In my soul of souls I knew it already; but I had rather it had come some other way. If only we might have drifted apart, gradually, as other people do!

I have always known that this was what would happen to me. I began to understand it with the first poetry I ever really felt. I have always been prepared.

A person like me, shut out from normal things, must not expect—to live, continuously.

Saturday, August 19.

Let me put it down!

Yesterday morning the people of the house all went away to spend a day in the woods near Moose River, where I had been before. As there was no walking to be done, they persuaded mamma to go with them, but I, for once, set myself obstinately against everything else and would not leave home. They seemed to think it ill-natured. I could not help it; I had to be alone. Even darkness and silence were not seclusion enough; I wanted the World to myself.

I brought my books down and sat out-of-doors on the porch. And as I passed my hand across the pages, it seemed as if my mind went on working about the thoughts that came to me through the touch of my fingers, and this so cold and heavy a sorrow began to beat in my veins like joy. For, all at once, the tie drew tight between me and all human-kind. I need never stop loving him—never, so long as I lived! I was not cut off; I could love as others loved and sorrow as others sorrowed. I need no longer tell myself in bitterness that sight and sound and speech were accidents, mere gross and fleshly aids in our knowledge of each other, for what I had learned in bitterness I now understood in peace. All the deepest things are in common; and people who love and suffer, love and suffer in their hearts and not with their eyes nor their ears nor their lips!

(I wish I might write this as I felt it then—but I cannot! The fountain of youth is welling in my heart—it makes me childish and immature.)

I sat thinking this way when I felt Belle Lambert's step. It seems to me as if Belle had learned the deaf-and-dumb alphabet for the sole pleasure of being able to tell me things that were unpleasant! She came along the porch and sat down beside me, taking my hand in hers. I knew, by her clumsy fingers, that some thing disagreeable was coming. "Why have you not gone to the picnic?" I asked.

"I have no heart to go, since I have heard this dreadful news," she spelled out to me in her stupid, precise way.

"Terrible news," I waited; but there was no use in that; she was bound to tell me even if I had asked her not to.

"I suppose your mother has explained it to you," she went on.

"What?"

"About this dreadful sale of the mountain. All the trees are to be cut down and sent to the pulp-mills to make paper of. Such a desecration!"

It made me angry. "They cannot desecrate the mountain!" I said.

"But they will!—Please use your fingers; you know I can't understand your speech.—These lumber companies are absolutely ruthless. I don't think that I shall ever be come here any more, with that hideous bare hill looming at the end of the valley. How glad you must be that you can't see!"

I did not try to answer; all my strength was concentrated in keeping the tears back from my eyes.

So my Brother must also suffer; all the youth and beauty of his life, too, must be swept away. "I must go back into the house," I told her at last.

"Oh, very well; if you don't need company, of course I shan't stay!" I thought that you would be lonely when I saw them all going."

"Did you stay at home on my account?"

There was quite a long pause, then she took my fingers and put them to her lips. "No, I didn't stay on your account," she said, in short puffing breaths; "I stayed in order to drive over to Moose River with your friend when he comes back on the eleven-o'clock train. I think you don't quite realize that—that—he and I are very dear to each other. I have felt for some time that you ought to be here." Then she went away.

I did not believe her, but I was angry, very angry, and as soon as her steps ceased on the boards of the porch I hurried into the house. Catching up my hat, I ran out of the back door and began to climb the steep path that leads to the pasture behind the cottage, where they always allow me to go by myself.

I knew very well what Belle Lambert wanted me to understand, but I also knew that there was no truth in it. From the beginning I had it in my plain to me that he couldn't endure her—she doesn't need sight or hearing for a thing like that; and so, by the time I had climbed to the flat rock at the top of the hill, Belle and her live had faded from my memory. I sat down and turned my face to the end of the valley, where I knew the Giant was lying still in the sandstone, to silence his mighty presence hailed me across the intervening space.

"Shall you mind," I called back to him, "when the youth and the beauty, and the flower and leaf of life have been shorn away—shall you mind?"

And the mountain answered: "Not to mind were cowardly. In the vast ages that have gone I have learned to mind; to mind and not despair. Fire has swept over me and left me rusty and scarred, with blackened tree trunks standing stark, signalling the swampy, evil places that have been my hidden disgrace. Three times have the heavens opened, and all my pines and birches, my hemlocks and my beeches, were swept to destruction in the floods. My children and my children's children have been cut down to warn the households in the valley; they have carried the sails of great ships across the seas; they have been tortured into strange shapes for the common use of little men. I have borne them and lost them and borne them again; but ruin cannot touch me, for in my heart the seeds of fresh life slumber always. Think of this and be steadfast."

"But it is hard," I said. "It is hard."

It is hard, for pain is always new and grief never grows old," the mountain answered. "Yes, it is hard."

"Have I strength to endure?" I asked.

"Wait," said the mountain. "Wait—and trust a little longer."

The hot sun was burning on my hands; I rose and moved about a little, never giving the landscape that I could easily recognize by touch. I could not be quite unhappy, for Belle had told me that he was coming back, and as I waited I felt some one climbing from the direction of the cottage. I knew who it was.

He came and sat down beside me. "Are you talking with your mountain?" he spelled into my hand.

"How did you know?"

"It seems natural—you two," he answered.

My heart beat fast. "They are going to cut away all the trees, the streams will dry up, and the sides be all bare and hideous," I told him.

"No, they are not," he answered.

"But you don't know. They have said it to the pulp-mills."

"But they haven't! That is what took me away. I have bought the mountain!"

"The whole mountain?"

"The whole mountain." Yesterday evening, after I went back to my room from your house, I read of it in the newspaper, and this morning the first thing I hurried away. There was no time to lose and I knew you would understand. I have seen your face turned towards that mountain day after day—you take comfort in it as I don't want to have a tree on it touched."

Without thinking, I rose to my feet and stretched out my arms. Silently I called across, "Do you hear?"

And the mountain answered back to me, "I hear."

"Do you not rejoice?"

"Little sister," answered the mountain, "I rejoice in your joy."

Then I felt my hand taken, "I did not know that you cared so much. Will you let me give it to you?" he spelled.

"Let you give me the mountain?"

"Yes, for yours. Let me make you a deed of it so that you may own it forever."

"I cannot take it," I said. "It would make you sorrowful to think of it—as mine."

"If you do not take it"—he made the letters hard on my hands—"If you do not take it, I shall sell it back to the pulp-mills."

"But I know that I am—regularly—not to you only—to every one, and I covered my face with my hands; but gently, gently I felt them drawn away."

"What cruel person has given you this thought?" he spelled to me. "You are so kind, so loving, to every one; foolish, sweet, dear!" And drawing my fingers towards him, he placed them upon his lips.

Then I knew why he had never done so before; but I cannot write what he said. I cannot, cannot write it!

THE FREE-FOR-ALL RACE FOR FOREIGN TRADE

THE LESSONS THAT ENGLAND AND GERMANY HAVE TAUGHT THE WORLD

By HENRY HARRISON LEWIS

WHEN a well-known English economist arrived in this country some time ago he was interviewed at length, and one of the questions asked by the press representative was what, in his opinion, was the principal cause of Great Britain's success in securing an important share in the world's export trade.

"There are many reasons why our home manufacturers are successful in exporting," he replied, "but the principal reason is that our merchants and manufacturers work in a systematic manner. There is not a manufacturer in Great Britain but has a thorough system of conducting his foreign trade. He brings to his international business the same care and thought that he utilizes in looking after his domestic trade. Not only do our business men apply system to their exporting business, but the government also has established departments devoted exclusively to the promoting of Great Britain's foreign trade, and there are schools and colleges too where the principles and theory of selling English goods abroad are systematically taught.

A few years ago such a statement as this would not have been given save in American newspapers simply because it would not have been considered of interest, but today those who are able to read the signs of the times observe many significant indications that an important change is about to take place in the commercial conditions of the United States.

Undeniable facts that the American manufacturer is awakening at least to the fact that an export trade, systematically conducted, is worthy of attention are found in the fact that our exports of manufactured goods during the calendar year 1906 exceeded \$750,000,000, and that our manufacturers and merchants are deluging the government with requests for reliable information concerning the opportunities for selling goods in foreign markets.

This increase means that during the past few years we have more than doubled our sales in foreign markets in the same class of goods as those manufactured and exported by our great trade rivals. It is a thing to have a large foreign trade in crude products found only in this country, and quite another to steadily progress in direct competition with such formidable rivals as Germany and England.

During the past half century the United States has presented the curious spectacle of a nation of industrious men reluctant to take advantage of splendid trade opportunities. An efficient corps of consular representatives—so efficient in fact that its work in behalf of foreign trade has been eagerly copied by other nations—has constantly tried to pilot American cargoes to distant ports, a watchful government has inaugurated special departments of commerce directly concerned with the encouragement of foreign trade, and the technical trade publications of the country have devoted their columns to the promulgation of foreign trade information, yet today we have less than a twentieth of Asia's trade, and barely one-fifth of South America's.

The explanation is simple. It is found in the fact that to the average American manufacturer or merchant domestic trade has been everything, foreign trade only that which may be worthy of consideration some time in the future. American factories have been working overtime supplying the domestic demand, and it is only now when indications point to the possibility of overproduction that we awaken to the necessity of seeking other markets.

To the casual observer it would seem that America is no laggard in the race for the world's trade, inasmuch as our total exports during 1904 exceeded two and a half billions of dollars. Of this amount, however, only \$215,251,000 consisted of manufactured articles, the great balance being products needed by foreign nations, such as corn, wheat, beef, lumber, and raw cotton.

Lewis M. Shaw, former Secretary of the Treasury, whose interest in the development of our foreign trade is well known, said not long ago:

"The world never has gone, and never will go, after manufactured goods as it does after food and raw cotton. It will require salesmen, foreign agents, foreign warehouses, and a merchant marine to dispose of our surplus manufactures. We will not always win fifty per cent. of our surplus for Great Britain, France, and Germany. We must learn to export our surplus. In my opinion the coming economic issue before the American nation will be the question of how to increase our export trade in manufactures."

It is beyond dispute that what portends to be our coming economic issue has already come to our great trade rivals, Germany and Great Britain. Neither nation is leaving any stone unturned to make more secure its hold on the world's trade. Germany's new tariffs are designed for that purpose, and England is outlining new trade relations with its colonies with the same idea in view.

Several months ago a number of British manufacturers and merchants interested in foreign commerce organized a commercial association to promote and expand British trade in foreign and colonial markets. The functions of the new organization are interesting, and should be followed by our own manufacturers. They include the appointment of correspondents in all parts of the world to report on openings for trade and local changes and conditions in their respective spheres, and the distribution of such information among firms whom it will benefit most.

In addition to this comprehensive and practical effort to increase their foreign commerce British associations have been formed in other countries. A delegation of two hundred representative English manufacturers recently invaded France and spent several weeks inspecting commercial plants, trade schools, and the offices of possible buyers. It has been planned to make a similar visit to Germany and other continental countries. The advantages of this personal contact with future customers are obvious.

It is in Germany, however, that we find the most earnest and systematic attempts to capture the trade of the world. A description of Germany's efforts along that line would be an epitome of all that is sensible, shrewd, and practical in foreign commerce.

The profitable conduct of an extensive foreign trade is based on certain well-defined lines. It is necessary, first, to manufacture for export the goods required by the country in question; second, properly to display these goods through the medium of travelling salesmen; third, to outstep competitors from other exporting countries; and, fourth, to give the credit to which the customer is accustomed.

To-day the German manufacturers have their agents in Central and South America, in China, Japan, and in Africa, whose duty it is to send to the home plants in Germany all new articles expected by rival countries that show any signs of proving salable. For instance, if an American manufacturer should fill, through an export commission house, an order for some American novelty, the novelty will be duplicated and offered for sale by a German plant at a reduced price within a few months.

These German agents also study the likes and desires of the foreign customer and make suggestions to their employers that invariably result in increased business. If it is discovered that prospective customers in South America, for instance, prefer high heels to their boots, the Germans make a special grade of high-heeled boots for that trade. It is the American custom, on the other hand, to select in South America the style prevailing in the United States at that time.

It is well understood that every German exporting house of any importance belongs to some sort of commercial syndicate which maintains a corps of trained experts abroad. These syndicates get together a certain number of manufacturers in the same or allied line of goods, and pool the expenses of a systematic campaign in some particular country selected for the purpose. During the past three years campaigns of this character have been carried on in China, Japan, and Central America.

While making a tour of Central America my attention was called to the systematic efforts of the Germans in extending their trade, and I was told that every shop of importance in Guatemala City, for instance, had one or more German clerks employed. On investigation I found seven young Germans serving their apprenticeship in the five principal shops. The proprietor of one large emporium told me that he paid his German assistant—a youth of twenty—only two pesos a week and his board, an amount equal to about eighty-five cents in American money.

I found a similar condition of affairs both in Brazil and the Argentine. In every coast port of Brazil can be found German youths working for next to nothing, and devoting a part of their time to the study of Portuguese. In the Argentine Republic, where the Germans form a fair percentage of the foreign population, the system followed by the large German exporting houses has borne satisfactory fruit. In every Argentine market German goods are met with, and they are being pushed with a tenacity which promises that German trade will continue to increase.

After all is said and done the greatest point in favor of the German, and partially so in favor of the English, exporters, is their willingness to extend credit to foreign buyers. It must be admitted that this is the weak spot in our export trade efforts are shattered. The most formidable obstacle that is encountered by the American manufacturer or merchant who seeks to expand his trade in foreign countries is the system of long credits that has become established in most of these countries.

The German houses led us more liking for a credit system than would give their money for a long period than the American rivals, so they arranged a system of bank credits in their home towns through which long time notes could be shamed. In selling a bill of goods to an importer in Montevideo, for instance, where credits sometimes extend to nine months, the German exporter accepts the foreign buyer's note as "shaved" if it at the local bank, including the bank's commission in the commission charged the importer. As the German exporter is enabled to secure a satisfactory credit report on the buyer through the German bank's correspondent he seldom makes a loss.

In considering the American manufacturer's reluctance to follow such a practical plan there seems to be only one explanation. The American's interest in the entire subject of foreign trade has not been strong enough for him to take action. Otherwise it would be inexplicable to the average understanding why an American exporter does not realize the fact that there are as many people in the average country abroad with financial brains as there are in America. And also that a market found profitable by the German manufacturers should also be found profitable by the American.

MAN AND HORSE

By E. S. MARTIN



HOWARD SMITH

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Drawn by Howard Smith

WHAT will not men consent to do
For to improve the horse's breed,
And make him comelier to view,
And mend his gait and lift his speed!

Supreme the work! Nor time, nor gold,
Nor skill, nor strategy they stint,
From long before the cult is foaled
Until the veteran's final sprint.

Whatever is there about Horse
That stirs this tireless zeal in man
To make him do a staid course
A little faster than he can?

The locomotive long ago
Upset the claim that he was fast;
On common roads the automa-
bile has him hopelessly outclassed.

Good animal to ride, to plough,
Or to embellish rural scenes,
But if you really want to go,
He isn't in it with machines.

And yet the brains of men still buzz
With zeal the horse's loved to bless,
And call it fettered when he does
His mile in half a second less.

The tracks they build! the crowds they lure!
The legislatures they enthral!
Protesting that their aims are pure,
And mostly agricultural!

Queer, isn't it! that equine zeal
Should seem so geared to human ruth.
Do men dissemble what they feel?
They like a horse race, that's the truth.

They always did; they always will,
—Some of them, anyhow—and risk
A wager on it, or a spill,
And reck not, so the pace be brisk.

Best was the good old rural way,
Afar from cops and pool-rooms too,
When John and James, each in his sleigh,
Debated what their nags could do.

THE SEASON'S PLAYS

GRAFT AND GAITY

By "I"

MR. GEORGE BROADHURST, who has hitherto been generally known as a writer of entertaining fare,—he is the author, it will be remembered, of "Why Smith Left Home" and of "What Happened to Jones,"—has accomplished a play of a very different order in "The Man of the Hour," which is now to be seen at the Savoy Theatre. Mr. Broadhurst's new play is a serious drama dealing with modern conditions of government in "any large American city," as the programme deftly and cautiously puts it. One is permitted to guess, however, that the theme of the play strikes at municipal conditions in a "large city" not a thousand miles from Manhattan Island. The central figures are an upright and rather youthful Mayor, college-bred and of distinguished military ancestry; an "organization" boss of domineering personality and a conventionally flexible attitude toward graft and preferment; a street railway "magnate" who is putting through a suburban deal with the boss; and the magnate's charming and eminently lovable niece, whose presence in the world is not unsuspected by the fearless and estimable young Mayor.



Drawn by G. E. Cogan

Frederick Perry

AS THE INCORRUPTIBLE MAYOR IN
"THE MAN OF THE HOUR"

will sign a bill intended to favor a stock jobbing deal surreptitiously planned by the Guardian in conjunction with the boss. To the discomfort of these wicked ones, the Mayor proves incorruptible. "The Man of the Hour" is a strong and sincere and unmercifully interesting play,—indeed, one may go further, and say that it is in some respects better than Mr. Charles Klein's very vigorous performance, "The Lion and the Mouse"; for its characters are more truthfully and less extravagantly delineated, and it avoids the bombastic tone which not infrequently mars Mr. Klein's phenomenally successful play. On the other hand, its most striking weakness lies in its too great complexity of incident, which often confuses needlessly the main lines of the action. However, it is a powerful and convincing play, and it deserves its success. It remains to be said that it is, in the main, admirably acted; one must bestow special praise upon Frank McVicar's superb characterization of the domineering boss; upon Mr. Frederick Perry's quiet yet forceful portrayal of the youthful Mayor; and upon George Fawcett's infectiously human demonstration of Phelan, the kindly abolitionist.

So rarely does a national comedy bearing the English hallmark (not that all are sterling, by any manner of means) come to

this country with a "book" which any one on this side of the water can assimilate as humor, that a prayer of surprised thankfulness should arise from a non-enduring public for "The Belle of Mayfair" which is now being played and sung and danced at Daly's Theatre. Not since "The Gaiety Girl" has such a successful English production of this kind been seen in New York.

While the "book" may have been more or less Americanized, it, fortunately, bears little evidence of it, and yet it is really abundantly filled with amusing lines at which even the most tried New York audience laughs gravely. Of course, an important factor in the success of the production is the excellent cast which presents it. The pretty girl, the star qua non of musical comedy, is abundantly in evidence, and the men in the company have unquestionably been selected with skillful care.

There is not enough plot to "The Belle of Mayfair" to tax one's brain, and what there is of it follows the most approved illogical standards. But plot has precious little to do with the success of such a thing. Success lies simply with the tunefulness of the songs, the rhyme of them, the pithitude of the women, and the speed with which everything may be made to move. In these essentials "The Belle of Mayfair" is more than qualified, for success.

"Phonora" will long be remembered as one of the most tuneful musical things of its kind, and Leslie Stuart, the composer of its music, is also the author of "The Belle of Mayfair's" lyrics, so one knows in advance that there is something "wholesome" in the production. The makers of the "book," who are entitled to a great measure of praise, are Charles H. E. Brockfield and Cosmo Hamilton, the latter almost tempted to believe that these librettists wrote "The Belle of Mayfair" for the American market, so well suited is it to the New York appetite.

There are a number of "New York Favorites" (country papers, please copy) in the unusually long cast. Miss Christie Marchbanks is "the daintiest little thing, all smiles and skipper" (the country papers again) who plays the part of Lady Chatterbox's daughter Julia, taken by Miss Edna May in London. Miss Irene Beasley, the prettiest woman in the cast, has ample opportunity to show off her burnished hair, her voice, and her shoulders. She sings a very good song by the way: "And the Weeping Willow Weeps." Another "favorite" who, however, does little else than stand around and look pretty, is Miss Annabelle Whitford. One of the successes of the performance is achieved by Miss Valeria Sureski, who, in a black velvet gown, so tight and so severe that one wonders how she ever gets into it, poses with Mr. Van Rensselaer Winkler and several young women in a series of tableaux representing the best-known Titian pictures. The song which accompanies the series, "Why do they call me a Titian girl?" is delightful.



Drawn by G. E. Cogan

Irene Beasley

IN "THE BELLE OF MAYFAIR"

THE HOUSE OF LORDS AS THE MASTER ISSUE IN ENGLISH POLITICS

By SYDNEY BROOKS

THERE are no signs at present, or very few, that the House of Lords has done itself much harm by forcing the government to drop its education bill. It was thought up to the last moment that a compromise would be arranged: there was a momentary flash of angry disappointment when those hopes were frustrated; but—let me say, of course, he owing merely to the truce of Christmas—I see very few tokens of such an upheaval of opinion as would compel the Lords, were the same bill to be reintroduced next session, to pass it. People are exasperated that the whole wretched question should still remain unsettled. They have noted the fact that a measure which passed its second reading in the House of Commons by a majority of over 300 was defeated by the action of an assembly that is largely beyond popular control and composed of legislators who owe their position and powers chiefly to the accident of birth. The anomaly of such a dissonance is felt and admitted, but partly because the bill itself was too complicated to be really understood by the people at large, and partly because its provisions were almost equally obnoxious to the extremists on both sides. Its collapse has not so far produced anything resembling a political earthquake. There has been some menacing talk from the Radicals and the Labor men; there is a resolute suspicion that the Lords in pursuing the rejection of the bill were shirking a good deal more of the interests of the Church and of the conservative party than of the interests of education; but the symptoms of a really national agitation against the Upper Chamber are significantly lacking. So far as the specific question of education is concerned, it may easily prove that the deadlock induced by the Lords will be chiefly memorable for the encouragement it will give to those who hold that the problem must be taken out of the hands of the theologians and settled on a secular basis. For the real government are aware that an appeal to the country on the educational bill would result, no doubt, in their victory, but a victory very different from their overwhelming triumph of a year ago. They have not, in other words, enough public opinion behind them on this particular issue to warrant them in pushing the fight against the Lords to extremities.

Nevertheless, it is clear that the whole question of the House of Lords is coming within the sphere of practical discussion, and that before the present government passes out of office it will have become the master issue of English politics. The English are growing much more materialistic and less than they used to be in their views of public problems, and from the standpoint of logic and mathematics an easy case may be made out against the House of Lords. It is an assembly that seems to contradict most, if not all, of the fundamental principles of democracy. It is not elected by the people, yet it has the power of thwarting and sometimes of overriding the popular will. Some of its members owe their place in its composition solely to the fact that they are bishops of the Established Church; others to their eminence as lawyers, authors, soldiers, scientists, or to past services in the public career that cannot otherwise be repaid; but the vast majority are hereditary legislators to whom a seat in the Upper Chamber has descended along with their titles and estates. Whatever his competency or character, a peer, the moment he becomes a peer, becomes also a member of the governing oligarchy. Some peers have no taste for politics, others have no capacity; others again are men of notoriously unwelcome reputation. Nevertheless, they are *ipso facto* units in the House of Lords, and unless they commit a felony or become bankrupts they cannot be got rid of. As consequence of this is that at ordinary times the House of Lords is a gilded desert. It is an odd job that the best case for admitting the Upper Chamber is to go and see it. A score or so of members loitering about on the red benches do not make an impression of efficiency. But see the House of Lords when a measure that really affects the aristocracy is under discussion. Strange faces crowd the lobby—the hereditary legislator who had to ask a policeman the way to the House of Lords was probably no more false; from remote country-seats forgotten peers rush up to town, and say little that touches the *parvula* of the landlord or the Church may be sure of a short shrift at their hands. There is, however, one provision to be attached to this statement of the case—the bill is *generally* more likely to be introduced by a Liberal government. It enormously complicates the problem of the House of Lords that its members belong almost altogether to one party. A man who was a Liberal before he joined the peerage inevitably takes the color of the class into which he steps. He begins to share its prejudices and its instinctive means of handling its affairs, and even though he himself may not fall directly from the faith, his own aims times out of ten is an out-and-out Conservative. To-day, for instance, the Liberals, who are an immense majority in the House of Commons and in the country, are outnumbered in the House of Lords by men of the opposite persuasion. The consequence of this is that when a Conservative government is in power the House of Lords, except as a ratifying chamber, peacefully crosses to exist. It passes automatically all the bills that are sent up to it; it forgets altogether that it is supposed to be a revisory and suspensory branch of the legislature; it links into the position of a mere annex to the Carlton Club. But when a Liberal govern-

ment comes into office, the Lords at once wake up. They are immediately on the *qui vive*; they scrutinize the government's measures with hostile minuteness; their constitutional prerogatives take on a sudden and expanding activity. Those prerogatives, the most things in the British constitution, are ill-defined and rather a matter of understanding than of hard and fast regulation. They amount practically to this, that the Lords may reject any bill they please, other than a financial measure, but that if the Commons send the bill back again, and if public opinion is clearly on their side, the Upper Chamber is bound to pass it. Thus, had Mr. Gladstone dissolved Parliament when his Home Rule bill of 1885 was rejected by the Lords, and had the constituencies returned him to power with an equal or increased majority, the Lords would have had no option but to pass the bill. The fact that Mr. Gladstone did not dissolve Parliament was rightly interpreted that it was evidence of not having the country behind him. The House of Lords on that occasion as on many others was a truer exponent of the national will than the House of Commons.

The defects, then, in the House of Lords are that it is undemocratic, that it contains some objectionable and many inefficient members, and that it is much too partial to one of the two great parties. That it is a wholly unrepresentative body cannot, however, be claimed by any one who really knows England. Mr. Sidney Low, in his admirable work on *The Governance of England*, has rightly pointed out that the Senate cannot be deemed unrepresentative of the best elements of a nation, when among its members may be included the greatest, or nearly the greatest, poet and painter of their age, the most famous savants, philosophers, and jurists, the most eloquent preachers, the most famed theologians, and many of the masters of science, industry, and commerce. . . . In spite of the great weight of the more titled nobodies, there is probably more intellect and ability in the House of Lords than in any other Second Chamber that could be named. . . . The House of Lords has the influence which belongs to wealth, to high rank and ancient lineage, to landed property, to ideas and tastes which have few interlovers into the texture of English society, and to traditions, usages, and habits of mind which are the growth of ages. . . . Moreover, as the House of Commons becomes less and less able to discharge its multitudinous duties efficiently, the old constitutional powers of the Upper Chamber, as a revisory body, become of much more actual and practical importance. Again, the Lords do admirable and essential work in the domain of private-bill legislation; they are able to criticize the government of the day with a freedom denied to the Opposition in the House of Commons; and while unable to make unamiable ministers, they are an invaluable rewording ground from which ministers may be drafted.

Nobody in England wants a single-chamber form of government. The House of Lords is in not the slightest danger of being blotted out of the Constitution. Nor, again, do I believe that there is any wide dissatisfaction with the powers with which it is vested.

These powers, I need hardly stop to point out, are infinitely less than the powers exercised by the United States Senate, or the French Senate, or, I believe, by any Second Chamber in the world. Indeed, as Mr. Low has insisted, the strength of the House of Lords is its weakness. A Conservative statesman, the late Lord Eldon, long ago pointed out that "the House of Lords would be perfectly tolerable if it were as powerful in reality as it is in appearance." Its principal function is to provide that time is given for mature reflection on matters of importance, to act as a check on hasty legislation, and to make sure that the national will is finding its genuine expression in the government's measures. It does not, of course, fulfill that function in the ideal manner, but at great crises it has, on the whole, fulfilled it adequately. The real objection of the Radicals to the House of Lords is less, I think, to its powers than to the fact that the fact that the members sit altogether outside the representative principle. But there is this difficulty about reforming the House of Lords: You may bring into it elements more directly and obviously representative of the nation, but directly you do so you make the Upper Chamber more and more aristocratic, less than it is at present. Do the Radicals want that? I don't think so. So long as an Upper House exists it must have certain prerogatives, and those prerogatives will increase in proportion as the Upper House becomes more immediately representative of the people. As things are at present, the characteristic of the Lords, who wield their state-ship not so much tyrannical as timidly. Make it more of a popular chamber and its timidity will disappear, it will be more insistent, more sure of itself, ready to stand by its guns.

This dilemma, however, may be avoided if the Lords themselves take the lead in reforming the constitution. The peers who sit in the Upper Chamber for Scotland and Ireland are elected by the body of their order. If the English peers were to come together in the same way and were to choose, say, 200 of their members to represent them in the House of Lords, that House would at once be free from its most unwholesome mixture of titles, ineptitudes, and detriments.

MUSIC AND THE OPERA

A SYMPHONIC CLEOPATRA

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

MANY men of many temperaments have given voice in music to needs inspired by the engrossing tale of Cleopatra and her Antony. That most undaunted of musical historians, Mr. Philip Hale, has marshalled an impressive list of operatic and orchestral pieces written upon this seemingly inexhaustible theme. There are half a hundred works named by Mr. Hale in his (proceedingly incomplete) list—from the early opera of Castrovillari, produced at Venice in 1662, to the "lyric poem" for chorus and orchestra, "Antoine et Cléopâtre"—text by de Hérédia, music by R. Torre Alfina—performed in Paris in 1904. Among the more familiar music-makers who have concerned themselves with this subject, one notes Puccini, Weber (who wrote a farce on the subject for the entertainment of his intimates, himself impersonating the Queen), Berlioz, Camille Saint-Saëns, Vincent d'Indy (whose early overture, "Antoine et Cléopâtre," has been dropped from the list of his works), Anton Rubinstein, and the remarkable Missa Ethel M. Smyth, the only woman who has yet achieved the feat of having an opera performed at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York—an opera which, it should be said, had nothing to do with Cleopatra. Mr. Hale does not mention one of the most effective musical transcriptions of the Cleopatra tale—Mr. Henry Holden Sharp's score for soprano and orchestra, "The Death of Cleopatra" (the text from Shakespeare's play), performed in New York by the Philharmonic Society in 1878, when Madame de Vere Sapiro, if memory serves, sang the music of Cleopatra.

The latest composer to reach a final setting of the story of the "true Egyptian" is Mr. George W. Chadwick, one of the most distinguished of the older school of American music-makers, whose works have been known to the concert stage in this country for more than a quarter of a century—his "Overture to Rip Van Winkle" was played in Boston by the Harvard Musical Association in 1878. Mr. Chadwick composed his "Cleopatra," a symphonic poem, in 1904. It was performed for the first time in New York on January 12 by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Nikisch, after having been played both at the Worcester Festival (in September, 1903) and in Boston by Colonel Higginson's Orchestra (hand clapped, before the New York performance).

According to an authorized exposition of the work, Mr. Chadwick has gone for his basic material to Plutarch's Life of Antony, from which, it is asserted, the above said exponent "those situations having the most direct reference to Cleopatra have been chosen for musical suggestion, although the action of the tragedy is not literally followed." Those phases of the tale selected by Mr. Chadwick for particular definition appear to relate—in the order of their place in the score—in the range of Cleopatra up the River Cydnus in her barge (that barge which, "like a burnished throne, burst on the water"); the martial approach of Antony; the passion of the lovers; Antony's melancholy end, and the burial of the pair in one grave.

Now it is clear that not all of us are fitted by temperament to appreciate in music Cleopatra and her adventures, her inherent goodness, her "infinite variety,"

her conquering ardors. To accomplish successfully such an endeavor, one must needs have, it goes without saying, a rather uncommon sense of color, and a divinely acute and vivid sense of what one may denote, for the sake of convenience, as the more conspicuous side of life. Such music must, to say the obvious thing, be, before all else, sensuous and passionate (though it then would hardly require us to say that it should be also "simple"). Obviously, it must be sensuous and passionate in the most magnificent manner—a subtle and insinuating sensuousness and passion can never do: these were great matters, heroic matters, and they must needs be greatly set forth. It is regrettable to have to say that Mr. Chadwick, admirable and accomplished musician that he is, does not command the heroically sensuous, or even the subtly sensuous, note. It is, of course, a deficiency that lies beyond any power of remedy; yet it is one that must be noted in any truthful estimate of such a work as his "Cleopatra." This music is richly and adroitly scored, it is deeply sincere in feeling and exceedingly skillful in accomplishment, and it has one superb passage—that at the beginning, intended as a picturing of Cleopatra's voyage upon the Cydnus; the music in this place calls up almost the precise equivalent of Shakespeare's splendid picture—one is exquisitely reminded, in this languorous and gleefully beautiful music, of that wonderful floating pageant—the barge whose pomp "was beaten gold" . . .

Purple the sails, and air perfumed that

The winds were lovèd with them; the oars were silver;

Which to the tune of distaff kept

stroke, and made

The water, which they beat, to fall

low faster.

As moments of their skies.

One recalls few lovelier pages in American music, few more finely poetic. Would that Mr. Chadwick had maintained the whole of his tone-poem upon this level! He has not done so. His "Cleopatra" theme promises well in the opening measures, but contents itself with hinting vaguely and tastelessly at some unrecalled magnificence of curve and color. The music devoted to the characterization of Antony is pompous without being either distinguished or impressive; the ancient's passions lack passion and exaltation; and the burial music is not moving in its sedateness, nor fails to enter any deeply tragic emotion.

In the whole, one recurs, after listening to this most modern of musical Cleopatras, in an exalted exultation from the same land—the "Mephistopheles" creature—as containing a far greater measure of power and validity.

Mr. Josef Lhérisse, the admirable Russian pianist, gave a recital in Carnegie Hall on January 13, which served a pleasant purpose in demonstrating, beyond any possibility of doubt, Mr. Lhérisse's possession of a very high quality of art. Mr. Lhérisse made a worthy sacrifice to the cultivation of his program-making by playing, as his first number, Beethoven's "Andante and Rondo" variations, which lack even the minor compensation of even the most notable of his recitals; but he stood for this briefly; but he stood for it as an achievement which was not only one of the most notable in



Geraldine Farrar as "Cleopatra"

THE YOU NO AMERICAN OPERA OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY, IN AN UNFAMILIAR ROLE.



Celebrating the One-hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Gen. R. E. Lee, in Richmond. THE LEE MONUMENT WITH ITS 45' AND 60' DIAMETER AND (ON THE RIGHT) THE SERVING MEMBERS OF GENERAL LEE'S FAMILY WATCHING THE CELEBRATION

Recollections of General Robert E. Lee

By Charles Marshall Graves

THE centenary of the birth of General Robert E. Lee was recently celebrated in many parts of the South—namely at Richmond, Lexington, Washington and Lee University, and Petersburg and Charlottesville, Virginia, and at New Orleans and Washington. In Richmond the Lee Monument was decorated, and there were commemorative exercises of various kinds.

Probably no one would have ventured, forty years ago, to prophesy that the American people, at the beginning of the twentieth century, would be claiming Robert E. Lee as only as the idol of the South, but as the pride of the whole country. In this day of thirst for personal history, anecdotes and incidents in the life of a famous man are eagerly seized upon.

When General Lee returned from Appomattox to Richmond he approached the city from the Manchester side, coming down Hull Street, the main thoroughfare of that city, and crossed the pontoon bridge below the present Mayo Bridge, which had been burned at the evacuation of Richmond. He came up Fourteenth Street, in Richmond, to

Main Street, and at the corner of Fourteenth Street a number of Northern and Southern men were standing, the Northern soldiers being then in possession of the city. Southern men at once recognized the distinguished figure mounted on old "Traveler," and one of them spoke up:

"Here comes General Lee. I am going to take off my hat to him."

A "Yankee" soldier at once said, "Demand if I don't, too," and as the General passed by every man of them lifted his hat and saluted. General Lee, looking straight ahead of him, lifted his hat gravely and bowed on up the street.

The following story has never been published. It illustrates vividly the humanity and tenderness which were the essential characteristics of Lee. It was while he was President of Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, a short time before his death, that he attended as a delegate the Episcopal Convention in Louisville. He was a guest while in that city of Mr. John William Murrell. He was, of course, assigned to the best chamber in the

house, and proved himself a most agreeable and pleasant guest. During the night he arose, and going to the door of Mr. Murrell's room, aroused him, saying: "Mr. Murrell, there is some one ill in this house, and I cannot find where he is. I was awakened by groans and have searched the house as far as I know. It is the effort to ascertain who is sick." Mr. Murrell and his sons at once made a thorough investigation, but failing to find any one in distress, eventually went retired. In less than an hour General Lee was again at Mr. Murrell's door, saying:

"Mr. Murrell, I dislike greatly to worry you again, but there is absolutely no doubt that some one in this house is in distress."

Again the house was lighted from top to bottom and a far more thorough search was made. After a long interval the cause of the disturbance was found to be an old pointer dog, which was lying under General Lee's bed and growling in its sleep, as dreaming of the happy hunting days of the past. The bed which General Lee occupied was of the old-fashioned kind, with curtains reaching to the floor, and no one had thought of looking under it.

An Heirloom

PROFESSOR MASSON, of Edinburgh, author of a compendious *Life of Milton*, was once expatriated by the listlessness of a student in one of his classes. After bearing long silence the young man's intention of the Professor one day broke off in the midst of his lecture and addressed himself to the student.

"May I ask, sir," said he, "whether you expect to pass this course?"

"I have hopes, sir," answered the student. "Then when the examination comes, sir, you will wish for notes on these letters. What will you do for them?"

"I have my father's, sir," was the reply.

Helping Him

A CERTAIN politician of Chicago went to Washington during the early part of the present administration armed with all manner of recommendations for a position in the consular service. The applicant had been so confident that he would secure the fat berth desired that he insisted to his Chicago friends, before his departure, that he should be glad to see them abroad at any time.

To his great chagrin, however, the Chicago politician soon found out that the President was not in the least disposed to favor him with an appointment, either foreign or domestic. Whereupon the Chicago man became most despondent. Said he:

"Mr. President, when I left home I had told all my friends that I was confident you would give me something. I hate to go back empty-handed. It isn't as much to offer that I care for, but I shouldn't like to have that Chicago crowd laughing at my expense."

The President is reported to have smiled grimly at this. "About the best suggestion I can make in the matter," said he, "is I that you tell your Chicago friends that I offered you the post of consul-general at Paris and that you declined it."

Without Pain, Two Dollars Extra

A BALTIMORE man was one afternoon seated in a dentist's ante-room, waiting his turn, when a young woman, evincing every evidence of utmost agitation at the thought of submitting to an ordeal, entered and sought a seat beside him. Very shortly thereafter a series of piercing shrieks came from the operating-room; whereupon the timid young woman, having from her seat in terror grasped the arm of the colored attendant, gaspingly exclaimed:

"Oh, what is that? Oh, what is that?" "It ain't nothing." "It's only a patient hastened to assume the chair." "That's that's been treated free of charge."

Only Eight Great Navies

SEPMAN OF THE NAVY Metcalf declares there are only eight great navies on the globe. They are in the order of their relative strength, England, France, the United States, Germany, Japan, Russia, Italy, and Austria.

"England," says the Secretary, "ranks so far above all the other nations that it really stands in a class by itself, having built on January 1, 1907, and ready for active service, 34 battle ships, 35 armored cruisers, 101 cruisers, 147 torpedo boat destroyers, 52 torpedo boats, and 29 submarines. It has under construction 5 battle ships, 38 armored cruisers, 26 destroyers, and 19 submarines. England has no continuing shipbuilding policy, but usually lays down each year four armored ships, with a proportional number of smaller vessels."

"Japan has made rapid strides in its naval strength within the last two years. Its quota consists of 11 battle ships, 9 armored cruisers, 22 cruisers, 54 destroyers, 75 torpedo boats, 9 submarines, and 3 coast defense vessels. It has under construction 4 battle ships, 4 armored cruisers, and 1 cruiser, but no smaller vessels."

"The United States Navy does not stand third in the matter of relative importance, however, when the question of consolidated and unified personnel is considered. It stands fifth, being ranked in order by England, France, Germany, and Japan. For instance, where Japan has forty-nine officers of flag rank—that is, rear admirals, vice admirals, and admirals—the United States Navy has only eighteen."

"This difference in strength of personnel is carried out through all the grades, and naval officers of this country are frank to admit that this is the one weak spot in the United States Navy. Japan, with a smaller number of vessels, has many more officers, and 3000 more enlisted men. But I guess when it comes down to putting shot in the right place our navy holds the world's record," concluded the new Secretary of the Navy.

Merely a Suggestion

An elderly gentleman was riding on a street-car the other day. A boy began to laugh, and laughed by him. The old gentleman told his mother that the boy needed a spanking, and she replied that she didn't believe in spanking on an empty stomach, whereupon the lady said: "Mutter de!; tuss klein oder."

"The Star-spangled Banner"
Now Official

"The Star-spangled Banner" has been officially recognized as the national anthem of the United States, and its dignified notes will hereafter be by authority of the government heard upon all suitable occasions. Among the other honors which will be accorded the air will be a military salute, the Army Regulations having been so amended that when the national anthem is played by the band on any formal occasion, or at any place where persons belonging to the military service are present, they shall stand at attention, and even if not in ranks they shall render the prescribed salute. The position of salute must be maintained until the last note has been played. The Regulations further provide that when the air is played it shall be played through once, without repetition or variations, except where repetition is called for by the score.

It is also directed that the same respect be accorded "The Star-spangled Banner" shall be observed when the national air of any country is played as a compliment to official representatives of the foreign country.

An Educational Pointer

Box: "Auricles, the half-back, learned something at the midwinter exam."
Box: "What was it?"
Box: "Why, just what the drop-kick means."



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THE MAN WHO BID LOWEST FOR THE PANAMA CANAL CONTRACT



William J. Oliver

THE CONTRACTOR WHO HAS MADE THE LOWEST BID FOR THE CONTRACT OF BUILDING THE PANAMA CANAL

WILLIAM J. OLIVER, in association with Anson J. Bangs, has made a proposition to build the Panama Canal for 65 per cent. of the total cost, and this bid, at the time of writing, is under favorable consideration by the government. In the combination which made this bid, Mr. Oliver has the dominant interest. Other bids were for 7.19, 12.50, and 28 per cent.

Mr. Oliver is thirty-nine years of age. He was born in Maize, Mo., a suburb of South Bend, Indiana. When he was twelve years of age he started out on the Cotton Belt railroad with a fifteen-team outfit as a railroad contractor. He has gradually progressed from one branch of railroad contracting to another, and was one of the largest manufacturing plants in the United States for the building of contractors' machinery.

Mr. Oliver has also made a specialty of what contractors call "concrete work," and has built a number of concrete buildings, viaducts, and river bridges for railroads. He has over \$100,000 of contracts now under way, including the tunneling of Lookout Mountain for the Southern Railway Company, concrete buildings in Louisville and Nashville, a concrete dam at Chattanooga, sixty-five feet high, in which there will be 50,000 cubic yards of reinforced concrete work. He is also laying double tracks and building extensions for various railroads.

In view of the announcement that Mr. Oliver proposes to use negroes from the West Indies as laborers on the canal, under the superintendence of white men from the South, it is interesting to recall the report that Governor Norrington of Jamaica is opposed to the use of negroes from that island as foreign laborers, and has imposed a prohibitive emigration head tax to prevent the natives from leaving the island for America or Panama.

In the case of his award, Mr. Oliver will go to the island to superintend personally the work of construction; he will take over the entire plant owned by the government, and will at once proceed to ship additional materials to the Zone.

The Centennial Anniversary of Steam Navigation

AN international maritime exposition which will be held in Bordeaux, France, from May to November of this year, commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of Robert Fulton's successful application of steam navigation, marks an important event in the history of the maritime world.

The beginning of steam navigation, properly speaking, was born on the Hudson River one hundred years ago, and was fostered and nurtured by that illustrious American inventor, Robert Fulton.

This exposition, which is of an international character, will be participated in by nearly all the great powers, who have signified their intention to take an active part and to send exhibits. There will be exhibited models of every kind of ship, ancient and modern, commercial and naval, together with a display illustrating all that pertains to ocean geography and to river and sea navigation.

It has been suggested that the United States erect a special pavilion wherein the relics of Fulton, together with specimens, models, and documents affording an idea of the growth of the invention in the country of its birth, could be placed on exhibition. It is also planned by the organizers of the exposition that each country build a pavilion on land provided them, so that each will have its distinctive building. Sections will be reserved for advances made in the merchant and naval marine, automobile navigation, coast and inland fisheries, hygiene, and life-saving.

The first experiments in steam navigation in America were made in 1783 by Fitch and Rumsey. Fitch launched a paddle wheel steamer in 1788 which moved at the rate of four miles an hour, but only proceeded a short distance when the boiler burst.

Later in the same year a Mr. Miller, of Edinburgh, Scotland, experimented successfully with a small double hull, which moved about seven miles an hour. In 1807, a man by name of Stratton built the *Charlotte Dundas*, intending to tow boats on the Clyde Canal. This venture appears to have been successful, but, owing to the fact that the

agitation of the water by the paddles caused the banks to wash down, the use of the vessel was given up.

It was in August, 1807, that Robert Fulton, in conjunction with Robert Livingston, built and launched the *Clermont* at New York City, on which was installed a 20-horse-power engine, with a cylinder measuring twenty-four inches in diameter with a four-foot stroke. This boat, which was schooner-rigged, of about 100 tons burden, made the trip from New York to Albany, a distance of 110 miles, in twenty-four hours against the tide and wind. Dry pile was used as fuel, which sent forth thick black smoke, giving the ship a terrible aspect, and spreading terror among the watermen of New York Harbor. While in the course of building she received the nickname of "Fulton's Folly," and many were the jeers and sarcastic remarks made about Fulton.

Soon after her memorable trip she was used as a regular packet between New York and Albany. Later Fulton built and furnished the city of New York with ferries for use between that city and the Jersey shore. He was also the inventor of the torpedo which now plays such an important part in warfare.

It was this first trip of the *Clermont* which was the first really successful voyage made by a steam-vessel on water.

It is especially fitting, therefore, that France, in taking the initiative, should now give her thankfulness to the artisans of "progress," and her sincere friendship for the United States in commemorating the centenary anniversary of Fulton's victory, for it was in France that a great dream of his existence was made, even if he was unsuccessful. That these experiments were of enough significance is shown by the fact that in 1801 Napoleon, in writing to a friend, stated: "Citizen Fulton's propositions mark the force of the world." That this statement has come true goes without saying.

President Roosevelt has intimated that he desires this government to be represented at the exposition, and all matters being favorable, Secretary of the Navy Nelson has ordered the attendance at Bordeaux of several of our finest war-ships.

Great interest has been manifested in American naval and merchant-marine

circles, and the numbers of the American Committee of Honor comprise men well versed in these matters.

This exposition will afford excellent opportunities for our manufacturers of sailing boats, canoes, life-saving appliances, optical and scientific instruments, etc., not only to exhibit the superiority of the products of American genius and enterprise, but to greatly increase their business.

Ruin and Ruin

LITTLE Willie, one day, tore
All the clothes off Theodore;
Tidily he shouted, "There!"
Now you're just a Teddy bear."

Going Up!

PATRON of a big office-building in St. Paul, who had long been accustomed to the familiar sign, "All your feet when the elevator will not return to your start," the elevator will not return to your start. It has passed 85, were ready to start the other day to find in its place the following:

"Call your feet when the car starts. The elevator-man is no mind reader."

Expert Advice

THERE was a general litter recently in a pond church of Portland, Maine, when a pious father brought his first-born to be christened. The good man was more at home on deck than in his present position. He kicked and held the struggling infant, who giggled and squallied in a most alarming way, and for a while it looked as if the father was at one time his bearings. In fact, there was at one time a considerable confusion. The ceremony came to a stop and the congregation began to giggle continuously.

Then from a pew near by came the reassuring voice of a good dignitary:—"I send it! Hild, speed it! Its head's below water!"

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He Wanted to Know

JEREMY BARLAN, of the United States Supreme Court, recently celebrated the golden anniversary of his wedding, and the event brought to light some stories of the stalwart jurist.

One relates how the justice was riding towards Washington on a sleeping-car from Louisville. Before retiring he went into the smoking compartment to get a drink of water. There were half a dozen men in the place, and a flask had been passed around and the glass used for the liquor. Justice Barlan took up the glass, sniffed it, and turned on the smokers:

"Who," he roared, in his deep bass voice, "has had the temerity to drink whiskey out of this glass?"

"I did," piped up the owner of the flask, somewhat awed by the great bulk of the justice.

"Then, sir," said the justice, sternly, "where are you hiding the bottle?"

The Connecting Link

TEACHER. "Is there any connecting link between the animal and the vegetable kingdom?"

BRIGHT PUPIL. "Yes, indeed, there's hash."

Equity

UNTIL recently there was a partnership existing between two darky blacksmiths in an Alabama town. The dissolution of this association was made known by a notice mailed upon the door of the smithy, which notice ran as follows:

"The partnership heretofore existing between me and New Drinking is hereby re-sold. All persons owing the firm will settle with me, and all persons that the firm owes to will settle with New."



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Concerning Pantomimes

stanzas' tales belong to all the world, his respect, as England is the home of mine, which keeps alive such tales, fictions from their performance in it Britain this last Christmas season of interest. Of the 120 pantomimes chosen, "The Bales in the Wood" and the most representations, with twenty productions to its credit at different times. "Hindrella," always popular, next, with several. Fourteen houses, "Aladdin"; ten "Red-riding Hood"; eight, "Dick Whittington" and "Simon Cruise"; "Mother Goose" and "The Sultan" filled the bill in seven two apiece; the "Pony Tilters" and "Weaver" each in five; "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Goody Two-shoes," each in four; "Puss in Boots" and the "Sleeping Beauty" had respectively two houses set for them, but the "Fair One with Golden Locks," "The House that Jack Built," "Boysen," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Little Hans Andersen" could find only one apiece for their performance. I list, it will be seen, ignores a number of old nursery tales as "Beauty and the Beast," "Jack and Jill," "The Queen of Hearts," "Simple Simon," "Humpty under," and "Robin Hood." Children and these omitted pantomimes, however, are taken heart, for they are sure to be vivid.

Intolerable

As every one knows, the great Von Moltke was a wastrel and despised anything at approached gaudily in others. German army officers are fond of telling an anecdote illustrative of this peculiarity: Von Moltke was leaving Berlin on a railway journey. Just before the train pulled out of the station a captain of hussars entered the general's compartment and, recognizing him, saluted with "Guten Morgen, Herr v. Moltke!"

Two hours later the train stopped at a station. The captain rose, saluted, and with another "Guten Morgen, Excellenz!" left the train.

Turning to one of his companions, Von Moltke said, with an expression of the greatest disgust, "Intolerable gas-bag!"

A Mere Suggestion

I think the Middle East
With only half upon it
Might properly be called
And well, the unobscured.

R. K. MURKINBICK.

Retort Courteous

They were quarreling over their children.
"Well," she exclaimed, spitefully, "it is certain John has your temper."
"Well," he replied, quietly, "it is also certain he has half yours, because you've got it all yourself."

A Thrilling Repast

"What a fine dinner!" said the husband, as he sat down to the table.
"A fine dinner?" said the wife, looking at him with a look of surprise.
"Yes, a fine dinner," he replied, "but I don't know whether you are enjoying it or not."

Unccrain

"I don't get your name," said the man, looking at the woman.
"I don't know," replied the woman, "but I don't know whether you are enjoying it or not."

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COMMENT

The German Elections

It is a very interesting and important victory which the German Emperor and his Chancellor have gained in the recent elections for the Reichstag. The main issue of the campaign was obscured by Chancellor von Bismarck, and yet he is in a position to insist, in the language of our own politics, that the people have given to the Reichstag a mandate in his favor. This means that he can now have the money for his colonial enterprise which was denied him by the dissolved Reichstag. It is, moreover, the fact that once more the Germans have declared their allegiance to the empire—next to that of the Czar and the Sultan, and notwithstanding its constitution, the most absolute monarchy in the civilized world. This seems to be all the stronger, perhaps, in view of the Chancellor's eighteenth-century threats of the application of force against the Socialists. In a letter to Lieutenant-General von Loebner he intimated that if the Socialists made too strong an impression on the German mind, compulsion might be employed, and he darkly hinted at the sword of BONAPARTE, which was used so effectively against ROUSSEAU, "the frenzied bourgeoisie." At any rate, the Chancellor appealed successfully against the Socialists as a real menace to the state, and against the Centerists, their allies. The people have sustained the monarchy by depriving the Socialist party of nearly twenty seats on the first ballot. How they fared on the second balloting is not known at this writing. The Centerists held their own, while the Emperor is supported by a strange combination of Radicals, National Liberals, and Conservatives—clearly a combination for a passing moment. Congratulations have been showered upon the imperial victors, but evidently many troubles are before them by reason of the conflicts that are sure to arise between the various groups of their supporters.

Evil Days for the Boss

Clearly the boss is having a serious time everywhere. The bosses of New York State, of both parties, have their serious troubles, and now BOSS BRATTON, of Rhode Island, is in misery. His pursuit of his ordinary political business is sadly interfered with, and he is under surveillance, like the New York gamblers, or like a suspected criminal, or like a red-light district. Having installed himself in his usual quarters at the State Capitol, very much as our own OWEN used to do, he is publicly insulted by Governor HOBBS, who denounces his presence in the State House, declaring that he is a "disreputable and disgusting character, and is not fit company for any decent man or woman." He even names the room—No. 207—in which he has ensconced himself. In the mean time the Providence Journal is keeping tab on this well-known boss, and is recording and publishing his movements, giving the names of the unhappy legislators whom

he interviews. Surely there is a moral uplift in public life which must be encouraged.

Mr. Root's Visit

Secretary Root returned from Canada, having had a good time and having made an admirable impression. He has said nothing about important conversations, but of course he had them, and it is fair to assume that he learned that he and LAURIER would find it difficult to come together on the seal-fisheries question, but that they might agree on reciprocity. He doubtless also learned that LAURIER would never consent to make the first move.

The Assault upon the Courts

One of the peculiar activities of the day is the assault upon the judiciary by the political power. The latter is aided more or less by some hasty and misinformed people who have become so enamored of "doing things" that in order to do them they are willing, though ignorantly perhaps, to violate the law. The sum and substance of the enterprise is that if the reason for it is sound, the judges attacked are unfit for the bench; and, in the last analysis, who is responsible for these particular judges but the political power? It must be borne in mind that the district judge against whom the President has directed his most caustic criticism was appointed by Mr. McKINLEY, while the other who concurred with him was appointed in Mr. ROOSEVELT's own administration, necessarily by Mr. ROOSEVELT himself. The criticism is that these judges, on the authority of JOHN MARSHALL, declared unconstitutional a law of Congress. In doing so they differed from Mr. ROOSEVELT. If Mr. ROOSEVELT's opinion upon the question of the constitutionality of a statute is invulnerable, if he is so sure-minded an authority on constitutional law that to differ with him is as offence, such ill-furnished lawyers should not have been appointed to the bench; but it does not follow that for the crime of these individuals the whole Federal bench should be deprived of a power which, for more than the one hundred years that have elapsed since JOHN MARSHALL asserted it, has been regarded as one of the chief bulwarks of our free government.

Shall the Courts Remain Free?

Two bills affecting the courts have been introduced in Congress which require especial attention from thoughtful Americans. The first contemplates the denial to the inferior tribunals of the power to declare a Federal statute unconstitutional. There would probably be no virtue in such an act, even from the point of view of its advocates. It is intended, of course, that a law whose constitutionality is attacked shall be enforced until the Supreme Court may decide that it is absolutely void; in other words, that under such a law men may be punished by fine or imprisonment, or property may be taken, or business and other activities enjoined, notwithstanding the fact that the law itself may be eventually declared unconstitutional. Here is also a most illogical attempt to deny to the courts in which actions must be begun the right to say whether there is really such a law as that under which the case is brought, for an unconstitutional act is void—is as if it were not; in other words, the bill would deny to the courts of original jurisdiction the right to decide whether or not they possessed any jurisdiction whatever. The bill is an assault upon the rights of individuals and upon the dignity and efficiency of the courts. It questions the capacity of the judges to perform an essential part of an ordinary and usual duty. The courts perform, so far as the citizen is concerned, the most important functions of government, and any law that would tend to diminish their legitimate powers or to lower the respect in which they are held will do a grievous wrong to the citizen and to his government itself.

The Power to Remove

The second bill proposes to give to the President the power to remove an obnoxious judge. The Constitution provides that the judges "shall hold their offices during good behavior." This provision is qualified by the general provision requiring removal from office by impeachment and conviction of "treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors." It is contended by the advocates of the second bill that it will not be an unconstitutional law that gives to the President

the power to remove a judge without a trial because, for example, he does not like his decisions. It would give to Mr. ROOSEVELT, for instance, the power to remove the judge in Kentucky with whom he differs on a constitutional point and because of that difference. A good title to such a law would be, "A Law to Induce Judges to Agree with the Man who Alone has the Power to Promote or Dismiss Them." The friends of the measure and the enemies of the courts have now convinced themselves that they may make the phrase, "holding their offices during good behavior," sustain a law which would transfer the judiciary back to the executive. It is the fact, however, that the phrase has always meant that a judge shall hold office until he is guilty of some act or some neglect which will bring him within the jurisdiction of the impeachment provision. The phrase meant this in its origin as well as now. It was devised to put an end to the control of the executive over the judiciary which had been exercised by the STUARTS, and which would be revived in this free country by the passage of such a bill as Mr. DE ANSON'S. The Act of Settlement of 1700-1, seeking this end for the first time in the history of England, provided as follows: "Judges' commissions [shall] be made *quamdiu se bene gesserint* . . .; but upon the address of both Houses of Parliament it may be lawful to remove them." A bill providing for removal by the whole political power, executive and legislative, following the provision of the Act of Settlement and of the Massachusetts Constitution, would be consistent with the meaning of the phrase; but a law providing for the removal of judges by the President alone would be the adoption by the American Congress and the President of the principles and the practice of JAMES I. and his son.

The Federal Government and Child Labor

The reason why Senator BREWER asserts that the United States may legislate concerning child labor clearly illustrates a prevailing attitude of mind which would not have been characterized as honest not so many years ago. This is not to say that it may not be honorable now, although old-fashioned persons, who all their lives have loved uprightness in public as in private dealings, will not understand how it may be. Mr. BREWER asserts that the United States may legislate against child labor by excluding from interstate commerce the products of such labor. This is a common kind of suggestion, but it savors of tricks and of pettifoggery. If this argument is sound, Congress might have legislated against slavery by excluding from interstate commerce cotton raised by slave labor; but no abolitionist of intelligence would have denied that such legislation would have been contrary to the intention and spirit of the Constitution. Not many years ago Congress undertook to legislate against "stock gambling" and gambling in the products of the farms of the West and South. Would Mr. BREWER have favored a law, or would he have considered it constitutional, that prohibited his constituents from shipping any of their corn which had been made even by themselves the subject of gambling?

Leave it to the States

The truth is that the regulation of labor, the labor of men or of women or of children, is within the police power of the States. It was intended by the framers of the Constitution that it should be left there, and all evils associated with labor or arising from its abuses may be best provided against by the lawmakers of the State, of the neighborhood, by lawmakers who are familiar with the peculiar social conditions out of which grow their peculiar problems. Moreover, it is true that the States are now dealing with child labor for the same reason that Mr. BREWER is waking up to its iniquities—because public opinion is aroused against it. All legislation for the public welfare, whether State or national, is likely to be in obedience to public sentiment, in answer to public demands; and legislation of the kind is not only likely to be better if enacted by the States, but Federal legislation must be tainted if it be the result of such self-deception as that which impairs the ethical quality of Mr. BREWER'S argument.

Federal Forest Reservations

No State-rights contention can properly be made against the measures for establishing national forest reservations in

the White Mountains and the lower Appalachian range. Nor is any evasion of the Constitution required to bring the subject within the jurisdiction of Congress. The creation of these two forest reservations would be primarily for the benefit of navigable waters in New England and the Southern States. It would be well if the States should undertake the work, but nothing can be said against New Hampshire for not doing so, paying for what would be of great advantage to all the New England States except Rhode Island; nor against any Southern States—Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee—for not being inclined to pay for what would benefit themselves and all the other Southern States south of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi. New York's reservation in the Adirondacks is of more value to its own people than to those of any other State, while the reservations made by Massachusetts are purely for the pleasure and advantage of her own inhabitants. No better work can be done for river improvement than through the making of these two reservations, and if Speaker CAYTON and others who opposed the project for its extravagance would secure a reduction of the aggregate of the river and harbor bill equal in amount to the cost of the reservations, they would not only help a good cause, but would greatly improve the appearance of the national pork-barrel.

The Fields and the Beechers

Mrs. ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER, who died at Hartford on January 25, in her eighty-fifth year, was the last survivor of the eleven children of the Rev. LYMAN BEECHER. The Rev. HENRY MARTIN FIELD, who died on January 26 at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, also in his eighty-fifth year, was the last of the seven sons of the Rev. DAVID PUSEY FIELD, of Stockbridge. So ends a famous generation in two American families of very high renown, and it is interesting that the end should come to both of them within a day. The progenitors of both these distinguished families were eminent clergymen of old New England stock. The FIELDS came from Stockbridge. The BEECHERS were early and long associated with Litchfield, Connecticut, though LYMAN BEECHER came from New Haven, and lived in various places where his ministry called him. We see nowhere nowadays families of that stock approaching these in size and distinction. Large families of the old American stock are rare now. They seem to be no longer born to ministers. Neither is distinction achieved in our day in the same way that the BEECHERS achieved it. The most notable contemporary family that we can think of at this moment is that represented by the seven auriferous sons of the late MEYER GUGGENHEIM. We hear more just now of the GUGGENHEIMS as a family than of any other, not even excepting that of ABRAHAM LAMSON, of Indiana, three of whose sons are Representatives in Congress, besides other sons and daughters worthy of preferment and likely to win it. The energy of the GUGGENHEIMS has been spent in the acquisition of material treasure. They are wonderful as a family because all seven of them have long been in business together, apparently harmonious, and prodigiously successful. One from the fold has just been spared to go to the Senate, to the family's further exaltation.

Distinction in Our Generation

The energy of the GUGGENHEIMS was spent in the diffusion of moral and theological ideas. Nearly all the sons were clergymen of note, and one was the most noted preacher and one of the most eminent public men of his day. The daughters, especially Mrs. FROST, contributed their full share as writers, teachers, and leaders to the family renown. None of them were notable money-makers, though as an incident of their work some of them did earn considerable amounts of money. Of the four more notable FIELD brothers, HENRY was a clergyman and editor, DAVID a great lawyer, STEPHEN an eminent judge, and CYRUS, merchant and financier, was a man of genius. These men were famous in their generation. Whether they would be famous in our generation—as famous, say, as the GUGGENHEIMS—is debatable, so noticeably in our day has shrunk in relative consequence the men who diffuse ideas as compared with the men who accumulate dollars. To our generation the great FIELD is neither DAVID the codifier, nor STEPHEN the judge, nor CYRUS, who laid the Atlantic cable and died poor, but MARSHALL, who bought and sold shrewdly and left a hundred millions. So far as we observe,

the most distinguished clergyman's son of our day is a member of the New York Stock Exchange and a dealer in railroads. How the BEZEMERS with their brilliant abilities would have turned out if they had been born half a century later is a question as to which there is room for much rumination.

The Shrinkage in Families

We can afford to take the more thought about such famous families as the FIELDS and BEZEMERS because, as we have said, no such families are any longer being born of the same stock. LYMAN BEZEMER's eleven children and DAVID DUNLEY FIELD's seven sons, and BISHOP ALONZO POTTER's eight sons, and the WASHBURNES, and the notable generation of SUZEMAN, EYARTS, and HOWES, were born in country villages or small cities at a time when it was comparatively easy to start children in life. The kind of parents who have it in them to have children like those of these families have quit the country towns and moved to the big cities, where only rich people can afford to raise large families, and they have too much else to do. Mr. EYARTS, to be sure, raised a family in New York, but he had exceptional qualifications as a provider, and he preferred Second Avenue to Fifth Avenue as a place of residence. Another adventurous gentleman who raised an old-fashioned family more or less in New York was former Congressman CHANLER, one of whose six or seven sons is now Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and another is high sheriff of Dutchess County. But Mr. CHANLER was a rich man. Some Jews raise large families in these times, and some Roman Catholics, but the old-time confidence that the Lord will provide is much impaired, and the folks who are of the greatest promise as parents of gifted offspring no longer live where simple life prevails and large families are easily subsisted.

Some Trembles of Apprehension

The "Third Term National League" of Illinois is out for ROOSEVELT for President in 1908. It has issued a circular, which says that we have come upon days fermenting with distrust, and view-with-alarm the abuse of corporate power with resulting evils that give a great chance to the demagogue; that THEODORE ROOSEVELT has done fine, and has the confidence of the people; that to eliminate him "at a time when the people as a whole are restive and trembling with apprehension is to invite national disorder"; consequently he has become "a public necessity, an essential part of things in the social and political fabric." Therefore he is "the only logical President for the people"; and though he has said he will not run, that is no matter, because he who acts as President acts solely as a servant of the people, and must come when called. "Already it has been demonstrated," say the Leaguers, "that the frightened and vengeful wealth-controlling forces of the country will resort to any means to defeat his nomination for a third term." If that is the case, the Leaguers ought to recognize that all the people are not trembling with apprehension for the same reason, since while some may be trembling for fear Mr. ROOSEVELT won't run again, others are ashake for fear he will, and whichever happens there will be some whose hopes will be revived. Another comforting thought for the Leaguers is that even if he adheres, as we believe he will, to his purpose not to run again in 1908, he will not absolutely abandon the country to its fate; for though he may go shunting to Africa, he will come back, and will very likely go to the Senate from New York. The truth is he owns property here and has a family and a stake in the future, and we have no idea that he believes that the state of the country is so critical as the Leaguers suggest, or that the capacity for self-government is so nearly extinct in us as they fear.

What William Allen White Says

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE says (in the current *McClure's*) that "the square deal" which our President believes in means, in simple language, "that this government shall guarantee to every man every dollar that he honestly earns, and he may be sure of getting it only when no other man shall have a dollar that he does not actually earn." "Of course," adds WILLIAM, "that is not 'socialism'; it is merely justice." Beg pardon, WILLIAM, but it is nonsense, or at least an impossible abstraction, and we think you do Colonel ROOSEVELT injustice when you impute to him a belief in it.

"Earn" is a loose word, but no government will, or should, guarantee to every man every dollar he "earns," much less deprive his fellows for his benefit of their unearned dollars. Each man must bargain for himself in great measure, estimating for himself what his earnings are, and making his own arrangement to get them. Government should protect him as far as possible in possession of his property and in the security of his person, and in liberty to work where he will and at what he will, but it cannot safely venture to assess the value of his earnings or to guarantee that he gets them. Government! Why, WILLIAM, you are part of government in this country. Do you know what even you yourself honestly earn? Do you know what anybody honestly earns? Can't even you live in Kansas, WILLIAM, without talking Kansan?

The Unused Dollar

Again, you say that when a man "takes more for my service, however great, than he and his family can use in their lifetimes, he takes dollars which he cannot use, and which of necessity must be put to accumulating other dollars which . . . come from people who really earn them, and are taken from those people without giving society value received." You call these dollars "unused dollars." Useless! Not a bit! They may be useless to the men who control them, so far as promoting their welfare or happiness goes, but they are useful to society: useful as capital, to pay wages, promote enterprises, and furnish work. No dollars could well be more useless to their possessor than the pile lately relinquished by the late RUSSELL SAGE and at present a source of embarrassment to his widow, but they have never been useless to society. Uncle RUSSELL kept them all busily at work facilitating the transmitting of labor into wealth, and incidentally raising wages and promoting prosperity. You seem somewhat to seek in political economy, WILLIAM, but you probably appreciate that a large mass of accumulated capital is useful to a country. Are you sure that it makes such a vital difference to society whether or not large masses of capital accumulate in certain hands? Capital must be used whether it exists in large chunks or small, and when used it promotes development of industry and prosperity. We all prefer that it should be well distributed, but there are some advantages as well as drawbacks about the existence of it in the large chunks.

Fight Oppression and Privilege

What we ought to fight is not mere accumulation—though that may come to need attention—but the oppressive and unjust use of great resources, and especially the concession by government of privileges to one citizen at the cost of another. That great capitalistic concerns should control the railroads in their own interest and to the ruin of rivals we have come to feel is intolerable. We want fair play in the use of railroads, or the nearest to fair play that it is possible to give and to get. That great and rich commercial interests should control the action of Congress in the making of tariffs has been, and is, a vast evil and injustice from which we have suffered much and will suffer long, and in so far as is possible we want to abate it. But the mere accumulation of money in large heaps is not so awful an evil. It bothers the accumulators more than the other folks.

Property Rights

You say, WILLIAM, that whereas ten years ago a man's dollar was his own, "now his legal title to it is not much stronger than his moral title." And that you feel to be a great advance! "Moral" is a loose word, as "earn" is, but if you live, WILLIAM, to see the day when folks hereabouts are deprived of their legal possessions because their moral title to them has been questioned, you will see some wonderfully bad times and monstrous suffering. We don't protect owners in possession of property because we think they have a moral right to it, but on grounds of public expediency, and because we believe that if everybody's property rights are not respected, nobody's will be. But if we must, we can have an income tax. That's fair.

Requesters

Of all dead-and-buried people, there are very few so ill adapted to disinterment as OSCAR WILDE. Why not let him stay buried!

Anglo-American Relations and the Swettenham Incident

It is, perhaps, just as well that the SWETTENHAM incident occurred, for, since the Venezuela affair, it is the first test applied to the tenacity of the bonds ostensibly uniting Englishmen to their transatlantic kinsmen. The fact that the rebuff administered to Admiral DAVIES by the Governor of Jamaica should have evoked on the part of our national government and of the American press neither indignation nor resentment, but merely good-natured tolerance and amusement, bears witness to the magnitude of the change that has taken place in our attitude toward Great Britain in the eleven years that have elapsed since January, 1906, when Mr. CLEVELAND issued his Venezuela message. By the action of Mr. CLEVELAND and all of our influential newspapers combined to treat the offender as a crank; and declined to hold the British Ministry or the British people responsible for a foolish act of discourtesy and impertinence. The time has gone by when we regarded Britons with habitual suspicion, and when a minor British official, or even an ordinary British subject, had it in his power to wound our national susceptibilities. We have outgrown the sensitiveness that used to be evoked with regard to the opinion of Americans that might be held by Englishmen. For as the term "Yankee" has lost its sting; no longer ashamed of it, we are proud of it. We know what rank among the nations we have attained, and, if any doubt yet lingered concerning the position conceded to us in world politics, it would be dispelled by the persistent and earnest efforts of Germany, Russia, and France to secure our good-will. We do not need Great Britain. She needs us. Such a relation is incompatible with jealousy, or irritability, or suspicion on our part regarding the prevalent sentiment and controlling motive of the British nation, as distinguished from individual vagaries. In a word, so far as England is concerned, we have attained our majority. We look at things from the viewpoint of self-respecting manhood. We have put away childish things.

As might have been expected under the circumstances, the SWETTENHAM incident caused much more annoyance, not to say anxiety, in England than it did on this side of the Atlantic. We do not say that the annoyance was universal in the United Kingdom, for the Irish Nationalists may have welcomed it, not being particularly pleased with the strong drift toward friendship with Great Britain which of late years has existed between the United States. Aside, however, from Irish Nationalists, who have held their peace, the cross-grained Governor of Jamaica was the recipient of almost universal disapprobation and rebuke in the lands of his countrymen. The British Ministers had no time in disclaiming responsibility for the unpleasant affair, and there is a credible report that a more exalted personage has heartily commended their desire to wash their hands of an indelicate and perverse subordinate by dismissing him. From the English press the ungracious treatment of the American admiral has called forth a chorus of reprimand and apology, in which even the voices of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Saturday Review* have, with more or less reluctance, joined. The apology has been received on this side of the Atlantic with the utmost good humor, coupled with the comment that exculpation was superfluous, inasmuch as we should never dream of holding the British nation accountable for the folly of a cantankerous individual, or condemned to demand his punishment. So far as we are concerned, Governor SWETTENHAM may continue to rule the island of Jamaica, if the British Colonial Office considers that he subverts its interests.

To understand it is to forgive. We can easily forgive Governor SWETTENHAM when we comprehend him. The truth is that in his latest enmity to men and things American he is not precisely individual. He is no unique exception. He is rather, in a limited sense, typical. He does not, of course, represent the British nation as a whole, or even a majority of it, but he does represent a class with members of which most American travelers have occasionally come in contact, not usually, to their satisfaction. We refer, of course, to the landed interest, which, up to 1846, dominated the House of Commons, and which comprised not only landowners, great and small, and Anglican clergymen dependent upon tithes, but also farmers, bailiffs or stewards, country lawyers, and country tradesmen—in a word, all who could be said, directly or indirectly, to live "off the land." The whole of this once dominant class has been well-nigh ruined by the ultimate results of the repeal of the Corn Laws. Curiously enough, this outcome of the repeal was not foreseen by all of the promoters of that measure. Some, however, himself a great landowner and one of Sir ROBERT PEEL's principal lieutenants, predicted that those who feared and those who hoped that the abolition of the corn laws would have profound and far-reaching effects on the price of wheat and flour in the home market would alike find themselves mistaken. For a few years, indeed, the event seemed to justify the rash prediction. This was because American producers did not at first appreciate the magnitude of the opportunity offered them by Sir ROBERT PEEL, and did not immediately increase to any remarkable extent the area devoted to

wheat. Up to 1840-50 the rents of English agricultural lands were not appreciably affected. By the middle fifties, however, the pinch began to be felt, and the pressure of transatlantic competition went on increasing, until the rent of farms sank to a fraction of what they once had been, and the whole landed interest, with all of its dependents, was reduced to a condition not far removed from penury. By the early sixties the process had gone so far that exasperation and vindictiveness were evoked by the sufferers against PEEL and the Yankee grain-producers, who were held jointly responsible for the straitened pecuniary condition of the lords of the English soil.

To the existence of this feeling may be largely traced the outspoken desire to see the American Union broken up, which, during our civil war, was exhibited by the landowning class and in the English universities. Almost every fellow of a college, it should be remembered, then looked forward to becoming the occupant of a college living when it should fall vacant, and he was naturally irritated by the knowledge that his prospective income had been much reduced, and threatened to be brought much lower, by the free importation of American wheat. So prevalent, indeed, was this feeling that in 1862-3 there were in the University of Oxford but two outspoken and influential defenders of the Northern cause, to wit, GOSWELL SMITH, regius professor of modern history, and THOMAS BURNES, professor of political economy. Now in these days, when it is doubtful that the landowners, who still retained much influence, would have brought about British intervention on behalf of the Southern Confederacy, but for the vehement resistance to such a step offered by the manufacturing interest that was fast acquiring the preponderance in Parliament which now for many years it has possessed. The operatives of Lancashire, though some of them were almost starving through deprivation of their new material, cotton, were yet grateful to the Northern States which had brought down the price of wheat in England, and their feeling was shared by the manufacturers, who were not oblivious of the fact that the cheaper price of the necessities of life, the lower might be the standard of wages. It was with great bitterness that the landed interest witnessed the defeat of ROBERT'S motion for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. But although their vindictiveness was balked, the members of the class or classes that had been wont to live off the land did not forget that they were the victims of the American invasion of the British market for wheat and flour. Nor have their descendants been suffered to forget it. Governor SWETTENHAM and those of his class, who are accustomed to turn a sulky and sour face toward Americans do but express the sentiments of those who were brought up in an atmosphere of incessant repining and complaint, and who had the shrinkage of rents from the paternal acre brought home to them in a hundred galling ways. To them the name of PEEL is still anathema, and a part of the dislike they feel for him is directed toward the Yankees, when they look upon as beneficiaries of what they call his "treason." Traces of this prejudice are particularly frequent in the army and navy, in the civil service, the diplomatic service, the Indian service, and the colonial service, in which the younger sons of landowners and many sons of Anglican clergymen still seek a refuge from destitution. We cannot blame the survivors of a once mighty but long since decadent class if they look back upon the period before the repeal of the corn laws as upon a golden age, and eye with aversion the Yankee producers of grain, but for whose ability to make good the deficiencies of Britain's home supply the corn laws might be still upon the statute-book. Under all the circumstances, we can but view the occasional outbursts of Governor SWETTENHAM and his congeners with more commiseration than resentment.

Race Consciousness

"To-day, more than ever before, we feel the bonds of sympathy which attach us to all humanity, and daily we grow more into the consciousness that we make part of a body which is the body of humanity, and of the soul which is the soul of humanity. Do we not vibrate to each sorrow which humanity feels by means of millions of telegraphic wires, a veritable network of nerves uniting us to all parts of the earth? One individual were touched, but by the nearest movements and emotions, like a lower animal. Men rejoiced, men suffered, with his village, his tribe, his province. But, little by little, the idea of a vaster heritage was conceived; and one's true country, oversteering the limits of his, is not now wherever humanity vibrates to joy or pain? We begin to understand that our life, an instant in universal duration, is enlarged by all the life of the past,—that past where virtually we were already, and that life will still grow into an indefinite future by the survival of our acts, our ideas, our deeds. We begin to understand this eternal humanity; that it is, according to the Hindu phrase, the eternal self, and death cannot annihilate us, since death cannot reach the life, the soul of the species, which is in us, and which shall survive as the tree survives its leaves."

One wonders, in reading this passage from a modern French

writer apparently but little known, if the time will ever come when youth will content itself with action in reference to the race, and if there will ever come a time when religion, as we understand it to-day, and as the mystic understands it in all time, can safely be resigned in favor of human intelligence applied to all departments of life. This is an age, the above writer thinks, when all are interested in the welfare of all, in the increase of scientific acquisition, of intellectual and moral energy, of individual and social progress, in the amelioration by hygiene of health, vigor, and physical beauty. And it is no longer, he thinks, a few of the elect who pursue the ideal, who work and struggle and suffer for reform: the elect of to-day are everywhere, souls desiring the same thing, united by the same faith, the same hopes. And from all men there is jelling forth the same cry of revolt against the injustice of man to man. The ideal is about to control force, reason to conquer folly and absurdity, and a humanity shall emerge into being which shall be more sensitive, more passionate; the intelligence shall become finer and more refined; the soul more exalted; and if thence there arise more analgesics of the nervous system, at least there will be as well more cerebral power, a livelier impulse toward the ideal—hence more joy and more ardor of enjoyment. There shall be born men ever ready to lay an intense, heroic, exalted life at the cost of suffering.

And this condition, the author quoted believes, is largely to be accomplished by a more enlightened race consciousness. Marriages will only be contracted between people who are likely to have robust, capable, clever children. It will not be enough, then, that consummatives or mentally diseased people shall refrain from marriage, but there will be a veritable conspiracy amongst philosophers and doctors to regenerate the human kind, to keep guard over the health, the vigor, the beauty of the coming species; and the augmenting of force and health in the race will be more effective than any social law for the eliminating of pauperism, for alleviating the misery and the suffering of the masses.

Our century has liberated the workingman; it has been a century of industrialism, and the next step shall be to reconquer the earth, to liberate the agricultural worker. Science and machinery may soon leave him freedom to think and to read, and instead of his work revealing to him the earth as a rude and hostile farr, it shall become to him what it is to-day to the painter and the poet. He will dry up the marshes and water the deserts till they blossom; he will control the torrens and replant forests, and clothe the mountainsides with trees, and repair the carelessness and waste of the past; and he shall go to his task as joy and not as drudgery.

There is more rational hopefulness in JEAN LAZAR'S *Comme* than in most utopias, and yet, so far as one can see, there will still be certain essential sorrows left, the sorrow of the soul demanding stability in a universe of eternal flux, and as the great region of soulful worry is closed away by the application of intelligence to life, will humanity be more or less inclined to reiterate the question as to whence and whither will man be more or less agitated at the great void that merely echoes his question. When life is really livable shall we be able to take our little moment and let it pass without lament because the race endures, or shall we sing with a more poignant grief than has yet touched us:

Oh, earlier shall the rosebuds blow,
In after-years, those happier years,
And children weep, when we lie low,
Far fewer tears, far sadder tears.

Oh, true shall boyish laughter ring
Like tinkling chains in kinder times!
And earlier shall the maiden sing:
And not there, and I not there.

Certainly, in the past, sabbies, heroes, and poets have faced death with the greater calm, because life was checked with good and evil, and the sorrows of living have often assuaged the bitterness of death.

Personal and Pertinent

THE increase of the salaries of Congressmen recalls an evening in the hall bedroom of a Washington boarding-house of that cheap kind whose atmosphere, windows and doors being sealed for six months every year, is composed of the aroma of many fried dinners. There were LAMAR, Senator from Mississippi, and a Northern friend and admirer. The friend was seated on LAMAR's little bed, while the great man was pacing up and down the room, about the size of a tiger's cage in a menagerie, drinking lazily from a big cracked water-pitcher. He was discoursing on the question whether the late war had left to the States a vestige of sovereignty. He feared that it had not. The talk was very free, but the surroundings were squalid. They were all that LAMAR could afford, however, for he hadn't a penny but his salary of \$3000 a year, and \$1000 a year was a narrow income for a cheaper time than the present. It may seem to some calculators that the pay is for service rendered during the time a Congressman is at Washington,

but in most instances, as in LAMAR's, it was the whole of the Senator's income, and the \$1500 would not have been too much for them.

THE Rev. WALTER LOWME, for the last year the rector of Trinity Church, Newport, has been appointed rector of St. Paul's-within-the-Walls, which is the American Episcopal church in Rome. There he succeeds the Rev. Dr. NEVIN, who was rector there for many years. There can be no greater difference between men than that between Mr. LOWME and Mr. NEVIN. The latter was, in the best sense, a man of the world. He made his church in Rome, FRANK-JONES, by reason of friendship with the rector, beautifying it with mosaics that make the interior notable among the beautiful churches of the Eternal City. Dr. NEVIN shone in many ways. He was a fierce fighter among the Union soldiers of the civil war. He was an ardent Churchman. He was an adept in Italian art, and his willing advice steered many an American safely among the artful art-dealers of Rome. Pictures and tapestries are decorating American homes which would not be here but for Dr. NEVIN, and pictures and tapestries of another kind are still lumbering back, none in questionable shape which would have been here but for Dr. NEVIN. He was a most useful adviser to some of our crude new diplomats. He was a man of the fields, like ERAS, and in many a way more like ERAS than like JACOB. He hunted, he rode, and he tramped. He saw the world. He died after a hard trip in the mountains of Mexico. Mr. LOWME is a quiet scholar, a man who has worked much in the American School of Classical Studies at Rome. He has been a missionary, and is, if it may be permitted, a modern patriotic writer. He will shine among the scholars as his predecessor shone among the men of action.

WILLIAM JAMES has just retired from the business of teaching philosophy at Harvard. He is a very young old man, and is just as interesting as he has ever been. Perhaps he would rather sit by his fire and spin philosophies than teach them. At any rate, he has a good fireplace in a big library in his house in Norton's Woods, in Cambridge, and he has earned the right to smoke and talk with whomsoever he wants to see and he wants always to see every one who is thinking hard and acting well in the busy world. He has always justified the question which the London woman asked: "Which JAMES do you mean: the novelist who writes like a psychologist, or the psychologist who writes like a novelist?" He has a high respect for ordered thinking and life, a pleasing contempt for lampishness, and a very strong and beautiful religious faith. He has been more widely read than any other philosopher of his time, and they especially enjoy him who have been fond of seeing HERBERT SPENCER battered with pointed language. He is much admired, and has been decorated, in metaphysical Scotland. He is an anti-imperialist of high intelligence and patriotism, but he thinks that THEODORE ROOSEVELT has done much good to the state owing to his vigorously expressed dislike of the usual politician. His special distaste has been for the F.B.I., the pedagogic young man who has so spiritualized that he may teach one facet of a single phase of a subject that his mind becomes a heret of originality, of imagination, and of humor, that it is almost inflexible. And, finally, no one reads HENRY JAMES so critically and so admiringly as his brother, the most interesting philosopher.

Whenever the Hague conference meets, whether in May or June or later, no one who was at the first conference can forget the cynical amusement of the European diplomats touching the young Cur's ideas—ideas which the young Cur's country has since done so much to discredit. It was M. BURMANS, then minister from France to The Hague, who asked Mr. NEWELL, our own minister:

"What is that meeting you have in the churches in your country every Thursday?"

"You mean the Thursday-evening prayer-meeting?" answered Mr. NEWELL.

"That's it: that's it," responded M. BURMANS. "This is like that; it's an international prayer-meeting."

And a week after, M. BURMANS, having returned from Paris whither M. LOURET had called him for the purpose of talking about the prayer-meeting, said excitedly to Mr. NEWELL:

"We must do something; I am knee-deep in petitions from the women of France who are for disarmament." The prayer-meeting was held and the permanent court materialized after a time. There is probably to be a conference this year, although the date has not been fixed. As the date previously selected was abandoned at our request, because it conflicted with the time arranged for the Pan-American conference, it would seem to be our duty to fix the date anew, although recent news indicates that Russia will make a suggestion. It will probably be fixed, and the prayer-meeting will receive another shock, for, after all, and notwithstanding our own refusal to arbitrate with Spain, and Russia's horrible war with Japan—perhaps because of them—the public sentiment of the world in favor of arbitration and of peace is growing. But the sooner the date is fixed the better.

Correspondence

A CANDIDATE FROM OHIO

LANSING, MICH., January 25, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—You are so graciously surveying our fine supply of Presidential timber. Which is the tree of healthful life, of soundness of mind, of finest grain? Kindly permit me to write the name of a man of the highest mental endowments, of clear and elevated understanding, of the broadest scholarship, and the most valuable experience in public life. This unusual talent is connected with the greatest personal simplicity, unobtrusive rectitude, and temperance in all things. He is one of our few great scholars who have taken the whole field of human knowledge for their province. We stand in admiration at his classical and historical attainments, his learning in science and economics, his engineering proficiency, his broad and deep knowledge of law and statecraft. Seldom are so happily united the understanding of the lawyer, the rivetness of the statesman, the temperance and fairness of the judge, and the gravity of the moralist. When you sit under his teaching you are impressed with a rare coexistence of breadth of intellect, constructive ability, resolution of will, forceful construction of purpose, and manly independence of thought. Deleter and consummate parliamentarian, with the soul of honor, his presence on the floor makes you forget the vulgarities and meannesses of political life and lifts you to a plane of patriotism.

Cardinal Gibbons may look the world over and not find a more perfect embodiment of his hope for the future of civilization and the lasting peace of the world. Here is the text of our statesman: "The genius of the American commonwealth lies in justice." With such a leader at the fore, think what advances may be made in the next ten years toward the final elimination of territorial war from the face of civilization.

He is a reliable and respected authority on "canals," waterways, and the needs of commerce, becoming such by a life of painstaking, patient, and profound study. On all the great questions now pressing for solution, you will find him surprisingly well prepared.

We know that he has the true American spirit, and have full confidence in his ability to maintain and further perfect the most favorable government on earth.

Is he a vote-getter? Well, from a very important Congressional district where the two leading parties have equal strength and there is a large group of the intermediate parties, he goes to the Congress by a practically unanimous vote. Almost no one can be found who wants to vote against him. His people know him, and have stamped him the true friend of common man. It is not hard to believe that his whole grand State will express an equal confidence, and why not the entire nation? Although he has given us twenty years of invaluable service, he is still a young man, at the zenith of his intellectual powers. I desire to cast my vote for Congressman Theodore Burton, of Cleveland, Ohio.

I am, sir, J. J. HANSHUR.

WOMEN AND RELAXATIONS

A MAPLE STREET, STORFORD, MASS.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

DEAR SIR,—I have just come in from a race on horseback through one of the finest stretches of this beautiful Connecticut valley. The slightest, I had the firm belief, that the exhilaration and the delights of riding—the exquisite thrill of flying through the crisp air with not a care present or prospective that can hold its own against the pleasure of the moment. With every fibre tingling with the joy of living, I sat down to gain breath, and my eyes fell upon your article on "Relaxation," but refused to go farther than this statement: "The relaxation of America does not relax at all!" With that challenge, I wrote out my list: horseback riding, tennis, swimming, snow shoeing, skating, clay-modeling, embroidery, and here I stopped lest I might be thought to belong to the idle class; but if this list does not compare favorably with that of any Englishman, I can add to it. That I say not be considered an exception let me say that I can, as a rule, find a play-fellow. I have the honor to be connected with an institution where Duty is a firm and stately figure well in the foreground, while Pleasure hovers modestly in the distance, too unsubstantial to cast a shadow; but even here the college gymnasium is not aside one evening in the week for a "faculty frolic," though all did not know how—more's the pity.

That many—too many—women do not know relaxation in any form, is an reluctantly obliged to admit; but still—oh no!

It will be a long time, particularly in this fine, old, constrained New England, before the person who enjoys life in its measure is looked upon with entire approval. There are people enough who still insist that recreation is a waste of time, but let us not make it out worse than it is. And what, I wonder, can be meant by a "waste of time?"

If it is new ideas the world wants—who can tell how an idea comes?

Certainly not always for the seeking, nor to a mind unrefreshed. Here's to hoping that the next generation may never forget how to play!

I am, yours truly, MARY ETHEL TROUBLOO.

A PERMANENT TARIFF COMMISSION

BOSTON, MASS., January 25, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—I respectfully call your attention to the enclosed carefully considered resolve which has just been offered in the Legislature of Massachusetts by Representatives Robert Luce and Charles A. Dean, now referred to the Committee on Federal Relations.

Mr. Luce is a Republican and the leading orator of the Lower branch. He has been the author of such progressive legislation. The "Last Primary Election Law," which has revolutionized the political system of the commonwealth, is serving as a model all over the country. Mr. Luce also is an authority on questions of taxation, and long has been a deep student of tariff problems.

Mr. Dean is a Democrat and the acknowledged leader of his party in the House in matters of foremost importance. He also is thoroughly informed upon all questions of taxation, State and national, and, like Mr. Luce, is not accustomed to give his endorsement lightly to any legislative proposition. Both gentlemen have served as Representatives for eight years.

With the question of tariff revision rapidly becoming one of general interest throughout the country, it is believed that the purpose of Messrs. Luce and Dean in thus forming a non-partisan alliance to place Massachusetts upon record in favor of scientific tariff-making will excite interest and attention wherever it is known.

In view of these facts, permit me to request your careful consideration of the enclosed resolve.

I am, sir,

WILLIAM K. HEDDINGHAM.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The undersigned citizens of Massachusetts respectfully represent that the interests of both Massachusetts and the whole country call for a scientific investigation of the tariff system of the United States, and pray for the passage of the accompanying or other resolve.

ROBERT LUCE, CHAS. A. DEAN.

"Whereas, The Fifty-eighth Congress of the United States, at its first session, enacted a bill to enlarge the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, for the purpose of securing railroad rates that should be just and equitable to every industry in every locality of the United States; and

"Whereas, Time has demonstrated that the present customs tariff of the United States is not just and equitable in its general application; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the general court of Massachusetts, while recognizing protection as the established policy of this country, believes that Congress should take immediate action in behalf of equitable tariff rates, similar to that taken in 1890 in behalf of equitable railroad rates; and to this end it further suggests the expediency of creating a permanent Tariff Commission, to be appointed by the President, whose duty it shall be to investigate conditions and recommend legislation.

"Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent by the Secretary of the Commonwealth to the presiding officers of both branches of Congress and also to the Senators and Representatives in Congress from this Commonwealth."

THE MORALS OF "SALOME"

NEW YORK, January 26, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—The review published in the January 26 issue of *HARPER'S WEEKLY* of the notorious Wilde-Strauss opera, "Salome," your issue critic, Mr. Gilman, observes at the beginning of his discussion—which he avowedly devotes exclusively to a consideration of the opera's aesthetic qualities—that "the character of the subject matter which Strauss has chosen for exploitation in his music drama . . . is a matter for quite separate discussion." Now that Mr. Gilman has given us so complete a summary of impressions concerning the artistic merits of this much-discussed work, does not the *WEEKLY* owe it to its readers to take up the matter of its morals? To my mind, nothing more deleterious than this music drama, and more insidiously so, has ever been seen on a public stage in New York. Those who confuse the issue in this case by making it seem that the work is objectionable on the score of its exploitation of a Biblical character—John the Baptist (who is presented both by the dramatist and the composer with striking dignity and reverence)—seem to me to be worse than disingenuous. Nor do I share the views of some of the critics of the matter. The issue is perfectly clear; it is, to my mind, simply this: Is it permissible or excusable, from any point of view, to present upon a public stage a spectacle whose path and climax is the delineation of perverted sexual passion—let alone the fact that this delineation is accomplished in a manner gross, vulgar, and horrifying beyond all precedent? To attempt to justify such a thing by indignant talk of "art for art's sake" is a contemptible begging of the question. An important member of the artistic staff of the Metropolitan Opera House has been quoted as saying that he does not understand what "all this fuss" is about, since "everything in the play is historical—upon our read it all is in the Bible." I would suggest to this distinguished commentator that he turn to his Bible (Matthew xiv: 1-11, and Mark vi: 17-28), and learn, I hope to his deep regret, in what degree he has been imputing the immorality of the late Oscar Wilde to the authors of the New Testament. Of course, he everywhere except this distinguished gentleman is aware, these features of "Salome" to which objection is made—the adoration and caressing of the severed head of the Baptist by the daughter of Herodias—are altogether a modern invention, and have no prototype whatever either in the Bible or in profane history.

I am, sir,

ROBERT ANDREWSON MOTLEY.

[Our correspondent will find upon page 206 of this issue of the *WEEKLY* some discussion of the ethics of "Salome."—EDITOR.]

A METROPOLIS IN MINIATURE

By WILLIAM A. JOHNSTON

DRAWINGS BY E. V. NADBERY

STRANGER, would you, at a single glance, see something of a great city's life? Would you, within one hour, learn something of its joys, its sorrows, its work, its play, its worship, its revelry? Come away from the busy district of skyscrapers; come away from the lights and allurement of Broadway. The metropolis is ever on dress parade there. The perspective is distorted. You look upon the metropolis they would wish to be looked upon. You have but entered the dressing-room and guest-chamber. Of the whole house, from within and without, you have had at the best a grossly truthful view.

Would you tear away the mask and behold the real? Come, let me lead you to a single street, hardly more than two miles in length, which in itself is a metropolis in miniature, which in its two miles vividly portrays all phases of a great city's life. Here you will find the fretting slaves of poverty, the fretful slaves of wealth. Here you may look upon the squalor of the tenements and the magnificence of palaces. Here you may see joy in tatters and pleasure in fine attire. In this one street, within one hour—behold the Metropolis!

This street—Fifty-fifth, if you will have its name—running from river to river through Manhattan Island, divides it roughly into the district of business and the district of homes. Half the residents of old New York cross this street twice a day on one of the great railways that transect it. Not one in ten thousand of them has ever traversed it from end to end. The reason for this is the reason for many things in metropolitan life and logic—there is money to be gained by crossing this street; by walking in it, only knowledge.

The street begins with a dock and pier which run well out into the broad Hudson. Near by is the huge railway power-house, and almost shoulder to shoulder to this is a line of unmapy tenements.

A group of huge, hideous tanks rises high in air, a part of that great system of lighting, the monthly bills for which keep half a million and home-owners from sleeping. It is one of the city's "gas-house districts," which periodically rise to prominence, and, if the truth were always told in certificates of candidates' election expenses, aimed to affront during heated political campaigns.

Numerous groups of children playing in the street tell all too plainly the poverty of the neighborhood. The smaller the flats, the larger the families, is a well-recognized rule in the process by which nearly two million human beings have been packed into the twenty square miles of Manhattan Island. But think not that because this neighborhood is poor it has not its pleasures. You pass a group of young men and boys. You hear the clink of coin upon the pavement. It is the fascinating game of crap—in the tenements what poker and bridge are to the club and the mansion. The blue coat of a policeman appears around the corner,

The players scatter. The crowd surges up a convenient alleyway. A good-natured young Irishman, who, were it not for his lousy buttons, as likely as not would have been in the game himself, comes striding along with the conscious smile that comes from the knowledge of duty well performed.

If it be a pleasant afternoon, from every window of the tenements will be seen leaning the matrons of the families. You country-bred person who bewail the lack of sociability in cities, you have not looked in the right place. You will find it there. Where there are children, or where there is poverty, acquaintances form quickly. In the more luxurious apartment-houses you might live a year and not know the name of the family in the next apartment. In a tenement such exclusiveness is not possible. The tenement habit of window-watching is conducive to sociability. It is rarely a week will pass before the new head in the window is bidden by the heads on either side to come in to share "the pint of beer of a pay-night" that constitutes the recognized social function of the tenements. Sometimes this pint of beer, too often repeated, develops "the mixed-aloe row." Mrs. McCarthy goes to the hospital, Mrs. O'Flaherty to "the island." When both return to their domesticities there is begun one of those feuds that furnish never-ending amusement to such neighbors as do not become involved in them.

In the midst of this bright region a public school looms up. It is, of course, in the middle of the block. That is the way the metropolis educates her children—a school in the middle of the block and a saloon at each corner. There are some blocks where the schools are omitted.

Just beyond the school the scene changes. On one side of the street the tenements give way to more pretentious flats. On the other side the whole block is taken up by a hospital. The side looks givenly enough—bety, unadorned, built, walls, with their rows and rows of windows; but if you peep within you will find in the fresh wholesome air inviting dozens of sunny beds, white-capped, gentle-voiced nurses, bustling skillful surgeons. Here is every appliance that modern science has devised for saving life and for setting bones, for carving brains, for making life less painful and death less dreadful.

An arched gateway opens into the street. It is the ambulance gate. Fifty times a day a swift, rubber-tired vehicle dashes forth on some errand of mercy. A young doctor, leaning out of his car, here in one year than he will ever learn in any ten afterward, has tumbled in on the rear seat just as it started. Never fear but that he will make a careful, even if hasty, diagnosis of the case. Never fear but that he will use every effort to prevent his patient dying on his hands. If the ambulance comes in with a corpse it means that the doctor will have to stand a supper for his mates. Even death becomes a fest here where there are deaths each day.

The rambling of a train overhead, a confusion of gongs, break in on the grim silence of the hospital block. It is one of the shows by which metropolitans, on each morning shut down to work, to be shunted back by the same method in the evening, overhead a train passes each minute, or oftener. Surface cars go flying along a few seconds apart. In the rush hours of morning and evening there is apparently not an inch of available space left on any of them.

As you cross the street, dodging past these flying cars, look for a second at the mass on the front car platform. It is a strenuous life he leads for twelve or fourteen hours each day. You, safe inside the car, would the storm be here for many chilling hours. You, when the cars are blocked, fret at the inconvenience, while he, calm and cool, is losing part of his meagre wage, for he is paid by the number of trips he makes. You, dodging past his car, curse him for his carelessness, though to him you are but one of the thousand feet he has passed on his way down town who will persist in rushing across his path. You, waiting for a car, revile him when he does not stop, but all



Drawn by E. V. Nadbery

A group of huge, hideous tanks rises high in the air



Drawn by E. V. Raftery

The perilous game of crap—to the tenements what poker and bridge are to the club

he knows is that he has been delayed two minutes by a fat woman getting off, two minutes more by a stubborn driver on the track, and that if he does not make up the time he will retard the cars behind him, to say nothing of being "decked" himself.

Perhaps in his haste he may run down some merry child at play, heedless of the approaching danger. Good knows he did not mean to. He has a little one himself. He jams the brake. He strains every muscle. The car stops with a jolt that piles the passengers on the floor. Sometimes it is too late. Then the ambulance comes clanging down the street. An angry crowd surrounds this hard-working servant of the public. A policeman leads him away to a cell. But worst of all is the thought that burns within him that he, a father, has killed a helpless child.

The street cure crowded, a row of boarding-houses makes its appearance. In whatever part of the metropolis you may find them, boarding-houses are always the same, whether a smart boy in buttons or a frizzy maid with sleeves rolled up answers the door. Every boarding-house has its past and its present, but there is seldom any future, unless it be the "corned beef" you look forward to with dread as each Saturday night approaches.

It is generally the landlady who has the past. If it has been glorious, if her father was wealthy and died poor, if her husband lost his money speculating, if her voice failed her and she had to give up a promising stage career, she tells it to you herself the day you engage your rooms. If her past be of a blacker type, the divorce court, perhaps, the old-maid boarder in whom she once confided will whisper it to you in the parlor after dinner, the first week of your sojourn there.

The present is generally the star boarder. Every first-class boarding-house has one. Each day he or she takes the centre of the stage when present, and when absent furnishes the chief topic of conversation. Then there are the others—the young young married couple, the girl artist who occupies the front hall-room, the husband who occasionally takes a drop too much—was ever a boarding-house without them? See them for yourself all gathered on a stoop on a summer evening after dinner.

Adjoining the boarding-houses are a few of the better-class flats. This system of storing many families in shere has aided greatly in the development of the metropolis; but, unfortunately, families, like most other things thus packed away, become shell-worms. Most of these families, it is true, are taken down from their shelves and dusted during the summer-time, when they journey to a Sullivan County farm or some Connecticut village, but when they return in the fall you can still recognize them as shell-worms. The flat-dweller knows this. He tries to hide it. He moves frequently. At least once a year he installs his larvae in some new shrine. There never was an old flat but had its faults, nor a new one but had its advantages.

Another street crowded with its flying electric cars. Here there is double danger to pedestrians. For tea level tells this broad avenue is paved with asphalt, making it the rendezvous for all manner of vehicles—automobiles, bicycles, road-wagons, and what not.

Stop at the corner and look around you. Rising up from an ex-

pensive plain in a mass of trolley tracks is the tall shaft of the Columbus Monument—a mute witness that many thousands of the Discoverer's countrymen have become metropolitans. Just beyond is the Brevoort's Gate to Central Park, where, had you the time to wander through its thirty miles of walks, you would find two great arcades, a variety of statues, the "men" shade-surrounded lakes, magnificent flower-gardens and foliage, tennis-courts, a football green, a music stand, a hundred ways of passing many pleasant hours in recreation.

But Fifty-eighth Street itself has now become a region of stables. Few metropolitans can afford to have their stables near their homes. When land becomes so costly that it is doled out by the inch, horses are relegated to the side streets. Like their masters, they get into the boarding habit. The lawyer in his office by day, his club by night, stables his horse here, close to the Park entrance. Perhaps he came up here for a morning hour in the Park to give him strength for his day's work. Perhaps he comes with the setting sun for a gallop along the shaded bridle-paths to soothe his weary brain.

Here, too, are private stables, magnificent structures of gliding white stone, where \$10,000 equine treasures are watched and tended with far greater care than half the children of the metropolis receive. Why not? You can buy all the babies you want for five or ten dollars apiece. The foaling styemens will give you one for nothing. But it takes a hundred or two to buy any kind of a horse, and it is the cost that counts with metropolitans. Even the trainers here in these stables get more than the average parson's salary.

A short stone's-throw away the aspect of the street once more changes. The very atmosphere is different. To the south rises the hub of a circle of culture and art. Carnegie Hall with its studios, its meeting-rooms, and its great auditorium.

Here is to be had a glimpse of the metropolis as a centre of culture, of study, of thought. Here the harmonies of the great masters are rendered, now by some world-famous pianist, now by a mighty chorus of a thousand voices. Here the amateur timbly seeking her way to the heart of the public weeps tears of joy or sorrow as she succeeds or fails. Here the great prima donna sings, and the hundred carriages lined up against the curb tell the character of her auditors. Here women's clubs assemble, here lecturers hold forth. Even on a Sunday there is much to be heard here. Is the metropolis stirred to a religious ecstasy? It comes here to be thrilled by the words of some soul-stirring evangelist. Is the metropolis aroused to shame by the openness with which sin stalks its streets? It gathers here in mass-meeting to protest. Would you hear the gospel preached? There are smaller chambers where at different hours you may make your choice. Would you call your loved ones from the land of ghosts? At times you may find her meditative ready to translate their messages.

But all these are but the transient tenants of this great structure. There are others, who week in and week out make this metropolis of an iron-master's assistants, their long—embryo opera-singers, struggling to live by teaching their art until such

a time as the fame their talents deserve brings its own reward. It is an art neighborhood, and there are artists by the score, located conventionally near to some of the most famous studios and schools the country boasts of. Like all artists, these folk are merry, optimistic, improvident, extravagant, but it is a jolly life they lead, even though that sketching-lag you noticed may hide piteous frankfurters surreptitiously doing duty in place of a more substantial meal, where good service and fine linen must needs be paid for.

Along the street the family-shelving process still continues, but there are no longer any flats. These are high-class apartment-houses, with aristocratic names for the tenants to have engraved upon their visiting-cards. They are furnished luxuriously. For all the wants of metropolitan ample provision is made. There are hallways in livery, telephones on every floor, elevators for you and your servants, automobile-rooms, electric lights, electric bells for everything—but you must pay for it all. With his whole year's salary the judge in a county-seat might possibly pay three months' rent here. There are butlers here who get more than the village school-master.

This is the paradise of flat-life—the one paradise to which the doctrine of infant damnation still rigidly applies. Poor babies—in the tenements nobody wants them; the food is scant enough now. In the mansions, there is no room for them; society's demands come first. In apartments, the janitor does not allow them. Well might the stork leave the metropolis off its visiting-list.

Fifth Avenue is not far away. The apartment-houses are succeeded by private homes. It is the region of society—the section where a couple of pieces of pasteboard constitute a social call, where a reception takes place in one house while a funeral is going on next door, where young women whose homes adjoin one year after year in the street. In the shops, in the church, without speaking to each other, because they do not belong to the same social set.

In this block a visitor to the city once sought the house of a friend. At the number where he supposed his friend resided he found the house boarded-up. Thinking to inquire next door, he mounted the stoop just as the mistress of the house emerged on a shopping expedition.

"I beg pardon," he said, "but can you tell me if Mr. Riddle lives next door?"

"I really could not say," she responded, in some surprise.

"Ah, presumably you are a new-comer in the neighborhood?"

"Not at all," replied this Christian matron without a blush; "we have lived here four or five years, and the family next door has been there about eight years, but I do not recall that I ever heard the name."

Smart equipages with liveried coachmen and groomed fill the street. If it be four o'clock, the fashionable hour in the Park, they turn at the corner and go whirling past the glowing statuo to General Sherman and up the broad entrance to the East Drive, through the Scholastic Gate, to become part of that continuous spectacle that every pleasant afternoon draws thousands to the Park.

Fifth Avenue, that panoramic view of the society life in the metropolis, now stretches north and south. It is society's residence, fashion's parade-ground, wealth's social battle-ground. At this one corner are massed some billions of the world's wealth. That mansion on the corner, shut in by a prison fence of iron, is one of the magnificent homes of the family of a dead railway king. Yonder hotel across the way shelters a score of millionaires. In that seventeen-story habitation, a block above,

none but the rich can afford to live. Just beyond there is a club where so many financial giants have been wont to congregate that it has become best known as the "Millionaires' Club." In that great mansion across the avenue is the home a money prince of the Pacific built, but never cared to occupy.

Were it earlier in the day, you might see the little folk of fashion, the babies with their nurses, the older ones with their governesses, perhaps driving past in their pony-car, perhaps strolling sedately along the avenue or in the Park. Poor infants, the homage of wealth is already upon them. Dancing-school and French classes claim them at the age when the happy country wren is beginning to steal cherries and climb tall trees for bird-nests. What though they have the costliest toys and the finest clothes that money can procure? The happiness of freedom seems never theirs. What do they know of the joy of being clad in blue jeans? How can they realize the pleasure of making mud pies?

Happiness is not a metropolitan attribute at any rate, and least of all do you find it here. Look at the faces of the people passing in their carriages. Is there a happy one among them? Proud, ambitious, gay, self-satisfied, careworn, worry-marked, you may find them, but nowhere do you see a face at peace with all the world. The metropolitan struggle for supremacy is ever too hard to make life happy.

On the borders of this land of wealth is a ghetto of the well-to-do, an almost wealthy Hebrew neighborhood. Fortune made in Baxter Street have been taken up their habitations. Here the saved and the emulated of their poorer cousins, dwell a community not of society, but a society of itself. Though wealth and culture have gradually worn away many of the habits to which the Hebrew clung so steadfastly through all his world-wide wanderings, though the young folk may go on Sundays to some grand temple in the avenue, you still may see on a Saturday morning the gray-bearded father of the family stealing off to some more humble synagogue, where, with head devoutly covered and with praying-shawl about his shoulders, he will conscientiously perform the rite of his religion as it was taught to him in some far-distant land in bygone days.

Are you weary with looking at people? Look to the south. Standing directly over a dozen busy tracks of a railway line, you can see the great bulk of the railway station in the heart of the metropolis. If you are here at the right moment you may see the wonderful "never late" train, the Empire State Express, the fastest in the country, the second fastest in the world, start on its daily dash up through the State.

A step further on and, were it not for the sumptuously American architecture, you might imagine yourself transported into some city of the German Empire. You are in the midst of a German colony. On either hand are the palatial houses of two great singing societies. Here and there is a beer-hall where cooling brews and appetizing delicacies of the fatherland are to be had at the hands of "kellners" as Germans as you would wish to find. Street signs point out the meeting-place of a housewives' society, where thirty matrons meet to talk about their servants' shortcomings, and subjects of that ilk. Charvante and astrologers, too, proclaim their calling; for was ever a Hunsawer who did not believe that the stars could prophesy and the cards foretell events to come?

Turn to the right—you find yourself inside a spacious theatre. Turn to the left, and you are in one of those great department stores where metropolitans have learned to buy their mislins and their pet dogs, to rest pious and get fresh fish, to purchase diamonds



Drawn by C. A. Whittier

To the south rises the hub of a circle of culture and art, Carnegie Hall, with its studios, its meeting-rooms, and its great auditorium

and procure clothes-plas, and to leave their teeth pulled, to bank their money, and to get their pictures taken.

As Fifth Avenue marks the city's centre geographically, so too is Third Avenue a great boundary-line upon the map of the metropolis. A continuation of the notorious Bowery. It cuts off into a section by itself the great picturesque East Side, into which, between Harlem River and the Brooklyn Bridge, are wedged a score or more of foreign colonies, each almost a city in itself.

For a block or two just beyond this boundary-line each dingy house leans upon its portals a white, or once white, slip of paper. You who have ever looked about for "furnished rooms" know but too well the meaning of these signs. What lies they tell! "Large light room," "comfortable hall-room," "cozy front parlor"—you have seen them all. You have tried them all. Was ever a hall-room "comfortable" or a front parlor "cozy"?

Hardly one of these white-tokensed houses but has its living tragedy. Here dwells the younger son of a titled German family, sent with his five thousand marks in the great United States to earn a livelihood, and perhaps build up a fortune. His money quickly gone, it is a precarious existence he now leads, starving himself for weeks while he awaits the coming of that small quarterly remittance that is all he can depend upon. Here, too, no was and sickly that you would hardly recognize him, is the village youth who only a year or two ago came so enthusiastically to the metropolis to realize his dreams of wealth and fame. Those dreams have vanished now. All too bitterly he feels that he, with his life but begun, has made his life a failure. But stubborn pride will not permit him to return from whence he came. Stiffing the gnawing pangs of hunger, he writes a cheerful let-



Drawn by E. V. Sullivan

The scene is almost that of a foreign land. The men you meet are warthy, black-haired creatures, the dark-eyed women waistless

street. Again the scene is almost that of a foreign land. The men you meet are warthy, black-haired creatures, the tuxon, dark-eyed women waistless; the children playing upon the pavement call out to each other "Dips," and a dozen other names our Pilgrims fathers knew not.

Suddenly the street comes to an end. Before you lies the East River, and to your left the slowly progressing span of the great bridge, one of whose feet rests upon Blackwell's Island. Before you, across the swirling currents of the ever-troubled river is the Island itself, that dismal place of punishment where thousands suffer for a city's sins.

EBB-TIDE

By NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

HAVE you ever gone a-sailing all a lurching Summer's day, While the gulls are circling round you—white and brown and buff and gray, And the courteous-hoarding partridge, off a gun-shot, plunges his way, And the coy and modest Zephyr in the rigging sings her lay, And you watch the clouds like lambskins in their aure pastured play?

How delightful, how inspiring, how exhilarating—gay When your keel slips thro' the willows and the bright yachts dot the Bay!

But returning hungry, sobered, weary, eager for the distant dock, Suddenly you feel the salt-lust pause with short subversive shock And in nightingale crankiness begin to roll and rock, And at all your anxious efforts like a bronze seem to mock, While the saucy squawking seafowl toward their island night-rests look,

Crying:—Hawhaath! Lower mother, it is after seven o'clock! And you find to your ventouse, as you pry and push and shout, That your keel is on the bottom and the tide is going out!

So it is with Life, good Comrades:—If your sailboat or your ship (Courtship or his consort Marriage!) you with ample means equip And you give it coarse untrammelled, you will have a merry trip! Overboard the clouds will gambol, round you graceful gulls will dip And your keels thro' sunny waters unconsciously will slip; Or—to speak without a figure—let me give it as a tip—If your salary or income is enough to pay your bills You will spend your lives in comfort undisturbed by petty ills.

But if every week your outgo more than swallows what you earn, If you cannot seize the bargains meeting you at every turn— All the wondrous cuts in prices which so make the home-life burn—

Cannot pay the cook or landlady or the greener hand and stern, Cannot clothe your wife and children in the garb for which they yearn,

Then you're like to come to shipwreck, as from all the books we learn—

For the shrewdest Luck Life's seven offers is—beyond a doubt— When our keel is on the bottom and the tide is running out!

MARK TWAIN AND THE CAT

By HERMAN SPENCER

KLING has a story of a strange revenge that was wrought upon an Italian household by one Diana Du, a Hindu of supernatural powers. His vague but expressive expression in a violation of the law. Like the rats and mice in the legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, cats were everywhere. They were young cats, unpleasantly young, but otherwise not especially objectionable save for the fact that they were there—unexpectedly and unaccountably there. There were cats in the bathroom, cats on the library mantle, cats in the dining-room, cats on the bed, cats under the chair cushions, cats in the victim's boots, cats in his under pockets, cats in his saddle-roll, cats sitting on his chest when he awoke in the morning—everywhere, cats. It had a fiendish back. They were too young to have gotten there of themselves, and much too numerous to have gotten there by ordinary generation. There was no rational accounting for them: they were a "swelling"—the swelling of Dam Du.

Mark Twain is the Diana Du of contemporary literature. He has sworn to cats. There are cats in his essays, rats in his novels, cats in his short stories, cats in his books of travel, cats in his philological studies, cats in his doctrinal discourses, cats in his Autobiography. Cats, cats, cats, cats, cats, cats, cats. It is, therefore, obviously impracticable to present here a complete cat-ontology from his works, or even a cat-concordance to them, but it may be said in general that the cat appears very early in his writings, and despite the unusual cruelty of his treatment of it, has survived until the present day. It has even bred. It disappears constantly, but it always comes back, frequently with kittens. It always comes back, no matter what he does to it. He killed it the first time it appeared, and though he has often killed it since in various ignominious ways, there was a deliberate cruelty in the manner in which he did this one to death that would have discouraged and estranged any other animal. It would have alienated the affections of the ordinary home-loving cat, even, but this cat, Mark's cat, seems proof against all manner of death. It is imperishable, indestructible, and forever encouraged and undiscouraged. Though he brayed it in a mortar, yet would it return.

Cat Number one in the Mark Twain canon, or better, perhaps, the Cat in its first avatar, perished in this wise. Mr. Clemens was involved, some thirty years, in a controversy with an Englishman over an international copyright law. He was made ill, he said, by one of the Englishman's arguments, but this did not deter him from reading it to the cat. "And you never saw a rat take on so." Later, he referred again to the cat, but withdrew his allusion hastily: "The cat—but never mind the cat. The rat is dead." So ended the first cat.

But not permanently. As has already been said, it is out of the question to compile a catalogue of his literary reappearance, and a few taken at random will have to suffice. One was in the following *Epitaph*, when, somewhere in the Orient, Mr. Clemens remarked the absence of the cat from a fuma otherwise satisfactory, "and yet," he meditatively observed, "a cat would have liked that place." Another was in his story of the appetite-cure, where he described his room at the infirmary as too small to "swing a cat in," without detriment to the cat. Another was in his story of one of his earlier experiences with "the absent treatment," when, though in great pain, for he had broken all the bones he could remember the names of, he gratefully noted the presence of the cat among the other "decorations of a German doctor's den. Then it disappeared again for a while, and fear was entertained by those who had become interested in it, and had learned to watch for its return, that it was, or nearly and nine, fifteen had been numbered, but that fear was happily proved to be unfounded.

It has been observed by specialists in the diseases of the nervous system that, among people, other than normals, whose sensory perceptions in the matter of cats are abnormally acute, so that, whether by the sense of smell or some other as yet unexplained sense the doctors confess they cannot say, they can detect the presence of a cat even at a distance of several yards and with closed doors between. Some such occult intuition came to the writer of this article when, in perusing Mr. Clemens's enthusiastic appreciation of Christian Science, he started in on that Rababian lid of things which, Mr. Clemens says, the average person, though dispossessed by ignorance from expressing an opinion on theological subjects, may yet be reasonably expected to know something about. And the instinct proved true. The passage follows—part of it:

"In every church assembly of five hundred persons there will be four hundred and seventy-five men and women present who can draw upon their training and deliver incoherent but judiciously concerning cheese, and leather, and rattle, and hardware, and soap, and tar, and candles, and patent medicines, and dreams, and apparitions, and garden truck, and cats, and baby food, and warts, and lemons, and time tables, and freight rates, and summer resorts, and whiskey, and law, and dentistry, and surgery, and"—there are nineteen more subjects in the list—no one in among the five hundred will be competent to take hold of a complex abstraction of any kind and make head or tail of it." Mr. Clemens, it

may be remarked in passing, regards Christian Science as a complex abstraction.

But to return to the cat. After this rather furtive and stealthy visit to its old haunts, the cat seemed to be encouraged by the fact that no hostile demonstrations had been made against it, and began to return more frequently and stay longer when it came. The next occasion was when, in his study of the Italian verb, Mr. Clemens found that the dog was an unsatisfactory object to conjugate a verb with, "saw that the dog was a mistake, and not fashionable; we must try something else; something, if possible, that could evoke interest, sentiment, feeling."

"What is cat, in Italian?"

"Gatto."

"Is it gentleman cat, or a lady?"

"Gentleman cat."

"How are these people as regards that animal?"

But then it was found that the cat has not in Italy those affecting associations which the word brings to an American, and could not, therefore, be utilized for the purpose proposed.

The next visit of the cat, however, proved that its new-found confidence had been misplaced. An absent-minded woman was being described. She "put the cat in the wash, and fed milk to the soiled hairs."

This treatment, one would think, would make it stay away awhile again, but the case is contrary to expectation. In his article on Mr. Howells, we see the long-suffering "home cat" bursting into tears. Just why, we do not know, but we are sure, from that last happening, that a sufficient cause is not far to seek. The wonder is, not that a house cat should ever burst into tears, but that she had restrained herself for so long.

If anything were needed to elicit this conviction, it is supplied by a confession, dictated, we should like to think, by feelings of remorse, which appears in a recent instalment of the Autobiography:

"It was not right to give the cat the 'Pain-Killer.' I realize it now. I would not repeat it in these days. But in those Tom Sawyer days, it was a great and sincere satisfaction to see Peter perform under its influence—and if actions do speak as loud as words, his conduct must interest in it as I did. It was a most detestable medicine. Perry Davis's Pain-Killer. Mr. Perry's negro man, who was a person of good judgment and considerable curiosity, wanted to sample it, and I let him. It was his opinion that it was made of hell-fire."

If Mark Twain ever takes out a coat of arms, there should be on it these two devices: a cat, sabb, rampant, and a bottle of Perry Davis's Pain-Killer, empty.

But we have brought this history, imperfect and fragmentary as it is, down to the present day. There remains but one more incident to record, in one of that series of Mark Twain photographs which has recently been published in Hazen's *Wax*, there may be seen a young and sprightly kitten. In that, we wonder, the Cat? If so, then it must be that out of all these killings, and drownings, and dopings, it has come forth with miraculously restored youth, like that wrinkle and decrepit old man in the story of *Ma*, which went into the wife's cabinet in discovered fragments, and came out again, as a little lamb that gambled about with blithesome blattings, heartening the suspicious and reluctant Iolias to be likewise carved and stewed and so rejuvenated.

But if not—if this is another and as yet an unskilled cat, and if all these were different cats then there comes another train of reflection. We look back over this record, and muse upon what we have seen, and we think that if all the cats that have lived—and died—in the pages of Mark Twain could be brought together, one, in one place, and if Mark could stand there, there would come such a yowling, and spitting, and sneezing, and catenawling generally as never was on sea or land. Not since Noah's time, at all events. Not since Noah looked out

Upon the emergent slopes of Ararat, crying open the doors of the ark and shouting, "Get in!" turned loose that priceless collection, ululant, to be dispersed to the four corners of the earth. Would that Mark could have been there! He "would have liked that place!" But no, that is withdrawal, with apologies. If he had been there, he would not now be here, as may be far many good years in come!

For it is when we are reading of the foibles of the Frog, the Frog, and not that batrachian chorus that dined the ears of the Sygrian voyagers with their eternal *koar, koar*, and of the bewildered Blue Jay, and of the unaccountable Cat, that we feel that we are in the high places of the literature of humor, and we yield us to the will of the master of laughter. And this is not that laughter that is likened to the crackling of thorns under a pot, but the laughably laughable of the gods. For it must have been remarked that his rat is a Cleverine, not a Shalloe, nor a Persian, nor any other of all the obscure tribes that revisit the glimpses of the moon, for, though it appear and disappear, as before the eyes of the astonished Alice, one thing stays with us—the grin remains!

THE INDIAN SENATOR FROM KANSAS

By FRANK N. BAUSKETT



Charles Curtis

THE INDIAN SENATOR WHO WILL REPRESENT KANSAS

CHARLES CURTIS, of the First Congressional District, Shawnee County, Kansas, received the nomination of the Republican caucus on the night of January 11 for the United States Senatorship against his five opponents, and has since been elected.

Senator-elect Curtis's mother was a full-blooded Kaw Indian, and he will have the distinction of being the first man of Indian blood to claim a seat in the Senate. To-day 117 of his tribe live in Indian Territory, a few miles below Arkansas City. Every September, during their tribal festivities, Mr. Curtis pays a visit to them and is greeted with much ceremony and great rejoicing. Feasting and dancing are indulged in. His tribe is proud of him, and he is always admitted to the council-chamber and his voice heard with great respect by the older members, whose esteem and affection have advanced many marks.

The new Senator is a selfmade man, having begun his life in Shawnee County, Kansas, where North Topeka now stands. He earned his first money in the days of the Old Kansas City Interstate Fair Association, when embroidered table-covers, patchkins and spider-web tidies divided interest with the \$10,000 in cash prizes in the speed ring.

One afternoon, when all the buildings on the fair-grounds had been devoted for the race-course, there was mounted on a horse known as Crazy a little fellow with cool black eyes and the high cheekbones of an Indian. Crazy had the reputation of bolting after a certain portion of the race had been run, and his new rider was unaware of the fact.

At the crack of the gun off they went in a bunch, Crazy and his rider gaining almost three lengths at the very start. This position was held up to within a few hundred yards of the home goal. The crowd was shouting itself to a frenzy, when suddenly Crazy bolted, landing his boy rider in a heap against the board fence enclosing the race-course. The little fellow was picked up unconscious, hemorrhaged with blood and dust, and carried off the course. This little fellow was Charley Curtis, and to-day he bears the scar of that fateful race.

As he grew up he took to selling peanuts, and later on drove a cab. Most of his schooling he got himself by studying at home at such odd moments as he could find. Finally he gave up his sub-driving for a position as office-boy in the office of a Topeka lawyer. This was the initial step of his future career, for it was there he studied law and was taken into partnership by his employer. After three years of the practice of law in Topeka he was elected county attorney, but after two terms in that office he ran for Congress, to which body he has been elected eight consecutive times. In the House of Representatives he has been the most conspicuous figure as the Committee of Indian Affairs, a position which, by his brightlight, would seem to belong to him, and his service in behalf of the remaining few of his race has been indefatigable. His bill, known as the Curtis Act, for the allotment in severalty of the lands and monies of the Five Civilized Tribes, wound up the communal affairs of 57,500 Indians. As a member of the Kaw tribe he obtained allotments for himself and children aggregating between 2000 and 4000 acres of land in Oklahoma.

That a United States Senator is a man of might and power in this republic was never more forcibly illustrated than in the manner in which all the Republican factional leaders in Kansas get in line to rally to the support of the honorable Charles Curtis, something hitherto unknown in Kansas. Thus Mr. Curtis will begin his Senatorial career under unusually auspicious circumstances in his State. Heretofore a Senator from that warring State of factions has had to devote nearly all of his time to settling quarrels at home, and in his efforts he has generally had the misfortune to stir up fresh troubles and multiply the factions. Wherefore the Senator-elect from Kansas will not only have the unique distinction of being the first of his race to wear a Senatorial toga, but also that of being the first Senator from his State who enters upon the duties of his high office with the support of all the party factions at home.

The honorable Charles Curtis is forty-seven years of age. He is a sturdy, well-built man, his Indian blood showing in the straightness of his figure as well as in his black eyes and swarthy complexion. "He is possessed of an excellent voice and is a ready speaker."

SUGGESTION FOR THE EMBELLISHMENT OF THE NEW PALACE OF PEACE



War



Peace



BY LEONID ANDREWEFF

ILLUSTRATED BY G. W. PETERS

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS—PART I

FIFTEEN days had passed since that memorable occurrence, and yet it filled his mind—as though Time itself had lost its ascendancy over thought and things, or else had stopped like a broken clock. Whatever he might turn his fancy, in whatever strange and distant channels, still his haunted thoughts returned to that same incident and ran helpless against it, as upon a great silent prison wall in a blind alley. And what strange paths those fancies took! He thought, for instance, of an Italian trip of long ago—a journey full of sunshine, youth, and song. He pictured one of those Italian beggars, and directly rose before his vision the mesh of workmen, the valley of misquetry, the swirl of powder, and the blood! Or perhaps a perfume rose to his brain, and at once he remembered his handkerchief—that had been perfumed too—and with that he had signalled for the first!

At first the sequence of his thought had been logical—quite comprehensible; and though barrenness, had caused him no uneasiness. But soon everything reminded him in that occasion, abruptly and with most painful intimacy, like a blow from around the corner. Here, thoughts, and suddenly, it seems to hear general laughter on all sides, and sees with hideous clearness the face of one of the dead—although at the time he had not really thought of laughing; nor had the others laughed! . . . Or else he hears the swallows twittering in the twilight; or sees a chair—just a common oak chair; or reaches for the everything—everything in his mind one and the same hellish scene—the white waving handkerchief, the slats, the blood! As though he lived in a room with a thousand doors, and whichever one he tried to open, the same fixed picture met his gaze: the signal—the smoke—the blood!

The affair was simple enough of itself—though sad, of course. The workmen in a munition factory, after a three weeks' strike, had gathered, some thousand strong, together with their women and children, their old and disabled, and had appeared before him with demands which he as Governor could not grant. And they had carried themselves impudently and defiantly; had screamed; insulted the officials; and one woman, who seemed quite beside herself, had plucked at his sleeve till the seam gave way. Then when his staff had led him back on to the balcony (he still only wanted to speak with them and pacify them) the workmen had begun to throw stones, had broken a number of windows, and wounded the Chief of Police. Then his rage got the better of him and he gave the signal with his handkerchief!

The people were so turbulent that they had to be shot at a second time; and so there were many dead—forty-seven, according to the report—among them nine women and three children, singularly enough all girls! . . . The number of the wounded was even greater.

Drawn by a strange, unconquerable passion of curiosity, and against the advice of his people, he had gone to see the dead where they were laid out in the engine-house shed of the Police Station No. 3. Naturally there was no urgent reason for his going, but he felt that in some unaccountable way they would be the better for it if he saw in them himself, as some one who has shot nervously and at random feels moved to find where the bullet had lodged and to handle it.

It was dark and cool in the long engine-house and the bodies lay under a strip of gray canvas, in two precise rows, like a strange display of curious wares. They had probably been arranged for the Governor's visit and were laid in careful order, shoulder to shoulder, with faces up. The canvas covered only their heads and the upper part of their bodies; the legs were exposed as though to facilitate their counting—these stiff, immovable legs, some in old worn boots, some with tattered little shoes, and others bare and dirty; the sunken skin showing strangely enough through the grime. The women and children were laid by themselves; and here, too, one felt there had been an attempt to simplify the count.

And it was still, far too still for such a throng of people; and the living who entered were unable to dispel the silence. From

behind a wooden partition came the sound of a groan at work. He evidently thought himself alone—but for the dead—and talked to his horses with careless joviality. "When there, you devil! Stand still while I carry you!"

The Governor glanced at the rows of legs that lost themselves in the gloom, and said in his smothered bass, almost a whisper, "How many are there?"

The Assistant Police Commissioner, a young beardless fellow with a plump face, stepped up from behind and, snatching, answered in a loud voice, "Thirty-five men, nine women, and three children, your Excellency!"

The Governor frowned involuntarily, and the Assistant Police Commissioner bowed himself into the background. He would gladly have called the Governor's attention to the neat lane between the corpses that had been carefully strewn with sand, but the Governor had no eyes for this, though he was staring fixedly at the floor.

"Three children?"

"Three, your Excellency. Would your Excellency wish the canvas removed?" The Governor was silent.

"There are all sorts of persons here, your Excellency," continued the Commissioner, deferentially but briskly, while he took the Governor's silence for consent, and commanded in hoarse whispers; "I beg! Quick, ladieshank, take the other end—here, pull away now!"

With a soft, sliding rustle the dingy canvas came away and one after the other the white spots of faces dawned into view—heard and old, young and smooth—all different, but united in the common likeness of death. One hardly saw the wounds and the blood—they were mostly hidden under their clothes; only in one face the eyes appeared unnaturally dark and sunken, shedding strange black tears that looked in the dusk like tar. The majority had the same pale blank state—some had kept their identical twinkle, and one covered his face with his hand as though to shield it from the glare. But the Assistant Commissioner gazed with a pained repression at these corpses that so disturbed his sense of order.

The Governor felt that these pale faces had been among the mob that morning—in the foremost ranks, he knew; and many of them he had seen personally as he paraded with them. But now they were all beyond his recognition. This new community with death had lent them a most singular expression! They lay there lifeless and motionless on the floor; like plaster casts made flat on the back that they might rest more firmly. Yet this immobility seemed counterfeited—one could hardly believe it real. They were dumb and the silence seemed as artificial as their rigid pose; but something about them of anxious expectancy made it painfully impossible for the observers to speak. If a busy city had suddenly been turned to stone, and all its inhabitants petrified at one blow; if the sun had stood still, and the waves had hushed their rustling, and all that walked or moved had stiffened, they might have shown this same strange look of interrupted effort, of breathless expectancy and mysterious alertness for what was yet to come.

"May I ask if your Excellency wishes to order coffins or whether they shall be laid in a common trench?" asked the Assistant Commissioner with dead earnest; the exigencies of the emergency impressed him with a certain deferential self-confidence, and, furthermore, he was very young.

"What sort of a trench?" asked the Governor, perfunctorily.

"You just dig a large ditch, your Excellency." The Governor turned abruptly and left the place. As he entered the carriage he heard behind him the heavy grating of the rusty hinges—they were shutting in the dead.

Next morning he visited the wounded in the city hospital, still driven by that same tormenting curiosity, the longing to undo the inevitable and to blot out the past. The dead at least stared at him, but these would not deny him a glance! And in the stolidness with which they averted their eyes he read the immutability of his accomplished act. It was finished! Some-

thing monstrous had been done, and it was idle and useless to strive to alter the fact.

And from that very moment, Time for him had stood still, and this certain something inexorable and unreplicable had come over him. It was not remorse, for he felt himself in the right; nor was it pity, that gentle feeling that softly veils the heart and calls forth tears. He could think of these dead quite calmly; even of the little children. Their pain and their sorrows hardly moved him. But he could not rid his thoughts of them—they were constantly before his mind in sharpened outline—these puppets, these broken dolls! And therein lay the horrid mystery—a something like the tales of magic of one's nursery days. According to others, four—five—seven days had elapsed since the catastrophe, but for him in the mean time not one single hour had gone by. His thoughts played yet about that time—those clots—that signalling handkerchief—the realization that something irrevocable was about to happen—And happened!

He was convinced that he could far more easily be calm and forget the things which no vain regrets could alter, if the people about him would be less pointed in their attentions. By their artless looks and gestures, their respectful sympathetic manner, and their voices as though something a fretful invalid, they finally fastened in his brain the thought of that irrevocable occurrence.

The Chief of Police announced the next day in soothing tones that two or three more of the wounded had been dismissed cured from the hospital; each morning his wife, Maria Petrova, pressed her lips to his forehead to see whether he had a fever—as though he were a child. And those dead bodies—unsure fruit, of which he had eaten too freely! What nonsense!

And eight days after the event the Right Reverend Bishop Mihal himself rolled upon him, and at his first words clearly showed that he had the same notion as all the others, and had come to lighten the Governor's conscience. He spoke of the workmen, and as sinners, and called him a peace-maker—and all this without introducing a single one of his well worn Bible texts—for he knew the Governor was not particularly fond of clerical prating. The old man appeared to distressing disadvantage as he lied so clumsily in the face of his God.

During the interview the Bishop turned his head toward his companion, and purple with rage (he could feel himself how the blood mounted to his brow), the Governor panted his lips and trumpeted into that great bloodless ear that was turned toward him from that soft gray bush of hair. "Sinners they may be, your Eminence; nevertheless, if I were in your place I should certainly say a Mass for their departed souls."

The Bishop turned away his ear, smoothed down his waistcoat with a bony hand, and nodded his head as he answered in his softest voice: "Earl station has its own cross. Had I been in your Excellency's place I should never have ordered them shot nor hounded the Holy Office with Manies for their souls. But that is neither here nor there—they were undoubtedly sinners!" With a parting benediction he swept to the door—his gown rustling and swaying, bowing to each object that he passed as though blessing it. In the vestibule he fussed a long time with his hargolkei patches, turning first one ear and then the other to the impatient Governor, who was helping him with unworldly politeness. "Don't trouble, your Excellency! Oh, please don't trouble yourself!" and these words of his sounded to the Governor as if he were a helpless invalid to whom the least exertion might be fatal.

That same day the Governor's son, an officer in a Petersburg regiment, came home for his Sunday furlough; and though he was in gay good humor, and gave no special reason for his unusual visit, it was evident that the same incomprehensible anxiety for the Governor had induced him to

come. He made light of the whole affair, and assured them that in St. Petersburg they were delighted with the pluck and energy of Peter Ilitch; and yet he strongly urged that they should ask for another Cossack regiment and double their precautionary measures. "What sort of precautionary measures?" asked the Governor, stern and amazed, but there was no answer. These apprehensions seemed all the more absurd, as perfect calm had reigned in the city from that day on. The workmen had resumed their labor; even the lazzaroni had passed off unnoticed, though the Chief of Police had felt some anxiety and ordered out all the reserves. Yet nothing indicated the possibility of a repetition of the incident of August 17.

Finally he received from St. Petersburg a flattering acknowledgment of his detailed report of the occurrence, this would have thought that this would lighten the load and sink his burden in the sea of the past. But the fact will not sink. As though deriving his power from Time and Death, it stands rigid in his remembrance—the unhurled corpse of a vanished event. Stagnantly, night after night, he seeks to bury it: the darkness passes, day breaks, and there again, the beginning and end of his own voice between him and the world, stands that indelible picture: the signal with the white handkerchief, the crack of rifles, the blood.

II

The Governor's audience has long been ended and he is about to drive out to his villa, waiting only for his aide-de-camp, Kozloff, who is shopping for her Excellency. He sits in his study, his papers before him, and yet he cannot work—he broods. Then rising, he thrusts his hands deeper into the pockets of his red striped trousers, throws back his great gray head, and paces the room with heavy, sidelong tread. He pauses at the window, spreads the strong thick fingers of his hand, and says in strident tones, "But what is it all about?" And he fancies that as long as he sat and thought he was an ordinary man, like any other, simply Peter Ilitch—but with the first sound of his own voice, this gesture—he has suddenly become the Governor, the Major-General! An uneasy feeling creeps over him, his thoughts whirl and tangle; and with a rust official shrug of his left shoulder—strap he turns from the window and paces the floor again.

"This is the way the *dis-memors* walk!" The rhythm jerks through his brain, keeping time with his heavy footfall, until he seats himself again, carefully avoiding all movement that shall recall his official capacity.

The sound of a bell.

"Has he come yet?"

"If you please, *on*, your Excellency."

speaks the title softly and respectfully.

And while the lackey

he suddenly realizes.

"Ah, yes! They

looked like you

there that day, and I

have not seen them

yet. . . . Call me

when he returns. I

shall be in the draw-

ing-room."

The high old-fashioned

windows had

eight small panes,

which gave the room

the gloomy look of an

office; the appearance

of a Court of Clancery

or of a jail. The three

windows nearest the balcony

had new panes, which

still showed the marks

of putty-daubed

fingers; apparently it

had never entered into

the idle brains of any

of the countless ser-

vants that all traces

of that disturbance

must be wiped away

as if it were the same

old story—if you ordered

them they would do

it; if not, they'd never

lift a finger of their

own accord. . . .

"Let this be

renewed directly! I

can't stand this dis-

order!"

"Yes, your Excel-

lency."

He would have liked

to step out on to the

balcony, yet he seemed

unwilling to draw the

attention of the

passers-by, so he

stared through the

glass at the square

where the mob had

surged that day,

where the rifles had

crashed—and forty-

seven restless people



Drawn by G. W. Farrow

The Assistant Police Commissioner, saluting, announced in a loud voice, "Thirty-five men, nine women, and three children, your Excellency"

ARE THE GERMANS TIRED OF THEIR KAISER?

By SYDNEY BROOKS

EUROPE is watching the electoral campaign in Germany with an extraordinary interest, and in a deeper sense than it marks the beginning of a new phase in German political development. All through eastern Europe a spirit is stirring that recalls the brave days of '48. Russia is seething with a turmoil so penetrating and pervasive as to justify the name of revolution. There has been talk of a constitution in Persia. The Balkans are agitated with an impulse of self-awareness and self-realization, in which observers detect a fresh note. In Austria the demand for a more complete democracy has chosen a path through inextinguishable obstacles of race, tradition, and bureaucratic despotism. In Hungary universal suffrage is the question of the hour. Even from Turkey come rumors of a movement of reform. And now it is Germany's turn to be drawn into the stream. The people are beating against the bars. They are asking for a share in the government commensurate with their power and intelligence. They are questioning the social and political success of a system under which parliamentary government serves merely as a fig-leaf for personal rule. They are beginning to realize that the ballot, as an end in itself, is insufficient; that divorced from direct responsibility it is little more than a national plaything, and that it affords no adequate security against the prostitution of government in the interests of a single class or against the capricious and hazardous policies of absolutism. A constitution is one thing; its daily workings are another. Theoretically, Tannman Hall, under the American system, is an impossibility. Practically, it exists. The paper the German Emperor has little more power than the King of England. In actual fact he is scarcely less the sole director of the Empire's internal and external policy than the Tsar of Russia. The German people are coming to test their governmental machinery by its products. They do not find those products as satisfactory as they might be, and they are working round to the conclusion that no Emperor, however patriotic, and no chancellor, however detestable, can be quite so safe a guardian of the national interests as the nation itself.

I do not say that they have yet reached that conclusion, or that even if they had they would be able to present it in a practical effect. But unquestionably that is the direction in which the German mind is moving, and in this election we have the first clear indications that the struggle for responsible, as well as for representative, government is about to open. Public opinion in Germany has for many years displayed a growing restlessness, as though at uneasy peace between the old ideal of order and the new ideal of liberty. It is becoming impatient of a parliamentary régime without the party system, and of ministers responsible to the crown instead of to the people. And much has happened of late to raise impatience to a state of discontent little short of dissatisfaction. The Kaiser's Morocco adventure was a stroke altogether of his own bat. The nation had no share in shaping a policy that for months kept Europe in tense perturbation, and vast numbers of Germans not only did not approve of it, but showed unmistakably that their longing was for peace. The time, indeed, may come when the imperial intervention in Morocco will be looked back upon as the last manifestation of the old régime. It was sharply criticised all over Europe, but nowhere more sharply than in Germany itself. The people have examined its fruits all the more closely, and perhaps all the more captively, because they were not consulted about it, and had no hand in directing.

The fruits do not commend themselves either to their palate or their judgment. For what did the diplomatic victory at Algiers amount to? It was a victory without a struggle. It checked the French policy of peaceful penetration; it put the end of international approval upon the perpetration of chaos in Morocco; it gave the Wilhelmstrasse a standing in a question that hitherto had been thought to lie beyond the range of German interests, and in which, as a matter of fact, German interests were all but nonexistent. But so far from dissuading it, it cemented the Anglo-French entente; it emphasized the steady drift of Italy away from the Triple Alliance; it drove the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister into retirement; and it inspired throughout Europe a profound mistrust of German diplomacy. Reviewing the whole transaction, the German people find that the balance falls on the wrong side. Taking it as a typical instance of personal rule, they find in it the best of all reasons why personal rule should be modified.

Never has criticism of the Kaiser been so free and personal as during the last twelve months. Never did the press in Germany seem so little congenial to the national instincts. In spite of a record year of prosperity and commercial progress, Germany throughout 1906 has been penetrated with a universal discontent. The exactions of an exorbitant tariff have produced a scarcity of bread, have emphasized the preponderant influence in the scheme of German government of the agrarian class, and have widened the already calamitous deep cleavage between the upper and the lower ranks of society. The Hohenzollern memoirs accentuated these tendencies by resting in the popular mind that same anachronism of the nation's leaders, of rulers and cliques, and hidden,

selfish but omnipotent, influences that England chafed under a century and a half ago. The Germans have always been inclined to look at their rulers through a mist of mythological illusions. They stood positively agast at discovering from the ex-chancellor's piquant pages that kings have tempers, that statesmen are human in their likings and their prejudices, that national decisions are often the outcome of personal whims, that civilians and soldiers are in the habit of jostling one another for the imperial favor, that acrophages are less than ever an extinct species, and that pettiness and strife hold their own as successfully in "court circles" as among the middle or lower classes. No nation, probably, whose policy is so successful and triumphant, could so commonly unweathen through the ordeal in which Prince Bismarck subjected German state-manship; but nations with a longer experience in self-government than the Germans have had would hardly have taken the ex-chancellor's revelations quite so much to heart. They jarred on the idealistic idealism of the German people, and stirred within them a sense of distrust and insecurity that testified indirectly but accurately to their political immaturity.

Apart from this there has been a definite reaction against the general policy of *Weltpolitik*, and a rising consciousness that it has led to few tangible results, while its prosecution has entailed an altogether disproportionate expense. A galling series of colonial scandals has been exposed within the last few months, and the war in southwest Africa, now officially declared to be over, has proved harassing and wholly undignified, and has reflected little credit on German arms. The Empire came too late into the colonial field to do more than pick up the crumbs that had fallen from more fortunate tables, and one of those crumbs has struck painfully in her throat. In these circumstances a certain irritability against the whole policy of expansion overseas is not unnatural. Any country would feel it, but in Germany it goes further because German imperialism is closely associated in the popular mind with the system of personal rule, against which the nation, for domestic reasons, is visibly rearing. How close the connection between the Emperor and the policy of imperialism was shown a few months ago when the Reichstag was discussing the vote for a military railway in the receding southwest African colony. The German practice allows ministers and other persons who are not members of the House to appear before it and speak on behalf of the government's policy. On this occasion an officer who had just been appointed to the command of the colonial forces in southwest Africa appeared before the Reichstag to argue the case for the projected railway. His argument amounted to a blunt assertion that the railway would be built, however the representatives of the people voted, and whatever action they might themselves be taking in the matter. The Emperor, he intimated, had sanctioned the railway, and the Reichstag's approval or disapproval really made no difference. That was a most illuminating incident. It showed that, according to the official view, the Reichstag is a mere registration instrument for what the Emperor has already decided. It showed that if that view were to obtain, the power of the purse would be a mere sham, and the people, in spite of universal suffrage, would have no effective representation whatever. Guided by the contempt with which they had been treated, and aided by revelations of jobbery in the Colonial Office, and of shameful cronies committed by certain administrators in the German colonies, the members of the Reichstag began to assert with unusual vehemence their right to examine, and, if necessary, resist the colonial estimates. It was the successful assertion of this right a few weeks ago, when a majority refused to vote money for the German colonies, that precipitated the Emperor's dissolution. A blow of emancipation was struck that day which may prove the forerunner to a powerful revolution.

All these phenomena point one way. They point to a dissatisfaction with the present scheme of German government. They show that Germany has not yet succeeded in establishing a compromise between the fact of universal suffrage on the one hand and the fact of personal rule on the other. It is getting more and more doubtful whether such a compromise can ever be established.

When you have parties elected by universal suffrage it is too much to expect them to act for all time as the mere ratifying agents of measures imposed upon them from above, and to accommodate themselves with eternal meekness to policies they have had no hand in shaping. The essential issue at the German elections is, therefore, whether the government is in debt to the people, or whether the people are to be the government. That issue is, of course, enormously obscured by the internecine polemics in which the thirteen parties are viciously indulging, and it cannot anywhere be said to have taken a definite shape. Nevertheless there is nothing less in the question than is fermenting at the back of the German mind. And it is a question of immediate and practical urgency as well as of constitutional theory. The struggle upon which the German masses, more or less unconsciously, have now entered is a struggle to make all Germany a government of the people, by the people, for the people.

THE TINGLEY HOUSE-MOBILE

By RUPERT

HUGHES



THE rent problem solved at last! No more stairs to climb. No windows opening on an area. No more lawless homes. All four sides of the house with southern exposure at will. No dumb waiter to hoist. No janitor to obey. No piano overheard. No flute-flead below. No neighboring alarm-clock going off at the wrong hour. No anything apartmentlike.

It sounds like Utopia. Who but Oliver Tingley could have wrought so wisely well? Oliver Tingley, inventor of the "Pat. Prandial Trap," or "Blaqueting Made Easy," inventor of the "Pocket Elevator," or the "Flat-Roller's Vase-Mecum," and many another first aid to the injured.

It was a bright day in May, and a short, high, rakish craft may have been seen rolling south along Fifth Avenue, now luffing up to allow some street-car to cross its bows, now shooting swiftly past some shagbarked vehicle drawn by that anarchistic, the horse. It looked like a small cottage except that it had wheels. About it clung the odor of respectability mingled with that of an automobile. On a projecting balcony was a trolley-carlike equipage. At the wheel stood, or rather sat, Mrs. Oliver Tingley, on her brow an air of authority.

Under the guidance of his fair (also fat and forty) pilot, the curious craft made its way past staring crowds to Washington Market. There Mrs. Tingley dropped anchor, so it were, and gave two short barks on the ramous horn, which had a voice like a seagull with bronchitis. At her signal a grocer's clerk bounded from a booth. He was the usual grocer's clerk, apoplectic, shirt-sleeved, pencil-behind-ear, and toilet-in-hand.

Mrs. Tingley priced various staples and luxuries, sighed profoundly to think that eggs were three cents more a dozen than last year at this time; she gazed with horror to learn that apples showed a tendency to rise (contrary to all of Mr. Isaac Newton's observations); she vented her righteous indignation at the helplessly clerk's meek statement that butter was higher, and realized him that the last he sent was simply awful.

Marketing was with Mrs. Tingley something like a Greek tragedy. Over the quality of dried apples or the price of prunes she could reel in emotions that would have exhausted Prometheus and sent Medea into hysterics. But when it was all over, she was happier and felt better, for she had gotten just so much out of her system, and was fairly cheerful until the time approached for her husband's return from his office.

So now, having given her orders and had all her packages packed and safely bestowed on board the housemobile, she felt young again, and went her way up Fifth Avenue to the Park. Here she drew up alongside a grassy playground, and, opening the door behind her, called:

"You may come out and play now, my dear." At these words issued a pretty child, that bore a faint but ominous resemblance to her mother. She brought forth a hoop, a doll's peniculator, three dolls, seven Teddy bears, a tea-set, a cherished comic supplement, some building blocks, and a few other childish triss. These she spread upon the turf, using the "Keep off the Grass" sign for a support. On the balcony of the craft the mother sat reading the morning paper.

By and by a policeman came sauntering along. Seeing the child, he charged fearlessly upon it, ordered it to disperse, and drove it off the sacred enclosure. Mrs. Tingley looked at him with a contumacious smile and passed him a brace of her husband's company cigars. In some mysterious way the officer took them without seeming to, and moved on, blid to the existence of the child, who went back to grief.

Mrs. Tingley withdrew within and began to prepare her fragrant luncheon, looking out occasionally to see that Gwendolynne did not fall off the earth. After a time she was startled by a sharp rapping on her window. She looked into the bluest blue eyes of a mounted policeman, who said:

"Here, where youse folks tink dis is—a public park or a private garage?"

Mrs. Tingley answered him in the clear code, but he objected to conspicuous bribery and was adamant. So Mrs. Tingley, hastily throwing on an automobile cover-all, hooked to her child, laid her gather her impediments together and came again on board. This Gwendolynne did, not without tears and delay.

Then Mrs. Tingley moved on to another spot, where she rested till another incorruptible policeman appeared. Thence she proceeded several paragraphs to yet a third resting place, and so on until it reached the hour for luncheon, which was enjoyed in the cool shade of Metcalf's Pass.

Then, putting Gwendolynne to bed for a nap, Mrs. Tingley went shopping. She locked the child within, carried the lever into the shop, and there revelled in counter-faith to her heart's delight, while the housemobile blacked traffic and drove helter-skelter almost to the verge of profanity. When Mrs. Tingley was "good and ready" she returned, remonstrated the bulky housemobile from the tangle of vehicles, and spun forth on a round of mills. She visited chiefly the unfortunates who still lived in flats. To hear her talk you would never have dreamed that she herself once knew the agonies of condensed life.

And so the day wore on to dusk, at which time, with port and starboard lights all, Mrs. Tingley took the housemobile far downtown to the sky-scraper which held her husband's office. He came down from his eyrie on the twenty-third floor, and greeting his wife with respectful cordiality, took the wheel and turned his prow north by northwest. The exigencies of steering so burly a craft through the shifting mazes of Broadway traffic took Mr. Tingley's mind entirely off his business, and he revelled in the chaotic delights of the chauffeur.

As he chaffed his wife cooked the family dinner on the hanging electric-stove. When the folding table was laid, the housemobile was well toward the core of Central Park, where a belt was made of a secluded spot and Mr. Tingley joined his family at dinner, while the breeze blew through the open windows the sweet odor of the verdure without.

At dinner Mr. and Mrs. Tingley debated whether or not they should go to the theatre, storing the housemobile in the garage that sheltered them in bad weather at a nominal charge for storage space. They decided that, as the night was fine, they would get nearer to Nature's heart. So Mrs. Tingley brought out a chair and, taking Gwendolynne on her lap, sat at Mr. Tingley's left as they traversed the park's streets and darkening roads till the child was soothed to sleep. Mrs. Tingley put her to bed and returned to her husband's side. At times she spelled him at the wheel while he indulged in a nap.



At her signal a grocer's clerk issued from a booth

"All cigars taste alike outdoors in the dark," said Mr. Tingley, and, accordingly, knew the luxury of economy, while the wind carried back the fumes to be merged in the general aftermath of gasoline.

The wind in the eyes and the sooth of swift motion invited slumber, and the housemobile was drawn up at one side of a moonlit lane. Then Mr. and Mrs. Tingley, after locking the doors and windows, retired, and knew nothing but the blissful oblivion of sleep until the alarm-clock warned them that another day of toil had arrived.

Mrs. Tingley put on her auto cover-all and, tucking her uncoiled locks under a commodious cap, took the wheel and sent the car flying south, while, within, her husband lifted the upholstered lid which served for couch and disclosed a small but sufficient tub. Water drawn from the reservoir supplied his bath, while Geraldynne slept behind the curtains of her folding crib.

By the time Mr. Tingley dressed and shaved the housemobile was well within the limits of town. Then he relieved his wife at the wheel while she prepared the simple but elegant breakfast. When this was ready, Mr. Tingley checked the car at a restaurant in Madison Square, and went within to his breakfast. He read his paper as he sipped his coffee, and then, in all the vigor of his breakfast food, once more took the wheel and sent the housemobile flying to his office, where he arrived in ample time, exhilarated by half an hour's extra sleep and his strength husbanded by escaping his former servitude as a strap-hanger. Kissing his wife and child the farewell kiss of a happily married luxurious man, he entered his office building a different being from the humped and car-sick dyspeptic that used to crawl to his desk.

And Mrs. Tingley, hale with exercise and pure air and the joy of a home whose limits were as spacious as all-outdoors, set her course north for Washington Market for another bout with bargains.

But how came all this to pass? Epoch-making inventions like the housemobile do not spring full-blown from the brow even of an Oliver Tingley. They grow or (as Mr. Tingley himself admits with all the modesty of the truly great) "evolute."

So this solution of the problem of the day "evolute." Mr. Tingley, it seems, had an uncle—that dear synonym for hope. This uncle, Dudley Tingley, was in the furniture business, and had hoarded up an apparently large fortune by selling goods on the installment plan to the imperious. Thus, he bought an eighteen-dollar sideboard from the wholesaler, marked it up to \$43, drew a red dagger through the price and marked it down to \$39.40. A poor but respectable young couple would enter the store and buy the sideboard on the installment plan. But the installment plan price would be \$49.40.

This was all well and good, and the uncle should have got rich



Drawn by Allen Leverage

"Hey, what do youse folks tink dis is?"

quick if it were not for one thing, the uncertainty and difficulty of collecting the installments. Accordingly, when he came to die, the settlement of his affairs brought to light an enormous sum of bad debts secured by badly used furniture. Mr. Tingley had counted on at least \$35,000, and he and Mrs. Tingley had his weak alpha quarreling over what was to be done with this sudden rush of wealth to the bank account. But all they got for their share was \$82.34 in cash and a large auto-truck used for delivering the bulkier sorts of furniture.

But Mr. and Mrs. Tingley lived in an apartment-house and up three flights of stairs. The truck could not have been got through



Drawn by Allen Leverage

The fire was quenched without the usual loss of time. . . . To meet the firemen half-way is indeed an advantage

the doors except in places, and would have been of no conceivable use or ornament were it was in.

"Talk about the man with an elephant on his hands!" said Mr. Tingley. "Here I've got to pay storage on a gasoline Noah's Ark. Why didn't he leave me a pair of roller skates?"

Mrs. Tingley thought it would seem ungracious to Uncle Dudley to sell the truck in less than a year. They must keep it as a sort of mourning, so store it they did in a garage. On the first of



Drawn by Albert Loring

Rescued the battered and asphyxiated burglar from Mrs. Tingley's ministrations

the next month Mr. Tingley received a bill for rent and a bill for storage. The collision of these bills struck a spark as from two smitten flints.

"Bureka!" he cried, "we will live in the truck." Mrs. Tingley began to feel nervous but his mind had given way, but he soothed her by outlining his plan. First he gave his landlord a month's notice. The following thirty days he spent in designing the interior arrangement of the truck.

You have already seen the glorious success of the design. It has many other virtues which will suggest themselves to the imaginative. Emancipation is not the least of these—emancipa-

tion from the myriad slaveries of the apartment-dweller or the flat-bird.

Two anecdotes will illustrate the extra advantages of this method of houseboating in a great city.

One afternoon as Mrs. Tingley was preparing luncheon she carefully set the place on fire. In an ordinary apartment this would mean that she must lean out of the window and yell to a passerby to run to a distant alarm, and then spend the time jettisoning the cargo while she waited for the remote fire-engine to arrive.

But Mrs. Tingley, calling Gwensdylane out of danger, rushed to the wheel, shouted to a policeman to turn in an alarm, and then went full speed along the route the engine must follow. She reached the engine-house just as the horses bolted forth, and the fire was quenched without the usual loss of time.

To meet the firemen half-way is indeed an advantage. Imagine a small group of greyhounds speed and carrying its house on its back, and you have Tingley's truck.

On the top of the truck, by the way, Mr. Tingley raises vegetables. As he puts it, he does "truck gardening in town." A and wag, Mr. Tingley.

One night Mr. Tingley's dreams of wealth were interrupted by Mrs. Tingley's shrill whisper:

"Ellie, there's a man in the house."

Her womanly intuition taught her that the intruder could not be under the bed, for the bath-tub was under the bed. There was not much doubt which corner he was in, for in one was the folding stove, in another the folding china-closet, and a third the baby's folding crib. Clearly the man must be in the fourth corner.

No Mrs. Tingley with one lionel-like leap flung all her availing powers into the fourth corner, and found in her grasp the cowering burglar.

As soon as he heard that the thief was under control, Mr. Tingley rose from his bed, swung on his greatest, and hastened to the platform, where he pulled the throttle wide and sped toward the police station. At that hour all the night patrolmen were sound asleep in the saloons which are legally closed at 1 a.m. So he was not arrested for exceeding the speed limit, and soon arrived at the sign of the green lamp-posts. There he called out the reserves, who rescued the battered and asphyxiated burglar from Mrs. Tingley's ministrations.

Thus the office of petrol-wagon is added to the other utilities of the housemobile. Space does not permit further discussion of the invention. It need suffice to say that the housemobile is now being manufactured in large quantities for the general market. The advance orders, however, are so many that it will be some months before the public can be served.

The real estate men are already dressing an exodus from the houses of the people, the landlords are fearing starvation and are already becoming more delicate. In many a sky-high denouement the dumb-waiter will at last deserve its name. It is expected that rents will fall at least forty per cent., and a panic is feared on the Real-Estate Exchange. Mr. Tingley regrets this, but realizes that individualism must be sacrificed for the good of the greatest number. Progress is ruthless.

THE CONSOLER

By ALFRED DAMON RUNYON

THEY was slippin' Wingy Wo in a lonesome hole
An' they ples 'is coffin 'evy with some grub ter feed 'is soul.
Oh, they ples 'is coffin 'evy with their rice an' easy too
When 'is 'appens by th' boardyard an' 'is smells th' savory stew.

Then 'is sees 'is widder settle 'by 'is grave an' weepin' sad
Fer ter keep 'is soul from goin' to th' place o' things wot's bad;
An' 'is drags up chest beside 'er an' 'is whispers in 'er ear
Til she gives a little giggle an' she dries 'er bitter tear.

An' 'is was mighty hungry, so 'is tells 'er on th' spot
That 'is met th' 'ol' 'ol' 'ol' headed fer th' place wot's hot;
An' 'is tells 'er that 'is told me fer ter eat th' 'ol' 'ol' 'ol' grub
'Cause 'is time was satter presen' fer ter catch th' 'ol' 'ol' 'ol' Stab.

An' 'is eats it with a relish an' so fast 'is like ter choke
While she watches her bewilderin' from a ring o' pinky smoke;
Then 'is wipes my lips an' tells 'er that 'is 'ol' 'ol' 'ol' free
'Ad sent 'er back a lovin' kiss an' 'is sent it back by me.

Oh, 'is gives to 'er a whackin' kiss upon 'er puzzy nose
An' she blushes down beneath 'er paint just like a bloomin' rose.
An' 'is wraps my arm around 'er waist so neat an' trim—
She set, "E went a kiss ter me—take this an' back ter 'im."

An' we're a-livin' 'appe an' a-livin' quite a lot—
An' often thinks o' Wingy Wo down in 'is place wot's hot.
To ghost 'is every bothered an' 'is watches every day—
'I wonder if ole Wingy's soul was starved upon th' way?



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THE LANDING OF CARTERET IN NEW JERSEY

HOWARD PYLE'S IMPRESSIVE HISTORICAL PAINTING WHICH IS TO ADORN THE ESSEX COUNTY COURT-HOUSE AT NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

The picture represents the landing of the first governor of the province of New Jersey, Captain Philip Carteret, at Elizabethport from his ship, the "Philip," in August, 1665. His secretary is reading to the assembled colonists his credentials as their Governor. Directly behind Carteret stands a companion who would be likely to have borne him company on his mission. The fourth figure of the central group is that of the master of the ship. Behind the soldiers and the immigrants are the tattered immigrants from the island of Jersey, who added on the "Philip" to a home in the New World. The painting is seven feet high and sixteen feet long. It will hang in the room of the Board of Freeholders.

THE SEASON'S PLAYS

TWO "SALOMES"

By "I"

IN the current outburst of literary, dramatic, and musical enthusiasm concerning the career of John the Baptist under which New York is at present laboring, the production by Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe of Herman Sudermann's play "Johannes" ("John the Baptist" in the English version) has occupied a conspicuous place. The production of this play at the Lyric Theatre preceded by one night that of the Oscar Wilde-Richard Strauss opera two blocks farther downtown—a curious coincidence, if nothing more. Mr. Sudermann derives the basis of his plot—as did Wilde and all the other poets, dramatists, and painters

who have concerned themselves with the story of the Forerunner's death—from its source in the New Testament, and his emblem. Emblem of it has furnished forth a fire-art drama. The rising curtain discloses the Prophet, surrounded by his followers, in "a wild rocky country near Jerusalem." Here he is informed of the death of infancy about to be committed by Herod in marrying his brother's wife, Herodias. In the course of the following acts, which take place, progressively, in Herod's palace, in a room in Joseph's house, in an open space in front of the temple, in the prison yard near Herod's palace, in a hall, and finally, within this palace) the conflict between John and the house of Herod, and its effect upon the soul and the understanding of the Prophet, are elaborately revealed. We are shown the infuriated malevolence of Herodias against him who has held up to public scorn her abominations; the growing passion of her daughter Salome, for the fiery and commanding leader; the heroism and magnetic exaltation of John; the vacillation and superstition and ineffectuality of Herod; the dawning consciousness, and, finally, the triumphant realization, in the heart of the Forerunner, of the divinity and might of love; his resistance of the seductions of Salome; and his tragic death.

Julia Marlowe
AS HERMAN'S "SALOME"

As presented at the Lyric Theatre, it does not, on the whole, gain in impressiveness. The part of the protagonist is not ideally taken by Mr. Sothern. He has moments of fine dignity and force, and his make-up is excellent—the sunken, burning eyes, and wild and unsmooth mark, the noble intensity of the inspired fanatic. But Mr. Sothern does not succeed in conveying the sense of spiritual exaltation, and the culminating fear of the play—that in which he drops the stone which he had intended to hurl at Herod, in obedience to a sudden consciousness of the full meaning of the message of the Messiah—is ineffective, whereas it should be sublime, triumphant and compelling. The Salome of Miss Marlowe, while it is charmingly graceful and winsome, lacks the sense of jangling sensuality and allurement which it should suggest. The play itself is long and dull, but in the Sothern-Marlowe version the auditor is gravely aroused by the visible horror of the Baptist's severed head.

One of the poignant charms of Miss Eleanor Robson's acting is the refinement with which she invests an impersonation. For this

reason, while not denying the wide range of her abilities, she seems more adequately equipped with a rôle requiring this exaltation than with one which presents her in rougher mould. She is now at the Liberty Theatre in "Salome Jane," a play by Paul Armstrong, founded upon incidents in Bret Harte's California story "Salome Jane's Kiss," and, while her acting is admirable, she does not quite convey the unpollished, decidedly lawless young woman who thinks nothing of asking that murder be done for her sake, when Bret Harte portrayed in his tale. Miss Robson does make her very tender, and, of course, very alluring, but from time to time throughout her acting there are moments when the refinement creeps in when perhaps it should not.

Salome is an impetuous young person; in fact, the entire play is built upon an impetuous kiss she gives to an unknown young man who is about to be hanged for horse-stealing and says he has no message to send to any one, nor is there any one to bid him good-by. The men who are to hang him suggest, in a moment of generosity, that Salome shall perform the office of speeding him on his long journey with a few kind words. She does this, and stricken by the realization that the young man is about to die unjustly, suddenly flings her arms about his neck and kisses him. It is her second meeting with him, and she has already lost more of her love to him, because it is he who, for certain personal reasons, has killed the man whose death she had sought at the hands of her unwilling and cowardly lover.

While the bestiality of the kiss was a severely admirable act, it does not happen as a logical sequence. But, to be sure, Salome is an illogical, impulsive thing, and women are not on this score to be held accountable for their vagaries. Miss Robson does not give one, in the moments before this time, sufficient indication that she is the sort of young woman to do this thing. She is impetuous, but it is not the impetuosity of affection which she suggests before she has kissed the young man. And as a sudden awakening of her heart, here too it is not quite convincing. After the kiss, however, Miss Robson's Salome is delightful in its warmth and tenderness and its truth. Which, of course, goes to show that the kiss not only did the young man a great deal of good, being the means of saving his life, but that it was of great benefit to her.

The kiss was the means of inducing the young man to escape from his captors, to return to Salome and to win out against all odds in the third act. His part was played by Mr. H. B. Warner, one of the best-looking leading men (and an excellent actor, too) New York has seen in many a long day. Besides *Far* as a fire-eating, melting-down Kentucky character, Edward G. Robinson, and Ralph Delaney as John the Baptist, the stage-driver, were thoroughly well cast. Too much praise cannot be given to the acting of three little children, Donald Gallaher, Frances Golden Fuller, and Ruth Abbott Wells.



Eleanor Robson
AS BRET HARTE'S "SALOME"

THE BEGINNING OF A MOMENTOUS SUIT IN WHICH TWO NATIONS ARE INTERESTED



THE PHOTOGRAPH PICTURES THE FIRST MOVE IN THE TEST SUIT WHICH IS BEING BROUGHT BY THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT AGAINST THE SCHOOL BOARD OF THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO, AT THE INSTANCE OF JAPANESE RESIDENTS, TO TEST THE CONSTITUTIONALITY OF EXCLUDING THE JAPANESE FROM THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THAT CITY. AT THE LEFT OF THE PHOTOGRAPH STANDS KENJI ABE, THE NINE-YEAR-OLD JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY, MAKING APPLICATION, IN THE PRESENCE OF WITNESSES FOR THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT, FOR ADMISSION TO THE KEADNU PRIMARY SCHOOL, AND BEING RECEIVED BY THE PRINCIPAL, MASAO M. K. DEAN, SURROUNDED BY PRESIDENT AARON ALTMAN, OF THE SAN FRANCISCO BOARD OF EDUCATION (ON THE EXTREME RIGHT). ON THE INCIDENT THE GOVERNMENT WILL BRING SUIT

SAFEGUARDING THE AMERICAN WORKMAN THE IMPORTANT PROJECT OF THE NEWLY ESTABLISHED MUSEUM OF SECURITY

THE first definite step towards the establishing of an "American Museum of Safety" was made last week at a large dinner given in New York, attended by several hundred men of prominence—manufacturers, merchants, publicists, physicians, capitalists, and editors. Men who have the handling of men were the guests. The text of the night was a single idea—America's heedless waste of her workmen, the fact that this country's mechanical triumphs are being overshadowed by the danger to life incidental to its wonderful advance.

The new movement for some sort of security for the American workman as he bends over his machines is on a firm foundation. In a wing of the huge American Museum of Natural History, New York, through the instrumentality of Morris K. Jesup, president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, an "Exposition of Safety Devices and Industrial Hygiene" has been opened, with exhibits, photographs, and models for protecting the lives of working people, gathered in this country and abroad. The exhibit will last for several weeks, and a feature of it will be illustrated lectures given by Dr. William H. Tolman, director of the American Institute of Social Service, under whose auspices this movement is being carried out.

According to the census, 57,513 persons in the United States suffered violent deaths in 1900. Where we have exact figures for comparison they show more than twice as many accidents in this country, relatively, as in Europe. A large proportion of the victims perished needlessly and heedlessly, while half a million more were injured.

In Europe, Museums of Security are in active existence, and make known, popularize, and force into use devices for guarding machinery. Even in Russia such a museum exists. A few Museums of Security have been established in Moscow, and guard the Russian working man. "We talk," it has been said, "of the barbarities of war, and do well to establish our peace societies. Is it

not time to do something to stop the increasing barbarities of peace?"

But what, after all, is a "Museum of Security, or Safety"? However effective abroad, it is a completely new idea for this country, and one that "loss" and "wastefulness," generally speaking, know nothing of. What does a Museum of Security do; how does it stop accidents?

As indicated by its name, the Museum of Security aims to become a permanent exposition not only of devices for the prevention of accidents to laborers, but a repository of suggestions originated by any person or institution to help workmen in any way. It is really divided into two great sections, one comprising all that has to do with the prevention of accidents in the various branches of industry, and the other comprising social and industrial hygiene.

The New York exposition consists as much as possible of "live exhibits," that is, machines or devices in operation; models of actual or reduced size, and photographs. It will show safety appliances relating to wood and metal working machinery; stamping, grinding, and polishing machines; presses, textiles, the building trades, elevators, winches, cranes and hoisting machinery, transportation by sea and land, safety lamps and explosives, quarrying, agricultural and chemical industries.

The section of Industrial Hygiene includes improved dwellings; first aid to the injured; prevention of tuberculosis and other dread diseases harmful to the life of workmen; respirators and devices for supplying and maintaining pure air and industrial betterment.

It is intended to present in each exhibitor a diploma designed by a prominent artist. A handsome medal has been made. Its obverse shows a graceful figure of a woman against a background of machinery, and the legend is, "Security for Humanity's Sake." On the reverse is, in panel form, "First International Exposition of Safety Devices and Industrial Hygiene by the American Institute of Social Service."

MUSIC AND THE OPERA

A MALEFICENT MUSIC-DRAMA

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

A FEW hours after Richard Strauss' cataphorism music-drama, "Salome," had been made known in its completeness to its first American audience, Mr. Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra performed in a concert-hall not far distant two tone-poems by Claude Debussy—the "Prelude" to Molière's "L'Après-midi d'un Faun" and the "Fêtes"—one of the set of three orchestral "Nocturnes." Since these were typical utterances of composers whom many would rank as the two most considerable figures in modern music, the contrast offered by their juxtaposition was, to say the least, piquant. On the one hand, a music-dramatic portrayal of a psychopathic condition literally unapproachable in its horror and abnormality, accomplished by means that sicken the mind and wreck the nerves; on the other hand, two studies in tone-painting conceived in the most refined and exquisite spirit of fantasy, and baying forth moods and images of indescribable subtlety—aural tone-pictures that have their origin in a state of being remote from the ordinary conditions of space and time; moods of reverie and enchantment that altogether delight the senses and quicken the imagination.



Johanna Gadski

WHO JOINS THE METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY THIS MONTH

the day following the first performance of Strauss' opera we considered in this place the artistic quality of the music which Strauss has conceived as an embodiment of the play of Oscar Wilde, as the matter of immediate interest, reserving a discussion of its ethical aspects for a later occasion. One may properly conceive that that occasion has arrived; for the current interest in "Salome" can be compared with nothing in the history of musical art in this country save that aroused by the production, three years ago, of Wagner's "Parsifal." For any one who refuses to subscribe to the preposterous contention that art and ethics have nothing in common, the case of "Salome" is very far from being closed when one has arrived at an estimate of its æsthetic merits.

The present witness is not of those who, with the scalpel of criticism, seek anxiously in art for evidences of that which is normally noxious; nor does he presume to set bounds to the sphere of activity which music, in particular, may occupy in its concern, as an expressive agent, with the human drama, so long as its concern is with those phases of life which are truly representative. But one may solemnly, without dogmatism, that sexual perversion cannot by any kind of construction be regarded as humanly representative. It is a matter in which plain speech is requisite; yet it is impossible adequately to indicate the enormity of that which is said and done and felt in "Salome" without invoking the precise terminology of the physician and the alienist; and that, for obvious reasons, may not here be resorted to. It is the ultimate function of all art to enlarge the sense of life—a somewhat different thing from enlarging the sense of depravity; yet that "Salome" does precisely this, has not been, so far as one is aware, denied. Those overcautious friends of Strauss who have sought to justify the offensiveness of "Salome" by alleging the race of Wagner's "Die Walküre," and the relationship that is there shown to exist between the ill-starred Valkyrie, are worse than

misguided; for however unlawful and unallowable that relationship may be, it carries no taint of degeneracy or disease; whereas the thing that is delineated in the music-drama of Strauss and Wilde is fitted to no less an epithet than monstrosity. Moreover, it is precisely in the most pedantic phases of the drama that the literary invention of Wilde and the musical inventiveness of Strauss attain their greatest eloquence. It is in the culminating scene of the drama, where Salome ecstatically caresses the severed head of Iokan, that the words of the text and the music of the score exert their most potent and horrible fascination; in particular, those passages in the music which accompany Salome's exultant reception of her prize from the executioner, and, later, her interval of ghastly self-gratification just before the end, have inspired (if one may so grotesquely misuse the term) the two supremely expressive moments in the score. Strauss has enforced those things with an appalling intensity, with a beauty which is repulsive, poisonous, sinister, and obscuring in the extreme; and precisely because it is so showcasing is it intolerable and abhorrent. That the great art of music can be successfully involved in such a cause, that it can speak such things with so dreadful an eloquence, is a revelation for which few of us are apt to be prepared, and which is, to say the least, disquieting.

It remains to be noted—and it is only just that it should be noted—that the production of "Salome" at the Metropolitan Opera House, viewed simply as an artistic achievement, was nothing less than superb. It had involved miracles of accomplishment, orchestral, vocal, and histrionic. Mr. Hertha's mastery of the multifarious and stupendous complexities of the orchestral score was complete and amazing; Miss Fremstad's Salome, Mr. Burrian's Herod, were masters of identity and effectiveness; Miss Wood and Mr. Dippel, in the minor rôles of Herodias and Narraboth, were altogether satisfying, and the mounting of the opera was at that could be desired—poetic, atmospheric, fairly cooperative. Indeed, the production as a whole can be adequately praised only in

Has the music of Chopin begun, in the minds of any considerable number of musicians, to take on a certain jejune quality? Is the elaborate embroidery of his art beginning to seem a little superfluous, a little cheap? Mr. Vincent d'Indy, in his recent biography of César Franck, had occasion to pass hastily in review certain great composers of music for the piano; he spoke of Beethoven, of Schumann,—who "found for the expression of the poetry of his soul, in his little compositions of genius, a style more orchestral than his orchestration and spreading itself in charming and intimate sonorities" of that,—who, "sketching at a blow the whole scaffolding of classic pianism," enriched the instrument by means of com-



Emil Paur

CONDUCTOR OF THE VISITING PITTSBURGH ORCHESTRA

positions provisionally uncompleted, and gave a decisive impulse to its virtuosity." Mr. Philip Hale, in the course of some interesting and valuable comments on Mr. d'Indy's book, protests regretfully over the passage from which the above remarks are quoted. "Not one word," he exclaims, "about Chopin, the supreme composer for the piano!" . . . Is it possible that Chopin does not exist for Mr. d'Indy? The omission of this great name is simply inexplicable."

Is it possible, one retorts, that there is a growing crisis for whom Chopin "does not exist"—who acknowledge the historical importance of his contributions to the æsthetic music of our time, yet find in him to-day no living voice, no vital beauty, but rather an art that has become remote, faded, and outworn?

Novel Motor Equipments and Experiments

By George Ethelbert Walsh

THE automobile exhibitions in the different cities serve as a sort of clearing-house for new ideas, new plans of design, new announcements for the coming year, and a summary of past achievements. There may be nothing new in the world, but automobiles certainly will be interpreted to give a somewhat modified interpretation to that ancient doctrine. Any visitor can satisfy himself of this within an hour after listening to an official spokesman of the industry.

"Of course the motor is not new," is the explanation, "but we're making many new departures in equipments, and these inventions are new things. Take the latest Pullman touring-car and see for yourself. Here's a travelling home for you, with seven ice-chest, hamper for food, a dining-table that turns up when you touch a spring, a complete toilet set for man or woman, an automatic electric bell, buttons to direct the chauffeurs, all sorts of instruments to record the weather, the speed of the machine, the grade of the hill you may be climbing, and the direction you're travelling. Reclining-chairs are provided, and even beds which open and close automatically. You can dine and sleep on your motor-car, read the latest book, carry on your correspondence, and be just as comfortable as in your own home. In short, the up-to-date touring-car contains everything needed, and everything is packed away in such compact space that no one would suspect its existence. On account of portability, so servant other than the chauffeur touching a button you can summon almost anything you need."

One such palatial touring-car contains, by actual count, twenty-five different compartments, in which travelling accessories are stored away. No ship ever left port with a more miscellaneous assortment of novelties than the modern touring-car equipped for long journey through a hostile region. Provisions are sufficient to last a week or two are carried, and with the exception of an occasional purchase of more ice and gasoline the car can travel across the continent independent of stores and food supplies. Duplicates of nearly all parts of the machinery are ingeniously stowed away over, under, or in the car so that repairs can be made on the road.

A prominent motorist who has covered nearly ten thousand miles in ten different countries the past year said that he rarely suffered for the lack of any of the essentials of good living, and was almost as comfortable as if travelling on a regular Pullman car of a standard railroad. A good many of the new ingenious contrivances in automobile equipments are the result of suggestions made by practical tourists. In some cases crude contrivances were made by the motorists while travelling abroad, and after a practical demonstration of their usefulness they were patented, and are now added to the general equipment of touring cars.

"As an independent travelling unit the automobile is coming nearer to perfection every year," said one of these touring enthusiasts. "Last year I travelled through all of Europe and part of Asia, and had a mishap which could not be readily remedied on the road. For one whole week we were out of touch with civilization, but we had provided for it by laying in sufficient supplies. We had a small gasoline cook-stove which made our meals tempting, a warming device to keep away the chills of night, a patent ventilator in the roof of the car, a folding-bed which made rest comfortable, light read by day or night, and plenty of fuel in the tank to carry us to our destination. That method of exploring a new country is almost ideal. A man can take a trip in this way which surpasses anything heretofore achieved in history."

The effort to make the touring-car an ideal unit for travelling across the country has resulted in an increased demand for better and more complete equipments, novel equipment. Last summer, it is estimated by dealers that upward of fifty thousand people took their vacations in automobiles. Instead of spending the regu-

lation two weeks or a month at some summer or mountain hotel, they put their money in motor-cars, and went off on novel exploring expeditions. They covered thousands of miles all told, and lived out in the open air as much as if camping. The cars for each summer-vacation trip were provided with adjustable ramps to make that sleeping on the road is made comfortable and safe. In anticipation of even a greater number of vacationists and tourists, hundreds of such fully equipped touring-cars are being hurried to completion.

But it is not only for summer vacationists that the modern cars are equipped. Even in midwinter touring trips lasting from a week to several months are being undertaken. A thousand touring parties will leave our Northern cities this winter for trips South or to some points in the West Indies, and South and Central America. A winter trip in a touring-car is an ideal change from the strenuous rush of business life. Physicians have sent many of their wealthy patients away on such journeys.

The cars for each winter-vacation include another novel experience to the motorist. Racing with balloons has become a recognized sport. When the balloons are sent up, the motor-cars follow them or race against them to a given point. As the balloons take a straight line in one direction, the swift motor-car is often beaten in the race across country. Owing to the necessity of towing the balloons at many points, the cars are often equipped with special towing and releasing devices. By means of the telephones in the cars and balloons the motorist and aeronaut can be kept in constant communication. This sport has become so popular that it is likely to find a dozen cars enlisted in the service for every balloon. The combination of the two sports has increased the number of enthusiastic amateurs. The men who may hesitate about making an expedition do not miss the chance to follow the aerial travellers in a speedy motor-car built for the special purpose. Experimental tests have been conducted with wireless telegraphs between the motor-cars and drifting balloons. The cars carry a sending and receiving apparatus, and with similar equipments in the airship communications are established. In one notable trip across country, constant communication was maintained between the balloon and motor-car for ten hours. Reports of the progress of the balloon at an extreme altitude were thus made to the ground every five minutes.

The motor-car equipped with sled runners for travelling across country on both snow and ice has been with us in an unfinished condition for some time; but an ideal combination of sled runners and wheels can be reached this winter by a number of patent attachments. These attachments are easily adjusted. The runners can be lowered or raised as quickly and easily as the speed can be changed in the ordinary car. The runners are broad and flat so they will support a heavy car on a comparatively thin crust of snow. By means of quick adjustment they can be made valuable in driving on snow, or on a frozen lake. No drift has no terrors for the motorist in such a car. The wheels are also broad and notched to cut firmly into the snow.

So successful have these motor-sleds proved that a number of touring parties will undertake the exploration of northern Canada this winter, where snow lies on the ground several feet thick all winter. Lakes and streams freeze over and are crossed just as easily as the smooth surface of snow. The driver of the car simply lowers his runners so that the wheels cut into the ice to get tractive force.

Another snow-equipment consists of a broad gauge which is extended on either side of the runners so that plenty of supporting surface is obtained. These extra skid-runners are a foot and more broad, and can be lowered within an inch of the wheels without sideways. When not needed they are folded up on the side by turning a lever. They are not only supports for the heavy cars, but runners as well. They can be lowered within an inch of the wheels, thus practically floating the car over a soft snow-drift. Nothing but a very soft snow or melting snow could stall the car equipped with such additional snow supports.

This opens up a new field of sport for the touring enthusiast. It will enable one to explore regions in the far North in the dead of winter. Wild animals can thus be hunted at a season of the year when even the trapper equipped with his snow-shoes is often troubled. As the cars will carry provisions for sustenance and fuel for power, light, and heat, hunting in this way would be much more comfortable.

So successful has the automobile sleigh proved in exploring that one authority says: "If the North Pole is ever reached it will be in one of these touring-cars. A man can travel over the snow and ice much faster, and far more comfortably, in a motor-car than by any other method devised. Within a year or two you may expect to hear of automobile parties trying to find the pole. There will be a relay of these cars travelling back and forth to carry provisions and fuel. With stations regularly supplied with fuel and provisions, the pole should be reached on the snow and ice. Of course open water would stop them. If necessary, the work would have to be done at a season of the year when no open water is possible."

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RUSSIA'S EVER-PRESENT WAR PERIL

By CHARLES S. GERLACH

RUSSIA'S foreign policy is oppressed by a nightmare, an apprehension of approaching danger, which impels her free movement in Europe. In clear-sighted Russian military circles, in the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg, and in influential journals, the late Japanese war is regarded as merely the prelude of a future tragedy. The blow of the new Japanese sledgehammer upon the Russian shield was felt to its very edge, and raised a tremor in the heart of the old empire of the Cæsars, on the shores of the Baltic, in Poland, in distant Turkestan, the scene of Russia's glorious wars, as well as in the Caucasus. It is certainly a strange historical anomaly that the yellow fist striking its blow in far Eastern Asia did inflict a lesser wound there than in European Russia. It elevated its own sea-girt land to the rank of a world power; yet Russian possessions were hardly touched. Now Russia is fearful of a struggle for the possession of her immense Siberian territory, up to Lake Balkal, the Trans-Balkal and Amur regions; in the latter are situated about 30,000 square kilometers of already prospected gold-fields not yet opened, which, according to the estimate of a prominent engineer, Krenoski, will produce one and one-half million pounds of gold. (A pound is about thirty-two pounds.)

It cannot be denied that Russia has ample cause to feel anxious regarding a repetition of the war, for conditions are far more unfavorable for her now than at the beginning of hostilities in 1904, and the armament of Japan since the conclusion of peace shows that, having accomplished so much, she is preparing for greater deeds. In place of her original thirteen, she now has sixteen divisions and nineteen reserve brigades of an increased strength, together with an army of one and one-half million of men. Formerly a sea threatened by a Russian fleet separated Japan from the mainland. Now this sea, in the undisputed possession of Japan, connects her hosts with the divisions pushed forward into Korea and Manchuria. On the former occasion Korea had to be traversed by railroads war marches continuously menaced by Russian; to-day the Japanese troops can be transported upon the Pusan-Seoul Railway to the Yalu River, and in a very short time even into Manchuria. Korea is a vassal of Japan, her troops commanded by Japanese officers. In southern Manchuria Japan is the undisputed master; every railroad there is at her disposal.

Moreover, there is little doubt that the next time Russia will have to reckon with China also, and this not with theatrical forces, such as opposed Japan in 1905 and the allies in 1900, but with divisions trained according to European methods, or, we might better say, Japanese ways, armed with the best modern weapons and with peace-practice fighting in larger aggregations. Their performance in this line has been commended by European attaches. At the present time China has six divisions so trained; by 1910 she will have sixteen, and she intends to increase those later to forty. While Japan approaches the Russian boundary, China advances likewise, by means of the projected railway through Mongolia from Peking to Urga, within 200 kilometers of the Russian frontier and the commercial city of Khabarovsk. Work on this road has already begun.

Even if China was not willing, Japan would force her along, in

case of war, for she need only blockade the Chinese ports to force Germany to do her bidding. Russia would then have to face two powerful enemies, and would not, as was the case before, be fighting for Chinese soil, but for her own valuable possessions.

Russia's position, already shown to be more favorable than before, even if we disregard the loss of her fleet, would be a trying one indeed. The Russian General Staff calculates that in two years Japan will have thirty-four divisions, inclusive of reserve brigades, and ten Chinese divisions trained on European lines, all of which, in view of the favorable conditions above described, she can have at a desired point several months earlier than Russia could assemble there an approximately equal force. Although Russia is much stronger in western Asia than three years ago, she could muster there first only thirteen divisions, inclusive of reserve brigades; and to assemble these two or three months would be required. The bringing up of reserves from Europe over the one-track Siberian railway will not be as safe as before, for heretofore this road men will run parallel to the hostile front, and will no longer be menaced by inferior Tschukchee, but by well trained Chinese troops.

The formerly difficult situation of having to fight in one place and to cover a fortress hundreds of kilometers distant will be unchanged to-day, for, instead of Port Arthur, then protected by the Russian fleet—there would be Vladivostok, without naval support.

In addition to this we must consider that in spite of Japan's preparations, Russia, shaken to her innermost foundations, has done nothing in the Far East. We hear frequent talk of a second track on the Siberian railway, also of a railroad along the Amur River, which would certainly be of great strategic importance; the connecting of the mighty rivers is under discussion, but so far all remains in the old conditions. Completely occupied with her internal disturbances, Russia's government, without money, energy, and the right men, is unable to take up these matters. The reports we have about her Siberian troops are scarcely reassuring; they appear to be still infected with the mutinous spirit which caused the former risings, which were suppressed only with great difficulty.

Under these circumstances, we need not wonder if Russia looks with an anxious eye toward the Far East, for there her future in Asia is at stake. If beaten in the next struggle, which she fears now as greatly as she underestimated the last, she will, in spite of her vast territory in Asia, cease to be a great Asiatic power. The empire of the Cæsars shatters wisdom by trifling the gravity of its foreign policy to the Far East. Rightly, therefore, the idea gains ground in Russian military circles that it would be more judicious to employ the hundreds of millions which the building of a new fleet will absorb, to improve the communications with the far-away East. They are more needed there. Russia has no commerce worth mentioning, and she need not apprehend trouble in Europe; a fleet, therefore, is not an absolute necessity for her. She cannot hope to equal Japan on the ocean; her great men-of-war would probably serve only to increase the sea-power of her mighty opponent.

BY MOTOR-BOAT TO THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

By A. S. ATKINSON

THE coming Jamestown Exposition, which will celebrate the 300th anniversary of the first permanent settlement of English-speaking people on the American continent, will be an event of unusual interest to owners of motor-boats. Besides the great naval and motor-boat parade and races on the waters of Hampton Roads, there will be offered an opportunity for motor-boat owners to explore some of the oldest and most picturesque scenes on the whole Atlantic coast. The exhibition is scheduled to open April 26, at the very beginning of the motor-boating season, and closes November 30, comprising practically the whole vacation period. It is estimated that owing to the unusual water facilities of the region, and the attractions presented by nearby scenes along the bays, rivers, sounds, and channels, the largest assemblage of motor-boats ever witnessed in this country will be gathered there next summer.

Fortunately for the motor-boat owners, this region is easily reached from the North by a series of canals, rivers, and bays. Thousands will undoubtedly take advantage of the occasion to explore for the first time the waters off the coast of Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware. To a great many who have not attempted to navigate the inland waterways from New York to Norfolk, the route to the Jamestown Exhibition is not only a novelty, but an extremely vague and indefinite thing. Few boats drawing only four or five feet of water the trip is eminently practicable, and one worthy of the attention of all who plan a visit to the exhibition.

It is a journey that carries one through some of the oldest and most picturesque parts of the country, and provides it made all along the way for rest, and for side runs to various harbors and rivers.

The total distance from New York to Norfolk by the inland waterway is about 332 miles. In a straight line it is much less. The passage down the 332 miles Bay of New York harbor and skirts the single body of water traversed in the Chesapeake Bay from Elk River down to Norfolk, which is approximately 150 miles. But the bay is one of those bodies of water which the navigator never tires of seeing. Whether one skirts the eastern or western shore or strikes out into the middle of the channel, the panorama is always a picturesque one.

The start is made from New York, with provisions and supplies to last only twenty-four hours, for at no time will the boat get far from towns and villages where all necessities can be purchased. One passes down the 332 miles Bay of New York harbor and skirts the north coast of Staten Island, passing through the Kill van Kull and Arthur Kill, around the Great Bed Light House, to the entrance of the Harlem River. On a clear day the smallest motor-boat can take the outside course through the Lower Bay, giving around Staten Island and Barren Bay. The railroad crosses Arthur Kill at Elizabethport, but there is an abundance of room on either side of the bridge pier, averaging over 200 feet on either side. (Continued on page 216.)



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MILWAUKEE

His Excellency—the Governor

(Continued from page 158.)

and nobody, as though he had been barefooted, and that he felt rarer as if looking backward. "What a singularly unpleasant person!" thought he. Evidently the two men following the Governor thought so too. They were sleeping late in a carriage close at hand. With the rapid glance of professional acuteness, they turned simultaneously to note the fellow, but finding nothing questionable about him, hurried on to precede the Governor.

They were in a smart rubber-tired trap—the wheels leaped, the body wobbled, and they sat leaning forward on account of the rapid motion, and had soon left the Governor far behind in order not to annoy him with their dust.

"Who are those two?" he asked his aide, looking at him suspiciously from the corner of his eye, and the other answered carelessly, "Secret Police."

"What's that for?" asked the Governor, abruptly.

"I don't know," said Leo Andrejitch, excitedly; "that's the Pike's affair."

At the corner stood the beardless young Police Commissioner, strutting and admiring his shiny lustrous boots—the same one who had accompanied the Governor on his inspection of the hotels; and as they passed the police headquarters two mounted guards rode out from under the arch, their horses' heads pounding behind in the dust. Their faces beamed with officious zeal, and they both gazed steadily at the Governor's back. The aide pretended not to notice, but the Governor threw a lowering glance at the men, and then, with his white-gloved hands lightly elevated on his knees, he lost himself in gloomy thought.

The road to the villa cycled the outskirts of the town, through a ham called Kanat-najia Aller, where factory hands and their families lived, crowded by all sorts of miserable beings from the city—some in wretched tumble-down huts, and some in two-story brick tenements of barracklike uniformity. The Governor would gladly have turned if he had seen any one; but the street was empty as though it were late at night—even the children about. Only one little

lad appeared for a moment behind a fence, among the red leaves of a rose-tree, but even he did hastily from the trunk and hid in the gateway. Through the summer the alley had been crowded with children, and now, dirty pigs, but these were none left now—apparently they had all been eaten in the three weeks' famine.

Nothing even indirectly recalled the catastrophe, but the empty silence of the street, so indifferent to the Governor's passing, lay something heavy, sultry, brooding—and a light cloud of incense seemed to hang in the transparent air.

"Listen!" cried the Governor, suddenly grasping his companion's knee. "That man there—"

"What man?"

The Governor did not answer. Firmly clutching his knee, he gazed at the aide with a face like a barred and shuttered house whose doors and windows have suddenly been thrown open. Then he knit his heavy gray brows, deliberately turned his ponderous back, and gazed intently out of the carriage. The horses of the guard pounded down the road, and the dismal lonely lane, dark on the side, bright sunlight on the other, was also stark in dreary brevity.

Like a stampered herd the cottages huddled together, with their riddled roofs, their broken benches, and their overhanging windows, like graybeards' chin-thrust-out. Then came a row of houses with a broken fence and an old well, sunk about the rim and boarded over; then a row of great line-trees behind a high broken wall, and a stately old home that had drifted somehow to these wastes, but was now long since abandoned. Its shutters were closed, and on a sign could be read, "This House for Sale." Then beyond came cottages again, and a row of brick houses—large, bleak, and hideous, with deep-set, narrow windows. They were quite new—you could still see the calked plaster lying about, and the holes where the scaffolding had been; but they were already squalid and neglected. They looked like prisons, and life in such a place must be fully as sad, as hopeless, and as narrow as a life in jail!

There is the gateway to the open fields and the last little house of vegetation about it, no fence. It stands there leaning forward, walls and roof both, as

though some one had shoved it violently from behind—and neither in the windows nor anywhere about a single person visible. "After the fall rains you'll have trouble, Peter Ilyich, getting the carriage through here. I should think you'd literally sink in the mud!"

To Be Continued.

No Longer Cheap

"Twist all supplies there seems a race To reach the top-notch first: The cost of living grows apace, And now we have the worst."

It almost makes the nation weep, This rise of one and day.

For even *tell's* no longer cheap—

The Senate's raised its pay!

EARLE HOOKER KATON.

Amen

FEARON, aged five, had been naughty all day, and at night her mother suggested that she tell God she was sorry. Kneeling down, she recited with great emotion, "Oh, Lord, I hate to mention it!"

Couldn't Tell Which

SMITH had come home later than usual, and had ready a good explanation, but his wife gave him no chance, and immediately began to tell him what she thought of him. He reduced it patiently all evening, quietly read his paper, and went to bed. His wife was still talking.

When he was almost asleep he could hear her still scolding him unmercifully. He finally dropped off to sleep, and awoke, after a couple of hours, only to hear his wife remark:

"I hope all the married women don't have to put up with such conduct as this."

"Amek," said Smith, "are you talking again or yet?"

(Continued from page 268.)

inside route to Perth Amboy, where good anchorage is to be had, averages seventeen miles; the outside outcrop is a little longer. The channel is deep enough to accommodate almost any motor-boat, and is, indeed, ample enough for any craft that intends to make the run to Jamestown.

An afternoon start may bring one to Perth Amboy so that the night can be spent near the river's mouth, in preparation for an early morning trip, or New Brunswick can be reached before night if the start is made earlier. The distance by the Raritan River from Perth Amboy to New Brunswick is only eleven miles. The river is very tortuous, and its places are shallow depths, but, by following the channel, any motor-boat which draws not more than five feet of water can pass down the river without trouble. In places the channel has only six feet of water at low tide, but in the early spring of the year it is frequently deeper. When the tide is at the flood the lanes of the river are partly covered, and the greatest danger lies in the possibility of running too close to the marshy points and striking soft, muddy bottom. If the channel is followed so much mishap will occur. At low or half tide the channel is more distinctly marked out by the banks.

The river takes one to New Brunswick, where the old Delaware and Raritan Canal begins. It is a pleasant afternoon's trip of about 35 miles from New York to New Brunswick, and anchorage should be made for the night at this place. The canal itself is 44 miles in length, and it is only seven feet deep and has thirteen locks; it should be navigated by day, when there is ample time ahead. The locks are 25½ feet in width and 210 feet in length. All bridges and overhead parts of the lock are high enough to permit of boats to pass through without trouble. The stone bridge at New Brunswick has a clear height of 50 feet. A toll is collected at the entrance, and the company operating it is very arbitrary in changing the price at different seasons of the year, but it is not much for a motor-boat. Great speed is not allowed through the canal, but 4½ miles per hour is permitted, which should make the trip a ten-hour one, after allowing for delays at the locks. Notice that you wish to pass through a lock or a closed bridge can be given by a whistle, bell, or horn about 600 feet before it is reached.

The canal brings one out at Bordentown, below Trenton, on the Delaware River. The State of New Jersey is thus crossed in one day, passing through such old picturesque towns as New Brunswick, Bound Brook, Millstone, Kingston, Trenton, and many minor places. The most picturesque portion of the trip begins after one crosses the Delaware River. The next objective point is Delaware City, sixty miles down the river. The run is through such cities as Camden, Philadelphia, and Wilmington. There is, consequently, ample opportunity to stop and replenish. The trip down the Delaware River to the head of the bay of the same name can easily be made in a day, or, with a good swift motor-boat, in half a day.

There is no speed regulation on the river, and the full power of the engine can be stirred in driving the boat. The river is sufficiently wide at all points, and increases gradually until it broadens into a bay. The first part of the trip requires the greatest amount of care, for the channel from Bordentown to Kinkora Bar is only from 4 to 7½ feet in depth, although ample enough in all other respects. At low water many of the shoals are bare, showing to the navigator the course of the channel. At high water the shoals are covered, and in trying to make short cuts there is some danger of running aground. Such an accident is attended by no evil results, for the next tide will lift the boat above the shoals. If navigated at half tide the channel is easily found by the marshes which line either bank.

Delaware City is on the western shore of the river about twenty miles below Wilmington, and marks the beginning of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal. This canal, like the first across New Jersey, is better navigated in the daytime when there is no rush to make speed. It is only 14 miles long, and has only three locks, while the depth is nine feet. The locks are 220 feet long and 24 feet wide. Consequently the motor-boat need be proceeding steadily and quickly through it. The speed limit is 4½ miles, or three hours for the entire trip. Tolls are collected at the entrance, and a fine of \$20 is imposed for exceeding the speed limit. It is therefore wise to keep within the limits and make the trip in four hours, rather than risk the danger of delay and fine. A close watch is kept upon motor boats to see that they do not run too fast through the canal, and many a motor boat owner has been held up for supposed infraction of the speed laws. When entering the

canal and paying the toll a pass bill is given to the navigator, and this must be shown at each lock before entering.

Once through this canal the motor-boat comes out upon Back Creek. This is a short waterway connecting the canal with Chesapeake City on Elk River, a tributary of Chesapeake Bay. Back Creek is only a trifle over three miles in length, but it is very crooked. The average width of the creek is about 100 feet, but in places it is less. The stream is unusually wide, ranging from 120 to 400 feet, but the channel is often just broad enough to permit two boats to pass comfortably. There is no good anchorage place on it, and the trip should be made without stopping. No danger of motor-boat hire exists on the Creek in this short run, and they may be picked up for a few dollars.

Elk River is next reached, and the channel here is deep and wide enough for all purposes. The run to Turkey Point on the Chesapeake is only eight miles, and it can be covered in a fair speed. The broadening waters of the Chesapeake then leave the navigator, and the trip of about 102 miles to Jamestown can be made to suit the convenience of one. Good harbors are abundant on both sides of Chesapeake Bay, and they increase in frequency as the run is made. It is hardly profitable to attempt to reach Jamestown or Norfolk in one day from Turkey Point, even in a swift motor-boat. The channel is somewhat crooked in places, and shoals abound. Running at great speed may therefore cause an accident when the goal is in sight.

A good run for one day is to Annapolis, where one can find good anchorage and good docks. A stop for a day or two at this point is well worth while, and a visit to the Naval Academy will diversify the trip. From this point south the channel is wide and deep, and the sea on a windy day may prove somewhat heavy, but on quiet days it is as calm as a mill-pond.

All the way down the Chesapeake the scenery is charming. Small islands, bays, and marshes, interspersed here and there with towns and cities, spread in an endless vista before the eye. The fishing and shooting are good at nearly all the points. Little coves abound on the east coast, where one can run in for the night and camp on clear sandy beaches to enjoy a rest.

Motor-boating on the Chesapeake is enjoyed by thousands today. In many more who do not know of these waters will extend their sphere of pleasures by spending a month or more in that region. The Jamestown Exhibition is, after all, only a side issue, for the motor-boat owner finds his greatest delight in exploring new waters and experiencing a change of scenery, which was not possible before his craft reached its present state of efficiency. Following the regular channels of travel may have its attractions for some, but the owner of a craft which can make independent trips in new waters away from the beaten track is never so happy as when exploring little-known corners of the coast. The climate of the Virginia and Delaware coasts is entirely new to most of us. Little coves abound on the east coast, where one can run in for the night and camp on clear sandy beaches to enjoy a rest.

There are a few provisions required to make the trip successful. Besides the ordinary equipment for a trip, it would be advisable to take a tent for camping on the beaches. Within a few hours' run of the exhibition there are numerous beaches and stretches of wooded land where one can establish a camp of his own. The run back and forth to the exhibition will then afford pleasure of an unusual nature; while the owner and his party will not be cramped for accommodations and pay exceedingly high living rates. An evening should be provided for the boat, to ward off the hot rays of the sun, for on such a wide expanse of southern waters the glare of the sun at midday is sometimes uncomfortable.

In addition to this, a good set of charts should be laid in. All of these waters are charted accurately, and by following them there is no trouble in navigating both the rivers and the bays. The total cost of charts describing the different bodies of water mentioned can be secured for about eight or ten dollars. The cost of the charts covering the whole distance from New York to Florida is only a trifle over \$13. Besides a complete description of the coast, the charts give a list of the harbors, bays, shoals, and depths of the channels. Large-scale charts can be obtained for any particular section, so that one may feel fairly confident in navigating the whole of Chesapeake Bay, or the Delaware, if it is desirable to take a run down the coast of the western shore. It is a trip that will be long remembered, and the chief thing will be, not that you visited the Jamestown Exhibition, but that you crossed the States of New Jersey, Maryland, and Delaware in your own motor-boat.

Ahead of the Game

A WELL-KNOWN attorney of New York tells the following anecdote of a prominent physician of the same city, who was compelled, a short time ago, to go to a sanatorium up in Jamestown for a summer rest. While there his usual morning walk through the grounds he was met by an old Yankee minister, who was noted for his vulgar curiosity, being more interested in other people's affairs than in his own, and the following conversation took place:

"How are you this morning?" inquired the minister.

"Very well," replied the physician.

"What ails you?" asked the Yankee.

"Nothing much," said the doctor.

"Well, you must have something the matter with you or you would not be here," returned the old Yankee.

The physician, becoming annoyed by the persistent questioning of the minister, walked up close to him and, grasping his coat with both hands, said in a very grave and impressive voice: "I'm suffering from a very strange and mysterious ailment; it is supposed to have a keeper who follows me with a bucket of water and a sponge; but this morning I managed to escape him for a few moments."

At this point the old minister, very much frightened, endeavored in vain to escape, but before doing so he murmured, "What does the keeper look like?"

"He is required to erase what I write on the walls, fences, and buildings," answered the doctor.

"What do you write?"

"I write 'Hell and Damnation,'" replied the physician; "and the best of it all is I am one hell and two damnations ahead of the keeper."

The old minister, now shocked as well as thoroughly frightened, escaped from the supposed lunatic, and never again entered any of the patients in the sanatorium.

In Love and War

By David Starr Jordan

This is a true story, and I tell all that I know of it. And being wholly true, it is a very short story and very sad. It was in 1861, eleven years after the close of the civil war. I had taken the train at Louisville, on that branch of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad which then formed its terminus at Livingston, in Rock Castle County, in Kentucky. A lady shared my train as far as Crab Orchard Springs. She was calmly and finely dressed, a condition not uncommon in Kentucky, and withal modest; and in those days that too was common North and South.

Before we had reached Crab Orchard she had told me her story, and this it is, as well as I can recall it.

She was in Kentucky on a visit to kin-folk at Crab Orchard. Her home was on a plantation in the Tennessee bottoms not far from the town of Corinth in Mississippi. In the days when the struggles of the war centered about Corinth and which this plantation was between the Confederate and Union lines, more often just inside the latter. She was a Southern woman, with all the intensity of feeling which this implied in better times, and her two brothers were officers in the Confederate army. Though she had no love for the war, yet a soldier is a soldier, and a man is a man. There was a lieutenant of the Federal scouts, he may have been a sergeant—but that does not matter—who had charmed her into a sort of friendship by his bright wit and his cheerful humor. Somewhere in Ohio he claimed as his home, and when stationed at the plantation he and his men had shown a degree of consideration and courtesy not always seen among soldiers. Moreover, she had let him tell something of his life at home. He spoke of his sister and his mother, and there were times when she almost forgot the hated army of invaders to which he belonged. But not for long. And one night—for the plantation was between the lines—a group of Confederate officers came in, and she heard them tell of a scheme to cut off this Ohio squad and the young fellow in command of it. They were sure that they knew how they could do it.

The next day the boy rode up to the plantation again. He brought his sister's picture and the mother's too, and the picture of the farmhouse in Ohio. Should she put him on his guard? Just a word would be enough. Should she be true to herself as a woman, or should she be true to the cause of her brothers, in Mississippi, to the South? And at last the problem settled itself, for the boy rode away unharmed. And when, after the little skirmish, they brought him back to the house again, the pictures were stained with blood.

These pictures she still holds. And this was the question she asked me—the question she has doubtless asked of many others, for all this had happened thirteen years before. Did I do right? What should I have done? What could I have done? And to this question there can be no answer, in love and war there is no standard rule of ethics. The story of war is written in the blood of men and the tears of women.

The Chilling Reply

Arriving in a Washington hotel light, there are times when a lawyer regrets the use of an illustration which a moment before has appeared especially felicitous.

"The argument of my learned and brilliant colleague," said counsel for the plain-railway company, "is like the story of a fellow outside—a fellow outside the law and justice."—It is scattered here, there, and everywhere.

Whereupon opposing counsel improved his opportunity.

"All I can say," he said, "is that the gentleman who has been my opponent in the case now falls into the point to which I have myself a considerable extent, it has covered all the ground in a very short time."

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Fooled 'Em, Anyway

RECENTLY a member of Congress from Missouri came racing down the iron steps which led to the train shed of one of the depots in Washington, just as the train was pulling out.

The member was stout and perspiring, and his eyes were filled with humility, for he is a convert. Everybody got out of his way as he bowed the rear car down the long platform, some shouting advice and more or less pleasant comment after him. Some of the most inclined persons offered him a hand to help him over the side of the train, while others laughed at his grim dejection.

The member caught the train, being held up on the platform by a trainman, with-out the aid of a hand. He shook his fist at the cheering crowd behind him, and went inside the car with the ill-fated sense of being "run out."

It was only when the conductor came around that he learned that he was on a change express. Instead of a local accommodation. However, he accepted the situation meekly, observing:

"There's one conductor. Those idiots in the station will never know. They think I caught the right train."

The All-absorbing Problem

"Nervous discovered why the apple fell down, did he not?"

"He did."

"Well, then, it remains for some equally brilliant mind to discover why it is that people fall to those higher up."

Honest to the Core

A SWEET, downy old West had for a long time a Chief of Police, one Alf Church, noted for his kindness and honesty. One day a gaffer went to him for information about a certain Joe White, who had applied for credit and a look at his store, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Good morning," Mr. Church.

"Morning."

"Is your name Joe White?"

"Yes."

"What kind of a fellow is he?"

"Pretty fair."

"Is he honest?"

"Honest? I should say so. Born good."

"Honest? I should say so. Born good."

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ITS
QUALITY
UNIQUELY
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Of Their Bearskins

ANNE CHAMBER tells the following to illustrate that a Celt is a Celt in Scotland as well as in Ireland:

In a winter-parched is a small church in Glasgow, the pastor, after inquiring about donations, said, by way of remark: "Do you think that Adam and Eve went about the Garden of Eden with their hands in their pockets?"

Lo, the New Indian!

It was a man tells of an amusing incident in connection with an exposition held in the State, where one of the attractions was the Indian Department, where the red men in their robes and moccasins, their hair in their locks and their hands in their pockets.

After one of these exhibitions the last of the Indian girl undertook to talk to a young Indian boy. "Hear much fight," she said.

The man smiled grimly, drew his rifle, and said:

"Yes, this is indeed a great Exposition. It is a very fine one, and I am very glad to see you here. May I presume to ask what it is that I have the honor to address?"

The Indian girl had been talking to a white graduate.



WHAT REALLY HAPPENED IN THAT EDEN CASE

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COMMENT

Japan and the School Question

THE prophets of ill are continuing their predictions of war between Japan and the United States. There seems, however, to be a pretty general ignoring of the facts in the controversy, while there is an apparent approach of the spirit of reasonableness, tentative, perhaps, towards the minds of the San Francisco magnates. Mayor SCHMITZ appeared in Washington last week at the head of a delegation. If it be true, as he says, that the San Francisco School Board adopts his advice or obeys his directions, he may be potent for good; but the Mayor wants a bargain to which the Japanese object. He announced, on his departure from San Francisco, that he would be willing to have the order of the school board rescinded if the general government would make a treaty with Japan providing that no Japanese coolies shall for the future be admitted to this country. The Japanese, on the other hand, say that they desire the matter settled on their treaty rights, and not complicated with another question. There has been a prediction of war by Senator PENNAC, of California, and a withdrawal by him of the unsettling prediction. English people fear war and its complications for them. But Viscount ITOHARA, Japan's Foreign Minister, and Baron KASER, with whom and whose attitude we are familiar, say that there will be no war between the United States and Japan. Nor, for many reasons, is war likely over the school incident, although Japan, as has been asserted with some authority, is likely to prepare for one, because the people of the Pacific coast are intent upon wounding Japanese pride to the fighting-point.

Who Is Responsible?

The President has had a "confidential" talk with the members of the California delegation in Congress, and, as usual, his confidence has been betrayed. Two members of the delegation talked to the newspapers. It seems that the President informed the members of the delegation that the situation is dangerous; that the Japanese are greatly annoyed by the attitude and talk of the California people; and that if the Californians do not desist from their conduct towards and their speech about the Japanese, war is likely to come. The school question is but a phase of the general situation. If the President has been correctly betrayed or reported, he was not the kind of talk in which, at such a crisis as he described, a President of the United States should indulge. Our relations with Japan or with any other foreign power, so far as we are concerned, are in the control of the Federal government. We can have war or peace with Japan as the nation determines. If Japan will go to war with the United States because the local government of San Francisco denies to her children privileges promised them by treaty, the United States may enforce these treaty rights (although it is doubtful if

they exist), as it is now justly attempting to do, notwithstanding the city of San Francisco, or the State of California, or the laborations of the Pacific coast. If Japan will fight if a Japanese exclusion act is passed, it is the Federal government only which has the power to enact such a law. If these, then, be the cause of war, the United States alone may invite the conflict by its failure to do its duty in the one case, or by its own perpetration of the wrong in the other case. The Federal government has full and complete power over all foreign relations, and a State cannot stand in its way; it will not be permitted to stand in its way unless a fear of the possible loss of votes have too much influence. May the Federal government take away the undoubted police powers of a State in order to court local popularity; and may it, for the same reason, neglect its duty—a duty which the States have assigned to it? It may do both, it is true, but in both instances it would violate its duty. The question is not whether California shall drive us into war, notwithstanding our desire for peace, but whether we shall permit it or any other State to drive us into this or any other contest.

Some More Paternalism

What power has the President to accept or reject the proposed Constitution of a Territory seeking admission as a State? This question is suggested by facts and by rumors and guesses, some of which are more and some of them less authenticated. They relate to the work of the Constitutional Convention of the proposed new State of Oklahoma which is now in session. It is understood that President ROOSEVELT has warned the convention that he will reject any Constitution adopted by the State which forbids the employment of armed men by railroads in strike times. This warning is said to have been followed by a request from the convention, asking the President what he will do if they put a "Jim Crow" clause in. There seems to be an extraordinary confusion of the public mind, so far as the public mind has paid attention to the subject. Senators of the United States are reported as saying that the President may only reject the Constitution if it fails to provide for a republican form of government, or contains provisions that are contrary to the Federal Constitution. May he reject it then? Has he any sole power in the premises? Is he charged with the duties of creating new States? It is asserted that Congress may give him the power, authorizing him to accept or reject the Constitution, and, therefore, to accept or reject the new State. But even if Congress has done this, has it the power to authorize the President to exercise the whole political power, executive and legislative?

The Power to Admit New States

The Constitution provides as follows: "New States may be admitted into the Union." It may be said that Congress does not delegate its legislative power by authorizing the President to declare that a State shall be admitted on the performance of a certain condition; but that condition must be very clearly defined if it is to escape the general rule. Discretion must not be lodged with the President. He must be authorized, in effect, to declare that a certain law, the law of admission, shall go into effect when a designated fact shall occur—a fact about which there is no room for dispute. Here the claim is that the President may intervene in the formation of the Constitution, may compel it to be enacted to please him. This claim and the effort which the President is making is paternalism run mad. It is true that under the decisions of the United States Supreme Court it is for the political power to determine whether a State possesses a republican form of government, but the political power consists of the executive and legislative departments together, while it was never intended that the right to guarantee a republican form of government should include the right to frame the Constitution of the new State. In this Oklahoma case the President is, indeed, playing the part of the father of his people. He will not permit Oklahoma to perfect its Statehood unless its people agree to govern themselves as he commands or directs. They may not have the fundamental laws which they desire; they must have those laws which he desires. And to compel them he threatens to exercise a power which he does not possess, and which Congress cannot grant to him. Congress itself has never sought to interfere with the rights of a people as the President is now seeking to interfere with the rights of the people of

Oklahoma. It has been the custom to admit our States with all the rights of older States; but now the President proposes to deny to Oklahoma the right to have in its Constitution a provision that is to be found in several existing State constitutions. How futile it is will be seen on reflection; for the Constitution which the President may compel this year can be changed by amendment or replaced by a new Constitution after the State has been admitted.

Senator Beveridge's Child-labor Bill

The most that seems likely at this writing to be accomplished by Senator Beveridge's child-labor bill is, possibly, an examination by Federal agents of some sort into the conditions of child labor in the several States, and a subsequent report. If by that means the evils and abuses of child labor can be brought home to people who do not know about them now, it will be a good result. Senator Beveridge's bill undertakes to prohibit the transportation from State to State of products of mines, factories, and sweat-shops, into the making of which the labor of children under fourteen years old has entered. It is, therefore, an attempt to authorize the national government to regulate the employment of children in the several States; a duty that heretofore has belonged to the States and, like other State duties, has been imperfectly performed. The Senator made a long speech in support of his bill, in which he set forth that the employment of young children in mills and mines was a very great evil, which is true; that the States cannot stop it, which is debatable; that the interstate-commerce clause in the Constitution could be stretched to cover his bill and make it constitutional. As to this last contention he may be right. We do not yet know the limits to which the courts will permit the power over interstate commerce to be stretched, but if it will cover this bill of Mr. Beveridge's, it will cover regulation of almost any other details of production that can be suggested. To place the care of children in the custody of the Federal government was so far from the intention of the fathers that we very much doubt whether Mr. Beveridge's argument in favor of the constitutionality of his bill would prove convincing in court. Nevertheless, let that pass. (Constitutional or not, the bill ought not to pass, because it extends the Federal powers unwarrantably, and because it would probably do more harm than good to the admirable cause that it undertakes to benefit.)

Mr. Edgar Murphy's Objections

All decent people want to protect children from abuse, and such work as young boys do in the coal-breakers, and as young children in considerable numbers still do in the cotton-mills of the South, and in New Jersey glass-factories, and in sweat-shops and other places of employment in nearly all the States, is an abuse that cries to Heaven to be abated. A man who has worked long and intelligently and effectively to abate it is EDGAR GARNER MURPHY, of Alabama. He was the first chairman of the Alabama Child Labor Committee, and has been called "the father and founder" of the National Child Labor Committee, from which he withdrew because of its endorsement of the Beveridge bill. Mr. Murphy does not believe in Mr. Beveridge's short cut to a healthy childhood. He believes in State restriction of child labor, but not in Federal restriction. He says that already the whole country is moving right in the matter of child labor, and that the Beveridge bill was due not to prevailing apathy, but to the fact that already the public mind was so much stirred up on the subject, and that those who have been struggling for State action have made so much progress. The protection of children, he says, depends on local public opinion. In order to pass a State law that has to be aroused. Unless it is aroused Federal enactments are impotent. Mr. Murphy deprecates division of responsibility for the welfare of children between the State and Federal governments. Mr. Beveridge's bill applies merely to children under fourteen. It is not adequate. It makes no provision for its own enforcement—can make none. It can do nothing about the hours of labor for older children or for such matters as factory inspection. It divides responsibility, makes a partition among the people who are working against child labor, leaves the job less than half done, and checks the work. Everybody who is interested in Mr. Beveridge's bill, including the Senator himself, should read Mr. Murphy's argument

against it. It goes to the root of the matter, and does it dispassionately and with a statesmanlike thoroughness that is convincing. The interests of the States and the interests of the children are in the same parcel, and we are glad to be able to feel some confidence that Senator Beveridge—however benevolent his intentions may be—will not succeed in separating them.

The War on the Railroads

W. C. BROWN, the senior vice-president of the New York Central lines, has written a letter to some one who is described as "a friend in Washington" that commands attention. The letter deals strongly and lucidly with the present condition of the war on corporations. In one aspect this war is like physical contests between nations; it may have been begun from righteous motives, but it has, incidentally it appears, its attendant evils. Mr. Brown states, what all well-informed persons know, that one of these attendant evils is the unsettling of confidence in the future of railroads. Investors—and Mr. Brown, notwithstanding his official position in the Central lines, is one of these—are parting with their railroad shares. The falling prices of such shares—some six-per-cent, stocks now selling at the price which they brought when they were five-per-cent, stocks—tells the reason why. The spirit of distrust, according to this authority, is growing rapidly. This spirit, bred by a constant war against the corporations, has been fostered by an unrestrained war which knows no bounds, and which, consciously or unconsciously, recognizes no good in railroad corporations, whatever its leaders and inspirers say to the contrary. This with the threats of future and more radical assaults on the roads must have its effects, and one of these will naturally be to prevent the great extension of mileage which Mr. HULL has said is demanded by reason of the present inadequacy of existing roads to meet the growing demands of business, or, indeed, any extension whatever. The present roads will be maintained, but it is possible that improvements will stop until there is a cessation of the general and indiscriminate war upon them which is now carried on. Mr. Brown's letter is discouraging, and must awaken apprehension, for there are many facts which sustain both his statement of facts and his fears.

A Grafters' Game

It is one of our human misfortunes that vice invariably seeks the protection and concealment of the garb of virtue. Holy wars, fine out of mind, have bred greedy sutlers, camp-followers, shoddy contractors—the whole nauseous horde of men whose noisy patriotism is assumed for predatory purposes. It is characteristic of this breed that they denounce, discourage, and even silence those who try to point out their hypocrisy and other iniquities, and they often succeed in injuring modest virtue with the venom of the warm-hearted multitude, who are sometimes deceived, at least temporarily, into acceptance of rectitude for the true article. And so it is with moral movements, especially as moral movements are very likely to run into extravagances which frequently cause such unhappy rebounds or reactions. There is nothing that a born grafter likes better than to roll up his eyes and follow after the moral leader who is making war upon heaped-up capital that seems to him to be doing wrong. The grafter also becomes furious at corporate wickedness, and nine times out of ten is the one who rails the "good trusts," because the fervor of the reformer of "good motives" is so intense that it causes people to smile at the suggestion that there can be any such thing as good trusts, or good railroads, or good corporations. The phenomenal activity against railroads of some of the politicians who were willing to fatten on them when they were not so unpopular ought to teach us all the value of self-restraint and caution in attacking what may easily be the prey of the blackmailer, especially when the object of attack, the prey of the plunderer, has been, and is, of such vital importance as the railroads.

The Dago Doctrine and Disarmament

It is a gratifying bit of news that while the Dago doctrine and disarmament are questions that are not to be in the programme of the coming Hague conference, they will be considered, and at the instance of this government. It will be, perhaps, startling news to a good many people that Mr.

ROOSEVELT not long since wrote to a distinguished man that some day or other, or words to that effect, he would urge disarmament. Perhaps this, or when the conference meets, is to be the propitious time. At any rate, there will be a general consensus of opinion in this country that the TASON doctrine is not only one which we should have discussed, but that it should be discussed vigorously, and that it, or something very near akin to it, by becoming a part of international law, would mark one more progressive step in civilization.

Mr. Lodge and San Domingo

The President of the United States ought not to stand in need of constant defence, but Senator LODGE thinks that Mr. ROOSEVELT does, and it is to be presumed that the two together know what they think they need in their own behalf. But constant and reiterated defences of the President are not reassuring. Among other defences is that made by Senator LODGE on the subject of the San Domingo treaty. That treaty, as we all know and as Senator LODGE admitted, is hanging fire in the Senate. Nevertheless it is, at least in part, being carried out by the President. The President, says Mr. LODGE, is not usurping powers that are not his, has not, in a word, made a treaty with San Domingo, because he has not entered into an agreement—into a formal agreement, we presume he means; but if no executory contract has been made, he is acting under an executed contract, which, so far as the Constitution is concerned, amounts to the same thing. The President is, in fact and in law, employing powers and forces of the United States in the furtherance of a real, if unwritten and unconfirmed, agreement with foreign powers. Such an agreement requires for its validity the ratification of the Senate, and this requirement cannot be satisfied by evasive technicalities. The treaty should be ratified, or the President should withdraw from his participation in the pecuniary complications of San Domingo. Mr. LODGE cannot help his friend by defences which suggest arguments and practices that are not considered high-minded in petty courts.

Help for the Starving Chinese

The famine in China is due to excessive rains continuing for nearly a hundred days, and affecting a low-lying area that covers about 50,000 square miles. In this district, with an estimated population of ten millions, the crops have failed partly or wholly, and there will not be another crop until May or June. Mr. LITTLE, of the Central China Relief Fund, estimated in a letter to the President, dated December 21, that at least a million persons must be fed from day to day until next summer if they are to be kept alive. A Washington despatch, dated January 27, quotes Consul HAYES at Nanking as saying that the famine is much worse than any known in that part of China since 1878. Consul-General ROBERTS, of Shanghai, bears like testimony, saying that newspaper reports are sustained by investigations made by American naval officers, and that his own inquiries, made through private sources, give basis for the opinion that by March 1 the famine will be quite as severe as that of 1878, by which ten million lives were lost. Dr. WOOD, of the Southern Presbyterian Mission at Hwai-an-fa, estimates that of ten million people affected by the famine four millions are starving. Consul-General ROBERTS is acting as representative of the American Red Cross. The readiest way for our people to help these sufferers by famine is through the Red Cross, of the New York State branch of which Mr. JACOB H. SCHUR is treasurer. Money sent to him at 300 Fifth Avenue will be applied where the need is greatest.

Give Back the Boxer Indemnity Now

The Springfield Republican suggests that this is a particularly suitable time to return our unused residue of the Boxer indemnity of 1901. Our share of that exaction was \$24,168,357. Payment of legitimate claims of American citizens for damages took about two millions, and we have about \$22,000,000 left, of which part is now in the Treasury, and the rest is being paid by instalments. Secretary HAY favored returning this money to China, and that will probably be done. Whether money paid back to the Chinese government would help these starving people we do not know, but if it would, this seems a first-rate time to turn over whatever Boxer money there may be in our Treasury.

A Service-pension Law

The Senate has passed a service-pension bill, and the House of Representatives has agreed to it by a vote of 196 to 29. The bill provides for the payment of pensions to all survivors of the civil war and the Mexican war, whether they are disabled or not, or whether they were wounded or not. This bill contemplates the application to the veterans of those two wars of a policy that has been applied to the veterans of the Revolution and the war of 1812. It will add to the annual pension expenditures \$10,000,000 or \$15,000,000. This will gradually diminish and finally cease altogether. Opposition to the service pension, once so vigorous, has disappeared. The question has been settled. The political fight is over. The veterans who are to get the money will average sixty-five years old, and the general feeling is to let them have it. There has been great extravagance in pensions, and a good deal of fraud, some of it most contemptible, but evidently nothing is to be saved or gained by opposition now that the old soldier is indeed so old.

The President and the Subsidy

The President has been so much interested in the subsidy bill which was substituted by the House committee for the Senate bill that he addressed to Congress a special message on the subject. Cautiously employed, the special message on a specific topic is of much value in enforcing a President's or a Governor's views. It seems, however, necessary to correct a misapprehension into which the President unhappily has fallen. He speaks of this bill as a measure that contemplates the building up of the ocean-carrying service. Following the arguments of the advocates of a subsidy for such a service, the bill, if enacted into law, will build up ships that will benefit those who pay freight charges—that is, those who transport goods—by giving to them an opportunity to pay the charges to Americans instead of to Englishmen or Germans or Scandinavians. The bill, however, is nothing of the kind. It is not in the interest of freighters or of commerce, but in the interest of "greyhounds," except as it may eventually help freighters by getting the now unsympathetic American mind accustomed to the idea of subsidies.

Goldwin Smith favors Drift

Professor GOLDWIN SMITH's satisfaction in hearing that military drill is not to be abolished at West Point is in interesting contrast to the protest of the fourteen worthies against the army and navy show at the Jamestown Exposition.

The Qualities of Sake

In the *Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn* one will find some instructive remarks about sake, the "rice wine" of the Japanese. It is a cheap intoxicant, the best costing about \$3.50 a barrel. It is also a quick intoxicant. In the language of the prudent man who wants much for his money the "drunk comes quick." But what would not please him who wants to forget the cares of the world as cheaply, as soon, and for as long a time as possible, the drunk quickly vanishes. Every one at a banquet is expected to become exhilarated, and to drink some forty or fifty cups of the seductive beverage, and in doing so, to become happier. A Japanese gentleman with a stout head will consume a quart and a half or two quarts without reaching the staggering stage. These introductions to the convivial habits of a nation are entertaining, but sake is not morally any better than gin or whiskey. Intoxication has a single moment, apparently, no matter what the liquor, when the victim is hilariously departing into the pains and penalties of obliviousness and of wracking nerves. Our own brutal drink will, for an instant, make a man feel that he is rich and that he owns the world; in Japan they describe this state in a poem which was once recited by a member of the Japanese legation to a company in Washington. The verses tell of the beautiful visions of the gentleman who is on his way to intoxicated sleep, and culminates in the assertion that "even the voices of the unfortunate creditors bawling at the front door sound like the far-off songs of a nightingale." In a word, sake, like whiskey, will procure a deluded debtor a momentary respite for his annual bills, but the bills return to plague him with ten-fold violence after the sleep is over. One of the views of the Japanese drink is, according to Mr. Hearn, that there is no remorse-compelling headache after it.

Japan, the United States, and Great Britain

Fifteen and German newspapers seem for a time to have accepted at its face value the assertion made by an ex-officer of the United States army that he had seen the latest note presented by Viscount Aoki, Japanese ambassador at Washington, to our State Department, and that the document embodied a virtual ultimatum. Evidently, however, the ex-army officer's conception of what constitutes an ultimatum is vague and incorrect. An ultimatum, properly defined, is understood to convey the implication that, if it is rejected, negotiations will cease and a recourse to coercive measures may be looked for. That no such intimation has been received by our State Department is evident from the declaration made in Washington, on February 2, by an official who, being described as a man of world-wide reputation, good sense, and commanding statesmanship, may probably be identified with Secretary Root. This official is credited with saying that the question whether eighty or ninety Japanese boys and girls shall attend the public schools in California, to which the children of German, English, and Italian parents are admitted, is not regarded by the Japanese government as a cause for war, and the Roosevelt administration is satisfied that it can be adjusted without difficulty, provided both of the nations concerned preserve good-humor. No unseasonable significance need be attached to the statement said to have been made in the Tokio House of Representatives by Viscount HAYASHI, Foreign Minister of the Japanese Empire, to the effect that, if the resignation of Japanese pupils to a separate school in San Francisco should be upheld by a Federal court, the anti-Japanese movement in California would be considered to represent the opinion of the whole United States, in which event the matter would require diplomatic adjustment. Of course the matter would require adjustment with our Federal government, since not California, but the United States as a whole, is a party to the treaty with Japan. It does not follow that an adjustment could not easily be reached, provided negotiations were entered upon in an amiable spirit on both sides. An obvious mode of adjustment would be for our Federal government to say that, while our Constitution might be held not to permit it to regulate the public schools of a constituent State, it would cordially welcome Japanese pupils to the public schools of the District of Columbia, over which it has absolute control. Moreover, as the people of California are increasingly more about the exclusion of Japanese labor than about the segregation of Japanese pupils in their public schools, they would show a lack of common sense if they were unwilling to give way upon the minor point in order to gain a point of paramount importance. That the San Francisco affair will have no serious consequences is the conviction of Baron KATERO, a distinguished member of the Japanese House of Peers, who, it may be remembered, was sent by the "Elder Statesmen" to the United States during the Far Eastern war, to study our political and economic conditions. Baron KATERO declares that not a single soul in Japan has ever believed that the San Francisco incident would endanger the friendship of the two nations concerned. On the contrary, he holds that the affair, disagreeable and regrettable as it is, has served the purpose of demonstrating to the world how deep-rooted is the friendship between Japan and the United States. His view of the matter is shared by the Tokio Times, which, in its issue of December 27, showed itself thoroughly alive to the fact that, outside of California, and possibly a few other States on the Pacific slope, the American people have no objection to admitting Japanese to their public schools, or to according to them any other privileges of the most favored nation. Therefore, the newspaper concludes, Japanese should feel only grateful to the President and to that majority of Americans of whose good-will they are assured.

At the same time, since embarkers are regarded to see more of the game than the players, let us note what German, Russian, and Frenchmen have lately had to say. The *Vossische Zeitung*, one of the most influential of Berlin newspapers, says that from the first it received sceptically the reassuring reports from the Washington administration, and adds that, in its judgment, President Roosevelt cannot but reckon on the possibility of war. It adds that, in its judgment, the question as to who shall rule the Pacific Ocean cannot be solved by conferences and diplomatic notes. The *National Zeitung* calls the Californians narrow-minded and fatalistic, and expresses the fear that the power of the working class in that State—it dominates the municipal government of San Francisco and practically controls the State Legislature—will drive the United States into war. The *Kreuz Zeitung* warns us that war with Japan will be quite another thing than war with Spain, and advises us to get the California school ordinance revoked. The *Tagblatt* regards the San Francisco incident as the forerunner of serious trouble, and predicts that the yellow peril is about to cause the most stupendous conflict of modern times. According to a telegram from St. Petersburg, a diplomatic and anti-American who took part in the Portsmouth conference—the description indicates Count Witte—has intimated a belief that, unless America should make immediate preparation, war is

likely to become imminent. It may be taken for granted, he says, that Japan's desire for further conquest would follow the line of least resistance, which, obviously, would point to the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands. But, while he assumed that Japan would win the first round, he was confident that no Asiatic nation could long cope with American wealth. He ended with expressing the conviction that, whether a war between Japan and the United States would soon break out depended on the attitude of Great Britain. In Paris, the *Petit Journal*, which has a commissioner in San Francisco, is inclined to think that President Roosevelt, in his view of the San Francisco incident, and of race questions in general, does not represent the majority of Americans, who, it asserts, do not believe that Japan dares to go to war with the United States, and hence deem it needless to stoop to flatteries and concessions disagreeable to the nation's self-respect. The assertion may be true of California, but not of the States this side of the Rocky Mountains.

For the Russian statesman's assertion we can see a certain basis, for we have no doubt that the Tokio government's course might be affected materially in certain contingencies by the assumption that the treaty of alliance with Great Britain, concluded in August, 1902, would hold the last-named power to side with Japan in the event of a war with the United States.

Let us see for ourselves whether it does or not. Here is the text of the treaty in full:

Agreement between the United Kingdom and Japan, signed at London, August 12, 1902

Preamble.

The Governments of Great Britain and Japan, being desirous of replacing the Agreement concluded between them on the 30th of January, 1902, by fresh stipulations, have agreed upon the following Articles, which have for their object:—

- (a) The consolidation and maintenance of the general peace in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India;
- (b) The preservation of the common interests of all Powers in China by insuring the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire and the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in China;
- (c) The maintenance of the territorial rights of the High Contracting Parties in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India, and the defence of their special interests in the said regions;—

Article 1.

It is agreed that whenever, in the opinion of either Great Britain or Japan, any of the rights and interests referred to in the preamble of this Agreement are in jeopardy, the two governments will communicate with one another fully and frankly, and will consider in common the measures which should be taken to safeguard those menaced rights or interests.

Article 2.

If by reason of unprovoked attack or aggressive action, wherever arising, on the part of any other Power or Powers either Contracting Party should be involved in war in defence of its territorial rights, or special interests mentioned in the preamble of this Agreement, the other Contracting Party will at once come to the assistance of its ally, and will conduct the war in common, and make peace in mutual agreement with it.

Article 3.

Japan possessing paramount political, military, and economic interests in the Corea, Great Britain recognizes the right of Japan to take such measures of guidance, control and protection in Corea as she may deem proper and necessary to safeguard and advance those interests, provided always that such measures are not contrary to the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations.

Article 4.

Great Britain having a special interest in all that concerns the security of the Indian frontier, Japan recognizes her right to take such measures in the proximity of that frontier as she may find necessary for safeguarding her Indian possessions.

Article 5.

The High Contracting Parties agree that neither of them will, without consulting the other, enter into separate arrangements with another Power to the prejudice of the objects described in the preamble of this Agreement.

Article 6.

As regards the present war between Japan and Russia, Great Britain will continue to maintain strict neutrality unless some other Power or Powers should join in the hostilities against Japan, in which case Great Britain will come to the assistance of Japan, and will conduct the war in common and make peace in mutual agreement with Japan.

Article 7.

The conditions under which armed assistance shall be afforded by either Power to the other in the circumstances mentioned in the present Agreement, and the means by which such assistance is to be made available, will be arranged by the Naval and Military authorities of the Contracting Parties, who will from time to time consult one another fully and freely upon all questions of mutual interest.

Article 8.

The present Agreement shall, subject to the provisions of Article

6, come into effect immediately after the date of its signature, and remain in force for ten years from that date.

In case neither of the High Contracting Parties should have notified twelve months before the expiration of the said ten years the intention of terminating it, it shall remain binding until the expiration of one year from the day on which either of the High Contracting Parties shall have denotified it. But if, when the date fixed for its expiration arrives, either ally is actually engaged in war, the alliance shall, ipso facto, continue until peace is concluded.

In faith whereof the Undersigned, duly authorized by their respective Governments, have signed this Agreement and have affixed thereto their Seals.

Done in duplicate at London, the 12th day of August, 1905.
(L. S.) LANSBURVE.

His Britannic Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.
(L. S.) TANAKA HAKUSHI.
Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the Emperor of Japan at the Court of St. James.

It will be observed that article 2 prescribes that the only cause for common action in war between Japan and Great Britain is in defence of either's territorial rights or special interests mentioned in the preamble. The special objects thus defined are (1) peace in Eastern Asia and India, (2) integrity of, and open door in, China, and (3) preservation of the territories of the parties in Eastern Asia and India, and their special interests in those regions.

It will thus be seen that any war between Japan and the United States over conditions in California has no bearing on the treaty or on the action of England as Japan's ally. Indeed, the treaty, in so far as it binds each of the contracting parties not to go to war without consultation with its ally, forms one of the surest and best guarantees of peace between England, Japan, and the United States.

Personal and Pertinent

The other night JOSEPH H. CHASEY told a story at the Williams College Alumni dinner which was intended to illustrate what one Englishman thought of the American system, or systems, of education. He said that ALFRED MOSLEY told him that he thought so much of this system, or these systems, that he placed his two boys at a school near New Haven to be prepared to enter an American college. This is a trifle new. One English boy, Sir HENRY NORMAN, came of his own choice to this country to go to Harvard, but he was then regarded as eccentric, as eccentric as north while looking after with some care. Other boys have come here propelled by their fathers, but after they had been in Oxford or Cambridge. They have come to attend professional schools. Sir FREDERICK PARSONS's son and Chief Justice RUSSELL's son went to the Harvard law-school. We have a half dozen law-schools in this country that are better than any law-school, temple or inn, in England—but this kind appreciation of our preparatory schools and colleges is moving and unexpected, and it will especially delight the preparatory schools about which unsympathetic American college professors are constantly saying things.

Rev. Mr. FRANCIS, who used to be, maybe, in pastor of the so-called American church at St. Petersburg, is in this country studying American colleges, and is moving downward towards Tuskegee. He has some curious remarks to make about Father HANCOCK and M. WITTE, telling us that both are thought to be in the interest of the Russian hierarchy. His evidence against the priest is interesting, but what he has to say against WITTE is somewhat confusing, for the acts of WITTE do not altogether tally with Mr. FRANCIS's assertions. GANNO, he says, was paid by the revolutionaries, the Grand Duke, to lead the crowd on that eventful Sunday into the place where they were deliberately packed for shooting, while the troops were ordered not to fire at GANNO. Subsequently, GANNO was seen by Lord LANSBURVE at Monte Carlo spending large sums in various dissipation of an unprincipled character. Some hint of this we have read in the newspapers, but the dramatic ending of the tale is new and strange. The revolutionists sent word to GANNO, who had sought refuge from them in London, as if it came from the government, directing him to meet one of its agents at a certain place in Finland. Reaching the place, GANNO met, instead of the government agent, a committee of revolutionists, who pointed to a rope slung over the transom of the door of the room in which the meeting took place, and told the traitorous priest that he would be hanged in a few minutes, and he was. So disappear from contemporaneous history a man and a theory.

Now that Mr. ALGER is dead, and Mr. McKINLEY also, and that Mr. ROOSEVELT is still living, we may tell another story of the two who were President and Secretary of War together, and of the other who was then only a colonel. This young fighting man wrote the round-robin which protested against Mr. ALGER's order retaining the troops in the unwholesome neighborhood of unwhol-

some Santiago. Mr. ALGER replied by citing part of a letter written by Colonel ROOSEVELT criticizing militia. It was not a fair citation. Too much of the letter was left out. To one man who had denounced Mr. ALGER in the interpenetrating tones which good men sometimes employ, Mr. McKINLEY said:

"You are pretty hard on Brother ALGER."
"Well," was the ready answer, "I'm pretty read about Mr. ALGER's order. I've read ROOSEVELT's round-robin."

And then the bland Mr. McKINLEY smiled and said that TUNNOR was understood in Washington, and intimated that he was rather impetuous and might be rash, and made other similar remarks which stirred the man of wrath to plagiarize from Elizabeth who owned a German garden, to say:

In your thick it was nice for Mr. ALGER to use that private letter as he did."

And upon this Mr. McKINLEY sighed and said, solemnly:
"There is no one who regrets that incident more than Brother ALGER."

It was clear that Brother ALGER was just then giving the President an unhappy hour or two.

They say that JOHN G. CARLISLE is going to marry again, and this time to the widowed sister of HARRY ST. GEORGE TYLER. Those who know the lonely man well, the lonely and very friendly and sociable man, will wish him well, whether the matrimonial rumour be true or false. It was pretty late in his life when he was exiled from Kentucky, his native State, which he had served so long and whose great man he was until he opposed the new abandoned to it of offering of the cheap-money combination. When the second CLEVELAND administration was finished, there was no place in Kentucky for JOHN CARLISLE. He had been attacked and assaulted in his own city of Lexington because he was, so they said, GOSPEL and others, a traitor to the "white metal." They said that he had made THOMAS BRAND chairman of the Orange Committee when he was first Speaker of the House of Representatives, and had given other evidence of his fondness for silver. As a matter of fact, when Mr. CARLISLE made up his first committee there were two other men present, and one of those says that BRAND was given the chairmanship because he was the senior Democrat who had served on the committee, and not to have given him the promotion which was naturally his would have had to the tariff-reformers the support that they needed against HAYWARD and the Republicans. And it was in the tariff, and not in silver, that the CARLISLE element were interested. CARLISLE did not study the silver question until years afterward, and when he did he became a single gold-standard man. But his people thought him a traitor and exiled him, just as the people of Charlottesville, in West Virginia, exiled WILLIAM WILSON, the farmers even refusing to sell him fodder for his horse, so dalt were the silver men less than a dozen years ago. Now CARLISLE is abandoning life in this strange national, and is going back to his home in Washington, in which he lived for the many years when he was almost presenting his services to the government before he came here to make gold for himself.

The little breath of gossip about Mr. CARLISLE and his possible marriage reveals many incidents of the eventful Sunday night when three friends sat up until morning composing the new Speaker's list of committees. CARLISLE, they said, hadn't any backbone, and that WILLIAM MORRISON possessed the article. WILLIAM MORRISON still lives out in Waterloo, Illinois, a very old man, with a very clear head, and still in fighting mood. He had made CARLISLE Speaker, having carried the Democratic caucus for him against REYNOLDS, who thought that he possessed a lien on the chair, and he was to be chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and to introduce his once famous "horizontal" tariff-reduction bill. But he could not dominate CARLISLE. He wanted SPRINGER to be chairman of the Committee on the Revision of the Law, one of some other important committee; but CARLISLE would not consent. MORRISON urged it, and then as plan after plan came up for consideration, he suggested SPRINGER's name more than once. Sometimes he made a personal matter of it with JOHN, saying that if SPRINGER didn't get a good place the people "out home" would hold him responsible, for they knew, as on-lookers generally know such things, that MORRISON could have anything that he wished of the amiable CARLISLE. But CARLISLE would be amiable as the name of SPRINGER was heard again and again, for SPRINGER had been a candidate for the Speakership against CARLISLE, and this was resented by the tariff-reformers. SPRINGER was one of them, and they did not like his running against the candidate of the party. They thought that he might have done it to get a good chairmanship. Courtesy to defeated opponents was usual in those days. At last, about two in the morning, CARLISLE said:

"WILLIAM, I've done your full duty by SPRINGER; but he'll be chairman of the Revolutionary Claims Committee."

MORRISON sighed and remarked that SPRINGER would lay it to him, and sure enough, on the next day, when the committees were announced, SPRINGER accused his staunch friend of base betrayal.

Correspondence

COMMENDATION FROM AN OLD FRIEND

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, January 3, 1907

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—For nearly twenty years I have read every copy of *HARPER'S WEEKLY* that has been published, but I can truthfully say that not one gave me greater pleasure in reading than your issue of January 3, commemorating HARPER'S FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

To us of a younger generation fifty years in the life of a man is a long, long time to contemplate, but when a journal that has been a guiding light through all the stormy days of life enters upon the threshold of its fifty-first year, I feel towards it as I do toward a friend who has been a friend of my father's, and from my heart I can say God bless you—your years, your wisdom, and the good abiding done.

Years show are your marks of age, because in every other way you have the strength of youth—the strength to stand for all that is right, all that will trend towards a higher and a better civilization.

With sincere wishes that you may round the century-mark, and beyond, with your influence near the loss,

I am, sir,

LINCOLN WHITEMAN.

WE ARE ADVISED TO FLOAT

WASHINGTON, D.C., January 3, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—I have been a reader of *HARPER'S WEEKLY* for about thirty years. As a general proposition, I like your paper, but I don't like the idea of the thing you say about Roosevelt, and especially what you say in first paragraph, page 5, of your January 3, 1907, number. You're getting wild, and I'm going to be good enough friend to you to tell you so. You ought to know that you can't wrap back the sea with a beam, any more than could the traditional old woman.

Do you honestly believe that the "people" think any the less of Roosevelt because of his spelling order? But his order affect the way you and I were to spell? Bend the order and see.

Do you honestly believe the "people" are laughing at Roosevelt because he went to Panama in a battleship, accompanied by some armed sailors? Ask the "people" and see.

Do you honestly believe that the "people" will not uphold Roosevelt in his discharge of the mauling negro troops? Ask some of them who have a conception of the demands of military discipline and see.

Do you think that any investigation started against any of Roosevelt's acts by a man of the stamp of Fowler will hurt Roosevelt with the "people"? Ask in this and see.

Do you honestly believe that Roosevelt has any desire to overthrow the Constitution? Of course you don't, and if you really think the "people" have any such fear, ask them and see.

Do you really think the "people" look on the Senate more than they do on Roosevelt? Ask the Senate and see.

Do you want to know what the "people" think of Roosevelt? Then read page 18, January 3, 1907, number of the *Saturday Evening Post*. It sounds and seems funny, but it's true—that writer knows what he's writing about. Have West and see. The farther West you come the more you will see.

Better come in the water's time, and float with the tide. The "people" don't believe you, as do those who are in business over these parts of Trinity Church. You can't hurt Roosevelt with the "people." Ask the "people" and see. I am, sir,

B. S. GAGAN.

X. R.—"People" means those human beings who inhabit the country lying west of the Hudson River.

CRITICIZING THE PRESIDENT

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., January 31, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—For some years your editorial comments have appeared to me as being the least of their kind. They seemed to have ability equal to those of the *New York Nation*. And the easy humor and spontaneity, well made into much pleasant reading. All subjects were treated with fairness and impartiality. They were always sensible in root, and not nearly as often contrary to common sense.

Are they still written by the same man? If so, what an earth has happened to him that every act of our President is distorted and placed in an altogether false light and attributed to the worst motives? Too much hate worship is held; let every public man be subjected to the scrutiny of the sharpest critics, but if the criticism is to be worth the paper on which it is written it must, at least, assume the appearance of rationality. If personal malice is suspected it will not nearly as readily influence others. If I can be one in a thousand to add my mite to help in ousting back the pondemon of your mind in a proper place I will feel repaid for writing this. I am, sir,

F. T. TERRY.

[There has not been a grain of personal malice in the *WEEKLY'S* criticism of the President. The President's most useful friend just now is the one who can do most to persuade him to respect the Constitution, and limit his activities as President to transaction of the duties imposed by the Constitution upon the Presidential office.—ED.]

MR. WELLS SEES NO CHANCE FOR SOCIALISM

NEW YORK, January 26, 1907

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—I am in receipt of Mr. H. G. Wells's new book, *The Future in America*. I am interested in Mr. Wells's opinion that there is little chance for the development of socialism in this country. I, too, see no chance for socialism, for, perhaps unlike Mr. Wells, I see no need for it. With few exceptions there is as much economic opportunity for the individual to-day as there was yesterday. Current economic discontent is due merely to the great rise in the standard of living of the last few years. It does not indicate a demand for industrial reorganization. As Mr. Wells says, we are still strongly individualistic. I think Mr. Wells exaggerates the danger of a horse-ridden industrial proletariat. Socialism is only speculative. Strict enforcement of existing laws will eradicate it. Nor do I foresee any danger from our present imagination.

I am, sir,

HERMAN CROW.

THE LATE MR. CASSATT

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., January 25, 1907

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—Will you permit me to express admiration for your recent words regarding Mr. Cassatt? So much exaggeration and insinuation has appeared in the daily newspapers during the past few months regarding Mr. Cassatt and the *Washington Herald* that it is refreshing to read a just tribute to him and his work. It was my privilege to see a great deal of him during the past fifteen years, and contact with him was a liberal education for any man. The character and the absolute purity of his motives, as well as of his actions, cannot be too strongly admired. He did more to elevate the tone of not only railroad but all business ethics than any other man in America—our men.

My object in writing is to suggest that it would be wholesome for the people if they could be made to know more of this great man and to really understand his work through a more extended article in your pages. This has been done to some extent in the daily newspapers, but no one cares what they say about any man or any thing; they write merely for a day's sensation. But Mr. Cassatt's example ought not to be lost sight of through lack of some permanent and popular method of calling attention to his life. I am, sir,

E. D. MOORE.

"ON EARTH PEACE"

MINNAPOLIS, MINN.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR.—In addressing you thus it is the writer's intention to address himself directly to the author of the editorial, "On Earth Peace," in issue of December 22, 1906, to whom the writer would say:

First.—That he is always much interested in reading the editorial, or the mystical, but always religious, editorial, or most generally so, with which the editorial part of each week's issue of *HARPER'S WEEKLY* is usually closed, and,

Second.—That the criticism of the above-named editorial here-with offered is entirely friendly, as is apparent.

Third.—is to correct interpretation Luke 2:14. The writer could respectfully call your attention to two fundamental errors in your quoting the Christ in your said editorial, which errors are also very widespread, if not universally prevalent. They are as follows, namely:

(A) "The proclamation from a multitude of the heavenly host—two thousand years ago," says not that "a Saviour was born who was to bring . . . on earth peace, good will to men," but rather "peace to men of good will," and to each alone. See *Isaiah*, and also the Revised Version.

Here, also that you refer to as contradictory to the commonly accepted—that is, misunderstood—version, such as "wars," "individual striving against individual," etc., to-day, five thousand years later, etc., is in perfect harmony with the true version as given in the Douay version first, and the revised version later. Furthermore, that the Christ said never have so declared him self is apparent from his teaching as, for instance:

"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I come not to send peace, but a sword."

"For I am come to set a man of his father against," etc.

"And a man's foes shall be they of his own household," etc.

"Three against three," and two against three," etc.—Matt. 10: 34-35, and Luke 12:49-51.

The Christ is most correctly represented as type for all good in nature, as in this case—the two responses to him, necessary to life; hence the positive and negative, though essential to the full-acted life alone, representing each in other as society, make that condition typified by fermentation in the vegetable kingdom.

(B) The second error referred to is that you represent the Christ as teaching that "if a man love his own neighbor, he is loved as a Christian in giving him, our clock alone," etc., which is in contradiction with the teaching of the same Christ. The Word, by his servant Moses, saying (Lev. 19: 18) "Whom the jealous shall condemn, he shall pay double unto his neighbor."—Exodus 22:9; Matt. 5:40. I am, sir,

T. R. STEPHEN.

HAWAII'S LESSON TO HEADSTRONG CALIFORNIA

HOW THE ISLAND TERRITORY HAS SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF DEALING
WITH ITS FOUR THOUSAND JAPANESE PUBLIC-SCHOOL CHILDREN

By WILLIAM INGLIS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii, January 15, 1907.

THE American government in Hawaii has no trouble whatever in dealing with the Japanese pupils in the public schools. Nothing can be more startling to the observer who comes from the bubbling volcano of San Francisco school-politics than the ease with which the annoying race question is handled by intelligent Americans in this garden-spot of the Pacific. There are more than 4000 Japanese pupils here, as against a meagre ninety-three in San Francisco, yet there is no vexation.

There would be nothing to wonder at in the situation if most of the Japanese residents of Hawaii were people of culture and wealth, and competing with American labor. It is the status of the Mikado's subjects in these islands that forces one to admire the diplomacy with which an awkward problem has been handled. For the Japanese in Hawaii are nearly all of the coolie type. They are cheap workers, whether as laborers in the cane-fields or mechanics or artisans of any class. There is bitter strife between them and American labor. strenuous efforts have been made to exclude Japanese laborers, to prevent Japs from working as mechanics, cabmen, or innkeepers; to prohibit them from serving drinking-saloons. The Palama, as the Japanese quarter in Honolulu is called, contains five times as many Asiatics as the Chinese quarter of New York, and the Japanese is very fond of drifting dall ease away with a glass; yet a most determined effort has been made to oust the little brown men from the profitable business of liquor-selling. An attempt was made, too, to compel the Japanese doctors who attend their countrymen here to take medical examinations in the English language, under penalty of not being allowed to practice in this Territory.

All of these anti-Japanese campaigns failed of success because the Territorial courts held that their basis was illegal, inasmuch as it was an invasion of treaty rights. I mention them merely to show how bitter and uncompromising has been the economic warfare upon the Japanese in these islands.

The great difference between the situation here and in California is that the Hawaiian Americans have fought the Japanese bitterly but according to law and the treaty rights of the foreigners, while the San Franciscans, with far less provocation, have simply disregarded both law and treaty in order to inflict upon Japan a gratuitous affront.

There are more than sixty thousand Japanese in the Hawaiian Islands. Nearly all of them are laborers on the sugar plantations.

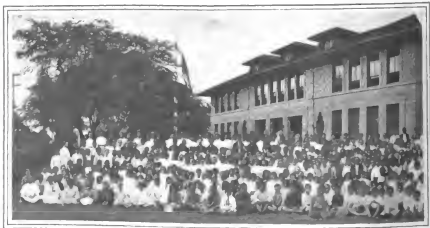
Many of them are married, and on every plantation you will find a quaint reproduction of a Japanese village, the homes very like those of the Orient. Japanese women in kimono going about their daily tasks, and clothily checked, brown-eyed little boys and girls very gravely imitating the solemn business of life.

Whether in town or country, these little folks work with an energy that amazes an American. Their parents want them to learn as much as possible about the history and literature of the land of their fathers; so all the Japanese boys and girls go to a Japanese school from seven o'clock until nine in the morning. Then they attend an American public school from nine o'clock until two in the afternoon. The moment they are free they hurry back to Japanese school and work there until five or six o'clock in the evening. Imagine a school day that lasts from seven in the morning until dark! Yet these brown children thrive on that system. It has been going on for ten years now, and it is impossible to find any record of shattered health or injured eyes as a result of this tremendous industry.

Down in old Mulberry Bend, New Yorkers have a public school of which they are very proud, because in it the teachers receive young Italians, Greeks, Syrians, Arabs, Japanese, Chinese, Scandinavians, Turks, etc., as raw material and turn them out as a finished product of excellent American citizens. The school is unique in its mixture of races, and for that reason attracts a great deal of attention. In Honolulu that school would pass unnoticed, for in every school you will find little folk of a dozen races working amicably side by side. Such a thing as race prejudice is unknown.

Here is the remarkable mixture shown by the latest census of the schools of Hawaii, taken at the end of last year:

	Public	Private	Total
Hawaiian	4,045	860	4,905
Pari Hawaiian	2,382	1,040	3,422
American	457	242	699
British	142	81	223
German	144	119	263
Portuguese	3,239	1,233	4,472
Scandinavian	45	38	83
Japanese	3,578	719	4,297
Chinese	1,450	905	2,355
Porto Rican	538	104	642
Other Foreigners	242	104	346
Total	16,719	5,220	21,939



The Pupils of the Kaahumanu Elementary Grades Public School at Honolulu

THIS PHOTOGRAPH, THE CONTINUATION OF WHICH WILL BE FOUND ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE, GIVES A COMPREHENSIVE IDEA OF THE MANY NATIONALITIES HAWAII HAS PLACIDLY ACCOMMODATED IN THE CLASS-ROOMS OF HER SCHOOLS, AND NOW SHE HAS SET A LESSON FOR CALIFORNIA'S SCHOOL BOARD

Was there ever such a heterogeneous company since Babel? In fact they are all fused in the great melting pot of our American schools, and they are coming out of it as the people of Hawaii are coming out of it. It may be remarked that the people of Hawaii are prouder of their schools than of anything else in their marvellously rich and beautiful islands. There are 141 public schools. There are 435 teachers, and 28 private schools, with 261 teachers. The high schools and pupils to the leading colleges in the United States, and of these many have achieved distinction in letters and science.

In the Kaunakakai and Kalaheo public schools one finds the people of races hard at work. There is every hue of skin known to the human species except the black of the negro, which is conspicuously absent. At the same desk in the Kaunakakai school is a dainty little girl with pink cheeks, blue eyes, and hair of spun gold—the only native American in the school—was sitting beside a girl whose father was a white man and whose mother was Hawaiian. The half-caste child was dark as an Indian and her hair was long, straight, black and coarse as an Indian's. At the desk, before these two sat two Japanese girls, about ten years old. They were demure little things in American clothes, very clean and full of dignity. Their sparkling black eyes shone with keen speculation. A few feet away sat a Portuguese girl beside a Chinese girl who wore the loose silk jacket and flowing trousers of her native land.

The boys were a sturdy lot, and, in spite of the wide divergence of race types, one saw a great resemblance among them, the resemblance that comes of working at the same tasks, thinking the same thoughts, having the same duties, aims, ambitions and rewards. This resemblance was much more marked among the boys than among the girls. The costumes were as various as the leaves in the forest, and very few of the children wore shoes. Every boy and every girl was scrupulously clean. Order in the schoolroom was perfect. There was no giggling or whispering nor any evidence of self-consciousness. The children regarded the visitor with a curiosity that was frank but well bred.

At the suggestion of Mr. Baldwin, the principal, Mrs. Fraser, gave an order, and within ten seconds all of the 614 pupils of the school began to march out upon the great green lawn which



A Group at the Honolulu High School

THREE PER CENT. OF THE PUPIL HERE ARE JAPANESE, THE IMPERATIVE REQUIREMENT FOR ADMITTANCE BEING A THOROUGH WORKING KNOWLEDGE OF ENGLISH

surrounds the building. Hawaii differs from all our other tropical possessions in the fact that no one who grows here. In our beautiful, fertile soil and groves of pine and banana trees and banks of flowering mangroves one can find that the children of the

children, too, by far, find as great an interest in the school as they do at home. With the rarest of good practice the children of the school marched out all over the school in a compact array facing a large American flag that was dancing in the northeast trade wind fifty feet above their heads. Surely this was the most curious, most diverse regiment ever drawn up under that banner—Tay Hawaiian, American, British, German, Portuguese, Scandinavians, Japanese, Chinese, Porto Ricans, and Heaven knows what else.

Attention! Mrs. Fraser now commanded. The little regiment stood fast, arms at sides, shoulders back, chests out, heads up, and every eye fixed upon the red, white, and blue emblem that waved protectingly over them.

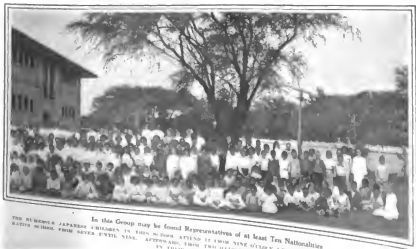
Salute! was the principal's next command.

Every right hand was raised, forefinger extended, and the air kindled and bristled with childish voices chanting an old song.

We give our heads and our hearts to God and our country! Our country! Our language! Our flag!

The last six words were shot out with a force that was explosive. The tone, the gesture, the gas fired reverently upon the flag, told their story of loyal fervor. And it was apparent that the salute was given as spontaneously and enthusiastically by the Japanese as by any of the other children. There were hundreds of them in the throng, and their voices rang out as clearly as any others, their hands were raised in unison. The robust child of a man who sees the children perform this act of reverence and feel a tightening at the throat, and it is even more affecting to see these young atoms from all the world actually being fused in the crucible from which they shall issue presently as good American citizens.

So much for the Japanese in the lower-grade schools. Everybody agrees that no children can be more polite and agreeable than they are. The principal teacher of the consular in San Francisco



In this Group may be found Representatives of at least Ten Nationalities
THE HAWAIIAN & JAPANESE CHILDREN IN THIS GROUP ATTEND IN ABOUT NINE GRADES UNTIL 1900, AFTER HAVING BEEN IN THEIR NATIVE SCHOOLS FROM SEVEN UNTIL NINE. AFTERWARD, FROM THE OTHER 15 PER CENT. OF THE CHILDREN IN THIS GROUP ARE JAPANESE SCHOOLS.



"We give our heads and our hearts to God and our country! One country, one language, one flag!"

THIS SCENE SHOWS THE SALUTE TO THE AMERICAN FLAG WHICH FLIES IN THE GROUNDS OF THE KAUIAIAN PUBLIC SCHOOL, WHICH HAS MANY JAPANESE PUPILS. THE DRILL IS CONSTANTLY HELD AS A MEANS OF INCULCATING PATRIOTISM IN THE HEARTS OF THE CHILDREN.

is that parents cannot endure to have their girls exposed to contamination by adult Asiatics, whose moral code is far different from our own. Whether or not there is reason for this complaint is not the question here. That there is such a feeling of apprehension among parents is readily found by any one who inquires, and it exists in Hawaii no less than in California. The Hawaiian school authorities long ago took steps to prevent the mingling of grown Japanese boys in classes with American girls.

In the Honolulu high school there are 143 pupils, including a few more boys than girls. Most of these are above fifteen years of age. There is now, as there has been for the last six years, only five per cent. of Asiatics among these pupils—three per cent. Japanese, and two per cent. Chinese. The boys are well behaved.

Professor M. M. Scott, the principal of the high school, was kind enough to call all the pupils, who were not taking examinations, out on the front steps of the building, where the visitor could inspect them in the sunshine. The change in the color scheme from that of the schools below was astounding. Below were all the tones of the human spectrum, with brown and yellow predominating; here the tone was clearly white.

What had made the change? Practically the Asiatics had been eliminated. But how? By building separate schools, and hesitantly ordering the Japanese to attend them in company with Chinese and Koreans, whom they despise? Not at all. The Hawaiian Commissioners of Public Instruction long ago made a regulation that no pupil may attend a school of the higher grade unless he has a thorough working knowledge of the English language.

"That rule," said Commissioner William Farrington, "this us of all individuals whose presence could possibly be objectionable. We have not now, and we never have had, any trouble over the presence of Japanese or any other Asiatics in our public schools. I do not think the question will ever cause us any annoyance."

"The rule under which the exclusion is accomplished is based on simple common sense, and no one can object to it. The speed of any fleet is the speed of the slowest ship in the fleet. It would be most unjust for us to delay the progress of our advanced pupils by putting in their classes foreigners who do not clearly understand English; for their presence would make it necessary to waste

time in long explanations. The fairness of that rule is so evident that we have never had any complaint from Japanese or anybody else. It is—perhaps—a mere coincidence that the operation of the rule rule the classes of certain individuals whose presence may not be desired. We make no comparison with any other way of handling the problem; but we know that in Hawaii the Americans, the Japanese, and all the others, are satisfied with the plan on which we are working."

Mr. Miki Saito, His Imperial Japanese Majesty's Consul-General at Hawaii, has just returned from a three weeks' tour of inspection of the public schools throughout the islands, begun soon after the San Francisco incident was made public. He is, of course, devoted to the welfare of all the Mikado's subjects, and during his three weeks' tour he questioned children and parents everywhere.

"You will be glad to know," said Mr. Miki to me, "that the Japanese people here are entirely satisfied with the treatment of their children in the public schools. I have not heard one word of complaint anywhere; but on the other hand I have heard our people express satisfaction at the kindness and cooperation of the Americans."

In the public schools our children have the same opportunities as the rest. On the plantations American employers have kindly put up buildings in which the Japanese teachers can hold school in our native tongue. I can find in the Hawaiian schools nothing to criticize and much to praise."

It is difficult for the unprejudiced observer to understand why the importunate San Franciscans did not adopt the Hawaiian plan of dealing with the Japanese in the schools. Surely they must have known of the easy success of the scheme, for in community of interests Honolulu is as near to San Francisco as Philadelphia is to New York.

The more one studies the subject, the harder it is to understand why the Californians took so much pains to affront the Japanese. The warlike spirit in a nation freed from great victories may well be compared to a sleeping dog on the porch of a house he has just defended. The hasty Californians seem to have acted on the principle laid down by an American philosopher whose thoughts had stripped his words, so that he airily exclaimed, "Oh, let sleeping dogs bark!"

A MOTOR-BOAT WHICH HAS RUN A MILE IN 2:21.5



IN THE MOTOR-BOAT RACE AT PALM BEACH, FLORIDA, THE "SENSE" RECENTLY MADE A NEW MILE RECORD AGAINST THE TIME OF 2:21.5, BEATING BY THIS FEAT THE SEAW TROUPE. RUNNING WITH THE TIME HER TIME WAS ONE AND A FIFTH BEATING 1:20.



Mr. J. P. Morgan's Champion Collie, "Alexandra"



Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt's Champion French Bulldog, "Domino"



Mr. Thomas W. Lawson's Champion English Bulldog, "Fashion"



Mr. Howard Willet's Champion Dalmatian, "Challenger"

**FOUR CELEBRATED CHAMPIONS WHO WILL COMPETE FOR HONORS
AT THIS WEEK'S DOG SHOW**

THE THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL BENCH SHOW OF THE WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB, NOW AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, IS THE
LARGEST EVER HELD IN NEW YORK. TWO THOUSAND DOGS ARE SHOWN IN THE DIFFERENT ENTRIES

AFTER THE WORLD'S NEWS WITH A CAMERA

A NEW PROFESSION AND ITS PERILS

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD

SOME occupations there are which are ever filled with possibilities of excitement, with kaleidoscopic change, with thrilling romance and ever-present peril. One might name, for example, ivory-hunting on the Congo; collecting orchids on the Magdalena River in Colombia; deep-sea diving for pearls in Torres Straits, and for sponges in the Azores; and, lastly, geographical exploration, both polar and tropical.

To men engaged in these I would add the news photographer, who will risk his life for a film on the battle-field; among the smoking ruins of a city destroyed by earthquake or volcano; or on the untrodden glaciers of a new sky-piercing peak, just about to be conquered by some scientific expedition.

A record of the world's doings must lie by our coffee-cup at breakfast; and one of this demand sprang the great Associated Press, which has enveloped the world with its service, and brings into our parlor, day by day, every phase of human activity. Such a demand will grow and be fed; yet how few of us realize the details of the work of meeting the demand!

It was the craving for news of human strife and endeavor that created the adventurous role of the war correspondent, who has brought vividly before us, in text and illustration, the terrible reality of the battle-field for the last half-century. As the French say, "L'effort rent en soi-même"; and it was during this period that there arose a demand for something more visual than even the most glowing war picture that could be penned by a skilled correspondent, even on the firing line.

This further demand created the war artist; but as realism was always the cry, the camera itself could not long be kept from the forefront of battle. War photography, however, and news photography generally, were seriously hampered until galling dry plates were invented. To-day we find picked troops of adventurous photographers, radiating over the world in search of pictures for our popular journals, as well as for editorial, historical, scientific lectures, and the illustration of books.

Thus, no important work of travel, whether dealing with the south pole, the mysterious highlands of Tibet, or the sources of the Nile, can hope for many readers unless the dangers and difficulties of the expedition are brought clearly before the reader's mind by means of photographs of every noteworthy episode on route.

It is clear that not all of us may travel where we will, hence lodgings, (family, or other) here to at home, are for hardly matched vacations; but that we are interested in the world's wonders and desire admits of no doubt. We have heard of Pyramids on the Nile, old as time itself, of marvellous old cathedrals, of mountainous castles, of medieval halls, and other internal wonders of historic places and noted persons. At such photographs of these we gaze with real interest. But how much keener and more

vivid the interest, how much more imperative the demand for photographs, when our own country is battling on the sea, or our legions are fighting savages and pestilence in foreign lands! Or when a great queen is laid to rest with impressive pomp, and her successor crowned with regal circumstance; is a historic abbey a thousand years old, and in the presence of an imposing throng; or when a mighty upheaval peels lakes of fire from a Mount Pelée; when one of our own great cities like San Francisco, or a neighbor like Kingston, is devastated by earthquake and fire through direct seismic disturbance; when two world powers like Russia and Japan put a million men in the field to battle for empire! When such things as these happen we must have them pictured as well as graphically described. Hence a newcomer among the adventurers who serve us—the news photographer. A moment's reflection will show that this man runs far greater risk of his life, say on the field of battle, than his literary colleague. The latter can get adequate material at second hand—probably more accurate material than if he himself courages on the firing line. But not even the much-valued "telephoto lens" will render clearly the shock of charging battalions. The news photographer must inevitably risk his life as war correspondent; he and his big camera make an ideal target for the enemy.

Of the news photographer it may be truly said that he is "born" and can never be "made." He must be a man of supreme tact, a crack shot, a trained runner, able to take charge of his own camera, and to control men. He must be a person of some polish too, for he may be attached to the staff of a distinguished commander, whose movements his camera will record, possibly for the benefit of the public of all nations.

For this reason, if for no other, the news photographer must cultivate the knack of the personable. He and his big stereoscopic camera stand idly waiting for him from day to day, and he knows not the hour when he will be dispatched to the most exotic of the earth, where, if offer lag and anguish exist, he must naturally choose to them as a temporary resident at least. Such incidents he regards as "all in the day's work."

Directly after Dewey's memorable morning in Manila Bay a news photographer set off for the Philippines. And often enough he had to these days with so great a battle his huge thirty-five-pound camera and lens a rifle-hand with a rifle.

When one of our soldiers dropped at his side, a mark for some light, showing our soldiers at close quarters, firing from behind breastworks, and charging across open fields—these marked a new era in war photography.

And let me now shift the scene to Tientsin and Peking, where the war correspondent, the greatest nations on earth were notoriously besieged by "finers." When white troops



In the Yosemite Valley. The Picture's the Thing, not the Risk



From photograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood

Awaiting, Bulb in Hand, a Roaring Blast from the Center of old Asia-San

volunteers, and others were streaming away from the beleaguered town, a news photographer was moving heaven and earth to get in.

In Tientsin he secured quarters in the British Consulate, the house of which were directly in the line of the flying shells. These were terrible times indeed, with the fanatic Chinese sapping and mining with naked-for-shill, and drawing ever nearer to the defenders.

The photographer's private letters home made stirring reading. The night the walls of his room was rent by bursting shrapnel, and round bullets from the shells flew in all directions, so that it was a marvel the man escaped with his life. "Each night," he wrote, "I took the precaution to haul my sofa behind some interior wall. For, you see, the houses were all brick; and our wall sufficed to explode the shrapnel by impact, while a second would stop all the dangerous flying fragments."

The relief of Tientsin and Peking by the Allied Troops has passed into history—and of course with the troops went a small army of news photographers, each with a huge camera, which no doubt was often enough mistaken by the enemy for some new and specially terrible weapon of offense designed by the "barbaric devils."

The man who set up his tripod near the famous South Gate, which had to be blown up with dynamite—and, of course, he wanted a good picture, "with plenty of smoke in it," of this period but picturesque event.

The photographer passes more perilous occurrences, the news value is departing for the curious of all ages tiger and elephant houses, or fantastic manners and ceremonies in the strangest corners of the earth.

I have in mind a photographer who did a 24,000-mile tramp through Hindostan in order that he might see, as with our own eyes, government of India, was really life.

The wild elephants of India are government property, and when game over mountain passes like the Khyber, leading into Tibet; the wild birds are periodically rounded up and driven by made of the trunks of great trees. The scene as the trumpeting and snorting herd of animals is driven against its will into the depicted in a series of realistic photographs.

Sometimes additional interest is given to the event by the presence of some member of the British royal family, surrounded by all the hereditary princes of India—Maharajah and Maharatta lords have in mind took up his perch on the timber stockade above the

rolling, screaming masses of two hundred and eighty wild elephants. Whether he wanted to view the strange scene from a different standpoint, or was moved by sheer love of danger, I know not. At any rate, watching his opportunity, the man raced steadily into the stockade itself, and earned up a tree in the very center of it, where he had prepared a fine view of the very center of the scene. And from this unique point he and his all-seeing lenses looked down on the ranged elephants as they strode back and forth, trampling madly in their wrath.

That "picture-man" was a pretty good example of them all. He is equally at home taking pecked, and rise with, ten cents at an imperial garden-party in Tokyo.

Such a man is never happy unless his routine cameras violently, singing from every platform on the crumbling walls of the Tower of David in Jerusalem, taking pictures of the walls of the of pilgrims on their way to Easter worship in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. An hour or two later he was developing snapshots of the Greek and Russian patriarchs of the Holy Fire, watching the feet of the thousands, as their Master did nearly 2000 years ago. The next season will see him crossing the halting rapids of the Rhine River in the Himalayas by a bridge composed of a single warlike rope, or perhaps by a raft of inflated cowbells.

And remember that the news photographer depends upon no mere hand camera, such as every tourist carries; the risks of failure after enormous expenditure of time, trouble, and money would be too great. Instead he carries a heavy tripod camera, with big glass plates—an affair with three important leaves. Frequently the operator takes three of these mighty mechanisms in order to make certain of his pictures.

As in "amateurism," this recorder of the world's wonders will load up five or six dozen fragile glass plates on elephant, camel, mule, burro, or Arabian thoma; and trailing behind him—perhaps on the woolly backs of negro porters in Central Africa, or a train where all transport animals have been wiped out by the too few—will come three or four big boxes of reserve plates, each case weighing seventy-five pounds.

One may imagine the self-denial such a man would have to practice when quartered, say, with the Japanese army under Baron Sogei, who limited the equipment of every man in his service to the very small total of sixty-six pounds.

Clearly, if the news photographer were a "literary person" he could write, not one book of adventure, but an entire library! He does, as a rule, take a mild interest in crime, of which he brings home an ethnological miscellany worthy of a national collection. You will see spears enough to equip a Congo tribe; telegraph staves from Tibet; bones and poisoned arrows from northern Australia; Chinese brushes of frightful grotesqueness; strange illuminated manuscripts; gorgeous shells and precious stones of every hue.



From photograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood

"Snap-shooting" the Pilgrims on their Way to Easter Worship in Jerusalem

In one corner the visitor may see an obliging leopard uplifting a card-tray, on the table is an elephant's foot as a work-box. Bores of stirring big-game hunts, these, yet more episodes and side issues in a busy man's life. The walls will be faced to be covered with barbaric shields and ornaments; inbetween is announced by deep notes from the great war-organ of King Thebes of Burma; the children amuse themselves with crude dolls and moon-banjos from Java. Fairy plays with buffalo bells from far Siam.

And in the case of one photographer I know, the only member of the family mentioned in it all appears to be his lonely wife.

"He no sooner gets back from one trip," she complains, "than he is off on another. Sometimes," she sighs, "I am afraid the children will forget how he looks!"

One is not surprised to hear that one of these men has pictured the world's most stirring doings in fully a hundred thousand photographs during the last decade. And some idea of their range may be gained when I mention that they include vistas of riotous-day crowds, snap-shotted with the operator astride the steel-girders of a half-finished skyscraper, four hundred and twenty feet above the street!

From such a commission to one of picturing the historic Durbar of India is a change indeed. A hundred kings and princes were seen passing this way and that in silver towers on elephants of war, draped in cloth of gold. And the same photographer was in the thick of it all, appeared on a frail bamboo platform whose slippery legs were lashed by the gurgling trapping of peering Arabs and supercilious camels.

And scarce waiting to develop these glowing pictures, the man passed on to a state tiger-hunt, organized by the Maharajah of Gwalior, during which it was his pride to secure a snap-shot of "Stripes" himself, who, sorely wounded, charged back among the hunters.

Then swiftly home and out again the wondrous Canyon of the Colorado, to picture its wonders, as well as those of the Yosemite and the Yellowstone. Such pictures were in part destined for the education of our children. And how this man's labor turns their lessons into pleasure! In his pictures they look into the nests of our chest birds, little dreaming of elaborate gear, such as telescopic holders, and specially constructed cameras with mirrors and pneumatic tubes, which were necessary to get these photographs, not forgetting the infinite patience and quick intelligence called for at every stage.

And in the midst of such "peace work" there is news that Yosemite is in violent eruption, pouring her flaming honey-colored lava streams down her purple flanks, just as the younger Pliny described the awful sight when the classic cities of old Rome were buried by that selfsame volcano in clouds and lava d'écou.

Be sure that when the sublime spectacle is at its height our news photographer and his assistants are hammering over the flowering brown with their cameras and up the volcano's flanks to the very lips of the crater. There he will record the thunderous explosions, the eruptions of lava torrents, and the sinister opening up of screaming fissures!

But, after all, it is in the recent great war that we see this servant of the public at his best—devoted, resourceful, determined at all costs to serve his millions of masters. And with no bombast nor deception, where deception might be so easy. This is especially remarkable in the American photographer.

An American photographer was held up by officers at Port Arthur for photographing in the trenches. Major Yamawaka, Baron Negi's chief of staff, telephoned for instructions. "If it is the American war-artist," replied that scientific warrior, "let him go anywhere."

One day some one asked the artist why he did not merely depict the great 14-inch mortar at rest, and then "paint in on your negative some dust and stuff, with a little dot 'way up in the air'?" The "little dot" was a 500-pound projectile from the monster siege-gun. Merely to go near the great weapon was extremely dangerous, for the sorely distressed Russians were concentrating their fire on the famous "bunka hole," which was fast making their position untenable.

"Yes, I suppose I could do that," the photographer replied, "but then it would hardly be the real thing"; and with that the "fantasy" crept through these terrible trenches, hugging the huge camera that enabled him to serve "the people at home." Heavy as it was, he tramped twenty miles a day with it, and, wretched, he would write home an apology for the quality of his negatives!

"They're set up to my standard," he would say, satirically. "The fact is, I couldn't stand a foot farther back, because of the Russian bullets. The Japs, too, were firing from every pop-hole. And then a dynamite explosion took place while I was inside the trench, shaking the earth like a volcano, and sending down a hail of dirt. It was hell on every side."

And then a little side note: "The wild geese are going south day and night and the winter is near. My top-coat is in Yokohama, but I guess plenty of shirts will replace it! I tell you I begin to feel new sympathy for the domestic grind of our women-folk, owing to my own daily routine of cooking and dish-washing."

Washing up the other day, a Russian hundred pounder came so near that its great nearly blew my cap off! It burst thirty feet behind me, driving a huge hole in the earth. I reaped the flying fragments, and kept one as a souvenir. I saw this big fellow come and snatched for him, but my camera was a trifle low. As it was I had but a second in which to snap and wink and duck!"

What a pity some disinterested colleague was not at hand to snap-shot the camera-man as he stood photographing giant Japanese shells in screaming flight, with Russian "returms" bursting appallingly but a few yards from his slender tripod!

But every man was just then intent on deadly duty; and only the best grinner of them all lost his head—and that is a dreadfully liberal view. Little wonder General Ichinose wrote about the "American picture-men":

"They pursued their work in face of all the hardships endured by our private soldiers, and they held a permanent place in the hearts of the officers of the Third Army."



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Asama-Yama rewarding the Photographer's Courage with a tremendous Explosion



This photograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood

With a Horse's Back for unsteady Platform in rugged Palestine



High Water in Louisville—Looking South over the flooded District from the "Big Four" Bridge



Real Estate at a Premium in the submerged District along the River-front

LOUISVILLE UNDER WATER

FANCY FLOODS RISE HIGH IN THE OHIO VALLEY, DESTROYING PROPERTY VALUED AT MANY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS. HEAVY DAMAGE WAS DONE IN LOUISVILLE, IN CINCINNATI, AND IN OTHER CITIES, AND MANY PERSONS WERE DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES.



WHITE LINE - PRESENT SUBWAY SYSTEM

HEAVY BLACK LINE - TUNNELS UNDER CONSTRUCTION

LIGHT BLACK LINE - PROPOSED SUBWAY SYSTEM

THE FUTURE OF RAPID

The peculiar physical characteristics of Manhattan Island, and the relationship that the other boroughs which make up New York City have for the construction of subways, tunnels, and bridges which will connect Manhattan Island not only with the outlying boroughs already under construction or projected. The subway system has proved to be such a success that its extension and the construction of new lines are contemplated, and conveys an excellent idea of the many lines of communication which are to be established between the various parts of the city and passengers to travel from San Francisco to the heart of the city.



TRANSIT IN NEW YORK

... make the solution of rapid transit problems a municipal necessity. Realizing this, the most elaborate plans have been framed for the mainland of New Jersey. At present, the construction of tunnels is engrossing most attention, and fourteen of them are being planned. The drawing presented above shows accurately both the work accomplished and that yet to be done. The primary about it. The magnitude of these plans may be appreciated when it is stated that their completion will permit the residents of Long Island, without once leaving their cars

His Excellency— The Governor



BY LEONID ANDREWEFF

ILLUSTRATED BY G. W. PETERS

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS—PART II

III

LAUGHTER and song and merry games—for to-morrow Peter Hljitch's son, the officer, returned to St. Petersburg, and friends had gathered to say good-by. Uniforms and gay frocks were scattered about in the open glades and meadows, under the purple and gold of the autumn foliage and in the sapphire clearness of the woodland ways. As the red sun set faded and the stars moved by in the heavens, they set off fireworks—pockets that burst with a loud report, star-bombs and pinwheels. A stifling smoke crept under the great old trees that stood there so earnestly watching; and when they started the beagled lights, hurrying figures were changed to ghosts in flitting, flitting shadows.

Commissioner "Pike," who had quipped his thirst at dinner, gazed indulgently at the gay throng, strutting comically about among the ladies, and enjoyed his fill. And when presently he heard the Governor's voice rise beside him in the smoky darkness, he was taken with a wild desire to kiss him on the shoulder, to hug him carefully—or any little thing of the kind—as an expression of his devotion. Instead of this, however, he laid his hand on the left breast of his uniform, threw away a cigarette he had just lighted, and said, "Ah, your Excellency, what a charming fire!"

"Listen, Hlavian Wassiljevitch!" interrupted the Governor, with a suppressed growl. "Why do you always set those spies here? What does it mean?"

"Some rascal might plan an attack on your Excellency's sacred person," said "the Pike," with deep emotion and laying both hands on his heart. "And I, besides, . . . it is my duty!"

Dapping of fire-crackers, shrieks of terror, and loud laughter drowned his words—then a sudden rain fell, extinguishing the red and green fires which had illuminated the smoky darkness and made the Governor's buttons and spangles shine out.

"I know the reason, Hlavian Wassiljevitch—that is, I think I can guess it. But I think it can hardly be serious."

"It is most exceedingly serious, your Excellency! The whole town is talking of it. Avoiding how badly they talk about it! I have already arrested three gents, but they were the wrong ones."

A fresh outbreak of firing and gay shouts interrupted him, and when the noise had subsided the Governor had gone.

After supper they all drove off, marshalled by the young Assistant Commissioner. Everything—the fireworks which he had seen from behind the trees, the shrieks, and the people—seemed to him extraordinarily lively, and his own fresh voice astonished him with its tenacity and its power. "The Pike" was horribly drunk, cracked jokes, laughed, and even sang the first few bars of the Marseillaise—

"Allons, enfants de la patrie,

Le jour de gloire est arrivé!" . . .

At last they had all gone. "What are you worrying about on, father?" said the lieutenant, laying his hand on Peter Hljitch's shoulder with patronizing kindness. The Governor was very much moved by his family, and the Governor's lady even feared him a trifle: but they all felt that he had aged sadly in those last few weeks, and their fondness was not without a tinge of contempt.

"Nonsense! Nothing but nonsense!" answered Peter Hljitch, hesitatingly. For some reason he would gladly have unburdened himself to his son, but then again their views differed so radically that he had feared this explanation. Yet now this very difference of opinion might be of use.

"The thing is this, you see," he continued, with some embarrassment, "this trouble with the workmen makes me seem but uneasy." Their eyes met again, but the son's face was blank with astonishment as he dropped his hand from his father's shoulder, saying,

"But I thought you had your 'honorable mention' from St. Petersburg!"

"Certainly—and it pleased me very much. And yet . . . Aljsha! He gazed into his son's fine eyes with the tender tenderness of a stern old man. "They aren't Turks, after all, are they? They're as much Russians as we—their names are Ivan and Peter like ours. And yet I treated them like Turks! Ha! How does the thing strike you now?"

"It strikes me that you are a recidivist!"

"But they wear the cross upon their breasts, Aljsha! And I—" he raised his finger—"I ordered them to fire at those crosses!"

"As far as I've seen you, father, you've never shown any particular religious scruples before. What have the crosses to do with it? That might be a telling point if you were addressing your regiment in the square, or for some such occasion, but . . ."

"To be sure! Of course!" agreed the Governor, hastily. "The crosses are aside from the argument. The point I want to make is this—that they are fellow beings, do you understand, Aljsha? fellow countrymen? Yes, if I were some German now, called August Karlobitch Schlippe-Detmold! . . . but my name is Peter—and Hljitch besides!"

The lieutenant's voice was rather dry. "You have such distorted notions, father! What have the Germans to do with this affair? And then, for that matter, haven't Germans shot down Germans, and Frenchmen the French—and so on? Why shouldn't Russians fire on Russians? As a representative of the government, you certainly know that law and order must be supported at all costs; and whenever it may be who disturbs them, the same rule applies. If I were the guilty one, it would be my duty to have me shot down like a Turk!"

"That's true," said the Governor, nodding thoughtfully and beginning to pace the floor, "that's quite true! And then he stopped. "But they were driven by hunger, Aljsha. If you could have seen them!"

"There were the peasants in Senezjeim; they rose because they were famished, too. . . . but that didn't keep you from giving them a good dose of the knout!"

"Flogging is a very different thing from— That fool laid them all out in a row! Like game at the end of a hunt! And I looked at their poor thin legs and thought, 'These legs will never walk again!' You cannot understand, Aljsha! Of course, as a matter of state, an executioner is a necessity—but to be the executioner!"

"What are you talking about, father?"

"I know—I feel it—they will kill me yet! It's not that I fear death." The Governor raised his gray head and looked steadily at his son. "But I know . . . they will surely kill me! I never understood before: I only thought, 'what is it all about?'" He stretched his powerful fingers and then doubled them into a fist.

"But now I understand; they mean to kill me! Don't laugh; you are young yet; but I have felt death to-day—here in my head. Yes, in my head!"

"Father, I beg of you send for the Cossacks! Demand a body-guard! They'll grant you anything! I beg of you as your son, and I ask it in the name of Russia, to whom your life is precious!"

"And who is to kill me but this same Russia? And why should I have the Cossacks? . . . To defend me from Russia—in the name of Russia! And, after all, could Cossacks, upon or guards, save a man with death branded on his forehead? You've been drinking a good deal this evening, Aljsha, but you are sober enough to understand this: I feel the hand of death! Even there in the storehouse where they laid the bodies I felt it, yet then I did not realize what it was. This I've just been telling you, about crosses and Russians, is nonsense, of course—has nothing to do with the thing. But do you see this handkerchief?" Eagerly he drew a handkerchief from his pocket, unfolded it, and held it up for inspection

like a conjurer. "Alexey Petrovitch, now look here!" He waved it hastily, and a subtle perfume was wafted to the lieutenant, who sat there looking anxious. "There, you doubting scientist, you *fa-dre-voile* thinker! You believe in nothing, but I believe in the old law: Blood for blood! You will see!"

"Father, send in your resignation and travel."

He seemed to have expected this advice and was not at all surprised. "No—not for the world," he answered firmly; "you can see for yourself that would be tantamount to flight. No one! Not for the world!"

"Forgive me, father, but you seem so unreasonably!" The lieutenant rocked his head and shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know really what to think. Mother grunts and you talk of death—and what is it all about? I'm ashamed of you, father! I've always considered you a man of discernment and honor, and now you're like a child or a hysterical woman. Forgive me! But I cannot understand it at all!"

He himself was not in the least hysterical, nor in the slightest degree womanish—this handsome young fellow, with his fresh smooth-shaven hair and the calm finished manner of a man who not only respects himself, but reveres himself! He always seemed to be the sole individual in a crowd; and you must be a most distinguished person (a General at the very least) to have him aware of you, and to make him overcome that slight constraint and reserve that the average public dropped in him. He was a good summer and loved the sport, and when he went to the baths on the Neris, in the summer time, he noted his own perfect symmetry as coolly and complacently as though he were quite alone. One day a Cossack appeared at the baths, and every one stared at him—more with a smothered curiosity, and some quite openly and unabashed. He alone did not withhold him a glance—considering himself far more interesting and more important than any Cossack. . . . Everything in the world was clear and simple to him; everything could be reduced to a formula, and he knew that with the Cossacks things would certainly go better than without the Cossacks.

His reproaches had a ring of righteous indignation, only tempered by politeness and the fear of wounding the old man's vanity. All this that his father had told him was not entirely unexpected. He had always known him to be a dreamer. But it struck him as something coarse, barbarous, abominable. "Cossack! Blood for blood! Ivan and Peter? How absurd it all was!"

"You're a poor stick of a Governor, even if they have given you an 'honorable mention,'" thought he, slowly, as he scanned his father's figure with his handsome eyes. . . .

"Well, what is it, father: are you vexed with me?"

"No," answered the Governor, simply. "I am grateful for your sympathy, and you'll do well to quiet your mother. As to myself I am perfectly convinced. I've explained my impressions to you now. This is my view of it, and yours is different. We shall see which is correct! But now, be off to bed. It's time you went to sleep."

"I'm not tired yet; shan't we take a turn in the garden?"

"That suits me."

They went out into the darkness and disappeared from each other's view—only their voices and an occasional hasty touch disturbing their sense of a strange, all-embracing loneliness. The stars, on the other hand, were numberless and sparkled in bright companionship, and when they reached the open, out from under the close-set trees, Alexey Petrovitch could distinguish at his side the tall, heavy silhouette of his father. The night, the air, and the stars had called up a tenderer feeling for the dark shadowy presence, and he repeated his reasoning explanations. "Yes, yes," answered Peter Hlybok from time to time, though it was not quite clear whether he agreed or not.

"But how dark it is!" said Alexey Petrovitch, and stood still. They had come to a shady walk where the darkness was complete. "You should have lanterns put here, father!"

"What for? Tell me—"

They both stood still, and now that the sound of their steps was hushed, the loneliness ringed in darkness—unbounded.

"Well, what is it?" asked Alexey Petrovitch, impatiently.

"Does this darkness mean anything to you?"

"Dreaming again!" thought the lieutenant, and observed with jaunty gaiety. "It means that you are not to wander about here alone! Anywhere in these woods they might have laid an ambush."

"An ambush! Yes, that's what the darkness tells me too. Imagine! Behind each one of these trees sits a man—an invisible man—watching! So many men—forty-seven—as many as we killed that day! And they sit there and hear what I say—and so!"

The lieutenant had grown nervous. He searched the darkness round about and took a step forward. "How unnecessary to excite yourself so!" he exclaimed, involuntarily.

"No, but wait a moment!" The son started as he felt a light touch of the hand. "Picture to yourself that everywhere—there in the town even, and wherever I go, they are lying in wait. If I walk, he walks too; and watches me! Oh I got into the carriage, and a man passes and pulls off his cap: he is spying on me!"

The darkness grew sinister, and the invisible speaker's voice sounded strange and distant.

"That will do, father, let's go!" said the lieutenant, striding hastily off without waiting for his father.

"You see now, my dear boy!" came in Peter Hlybok's deep voice with a startling ring of mockery. "You wouldn't believe me when I told you! There he sits in your own head!"

The lights in the house went so far and dim that the lieutenant felt a mad impulse to run. If he might only reach them! . . . He almost doubts his own courage, and at the same time develops a feeling of respect for his father, who strides on calmly along through the darkness.

But fear and respect both vanish as soon as he enters the well-lighted rooms; and nothing remains but the impression of rage



"Listen," interrupted the Governor, with a suppressed growl. "Why do you always set these apes how? What does it mean?"

against his father, who will not listen to the voice of reason, and refuses the Cossack guard with the stubbornness of stupidity!

IV

Summer and winter the Governor rose at seven, had his cold tub, drank his milk, and took his two-hour walk, no matter what the weather. The Governor had given up smoking early in life, hardly drunk at all, and, at fifty-six years, for all his white hair, he was as sound and fresh as a strapping, little boy. His teeth were even, perfect. The eyes were a bit puffy, but full of fire still; and his great fleshy old nose bore the marks of his glasses. He never wore a placard, but for reading or writing used a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles with powerful lenses.

In the country he basted himself very much with his garden. He cared very little for flowers or the purely æsthetic side of horticulture, but had built fine conservatories and a forcing house where he cultivated peonies. Since the day of the catastrophe he had only glanced into the hothouse one single time, and then had come hastily away: there was something so pleasant, so powerful, and consequently so grievous, in the warm, damp air.

The greater part of his days when he was not long in town he spent in the vast park, pacing with firm direct steps down the long green avenues. Now and again lively and interesting thoughts came to him, never with any particular sequence, and wandered through his brain like an unbidden flock. And sometimes for hours he strolled about, but in thought and oblivion to his surroundings; yet could not have told what matters he had been pondering. Occasionally he was made aware of a deep and mighty working of his soul; at times dominating, at times crawling, but to what it all tended he never understood. And only his changing needs, from grave to gay, from tender to severe, gave index in his character of this mysterious, secret expansion in the depths of his being. Since the catastrophe his moods (no matter what his clearest thoughts might be) had been gloomy, sick, hopeless; and whenever he woke from his deep brooding he felt that he passed this interval through a long and horrible night.

In his youth he had once been caught by the fierce current of a river, and almost drowned; and for years he carried the impress on his soul of that streaming darkness, his faintness, the eager, greedy sucking depths. And what he now endured was that same feeling!

The sunny window morning, two days after his son's departure, he was out again on the avenue, pacing in silent thought. The yellow leaves that had fallen in the night had already been swept away, and across the marks of the brown the tracks of his large feet with their high heels and broad square soles showed clear—deep pressed into the soil, as though to the selfish of the man himself had been added the burden of his incoherence, thought, pressing him to the earth! Now and again he paused, and over his head in the tangle of sunlit branches was heard the rhythmic hammer of a woodpecker. Once while he stood still, a little squirrel ran across the path. He darted from tree to tree like a fluffy ball of red fur.

"They will certainly kill me with a recycler—you can buy such good reciders now," he thought, "but I don't understand much about house or garden or anything else. I am not the man who runs Aljosa, for instance—when he is made Governor they'll kill him with a bomb!" thought Peter Hljitch, and his bearded lip curled with a slight ironical smile, though his eyes were fixed and gloomy. "I wouldn't run—no, had as it is. I wouldn't run!"

He halted and brooded a column on his fatigued neck. "A pity, though, that no one will ever know of my notion of honor and my pluck. They know all the rest, but that they can never know. They'll shoot me down like my old comrade, too bad! But there's nothing for it. I shan't speak of it! Why try to rouse the Judge's pity? It's not honorable to work on his feelings—his position is hard enough at the best—and now they come and whine for mercy? I am a man of honor, I tell you—honorable!"

It was the first time he had thought of a Judge; and he wondered how he had happened to think of it. It came to him as if the question had long ago settled, as if he had slept, and in his dream some one had explained most convincingly all the necessary details about the Judge, and when he woke he had forgotten the particulars, but only remembered that there was a Judge—a law-abiding Judge, principled with authority, and accompanied with threatening might! And now, after the first moment of astonishment, he met the thought of this unknown Judge as though he were an old and valued friend. . . . Aljosa could never understand that! According to him everything must be for purposes of state. "I am not a man of state," was that—showing a hungry mob? Interests of state demand that the starving be fed—and not shot at! He is young and inexperienced yet, and easily influenced. . . . But before he had quite finished this comfortable reasoning, he suddenly realized that he himself, and not Aljosa, had ordered the firing! . . . The air suddenly grew close, and he heard (suddenly enough) a single roar of awful thunder—"Too late!" . . . He was not sure whether it were simply a thought or a cry, or if it might be lightning. It rang on every side, and he seemed him like lightning overhead. There came a long time of bewilderment: hasty disbanding of thoughts, and painful slithering of ideas: finally, a calm so complete that it seemed indifference! . . .

The windows of the big stone house twinkled in the sunshine among the trees, and the wild grape-vine's red leaves glowed like blood-stains against the white angles of its walls. Following his custom, the Governor turned down the narrow path between the empty hothouses and into the forcing house. Only one workman was putting about, old Jeger.

"Is the gardener not here?"

"No, your Excellency. He has gone to town for cuttings today; this is Friday."

"What? . . . And is everything doing well?"

"Thanks be!"

The sunshine streamed through the open windows, driving on the close, heavy dampness. You left bow hot and strong the park was, and now so gentle—how loquacious! The Governor sat down, the light sparkling on the metal of his uniform. He could his pocket, and, watching the old man attentively, said, "Well, how goes it, Brother Teger?"

The old fellow answered this friendly but somewhat indolent question with a polite smile. He stood up and rubbed his dirty hands together. "Tell me, Jeger, I hear they're going to kill me, on account of the workmen that time, you know?" Jeger kept on smiling politely, but no longer rubbed his hands; he had tried behind his back and was apologetic. "What do you think about it, my man: will they kill me or not? Can you read and write? . . . Then tell me what you think. . . . We two old fellows can talk it over frankly, can't we?" . . .

Jeger shook his head until a lock of soft gray hair over his eyes, stared at the Governor, and muttered, "Who can tell? It may be so, Peter Hljitch!"

"And who is to kill me?"

"Who, the people, to be sure! 'The Community,' as they say in the village."

"And what does the gardener think about it?"

"I don't know, Peter Hljitch. . . . I haven't heard."

Both sighed deeply.

"It looks rather bad for us, doesn't it, old fellow? . . . But sit down!"

Jeger did not accept the invitation and was silent.

"And I thought I was doing the right thing: . . . the shooting. I mean. They were throwing stones, insulting me. They almost hit me!"

"They only do that when they're in trouble. The other day again on the marketplace a drunken man—an apprentice or something, who knows—began to cry and cry; and then he picked up a stone and lunged; he let it fly! . . . and only just because he was in trouble!"

"They will kill me, and then they'll be sorry themselves," said the Governor, thoughtfully, trying to call to his mind the face of his son, Alexey Petrovitch.

"Sorry they'll surely be—that's certain. . . . Oh, how sorry they'll be! Bitter tears they'll shed!"

A ray of hope dawned.

"Then why do they want to kill me? . . . That's nonsense, old man!"

The workman gazed wide-eyed into space, with veiled pupils and a rigid attitude. For an instant he seemed petrified; the soft folds of his worn cotton shirt, the fuzzy hair, the grumpy hands, all seemed like caricatures brought about by a skillful artist who had wrapped the hard stone in soft downy raiment.

"Who can tell?" answered Jeger, without looking at him. "The people seem to wish it! . . . But don't trouble about it any more, your Excellency. You know as long as I have lived I have never seen anyone shot. And they'll take a long time, and talk; and then forget it themselves!"

The ray of hope vanished.

What Jeger had said was nothing new, nor especially clever; but his words had a singular ring of conviction, like those dreams that came to the Governor as he paced his long, lonely avenues. The one phrase "The people wish it," was a clear expression of what Peter Hljitch had felt: it was convincing, irrefutable! But perhaps this strange conviction lay not so much in the words and Jeger as in his set look, his fuzzy hair, and his broad, earth-stained hands! And the sun still shone.

"Well, good-by, Jeger."

"Good health to you, Peter Hljitch!"

The Governor shrugged his shoulders, buttoned his coat, and pulled a ruble from his pocket. "Here, take that, old man! Buy yourself something with it!"

With a nod of thanks Jeger held out his old fat hand, where the silver balance was on a red.

"What singular things they are!" mused the Governor, as he strode down the walk in the flickering shade, his own figure checked by sun and shadow as he went.

"They wear no wedding rings, and you can never tell whether they are married or not. . . . However, no! They wear rings, but they are silver. . . . or tin maybe! How odd! Tin rings! . . . These fellows get married and cannot even afford tin rings for their wives! . . . I don't know, but I don't like it! These fellows in the store-room probably had tin rings on too. Yes, now I recollect: tin rings with a very thin band!"

Lower and lower in ever-narrowing circles swung his fancy: like a hoarse, shivering over a fire, and snowing down to pick up one small grain! . . . A wood-pecker hammered, a shrilled bell fell and fluted away; and he himself floated off in a painful, troubled daydream. . . . A workman—his face is young and handsome, but in all the wrinkles black grime of his work is settled into blinks that have eaten into the skin, and worn the hair prematurely. His broad mouth is hideously wide open . . . he seizes!

He is calling something. His shirt is torn over his chest, and he stands at it yet . . . more and more, like salt paper, baring his breast. His chest and half his throat are white; but above the line he is dark—as though his figure were like all other men's, but they had put another sort of head upon it. . . . Why do you tear your shirt? . . . It is better to see my naked body! . . . But the bare white breast is thrust wildly toward him.

"Here, take it! Here it is! . . . But give us justice! . . . We want justice! . . . But where shall I find justice? How singular you are!"

A woman speaks.
"The children are all dead! The children are all dead! The children . . . the children . . . the children have all died!"

"That is why it is so lonely down your lane!"

"The children! The children! The children are all dead! The children!"

"But it is impossible that a child should die of hunger! A child . . . a little creature who cannot even reach the cup-board over itself! You do not love your children! If my child were hungry I should give it food! But you even wear tin rings!"

"Ah! We wear iron rings! Our bodies are bound, our souls are bound—we wear iron rings!"

On the back-steps in the stable a maid was washing Maria Fitzsimmons's skirt. The kitchen windows stood open; one could see the cook in his spotless jacket. It smelled of refuse . . . it was dirty. "What have I come to!" said the Governor in amazement . . .

"Why. It's the kitchen. What was I thinking of? Ah, yes! I wanted to see the lanes! How men will fool themselves! It's early yet . . . ten o'clock . . . But it seems to dawn that to have me here . . . I must go!" And he turned into his accustomed path, and wandered up and down, thinking steadily.

And the manner of his thought was one who feels a great and unknown river. Now the river reaches to his knees . . . he grows out! But finally sinks from sight; only to struggle up later, breathless and pale! . . . He thought of his son Alexey Petrovitch—sired to think of his office and his affairs; but after over he led his fancies they always harked back unexpectedly to the catastrophe, and hovered there as in an inextinguishable mine. It seemed strange that nothing impinged before that event had the power to hold his attention . . . the past all seemed so trivial, so unimportant!

It was in the second year of his Governorship, some five years ago, that he had ordered the arrest for the peasants of Novosibirsk. On that occasion also he had received an "honorable mention" from the Ministry; and from that event dated the rapid and glittering career of Alexey Petrovitch, who was regarded with some attention as the son of an energetic and far-sighted man. He dimly remembered (it was no long ago) that the peasants had taken some grain from the proprietors by force, and he had come with a detachment of soldiers and police to restore it to the owners of the estates. The affair was nothing terrible, nothing threatening in itself, but rather farcical!

The soldiers dragged away the sacks of grain, and the peasants lay down on them and were dragged too, amid the laughter and jeers of the force, to whom the whole thing was a huge lark! But the fellows began to shriek and fight; striking out and running round against the fences—the walls—the soldiers! . . . One of them, torn from his sack of grain, fumbled solemnly in the



The bare white breast is thrust wildly toward him: "here, take it! here it is! . . . but give us justice!"

Illustration by G. W. F. Peters

It was autumn. Wind-swept clouds hung over the bare stubble fields, and they all marched off to the city . . . to the light! But the village behind them still lay as before; under its depressing sky, in the midst of its dark, sodden, lumpy fields with their short, sparse stubble . . .

"The children are all dead! The children are all dead! . . . The children! The children!"

The young woman for luncheon. Its clear penetrating tones rang cheerily through the park. Alas! the Governor faced about and glanced sharply at his watch. "Ten minutes to twelve!" He put the watch back and stood still. "Disgraceful!" he cried in a rage, his mouth trembling with emotion. "This disgraceful! I'm almost afraid I'm a coward!"

After luncheon he went to his study to look through the mail from town. Glimming and wood-gathering and thinking through his gloves, he sorted the envelopes; laying some aside and cutting others carefully, to skim through their contents. Presently he came upon a note in a narrow envelope of cheap thin paper pasted over with yellow stamps of one kopek. He opened it as carefully as he had the others. When he had the envelope in one side he unfolded the thin, ink-splattered sheet, and read—

"Whiter and whiter grew his face, and his dilated pupils stared through the thick convex glasses at the words—

"Butcher of our children!"
The letters were large, rounded and pointed, and terribly black; they staggered unevenly across the rough coarse paper and read—

"Butcher of our children!"
To be Continued.

SCIENCE

By Henry Jerome Stockard

HE leads the sun through hills of Durian,
And brings the east and west to every door.
With silent influence drawing nigh and near,
He close binds the heads of tribes of men.
He holds the trail of Pain to his secret den;
The dust process of being dures explore,
Spits slowly out on mountains, rock, and shore

The syllables of God to mortal ken,
She yet easy and from vague, cloud-bathed pierce,
And lay along the darkness and the wind
A cable vast which world to world shall bend
Breathless may catch the deep, slow speech of Mars.
Now, hark, passing on from outer spheres
The grave, tremendous message of the stars.

THE SEASON'S PLAYS

ALLA NAZIMOVA, ELLEN TERRY,
AND A NEW "JEANNE D'ARC"

By "I"

IT is not to be gainsaid that Madame Alla Nazimova is the dramatic sensation of this season in New York. Her interpretation of two of Ibsen's most subtly and diversely conceived characters, *Hedda Gabler* and *Nora Helmer*, involves not only a rare gift of simulation, but, in the rôle of *Nora*, remarkable appreciation of the dramatist's intent. Add to this the lesser, but more surprising, fact that a year ago this actress spoke no English, yet now plays both parts in that tongue, and her achievement is amazing. In her native Russian, Madame Nazimova was a great

actress, and such was her power of dramatic delineation that hundreds of persons went to see her last year during her appearance with a company of her fellow countrymen when they could not understand a word of what was being spoken upon the stage. And the success which came to her then may, we hope, have been her incentive to learn English. New York, so often disappointed, yet so ready with appreciation, should certainly accept it as a reward.

It would seem like stooping to very small things to criticize Madame Nazimova's English, but it is scarcely more than fair to this gifted woman to say that there are times when the English she has learned runs quite away with the English she thoroughly understands. This, at times, renders her delivery of many lines, particularly in letter, impassioned scenes, almost unintelligible. As *Hedda*, her subdued voice and the comparative deliberateness of her diction during the greater part of the play enable her to suggest a singular command of the new language, but as *Nora*, the capricious with which she takes many of the scenes, and the pitch to which her tones often rise, blur the words with unfortunate completeness. This, however, is a fault which is only of to-day; to-morrow will surely find it to have vanished.

Madame Nazimova's presentation of *Hedda* does arouse in at least one of its elements the question of faithfulness to Ibsen's intent. This is in her outward and visible sign of the Norwegian dramatist's morbid heroine. The Russian actress, with undoubted daring, seems to have flown directly in the face of the author's lines. Where our actors refer to her by the other characters as looking so well, as "blooming," one sees as the subject of this generous praise a woman of almost death-like pallor, one who is the very antithesis of "blooming." But this, too, is a "mannerism" of sorts, and quite negligible in marking the powerful delineation of the character.

For all its grimness and gloom, the Russian's portrayal is grotesquely fascinating. One cannot escape its influence. Madame Nazimova makes *Hedda* a veritable black panther; lithe, alert, self-poised. As *Nora* she comes tripping upon the stage as merry as a grig, a carelessly happy little body who would have gone into a panic of terror at mere mention of a black panther. The change in character, in expression, in every feminine detail, is astounding. Throughout the performance of "A Doll's House," even in its powerful closing scene, Madame Nazimova gives no suggestion of her *Hedda*. When the tragedy of her life, the discovery of *Hedda's* purely sexual attachment for her, overcomes her, the art of her performance is unparalleled. Her awakening down in her face in such a way that the spoken lines are unnecessary. Now does she present still another woman, a young woman borne down with the sudden burden of years she has never realized, and staggering up with her burden to bear it away alone.

It is Madame Nazimova's command of expression—her eyes, perhaps—which contributes so much to her characterizations. Her face is as variable as the sky. As *Hedda* it is all cloudiness, threatening, and sinister, with never a ray of sunlight. As *Nora* she is as radiant as an April day and as severely measuring of the clouds which swing up in startled flight across the sky. The line in *Hedda* is the playfulness of the kitten in *Nora*, and one cannot find a more real, more appealing bit of acting than that of Madame Nazimova's *Nora* in her gambols upon the floor with her children.

Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. E. H. Sothern, following their week's trial of Nisemann's oppressor "John the Baptist" at the Lyric Theatre, made an experiment in the poetic drama, choosing for their purpose the "Jeanne D'Arc" of Mr. Percy Mackaye, an American playwright and poet. Mr. Mackaye has cast the story of the Maid of Orleans in the form of a five-act play, ample in opportunities of spectacle and pageant. It is full of the clang of armor, the whirl of momentous doings; and it is, on the whole, a smoothly contrived vehicle. The first act shows us Jeanne in the fields near Domremy, in Lorraine, where she hears voices and is made aware of holy presences. She is appalled that she must take the field to act as a savior for the French cause. Act II shows us the interior of the castle of Chinburg III, at Chinburg—here Jeanne discovers the Dauphin, asks for soldiers, and makes the acquaintance of the Duke D'Alençon (Mr. Sothern), an admirable and valiant gentleman, who supplies the play with what is called, I believe, "heart interest." Act III, takes us to an open place outside the walls of Orleans during the attack on the Trenches. After a



Alla Nazimova as Ibsen's "Nora"

momentary repulse, the French arms prevail, under the heroic leadership of the "Maid of God." The two next acts hasten us toward the tragic climax, after we have observed the triumphant coronation of King Charles at Rheims.

Mr. Mackaye's play viewed as a whole lacks dramatic intensity; its movement is sluggish, and the joints creak somewhat. But it is dignified in conception, and the part of *Jennae*, in particular, is poetically imagined. Miss Marlowe's impersonation of the *Maid* is as fine a thing as she has done in years—deeper tender and noble, heroically exalted, continually beautiful in external aspect.

It was with the manifestation of the most genuine affection that New York welcomed the return of Miss Ellen Terry to the Empire Theatre. When she arrived in this country she was quick to assure her interviewers that this was not by any means to be her "farewell tour," adding that she intended to come back just as often as she could, and just as long as she felt that the American people wished to see her. Perhaps this and the warmth of the greeting may induce her not to permit again the lapse of so many years between her visits, because she had not been in this country since the autumn of 1902. Miss Terry's opening play of the three she will present here was G. Bernard Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," in which she made such a success in London. The play itself—it was written for Miss Terry—furnishes a one-character production, and one wonders, with some misgiving, how much of a success it would prove in the hands of a woman even slightly less skilled than Miss Terry. The story of the play concerns itself with the entrance of a gentlewoman into the life of a precocious rogue of a pirate and smuggler, and her achievement of ascendancy over him and his entire rascally band by her gentleness, courage, and quick resourcefulness. It provided Miss Terry with a rôle which required, apparently, little more than the quality expressed in the parental admonition to a little girl bound for a party: "Now, just be your own sweet self." In the first and third acts Mr. Shaw delights himself with a number of long dialogues which are tolerated from him, but which would undoubtedly be cut from the manuscript of another playwright. Aside from these moments the action of the play is brisk and delightfully amusing. A peculiarity of it is the fact that it has only one woman character, so there is an added reason for Miss Terry's dominion in her rôle.



"Cicely's Farewell to Ellen Terry"
New York:
1907.

Drawn by Pamela Colloff Smith.

Ellen Terry in G. Bernard Shaw's play, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion"

CHARIOT-RACING AS A MODERN SPORT



AT THE "CARNIVAL OF ROSES" IN PANAMA, CALIFORNIA, FOUR CHARIOTS WERE ENTERED IN A HACK RUN IN THE OLD ROMAN MANNER. THE WINNER BOKE OFF A \$750 PRIZE BEFORE TEN THOUSAND INTERESTED SPECTATORS.

ENGLAND'S VIEW OF A POSSIBLE AMERICAN WAR WITH JAPAN

By SYDNEY BROOKS

London, January 29, 1907.

ENGLAND has spasms of worrying about America. At one time it is the negro problem that disturbs her; at another, the corruption of American politics; sometimes it is the trusts, and then again it is Tammany Hall or a labor dispute hard to distinguish from a sort of civil war. Just now it is the American Constitution that haunts the minds of America's friends and well-wishers in England. Englishmen have palpably outgrown their old conceit for that instrument. It did not seem enough in its day, they think, but it is now plainly inadequate to grapple with twentieth-century conditions. It puzzles Englishmen to conceive how Americans can continue to live under it. They are coming round to the opinion that its restraints and delicate balances and nice equipoises will soon prove such an intolerable obstacle to progress that the American people will insist upon its modification. And for the facts and arguments to buttress this conviction they have only to look at certain problems that confront the United States at this moment, and they have only to read over again President Roosevelt's message of December 4.

When Mr. Roosevelt wrote that message he probably did not think that it would be interpreted in Europe as an open confession of the failure of the American Constitution. Yet that was the construction which Englishmen, at any rate, at once and unanimously put upon it. In the message the President wishes to regulate the trusts by legislation analogous to the English Company laws, but without an amendment to the Constitution he doubts whether such legislation is possible. He advocates a national mortgage law; the Constitution forbids such a law. He urges Congress to pass an eight-hour bill; the Constitution limits its application to those engaged in interstate commerce—that is, to the railway employees. He points out the necessity of developing technical instruction in industries and agriculture along broad and uniform lines, but he has to confess that the Constitution hinders such matters wholly to the whims of individual States. He pleads for an inquiry into the conditions of child and female labor throughout the country; but, thanks to the Constitution, the Federal government, while it may inquire, is debarred from going farther, with appropriate legislation, than imposing a tax on incomes, but he admits that such a tax has been declared unconstitutional once and may be again. Here, then, are half a dozen issues with which the Constitution in its present form is unable to cope. It is the only instrument which imperatively demands solution if the country is to be saved from confusion little short of chaos. They are issues, too, which cannot be satisfactorily solved except by the Federal government. But the Federal government does not at present possess the power of dealing with them.

But by far the most important item in the President's bill of complaints against the Constitution is that, besides failing socially, industrially, and politically, it also fails internationally. Englishmen received with amazement his admission that, as things are, it is impossible for the Federal government to "protect allies in the rights secured to them under solemn treaties which are the law of the land." They have deduced from this admission that in one most vital branch of its foreign relations the United States government is little more than a phantom government. They take the President to imply that if any State or the American Union makes up its mind to defy or ignore a treaty to which the United States has put its seal, the Federal government is helpless to compel obedience. They infer that while the Federal government may enter into treaties it cannot enforce them; that its authority waxes at any moment and with entire impunity be set at naught by any town or State in the commonwealth; and that outside the District of Columbia its writ does not run. Moreover, Englishmen conclude from all this that before treaties run he made the supreme law of the land. In the ordinary, the European sense of the words, the American Constitution will have to be unimaginably remodelled. At present they find themselves driven to accept it as a fact that a treaty has no more than the validity of an act of Congress, and its provisions may be declared unconstitutional and therefore null and void by the Supreme Court, and that quite apart from the question of enforcing it, its very validity, its right to be a treaty at all, may at any moment be challenged and denied. If this is so, Englishmen have no opinion but to decide that the American scheme of government, for as treaties are concerned is little more than an organization.

I have ventured on this review of English opinion because some misapprehension as to its general trend seems to exist in America. In the difficulty that has arisen between the United States and Japan England has foundered mainly on a misunderstanding of the aspect of the case. That is to say, England regards it at present as far more a struggle between nationalism and particularism, between the Federal government and State rights, between Mr. Roosevelt and California, than between the United States and Japan. I do not mean to say that there are little more to the other issues involved in it. The current opinion, as one gathers it from newspapers and from conversation with Englishmen who really know America, seems to be that the trouble over the schools in San Francisco is the first gun in an organized campaign against the free immigration of our old and really loyal American people.

There is, however, another aspect of the difficulty on which it is the more necessary that a word should be said inasmuch as Amer-

ican opinion in regard to it is clearly misinformed. I refer, of course, to the Anglo-Japanese alliance and its bearing on a possible struggle between the United States and Japan. The American papers seem to have overlooked completely over this point, both unnecessarily and irrationally. The English papers have not discussed it, not because it is too awkward to be discussed, but because there is nothing in it to be discussed. When you are told by a London correspondent that "although, by common consent, British newspapers are silent on the subject, the silence is committed by Lord Lansdowne in not providing that the Anglo-Japanese alliance should be inoperative as against the United States is keenly regretted in English government circles"; when you are also told that "the Japanese government has already been quietly informed that under no circumstances would Great Britain contemplate any such unforeseen development of the obligations imposed on the signatories of the treaty of 1905"; when you hear all this, I beg of you to dismiss it from your minds as absolute nonsense. It amazes me that so distinguished a publicist as Mr. M. W. Hainley should have thought it worth while to write, and the *York American Review* to publish, an article based upon such flimsy foundations. I do not hesitate to say that that article is full of misstatements. Mr. Hainley, for instance, declares that the suspension of American exports of food staples "would mean starvation for the millions of toilers in British factories and mines." He goes on to talk of the United States as "the principal source of British food supplies." He asserts that "under no circumstances would England consent to be drawn into a war with her chief food supply." Now I willingly agree that the United States and the United States would be looked upon with horror and detestation as an infamous fratricidal strife—but for reasons that have nothing to do with wheat and flour. Mr. Hainley is many years behind the times. He seems to think that Great Britain still draws her food supplies mainly from the United States. She used to, of course. There was a time when she derived sixty-two per cent. of her total annual imports of wheat and flour from America. But that time is not only past, but will never return. At present, as Mr. Hainley could easily have learned, Great Britain draws her main supplies from four countries, widely different parts of the world—namely, British India (which sends twenty-one per cent. of the total imports of wheat and flour), Russia (which sends nineteen per cent.), the Argentine (which sends sixteen per cent.), and the United States (which sends sixteen per cent.).

I expose this misstatement because a writer who can make so grave an error on a simple matter of fact and who proceeds to build an elaborate argument upon it, must expect to have all his assertions strictly examined before they can be accepted. My impression is that Mr. Hainley has been as negligent in looking into the terms of the Anglo-Japanese alliance as in his inquiries into the sources of Great Britain's food supplies. If he had quickly read over before sitting down to write about them I am confident he would never have ventured on this colossal statement. "We deem it, then, inadvisable that the Anglo-Japanese treaty of 1905 would have required Great Britain to place her fleets and armies at the disposal of the Japanese, had the latter made war on the United States in consequence of the San Francisco incident." There is really no excuse for such a blunder as this. The objects of the Anglo-Japanese agreement are clearly stated in the preamble. First, there is "the consolidation and maintenance of the general peace in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India." Secondly, there is "the preservation of the common interests of all powers in China." Thirdly, there is "the maintenance of the territorial rights of the high contracting parties in the regions of Eastern Asia and India, and the defence of their special interests in the said regions." Whenever these rights and interests are in jeopardy, the governments undertake to consult and to act in common, and frankly. Whenever either of them is involved in war in defence of its above-mentioned rights or interests "by reason of an unprovoked attack or aggression, wherever arising, on the part of any other power or powers," the other contracting party "will at once come to the assistance of its ally, and will conduct the war in common, and make peace in mutual agreement with it." That is all that is essential in the treaty. By what possible interpretation can it be said to have the remotest bearing on the present trouble between the United States and Japan? If the United States were to make an "unprovoked attack or aggression" on the "territorial rights" or "special interests" of Great Britain or Japan "in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India," then no doubt the alliance would come into play. Is anything of the kind possible outside the scope of the Anglo-Japanese treaty? Its development can flow from a question of regulating Japanese immigration into America or of settling the conditions under which Japanese children in California are to receive their education? Obviously the present difficulty between the two governments stands altogether outside the scope of the Anglo-Japanese treaty, and has no more to do with it than with the Triple Alliance, or with the Anglo-French entente. If England has not discussed the point it is simply because it has not occurred to her that there could possibly be a misunderstanding connected with it. If such misunderstanding really exists among respectable American people, it can easily dissipate it by studying the precise terms of the alliance itself.

Sinking Land

A STRIP of land beginning about eight miles east of Lake Michigan, at the termination of the watershed and the northern limits of a region of low swamp land, which has already cost three railroad companies hundreds of thousands of dollars, has begun to drop more than ever. The depression is over 1000 feet wide, and runs north and south through Lake County, Indiana.

The latest downward movement of this mysterious sink hole was observed only a few days ago by employees of the Erie Railroad at the point where that line crosses the strip. Hundreds of thousands of tons of dirt and gravel have been dumped into the crevice, which runs a distance of twenty feet on either side of the track, but the depression is now lower than ever and still continues to grow deeper, a fact which utterly baffles the engineering department of the road.

The Panhandle and Indiana Harbor railroads have also suffered from this bottomless pit, the influence of which apparently runs about fifteen miles north and south. It is stated by an engineer of the Indiana Harbor road that since they have erected a fifteen-foot embankment across the strip the trucks have not sunk, although depressions have been noticed in the low land surrounding for a distance of 1000 feet.

The sinking of the earth at this point seems to be an annual event, and has occurred about this time of year since the first railroad line pierced the territory nearly twenty-five years ago. It is the general belief by engineers that some subterranean cataclysm takes place in December which weakens the crust and causes it to sink under the weight of the heavy traffic passing over it. So serious is the condition of the place at the time that trains are compelled greatly to reduce their speed in traversing this mysterious strip of land.

A Troubled Father

In a mountain town in Kentucky, the feeling began to grow that the "grocery saloon," where liquor was sold as commonly as vinegar and horseradish mustard, and where the customer came into the store to procure the pretense liquor he was sometimes called upon to make an excuse or apology. There were some interesting excuses offered, and one in particular is told of a mountaineer who went into a store and, laying down his bag on the counter, said:

"Squire, I want a gallon of your best stuff; the baby is sick."

An Auto Professorship in Spain

OCCASION to the great popularity of the automobile, there is to be instituted at the School of Arts and Crafts, in Madrid, a chair of automobilism, under the patronage of the King of Spain, who is one of the world's most enthusiastic motorists.

The professor who will be appointed to conduct the course of study will instruct his pupils not only in the art of driving every class of motor-car, but also in all the details of the mechanism connected with the construction and repair of automobiles. The pupils will also be taught to read geographical charts, and become versed in the laws regulating automobile traffic in all the countries.

Football Rules Changed

THE AMERICAN Intercollegiate football rules committee at its recent meeting made three highly important additions to the regulations governing the game, though all the old regulations remain practically unchanged. In future the halves shall be of thirty-five minutes instead of thirty.

Instead of a penalty of the loss of ball on an illegal forward pass, there will be a penalty of fifteen yards on the first and second downs, but the ball is retained. When a foul is committed it counts as a

down. The proposed substitution for the present forward-pass rule is as follows:

"If a forward pass before reaching the ground, or a kicked ball either before or after reaching the ground, goes out of bounds, the ball shall belong to the opponents at the point where it crosses the side line."

There is also created a new official, to be known as the field umpire, who will to upon the field in the defending territory. A new section of rule 5 states that a player shall be considered as having opportunity to make a fair catch if he is in such position that it would be possible for him to reach the ball before it touches the ground, and there was also added to the rule the following:

"In case a signal for a fair catch is made by any player who has an opportunity for a fair catch, and another player of his side who has not signaled for a fair catch catches the ball, no run shall be made, and a fair catch shall not be allowed, but the ball shall be given to the catcher's side for a down, at the point where the catch was made."

The question as to whether a line-man, except the end, had a right to run from behind the line or from his place in the line, which was raised before the Michigan-Pennsylvania game last fall, is answered by the following rule:

A line-man is permitted to carry the ball provided he does not leave his position in the line until after the ball is put in play."

All the new rules will come before the joint rules committee for formal adoption probably in March.

On the Job

A BALTIMORE man, who was recently a passenger on a Cunarder, tells of an incident of his trip that led him to the conclusion that your average seaman is not apt to waste much thought on his personal troubles.

This sailor had sent with an accident the second day out, the result of which was a bad cut on the head. The Baltimorean was most solicitous in his inquiries as to the seaman's welfare when he next saw the captain, and would undoubtedly have continued his sympathy had not a rough sea called to mind his own sufferings.

Several days later, when he emerged, white and weak, from his stateroom, he suddenly remembered the poor sailor. In the course of the day the Baltimorean saw the man, with a strip of plaster on his forehead.

"How is your head?" he asked, sympathetically.

"Went by south, sir," was the reply.

The Unquiet Stairs

IN A recent suit in a Cincinnati court a lawyer was cross-examining a German, the point under inquiry being the relative position of the doors, windows, and so forth, in a house in which a certain transaction was alleged to have occurred.

"And now, my good man," the lawyer said, "will you be good enough to tell the court how the stairs run in your house?"

The German looked dazed for a moment. "How do they run?" he repeated.

"Yes; how do the stairs run?"

"Veil," continued the witness, "van I am oop-stairs dey run down, and ven I am down-stairs dey run oop."

Electric Power for the Rand Mines

A GROUP of German and British capitalists have begun the gigantic undertaking of supplying the Rand mines with electric power generated by the Victoria Falls, and which will be conveyed a distance of six hundred miles.

The idea of utilizing the Victoria Falls was under consideration during the past

year, but it was not until the present month that definite action was taken. The erection of a power station on the Rand of approximately twenty thousand-horse-power has been begun and will be completed in from eighteen months to two years time. The station is being constructed in the middle of the Rand.

It is the intention of the company which has undertaken the enterprise to supply power for any and every purpose; to furnish electricity for lighting the township within a radius of twenty-five miles; for the electrification of some of the South-African railways; to furnish electric power for the Rand railways, and the railways in the neighborhood of the Falls of Rhodesia.

When the new enterprise is in operation, it is contemplated that the mine-owners will stop their engines and use electric power. The new company will be in position to supply power at a much cheaper rate than it is now produced by the mine operators. It is the intention of the projectors to begin by supplying power at a rate of about what it is now costing from the Rand Steam Station.

At the present time there are only two electric stations on the Rand which are selling power, and their combined capacity is not more than eight thousand-horse power. The economic conditions of the Transvaal are such that there is great need of cheap power, and the introduction of the power from the Victoria Falls will meet all the demands.

Not for Him

WILSON LACKEY, the player, tells of a farmer in Indiana who went to see "Hamlet" for the first time, quite unimpressed by any knowledge of either tragedy or author.

After the star, who, of course, enacted the part of the Melancholy Prince, had made his first exit, the tiller of the soil turned to the man seated on his right and asked:

"Does that young man in black come on again?"

"Why, certainly!" exclaimed the man.

"You've seen a great deal of him?"

"That so?" queried the farmer, disappointedly.

"Then I'm off."

"Then I'm off."

"Then I'm off."

"Then I'm off."

"Then I'm off."

"Then I'm off."

"Then I'm off."

"Then I'm off."

"Then I'm off."

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"Then I'm off."

"Then I'm off."

"Then I'm off."

"Then I'm off."

"Then I'm off."

"Then I'm off."

"Then I'm off."

"Then I'm off."

"Then I'm off."

"Then I'm off."

"Then I'm off."

"Then I'm off."



MUSIC AND THE OPERA

MUSIC BY MR. CONVERSE

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

MR. WALTER DAMBROSCH placed upon the programme of the seventh New York Symphony concert last week a work by an American composer, Mr. Frederick S. Converse, which had not before been heard in New York.

"The Festival of Pae," which is numbered opus 2 in the list of Mr. Converse's works, is, by this token, a comparatively early work, for what one understands to be his latest performance—an opera, "The Pipe of Desire"—stands in the list as opus 21. "The Festival of Pae" has been played in Boston, Worcester, Cambridge, Chicago, Cincinnati, London, and Warsaw. It was, therefore, high time that New York should have been permitted an opportunity to form an estimate of its quality, and Mr. Dambrusch is to be applauded for presenting it—incidentally, it may be recorded here and now that, under him, it had an admirable performance.



Miss Marie Mattfeld
OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA
COMPANY, AS "MAERSEL"

Mr. Converse, though he is still under forty, has had a career of extraordinary success. He was graduated from Harvard in 1903 with, we are told, "the highest honors in music." Five years later he matriculated at the Royal School of Music in Munich with honors in composition. Since then he has lived in or near Boston, teaching and composing; he is now an assistant professor in the music department at Harvard. He has composed with a free and unhesitant hand in the more ambitious forms. His opus 1 was a sonata for violin and piano; his opus 2 a string quartet; his opus 3 a concert overture, "Youth"; his opus 4 a Symphony (performed in Munich, Boston, and Worcester). Since then have appeared (not to name works of smaller scope) these works for orchestra: "Festival of Pae"; "Endymion's Narrative"; two "Fancies," "Night" and "Day," after Walt Whitman (piano and orchestra); a "Ballade" (for baritone and orchestra), "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," after the poem by Keats; an overture, "Euphrosyne"; a "Fantasy," "The Mystic Trumpeter," after Whitman's poem. His opera, "The Pipe of Desire," was performed and applauded in Boston last year.

Mr. Converse, as has been observed, may look back upon a past of singular prosperity. It would scarcely be extravagant to say that he has achieved a larger measure of success, so far as the relation between his art and the public is concerned, than any composer of serious aim in the not very lengthy history of American music. To find a parallel for it, one must turn to the vast and glittering world of "popular" music: one must allow, for comparison, the fabulous Mr. Rosen, the indefatigable and unimpaired Mr. De Koven. Of all the works which have been particularly, none of which makes the slightest concession to any facile kind of appreciation, there is not one which has had to languish, unknown and unheard, in Mr. Converse's portfolio. He has escaped the heart-breaking experience of Richard Wagner, who, in his own pathetic phrase, had for years to "keep one silent score upon another." Mr. Converse's scores have not been silent: they have been performed, one judges, almost as soon as completed; and they have erected for their author a very considerable reputation. He is, indeed, not infrequently acclaimed as the foremost of the younger American composers.

We have heard in New York three of Mr. Converse's more important works: "The Mystic Trumpeter" (performed here for the first time last April by the New Music Society of America); "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," sung last winter by Mr. David Bispham with the Boston Symphony Orchestra; and, now, "The Festival of Pae." This is, it may be assumed, a fair showing of Mr. Converse's talents as a music-maker, an adequate representation upon which to venture some sort of appraisal of the character of his art. Of the three works which have just been named, "The Mystic Trumpeter" is the most deeply impressive. But the score, as a whole, is uneven. At times it is not remotely, but frankly, Wagnerian; and there are other moments when one feels that "brawl" is the only appropriate epithet for what one is hearing. Its most notable possession is a certain largeness and fervor of imagination lying back of the specific musical ideas of the work, a vitalizing and propulsive ardor, which, as one listens almost compensates for deficiencies which, in retrospect, obscure themselves upon the mind. The artistry of the music—its structure, as apart from its substance—is worthy of all praise; for Mr. Converse is an expert craftsman, an admirable master of the technique of composition; it is his inspiration, rather than his art, that we may conceive to be the point of interest. The two earlier works which have offered themselves for consideration—the ballade for baritone and orchestra and "The Festival of Pae"—one is tempted to characterize as, briefly, ineffectual. As with all of Mr. Converse's work that one knows, they are symmetrical and consistent in *facture*—the product, indubitably, of one who knows intimately his trade; but they do not, in the mad old phrase, "convince"; they lack personality, distinctness—in a word, original inspiration. For oneself, it is difficult to detect in his music an individual accent, a unique profile. It has imaginative impulse, colorful variety, largeness and fervor of feeling; but in essence it seems, as yet, unadorned, undistilled. We are not conscious that it is Mr. Converse himself who speaks to us—we hear other voices, or, rather, echoes of voices that have long been stilled; or we miss entirely a voice, and are aware only of rich and gleaming vestments, out of which, somehow, the beautiful body that should be within has vanished, or has, alas, never entered into the excellent garment that has been so dutifully prepared to receive it. Where is the essential Converse? One can only continue to wonder, and to wait.



Miss Olga Samoroff, Pianist
WHO WILL APPEAR HERE AS A SOLOIST WITH THE BOSTON
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

When the Mikado Meets an Earthquake

Amused of the recent news from Jamaica, as well as of the stolidity and inappreciativeness of the Japanese character, Professor Milne, the earthquake "specialist," tells a story which has to do with Nintashito himself, it might be called "The Emperor and the Amateur Earthquake." The professor was, at the time, in Japan, studying those infant earth tremors which are of almost daily occurrence in parts of the islands, and his observations, as recorded on his seismograph, had greatly interested certain native scientists, who carried to their monarch's word of what this Englishman was doing. Then Nintashito asked to see the seismograph actually in action.

No Dr. Milne rented a large piece of waste ground, erected on it houses and towers, mined the whole with dynamite, and there, at a safe distance, set up his seismograph and a pavilion from which the Mikado might start the show and see it. He appeared, prompt to the moment, calm and imperturbable. Calmly he pressed the button which exploded the charges, and with unmoved calm gazed out upon the wreckage which filled the air. No expression of surprise was there; no least sign of excitement.

Then the professor showed the emperor the seismograph, pointed out how the needle had varied through the action of the explosion, and explained the principle upon which it worked. After all of which the Son of Heaven at last volunteered to speak,—"a laconic, passive 'Really!'"

Fortunate

A WASHINGTONIAN was talking to the proprietor of a hotel in that city with reference to the stormy career of a certain well-known young fellow of distinguished parentage who has succeeded in dissipating very nearly the entire sum left him a year or so ago by an extremely wealthy uncle.

"I am awfully sorry to hear of this," said the Washingtonian. "He must be in a bad way now."

"Yes, his affairs are in a wretched shape," said the hotel man, "but just think how much poorer he would be if the old man had left him more!"

Music-making under Difficulties

A YOUNG musician in Philadelphia who, as a "side line," plays accompaniments for the performers at private fashionable entertainments, tells of an amusing experience that befell him recently.

"Here, you see," said an amateur first-player, indicating to the accompanist a passage in the opening solo, "I have no chance to take a breath for ten bars. There are a number of such places in my solo. If you'll hurry the time a bit whenever you come to them, it will be a great favor to me as well as a relief to my wife, for all of our family are subject to apoplexy, and I've already had one slight attack."

These Husling Americans

At a recent gathering in Baltimore two men from different sections of the country were discussing the capabilities of nervous, restless Americans "for being most slow and deliberate. The Marylander claimed the palm for slowness for the inhabitants of the Eastern Shore of his State.

"It is a saying hereabouts," said he, "that if oysters had been created with legs, the people of the Eastern Shore would all have starved to death."

"The folks around Mount Mansfield have a saying that leads yours," remarked a Vermont man. "Of one man up there it used to be observed that if you were to give Hiram Higgins forty yards start, stock-still would catch him!"



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The United States Senators have voted to increase their own salaries from \$5000 to \$7500 per annum.—*Daily Paper.*

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Till the welkin broad succumbs—
Till it cracks and mercy cries
For the tumult in the skies!
Fly the banner to the breeze—
They have raised their salaries!

Aldrich, lately elad in wool,
Shoddy-made, and overfull
As to patches at the rear,
Full of pride duck now appear
In a spick six-dollar suit,
For his tatters substitute!

Mr. Teller from the West—
How much better is he dressed
Now that he receives a wage
Worthy of so wise a sage!
Bad is he of elegance,
No more fringes on his pants;
No more darts upon his socks,
Now that he's sufficient nooks
In his weekly envelope
To inspire his soul with hope!

Murray Crane from Boston fair,
Poor Dupont of Delaware,
Ragged Hale from the Penob,

Telling young Wisconsin Bob,
Matt and Chumsey M. Depew,
Billy Clark and Dryden, too,
Morgan, Hulkeley, Gallinger,
Working for so little per—
How it warms the cockles of
All their hearts, so full of love,
After years of penury,
Suffering, and poverty,
Outlook dark and drear and bleak,
Getting sixty more per week!

Prestor now can keep a nag;
Elkins sport a carpet bag;
Tillman buy a beaver now
For to make his speeches through;
Rayner, Blay Izador,
Kick the vulpine from his door,
Clark can build a woodshed on
To his New York parliament;
Allison from Iowa
Now can eat three meals a day—
Best of all, Matt and Depew
Now can pay the postage due
On that long-expected line
Telling how they'll both resign.

Surely they were mighty wise
Raising thus their salaries!



Fortress Monroe to be Great Army Post

FORTRESS Monroe, Virginia, is to be one of the largest and most important army posts in the United States. The Secretary of War has approved the recommendations of Brigadier-General Arthur Murray, chief of artillery, for the transfer of the school of submarine defense from Fort Totten, New York, to Fortress Monroe, where it will be consolidated with the artillery school already there. Soon there will be \$128,427 available for the construction of new buildings and officers' quarters at the Fort, which, it is proposed, will be used jointly by the artillery school and the school of submarine defense. There will be a new school-building for the artillery school and the submarine defense school, which will cost \$200,000; a library building costing \$10,000; and the present school-building and workshops will be remodelled at a cost of \$30,000. Six double sets of married captains' quarters will be constructed at a cost of \$128,802; four single sets of married captains' quarters for instructors in the schools will be built at a cost of \$54,140; one eight-set of bachelors' quarters, to cost \$24,060; and three double sets of non-commissioned officers' quarters, to cost \$20,425.

Although it will probably be nearly three years before it will be possible to move the school of submarine defense to Fortress Monroe and to complete the new buildings which are proposed for that post, speculation is already rife at the War Department as to the officer who will be selected to be the first commandant of the foremost army post in the country.

As soon as possible an immense fortification is to be built on an artificial island midway between Cape Henry and Cape Charles, and this also will be under the command of the officer in charge at Fortress Monroe. This officer, in fact, will have charge of the defenses of Washington and Baltimore.

All He Wanted

A New York business man with interests in the South declares that the operation of railway trains in certain parts of that section frequently exhibits an amusingly obliging disposition on the part of employees that is fully appreciated by the residents along the line. And they do not hesitate to take advantage of it.

On one occasion the New-Yorker was a passenger on a train passing through the northern part of Georgia. The engineer had from a distance observed an old man waving his arms at a sliding where the train was not timed to stop. On bringing the train to a standstill, the engineer inquired whether the old gentleman wished to get aboard.

"No," said the old fellow, "I ain't travelin'; but I'd take it as a great kindness if you'd ask them passengers of any one can oblig me with change for a ten-dollar bill."

Steel Cross-ties for Railroads

THE growing scarcity of good timber from which satisfactory cross-ties can be made is causing railroad officials to cast about for a suitable substitute. The Pennsylvania railroad, on the Pittsburgh division, and just east of Lockport, is installing three thousand ties of a steel casting filled with a mixture of asphalt and rock. This new tie has a steel facing which extends only around three sides, the asphalt being exposed on the under side which rests on the stone ballast. The size and shape are the same as those of the wooden tie, though the weight is about seven hundred pounds, or three times the weight of the ordinary wooden tie. It is contended that this great weight, with the asphalt surface resting on the ballast, will reduce "creeping" to a minimum.

If the experiment with this new cross-tie demonstrates its practical utility, it is the intention of the officials of the Pennsylvania system to replace the wooden ties with it on all their lines as it becomes necessary to put in new ties.

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Making the Government's Stamped Envelopes

SINCE 1868, except for a short interruption during the first administration of President Cleveland, one man has made the dies from which all stamped envelopes were made. The interruption in this long service came about by efforts to revolutionize the methods of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. During those efforts a new engraver was employed to engrave the stamps on the envelopes which were issued by the millions, but the experiment proved a failure, and the veteran engraver was again recalled to the service.

The man who has had the distinction of making the dies for this important and responsible work for nearly forty years is Henry Mitchell, of Boston, Massachusetts. In speaking of his unique work he recently stated that the art of making the dies depended on the making of the matrix properly. The matrix is born of a small steel block subdivided into two parts—as under block topped by a disk about one inch thick. All the engraving is done on the upper structure, and it is done downward, hence enters the great difficulty of the task; the greatest difficulty of engraving is to cut downward, that is, to make an intaglio instead of a relief.

When the matrix, as Mr. Mitchell is pleased to call it, the mother die, is complete, a soft bath, but slightly less in diameter, is thrust into it and kept there until a relief design of the figure is obtained. Then the die is complete, and from these two parts—the intaglio and the relief, the two parent dies—many thousands of embossed stamps can be made.

All the stamped envelopes sold by the government are made and stamped at Hartford, Connecticut, under contract, more than one set of dies being required. But every die used is obtained from the original matrix. New bulbs are sent with the mother; they in turn create new matrices, and the process of propagation is kept up until there is evidence of wear on the original dies, usually discernible when the finer lines begin to lose their absolute resemblance to the original engraving.

Gem engraving is much more difficult than intaglio engraving for the post office department. It requires the study of practically a lifetime to know how to do it properly. In comparison with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, in particular, steel is a soft material. More than that, the engraving on such stones is most delicate and minute labor. Every line is infinitesimal and fine. It is admittedly true that diamond engraving is one of the rarest arts in the world, and Mr. Mitchell says that he has been laboring for years to learn the secret by which it is done, and that there is an ample fortune awaiting the person who does learn it.

Different

A PHILADELPHIA settlement worker tells of two fresh-air-fund children who passed in some wonder at a number of little children running about the place in the country to which the youngsters were taken.

"Haven't you ever seen any children before?" asked the kind woman in charge of the expedition. "Oh, yes, ma'am," answered the eldest child, knowingly, "we has seen lots of 'em; only it was after they was peeped."

The Uses of Adversity

A POLITICIAN who was once making a canvass of a county of Arkansas stopped at a certain farm-house for a drink of water. Said he to the woman who answered his knock:

"I observe that there is a good deal of adversity in this country. A great drawback. It must wait a man for work entirely."

"Gieneryly I do," said the woman. "Still, when my man Tom has a right hard fit of the shakes, we fasten the chura-shura to him, and he brings the better side out of fifteen minutes."



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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

No War with Japan

THE two nations continue to agree to make light of the school incident as it has been created by the San Francisco School Board, and to deny that it can possibly cause war; in truth, war on such an issue would be a sad commentary on the civilization of the United States and Japan. In the mean time some of the Californians themselves have announced their lack of sympathy with the attitude of the San Francisco authorities. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, speaking especially for the people of southern California, has passed a resolution, a copy of which was telegraphed to the President, asserting that "the general trend of public opinion in southern California is decidedly adverse to any discrimination against the Japanese as a people in matters of school privileges." The opinion of the people of the State, the board further alleges, is, however, absolutely hostile to the mingling of "adolescents of whatever race or nationality with the younger children."

Mr. Olney's Interpretation

But the question recurs as to what the trouble is about; and now the mystery becomes the more baffling by the entrance of RICHARD OLNEY, who, as Secretary of State, negotiated the treaty of 1894 with Japan, under which the demand is made of the right of Japanese children in California to admittance to the public schools on equal terms with the children of all other races. Mr. OLNEY doubts the powers of the United States to enforce a treaty which, as this has been assumed to be, is contrary to the police powers of the State. The WEEKLY has taken the opposite view of this constitutional question, and on that point has the support of most of the eminent lawyers who have expressed themselves on the subject; but the question is now before the courts, and will soon be settled authoritatively one way or the other. The most interesting part of Mr. OLNEY's opinion, which is contained in a letter written to Congressman McALL, is his authoritative—*for he helped to draw the treaty*, he it remembered—his authoritative denial that under the treaty Japan and her children in California have any such right as has been claimed. The first article of the treaty, which has often been quoted during this controversy, Mr. OLNEY says might possibly raise the question, but the issue even then, he thinks, would be doubtful. But by the last paragraph of Article II, which is not quoted, it is agreed that the treaty is in no way to affect the laws, ordinances, and regulations with regard to "police and public security which are in force or which may hereafter be enacted in either of the two countries." In a word, as Mr. OLNEY points out, the treaty does not give to Japan any rights that are contrary to any law of nation or of State, like the school law, which is or may be enacted under the general police power

either of nation or of State. The claims of Japan are therefore wholly without foundation. They are, indeed, denied by the second article of the treaty. The WEEKLY has consistently maintained the view which is now strengthened by the support of the man who, as Secretary of State, helped to negotiate the treaty. The question which has been asked most pointedly in *The North American Review* comes back: Why was the political power so quick to admit the soundness of the Japanese demand—a demand the validity of which there is such good ground to dispute?

Federal Child-Labor Bill Squelched

The Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives has asserted itself with a vigorous and convincing unanimous report—Republicans and Democrats joining in it—denying the constitutionality of Senator Beveridge's child-labor bill. It is refreshing and stimulating to read such clear and irrefutable arguments as are those of the House committee, especially when they come from a quarter where of late acquiescence has been more noticeable than independent thinking. The report asserts that "Congress cannot exercise any jurisdiction or authority over women and children employed in the manufacture of products for interstate commerce shipment," and, it adds with a significant glance at the bill regulating the powers of labor on railroads, "it will not be claimed by the foremost advocates of a centralized government that Congress can exercise jurisdiction or authority over women and children engaged in the manufacture of products for interstate shipment." Speaking of Mr. Beveridge's attempted legislation, the Judiciary Committee asserts: "It is not extreme or ridiculous to say that it would be just as logical and correct to argue that Congress can regulate the age, color, sex, manner of dress, height, and also of employees, and fix their hours as to contend that Congress can exercise jurisdiction over the subject of woman and child labor." It is further stated that the power to regulate child labor "certainly falls under the police power of the State, and not under the commercial power of Congress." The question, in the opinion of the committee, is "not debatable"; to legislate as Mr. Beveridge desires, it says, "would be a reflection on the intelligence of Congress, and it would also be casting an unwelcome burden upon the Supreme Court." The report is an admirable dissertation, so far as it can go, on the necessity of observing the law of the Constitution, and of keeping the rights of the nation distinct from those of the State. It is also a dignified protest against a prevailing tendency of "drifting in thought from our constitutional moorings," and of thus confusing the average mind as to the power of Congress and the power of the State." The following extract from the report is worthy of wide circulation:

"The national government is too weak to undertake the exercise of the police power of the States. In a short time this great action would be worse than a ship in midocean in a great storm without a rudder or compass. The division of power was wise and beneficial. Time, study, and experience approve it, and we should not attempt in an unconstitutional way the destruction of the substructure of our government. If, then, these two great powers of police and commerce are separate and independent, the power of the States sovereign, where is the authority for saying that Congress can invade and impair that power entire and independent in the States? The right and power of both the States and nation must be respected and upheld."

Mr. Lodge and Tariff Revision

Governor GUAN desires the President to undertake the revision of the tariff with a view to lowering rates on duty, and in this the Legislature of the State of Massachusetts concurs. So far as is known, some of the State Congressmen delegation do not, although the people of the State have, shown at the polls a strong desire for reciprocity with Canada, at least. So certain are the political forecasters of this popular sentiment and of its strength that Senator LODGE assumes that he is in favor of revision, and that all who have declared him to be opposed to it are guilty of doing him a gross injustice. This may be so, but there is some excuse for the indifference. Mr. LODGE once rebuked Massachusetts people for urging free trade in some things when the DIXON tariff law was discussed, because it was the duty of Massachusetts to sacrifice her own interests to those of other parts of the country—those of Pennsylvania and of West Virginia, for example. He helped very efficiently to kill off McKinley's reciprocity treaties and the Hay-Bunau treaty. He has al-

ways been counted by those who knew him best to be in favor of a stand-pat policy, and for Gloucester as against Massachusetts. They will be pleased, if they are not themselves stand-patters, to know from his own lips that Mr. LOUGHEE has been wronged. Nevertheless, while Mr. LOUGHEE's declaration shows that he realizes what is good politics in Massachusetts, it does not follow that he is thoroughly convinced that tariff revision will be good politics at Washington. It will be wise on the part of Governor GRILEY and the Massachusetts legislators to wait for official action in that direction before determining that an attempt at tariff revision before 1900 is at all on the books.

Dryden is Beaten

The country knows why Senator DRYDEN withdrew from the contest for the New Jersey Senatorship precisely as well as if he had taken it frankly and fully into his confidence. A sufficient number of State legislators were elected by people who were opposed to corrupt politics, and who believed that corruption had compassed Mr. DRYDEN's first election to the Senate, to make his reelection impossible. Senator COLBY is a persistent and dominating leader, and with leaders of that character virtue is a strong force in the political community. The virtuous Republicans, however, did not wholly triumph. Their victory was only passive. The new Senator, F. O. BROWN, will hold the seat which DRYDEN failed to retain until the machine, which he will obey, tries again. It will probably require the whole Democratic party instead of a Republican fraction to win a complete victory over DRYDEN politics in New Jersey.

Mr. Reid to Mr. Bryce

Ambassador REID addressed some, very pertinent observations to the coming British ambassador, Mr. BAYCE, at the London dinner of the Pilgrims. He spoke for peace, general peace, and he noted that in President ROOSEVELT and Edmund VII., the two nations enjoyed in the persons of their Chief Magistrates "two statesmen with unimpaired records as peace-makers." There is a good deal of certainty in the statement that it would be more difficult now to excite the people of the two countries against each other than ever before in the history of our relations. Perhaps the same is also true of our attitude towards any other people, and of these towards us. We are more enlightened than we used to be, more civilized, and much larger-minded, and so is the rest of the world. Proneness to international wrath, like quickness to individual rage, is a sure sign of a petty spirit, of a vanity that is quickly wounded, or of a jealousy that is induly aroused. There are a good many people like Sir ALEXANDER SWETENHAM on both sides of the ocean, but even they know that mutual concessions are better for the two nations than mutual blows. It is to be regretted, however, that one of the London newspapers regards Mr. REID as condescending, and that this misapprehension leads it to say that our ambassador warned Mr. BAYCE to mind his own business when he remarked, "He [Mr. BAYCE] knows perfectly—none better—that he is sent, first, to look scrupulously after the interests of his own country." Mr. REID, as all fair-minded men will recognize, meant nothing of the kind. He meant, on the contrary, that Mr. BAYCE would lose nothing of the friendship of this country by striving for what England thinks it ought to have, even at our expense. As the ambassador said, it is Mr. BAYCE's business to make as good a trade for England as possible. Another suggestion has lately been made. It is guessed that, as Mr. BAYCE knows so thoroughly the form and practice of our government, he will cultivate the members of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, not counting so much upon the friendship of the executive department as do, for instance, the German and French ambassadors. Probably Mr. BAYCE is too wise to sit continuously on one of two stools, or to fall between them.

Threatening the House of Lords

It seems now as though the destruction of the education bill by the House of Lords had so incensed the Liberals that the Upper Chamber, its modification or its destruction, is to be made an issue in English politics, and that the time has actually come for trying on CAMERON'S threat of long ago. A short time ago, after his appointment to the American ambassadorship, Mr. BAYCE, in a speech to his

constituents, spoke of the House of Lords as a "grotesque anomaly." Mr. BAYCE has charged the Lords with acting solely as a committee of the Tory party in defeating the popular desire to give the control of education wholly to the state, while the Attorney-General, Sir JOHN WALTON, threatens that the result of the present attitude of the Lords will result in two or three dissolutions, and then a revolution. It is clear, if the present temper of the nation continues, that some radical change is bound to come, and that the Lords have hastened it by their action on the education bill; and it is also certain that our "kiss across the water" will never do without a second chamber in some form; they have too much political sense.

Mr. Rockefeller's Gift

The wonderful gift which Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER has made for the promotion of higher education in this country is likely for a long time to remain the most magnificent single material contribution that has ever been made to the cause of learning in this country. Other men have given of their substance as much, or more, in proportion to their means. There are apparently no objects to which money is given, apart from those which are directly religious, which so prolifically breed the spirit of giving as do our institutions of learning. The man who begins to give to universities and colleges seems compelled to keep on giving. There are exceptions, it is true, but nearly all the colleges which are receiving gifts at all, and some that do not, have the confidence that when they are in need, certain men, or a certain man at least, will come to their relief. The splendid gift of Mr. ROCKEFELLER, besides the impressiveness of the figures themselves, recalls this honorable fact about the universities and colleges of the United States. Mr. ROCKEFELLER is required to have given out one time or another the vast sum of \$800,000,000 to education, and it is estimated that it is his purpose, before he is through, to give something like \$200,000,000 to that cause. Mr. CARMAN'S gifts are also so great as to be bewildering by their amount. But both together do not equal the enormous sums which have been given to education in this country by generous and noble-minded men, following the first inspiring gift of a few hundred pounds, but his all, of JOHN HARVARD—a gift which stimulated the passing of the first public-school act in Massachusetts—and the country—"to the end that learning may not be barred in the graves of our forefathers, in church and commonwealth, the Lord assisting our endeavors." The streams of money flowing to the preservation of learning have gathered volume during the two hundred and sixty years which have passed since this act of 1647, one purpose of which was declared to be to establish schools in which "boys might be fitted for entering Harvard College."

Needs of Eastern Colleges

There are many colleges throughout the country which will receive from this gift the means of life. This is well, for all these small colleges, of some of which we have never heard, at most of which a few men (mostly the uneducated) of the universities are disposed to smile—of these small colleges, or mostly all, do some good. It is also true that while the B.A. degree of some of the smaller of them means much less than the like degree of the larger and older colleges, in not many years after graduation the two degrees mean much the same; while it is also true that many of the most brilliant, and of the most laborious, scholars of our Eastern graduate schools are from the small colleges of the middle West, the far West, and of Canada and the Provinces. But if the higher education of the country is to be promoted as it should be, the stream of giving must grow still wider and deeper. The future of the State universities seems to be assured. State legislatures are becoming more and more generous to them; but the Eastern universities and colleges are still dependent upon private gifts, and their needs grow more and more pressing. The ROCKEFELLER gifts are not likely to meet this particular need, but it is the truth—a truth which is causing anxiety in many great institutions of learning—that salaries are still insufficient, and relatively less sufficient than were the smaller salaries of a generation ago. What is needed is more pay for teaching, that scholars may not be tempted to deny themselves the pleasure of teaching because of the cares, the worries, the hardships attending pay that is just large

enough to live upon, counting nothing to be left for the widow and the orphans who must remain behind. This is the need of the great universities as of the smaller colleges.

A Machine for Distributing Money

MR. ROCKEFELLER was a very interesting business man, and was admitted to be at least efficient. A contemporary (the *Times*) says: "It has long been conceded that his was the most practical and competent mind in the United States devoted purely to business problems in the last quarter of the nineteenth century." His mind undoubtedly is of very remarkable quality and power. He is getting to be a very interesting giver, and the working of his mind in the field of beneficence promises to be as well worth following as in the field of acquisition. In his essays in the latter field he contrived the most remarkable money-getting machine of modern times, selecting the men to run it with admirable judgment of their capacity to do what they were set to do. In his new field he seems to be following much the same general plan. He has apparently put his mind on the difficult problem of distributing money so that it will do the most possible good. The general object that most appeals to him is education, and he has assembled a human machine to make a business of promoting education. That is what the General Education Board is for—to promote education in the United States without distinction of race, sex, or creed, and especially to promote, systematize, and make effective various forms of educational beneficence. It is an extraordinarily competent board for the purpose. Among its sixteen members are ex-President GILMAN of Johns Hopkins, ROBERT C. ODNEY, Dr. ALDERMAN of the University of Virginia, WALTER H. PAIR of North Carolina and New York, E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS of the University of Nebraska, Dr. JIMSON of the University of Chicago, H. B. FARNELL of the Hampton Institute, MORRIS K. JESSUP of the New York Chamber of Commerce, GEORGE FORTY PEARSON of New York, a Democrat with radical leanings, is treasurer; Dr. FREDERICK T. GATES, the president, is a clergyman, drafted by Mr. ROCKEFELLER for this work; and Dr. BUTTRICK, the secretary, is also a clergyman. Here we have many men of many minds but with unanimity of purpose; men representative of all parts of the country, and those parts especially in which education most needs nursing. Some of them are men of such opinions in politics and political economy that their presence in the Board is somewhat surprising. Yet there they are, and there they belong, for the Board was made to direct, without prejudice, a very broad work. Dr. GATES says that the Board's next effort will be to help the women's colleges which are "unable to house and care for the multitudes of young women who are knocking at their doors." Their need he considers the most immediate and imperative educational need to-day in the New England and Middle States.

We Understand One Another

Telling about the arrival of Mayor SCHMITZ, of San Francisco, and his companions in Washington and their first interview with the President, the *Sun's* correspondent says:

"There was a frank and free interchange of views. The Californians found that the President and Secretary *Roosevelt* had a pretty clear conception of their grounds for grievance."

No doubt they found it so. There has been much protestation from "the Coast" that the East did not understand about the Japanese in California, just as there is, or used to be, such frequent protestation that the North does not understand about the negroes in the South. There is reason to believe, or at least to hope, that all protestations of this sort are getting out of date, because it has ceased to be possible for the influential thinkers and writers in any section of the country long to misunderstand the circumstances or the sentiments of the people of any other section. The schoolmaster is very much abroad, the newspaper and the telegraph are sleepless, and there has arisen a large class of publications of national circulation which find their most congenial work in telling Maine interesting things about California and divulging to Minnesota the complexities of life and politics in Mississippi. If there is anything important anywhere, especially anything concerning the political or social relations of men with one another or with corporations, that is not understood or is misapprehended, these periodicals pounce upon it as a valuable find, and proceed to do their best to make un-

derstand whatever in it has been obscure. The pursuit of facts is too eager, and the distribution of expert knowledge too general, to leave sectional misapprehensions much chance to survive.

A Suitable Job for Mr. Harriman

MR. HARRIMAN seems to have emerged from illness and forced retirement in particularly good spirits. The newspapers have quoted him as saying:

"I must work, and soon perhaps I may be looking for a new job. My recommendations are many years of experience on many railroads in many railroad fields, and if they will raise the salary a bit, I may apply for a job on the Interstate Commerce Commission. If the commission is to run all the roads, I think they ought to want me."

MR. HARRIMAN is the kind of man that the people need to have on the Interstate Commerce Commission. At least he has the kind of knowledge that the commission needs and abilities proper for its labors. If he will take out a new conception and agree to reinvest his savings so that he can give disinterested attention to railroad rates, we shall be glad to support his application for a place on the commission. And we will back Mr. JAMES J. HILL for another place if he will take it.

The Banks Have Made Money

MR. FIRST-VICE-PRESIDENT BROWN of the New York Central wonders how any prudent man of ordinary intelligence can invest in railroads, and discloses that all of his investment funds are in farms, banking stock, and manufacturing enterprises, which pay him better than any railroad can. Industries, we all know, pay bigger dividends than railroads do. Farms seem more dubious, but have shown good profits lately, especially on Long Island. Banks last year were gold-mines. The *Wall Street Journal* reports that the profits of the trust companies of New York State in 1906 were forty per cent. of their capital, as against thirty-four per cent. in 1905; that the profits of the banks in the city of New York in 1906 were twenty-eight per cent. of their capital, and that the net earnings of the national banks of the United States for the year ending March 1, 1906, were nine and a half per cent. of their combined capital and surplus and will be larger for the year that ends with the present month. So we can credit Mr. BROWN with discretion as an investor without being committed to his depressing opinion about railroad stocks.

Against Tipping

The House Committee on the District of Columbia has reported favorably a bill abolishing "tips" from the hotels and restaurants of the District. It forbids the giving or receiving of tips in the eating and drinking places of the District, which Congress governs, and provides a fine of from \$5 to \$500 for each offense. If the bill becomes a law and is enforced, its effect will be watched with a good deal of interest throughout the country. Tips to waiters and others who render personal services are objected to because of the expense to the tippees and a supposed detrimental effect on the characters of the tippees. The former objection is one that carries the most weight. But the most interesting consideration that is connected with the practice is that wherever the custom of tipping employees is established the wages of the tippees are adjusted to it, so that the payment of the employees is shifted from the employer to his patrons. Nevertheless, we guess tipping is here to stay. Individual discrimination can keep it within reasonable bounds, and that is the best that seems practicable. As a rule, people who can spare the money like the system on the ground that they get what they pay for.

Some Trials

What with "Salome" and the THAW trial, these have been distressful times for proper people. If we had to have it so that a man had to go out behind the barn to read the paper, it would have been more convenient and commodious to have it come in a warmer season. In Canada, where it has been colder than here and correspondingly less convenient to read out-of-doors what one does not like to bring into the house, the attention of the Postmaster-General was called to the deplorable condition of the newspapers resulting from communication from New York. In London and Paris, it seems, our news has had a tremendous vogue.

Secretary Root on the Need of Acquaintance with International Law

WHEN the second, and notably democratic, Reform Bill was passed by the British Parliament in 1832, Mr. ROBERT LOWE (afterwards Lord SALISBURY) exclaimed, "Now let us educate our masters." In like manner, seeing that, of late, American public opinion has undertaken, after successfully, to dictate the nation's foreign policy, it has occurred to Secretary Root that the sooner the "masters" of that opinion become conversant with the principles and precedents of international law, the better. To that end he has evidently encouraged the furnishing of a new quarterly review entitled the *American Journal of International Law*, and has permitted it to publish in a supplement accurate transcripts of recent important treaties, official copies of which are lodged in the archives of our State Department. How indispensable such exact transcripts are to intelligent public discussion of international relations we shall point out presently. Meanwhile, we would direct attention to what Mr. Root has to say about the agency of the public want which the new quarterly is intended to meet, and also to the measure of efficiency with which the first number of it carries out this purpose. There is no doubt about the fact which the Secretary of State makes the text of an introductory article, the fact, namely, that during the last half-century, not only in the United States, but in Great Britain, France, Italy, and we might add, Germany, public opinion has exercised an increasing control over international conduct. For that reason it has plainly become more and more important that the great body of the people in any country possessing representative institutions should have a just conception of their international rights and duties. As things are, no such just conception is widely diffused, and consequently it is not uncommon, while two governments are striving to settle peaceably a matter in dispute, to see a large part of the people in both countries maintain an uncompromising attitude and insist upon an extreme view of their own rights, which, if officially adopted, would render any peaceable settlement impossible. It needs no argument, indeed, to demonstrate the importance of enabling a people, when negotiators represent, to consider the subject of controversy and judge the action of their representative in an instructed and reasonable way. There is but one means, however, of bringing about this desirable condition, and that is by increasing the general knowledge of international rights and duties and promoting a popular habit of reading and thinking about international affairs. No fair-minded person will deny the soundness of Mr. Root's argument that the more clearly and widely the people of a given country recognize their own international obligations, the less likely will they be to resent the just demands of other countries that those obligations be observed. No man unacquainted with the more familiar the people of a given country become with the rules and customs of self-restraint and courtesy which experience has shown to be indispensable for preserving the peace of the world, the greater will be the tendency to refrain from discussing publicly controversy with other countries in such a way as to hinder peaceful settlement by wounding sensibilities or arousing prejudice and anger. Of course the Secretary does not expect that the whole body of any people will systematically study international law, but he believes that a considerable number can readily become sufficiently familiar with it to form and guide public opinion upon all important international questions. It is with a view of furthering such acquaintance with the subject that he commends the new American Society of International Law and its quarterly to the support of thoughtful men and women who wish to advance the cause of international justice and peace.

Among the interesting topics discussed in the initial number of this quarterly are the Dutton doctrine, which our government has promised to bring before the next peace congress at The Hague; the aim and outcome of Mr. Root's mission to the South-American republics; the Newfoundland fisheries and the existing *modus vivendi* concerning them, arranged between Great Britain and the United States; the nature of the present provisional government in Cuba from the view-points of American and of Cuban law; and, finally, the Japanese school question, as affected by the treaty of 1854 between the United States and Japan, a treaty which receives in the review before us a different construction from that which is given to it by ex-Secretary OLNEY, who negotiated it on our behalf. Curiously enough, the Rt. Hon. JAMES BRYCE, lately appointed British ambassador to the United States, expressed, the other day, at a dinner offered him by the Pilgrims' Society, a view of an ambassador's function identical with that propounded by Mr. Root on July 22, 1898, at Pernambuco, Brazil—the view, namely, that the principal duty of an ambassador from one country to another is to interpret to the people to whom he goes the people from whom he comes. That the message of amity and fraternity of which Mr. Root was the bearer was received in South America in the spirit in which it

was conveyed is evident from the address delivered by the Mayor of Lima, who welcomed Mr. Root as an ambassador of peace, a messenger of good-will, and a herald of doctrines which sustain South America's autonomy and strengthen its faith in its future welfare.

With regard to the Newfoundland fisheries, it is well known that the United States on the one hand, and the self-governing colony of Newfoundland on the other, are not agreed as to the method in which their respective rights should be determined. The United States, on their part, hold that American rights of fishing in Newfoundland waters can only be controlled, regulated, and modified by means of diplomatic negotiations between the United States and Great Britain. The colony of Newfoundland, on the contrary, has consistently maintained that the right of fishing "in common" is subject to local regulation alone, and by local legislation has attempted to discriminate against American competition. To suspend the operation of local legislation, deemed oppressive, Mr. Root negotiated on October 8, 1896, the *modus vivendi*, printed in the supplement to the quarterly, which, it is hoped, will prevent the occurrence of untoward incidents during the present season and until a permanent agreement may be reached whereby the rights of American and British may be clearly defined and thoroughly safeguarded for the future.

Concerning the nature of the present government in Cuba, there is undoubtedly much misconception current. The truth is that, although called "provisional," the government headed by Mr. CHAMBER E. MAGONON is every whit as constitutional as the preceding government over which Mr. PALMA presided, for it is in strict accordance with the letter and spirit of the Cuban Constitution, promulgated May 20, 1902, which, by Annex III, gave the United States a right to intervene in Cuban affairs under certain well-defined conditions, the occurrence of which, after President PALMA's resignation, is not disputed. Not only, moreover, in the present "provisional" government constitutional according to the Cuban Constitution, but it is lawful according to the laws of the United States, because the act of our Congress, commonly known as the PLATT amendment, recognizes the right of the United States to intervene in the exact language of Annex III, of the Cuban Constitution. Moreover, in the treaty between the United States and Cuba, which was concluded more than two years later, the exact language of the preceding act of Congress and of Annex III, of the Cuban Constitution reappears, so that the lawfulness of the intervention is threefold attested,—once by the Cuban Constitution; secondly, by an act of our Congress; and, thirdly, by a treaty. Under the circumstances, President ROOSEVELT, unless he broke his oath to obey treaties and the laws, could not avoid interesting in Cuba.

As to the Japanese school question, the quarterly's comments do not seem fully to recognize the significance of Article II, of the treaty concluded in 1854 between the United States and Japan. By this article, an ex-Secretary OLNEY has pointed out, Japan expressly agreed that the stipulations contained in the treaty with reference to the rights of its subjects in the United States "do not in any way affect the laws, ordinances, and regulations with regard to trade, to the immigration of laborers, or to the police and public security which are in force, or which may hereafter be enacted, in either of the two countries." As there seems to be no doubt that the regulation of a State's public schools belongs to its police functions, Japan would seem to have no cause of complaint under the terms of the treaty.

It is a pity that the precise terms of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, signed on August 12, 1902—now literally reproduced from the State Department archives in the supplement to the new quarterly—were not previously made accessible. According to the version hitherto current, Article II, of the treaty ran as follows: "Should either of the High Contracting parties be involved in war in defense of its territorial rights or special interests, the other party will at once come to the assistance of its ally." Now the preamble of the treaty defines its objects, but, according to a well-known rule of interpretation, a preamble cannot narrow the significance of a subsequent declaration, if the latter be unqualified. In the verbiage of the treaty *hitherto* circulated, the words "special interests" were unqualified, and hence the inference that the phrase might be held by Japan to cover a dispute with the United States concerning the exclusion of its subjects from certain Siam-French schools. Now it appears that certain decisive words were omitted, as will appear from the following exact reproduction of Article II.: "The Italian are ours: 'If, by reason of unprovoked attack or aggressive action, wherever arising, on the part of any other power or powers, either contracting party should be involved in war in defense of its territorial rights or special interests mentioned in the preamble of this agreement, the other contracting party will at once come to the assistance of its ally.' It is patent that the words italicized limit the operation of the treaty to the subjects defined in the preamble and, therefore, would justify Great Britain in remaining neutral should the Japanese school question lead to war between Japan and the United States—an event which, un-

der the circumstances now revealed, is most improbable. The first number of the new quarterly, commended by Secretary Root, has amply justified its existence by its publication of the true text of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, which, by the way, was obtained from another source and printed in the last number of the WEEKLY.

Lent

THERE must once have been a time in the world when sadness was a less dangerous matter than it is to-day, or the great teachers would hardly have dared inculcate it as a necessary practice. St. ROXANVENTURA, in his *Golden Ladder of Virtues*, admonishes men climbing toward perfection to afflict themselves profoundly over the sufferings of their friends, over the sufferings of their enemies, over the outrages offered to the glory of God; to suffer with those who in health undergo affliction, and those who in malady undergo affliction, and those who, being dead, still undergo affliction; to suffer with those who suffer from their own weakness and with those who, being brave, are yet killed upon the high mountains, and with those who do not even know what things make for their peace; to suffer over all corporal ills, all spiritual ills, all spiritual weaknesses, all temporal and transient pains, all prolonged pains, and all eternal pains, and then, as if that were not enough, higher up on the ladder of the virtues he begins again warning us to repent and to afflict ourselves over all mortal sins, all grave venial sins, all slight venial sins, for all sins of act, of word, of deed; all sins of evil committed, of good omitted; all sins of baseness, enmity, and bitterness; for personal sins, for sins one has occasioned, knowingly, and sins one has unknowingly caused others to commit, to regret; and bitterly, manifest sins, hidden sins, and the very sin of being human and unjustified in the light of supreme perfection; the wrongs one has done to oneself, the wrongs one has done the community, the wrongs one has done to God; and then he adds, reveal the pain of the soul by the arousal of the lips, by tears in the eyes, and by the mortification of the flesh. Indeed, when one reaches the last rung of the ladder but one, one still needs fifteen miles of pain to be borne before one reaches the highest rung of virtue and can afford to be joyful.

Even the most strenuous of exhorters to-day would hardly dare lead the sheep through so dark a valley. It is all too easy to realize the sadness and the imperfection of life, the impossibility of wholly adapting oneself to environment, of wholly meeting the demands of other people. Life, in a world where conditions are ever changing, where no relation is permanent, where struggle for individual satisfaction is fruitless and defeat recurrent, where love of beauty and of goodness merely lays us open to quicker and deeper wounds, and where even pursuit of knowledge itself is baffling and thwarting, since the more we learn the wider becomes the field of the unknown, offers enough lamentary sadness.

But there are two points to note in the ladder of St. ROXANVENTURA: one is that he bids men deplore not the inevitable imperfections of circumstance, which is the fundamental note of the modern pessimist, but their own shortcomings; and second, that a care-free and joyous existence can only be granted to those who have scaled the highest rung of the ladder of virtue.

It is not the feeling that one has a share in the world's imperfection which generates despair, for with oneself one can always do something. If one allows oneself to believe that the tragedy of existence is inherent in life, and that life is not malleable, that do what we will, strain every nerve, and put forth every effort, life is still not plastic to endeavor, that it will no more respond to our calls than the stars did to the hallowing of Will of the Mill and the fat young man, then we have a sadness which is dangerous. But affliction over our own shortcomings, and a complete list of them to refer to, make for the sadness which lies at the root of effort. Character, after all, is never founded upon cushions; it is built upon rock-hard renunciations and difficulties; "the sharpened life commands its course"; such character learns to bear not only inevitable ills, but finally, from time to time, to give itself a little gratuitous suffering or some one else's account.

True happiness, what little we know of it, is not of the nature of merriment or gaiety or ease—these give nothing better than pleasure—but true happiness is the outgrowth of peace, and peace has a firmer foundation than these can give. Peace is the result of reflection, grief, and acceptance, and one begins to understand, once realizing it, how the great ROXANVENTURA dared so to emphasize sorrow to his people. To face one's own imperfections with a zeal to create order in one's little corner of the universe is to indulge in those wholesome tears that cleanse the vision; to believe that life and the world are radically at fault, and that we are helpless, is to invite the most destructive philosophies. And it is for that former wholesome sorrow that the season of Lent is set apart.

Secular as we may become, little inclined as the age makes us to deal in the supernatural or the miraculous, yet there remains ever the curious phenomenon that there has been but one wholly triumphant life upon earth. Look where you will for examples

and for help, one comes back to it ever. Only once has it been authoritatively stated, "I have overcome the world," and from the same lips came the command to take up the cross and follow after. This, then, is the purpose of this season for reflection and solemn thinking, not that we shall grieve over life as it is, or become impatient for the crowning of the days, but that we should have a season set apart from light-hearted and careless acceptance of the days to seriously front our own part in life, even to the extent of the list of the three hundred and sixty-four forms of offense enumerated by St. ROXANVENTURA, and by taking thought and to our spiritual salvation. And though no man reaches his ideal, or, looking back, feels that he has done all that was possible, yet every effort in a right direction tends to make for peacefulness and repose. Wherever, by meditation and by pause, we have learned how to fight a wrong or to bear silently an irreparable evil, we have thrown a pebble upon the rain that marks the grave of the world's grief.

Personal and Pertinent

WITHOUT intention of disrespect to any one, the conviction may be recorded that Mayor SCHMIDT, with the President before and the Pacific behind, was between the devil and the deep sea.

The New York Times gave some very good advice, the other day, to enlisted men about going to saloons. A negro sergeant testifying before the Senate committee complained that the black soldiers at Brownsville were compelled to go into the saloons there by the back doors, and the Times kindly suggested that the soldiers could beat the saloons very easily by staying away from them altogether. This advice was another argument, of course, in favor of the restoration of the ration. The soldier is a good deal like other men, and he wants his club where he can enjoy the comradeship of his fellows. If he can't have the canteen he goes outside to the saloon; at the canteen he cannot get drunk, but in the saloon he can, and he often does simply for the reason that others present are engaged in the deleterious and dangerous practice. The officers have, or used to have, more privileges at their mess. They can, or used to be able to, procure bar liquor for the promotion of deterioration. There is an admirable story, told for private circulation, by an artist who was visiting a far-western post, a large enough post to be commanded by a colonel even in the days before the Spanish war. The colonel was walking up and down the Irish walk in front of his quarters, smoking. To him the artist said:

"Good-morning, colonel; how are you?"

"Never better; fit as a fiddle; but I'm going over to the mess in a minute to get a drink, and after that I'll feel like the devil all day."

What the colonel was going to the mess for was really a chat with his juniors; but he knew that he'd be asked to drink, and that he would accept. The enlisted man is pretty sure, too, to go to the saloon, unless that he is going to St. himself for a headache and, perhaps, the guard-house; but the difference is that the colonel will get enough devil in him by a little drinking, while the enlisted man is in danger of throwing for an ocean of Satans.

Mr. GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY, the treasurer of Mr. ROCKEFELLER'S General Education Board, is a noteworthy figure in charitable and educational work. Doubtless he is a rich man; at least he is rich enough to retire from his lucrative banking business to engage in work for human elevation. He has now, among many other interests, the care of \$43,000,000, given by Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER for the advancement of education—\$49,000,000 a little over a year ago, and now \$52,000,000 more. Mr. PEABODY is a railroad Democrat. He serves in government ownership of railroads. He was the president of the treasury of the same railroad; but he is more radical than that title was. He was born in Georgia, and came to this city when he was thirteen years old. Since then he has accumulated his fortune, and what is better, a large amount of love of learning, of music, and of the human kind. His politics are worth speaking about, because of their bearing upon the question of tainted money, for when that microbe was busy the largest hospitality shown it was by minds that thought very much like Mr. PEABODY on political subjects. Apparently, Mr. PEABODY is not thinking, officially, about how Mr. ROCKEFELLER gained his money. Possibly, judging from his general principles, he has ideas about that of which Mr. ROCKEFELLER might not approve. But it is clear that Mr. PEABODY does not believe in preventing the employment of any money for righteousness, nor would he probably regard himself as a faithful trustee if he declined aid for his trust and its beneficiaries coming from one whose property, under the law, and so far as he was aware, belonged to the giver. At any rate, Mr. PEABODY is administering this great fund for the benefit of higher education. He has also given much money himself to that and other causes. He is one of the Southerners, like Mr. Mr. Mr., who are doing more effective, because intelligent, work than any Northern man is likely to do for the real lifting up of the negro. He is one of the most appreciative and helpful friends of BOOKER WASHINGTON.

Correspondence

LOCAL VERSUS FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 2, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Since I began to understand the customs and politics of this my adopted country, the democracy of your columns has been my fountain. I have thought—perhaps only a thought—that you lacked seriousness to crises and great elections, still, after fifteen years' acquaintance, HARPER'S WEEKLY is the one companion, more and more.

My present complaint is your rising ire against President Roosevelt. Now what is our President doing but trying to give the weak and helpless part of the people protective laws. How can you condemn with severity Secretary of State Root's recent plea, or rather threat, of more Federal government and less State powers, with nothing in view from your violence but justification for his words. I detest government in the making of which I have no say, but if my neighbors and my State fail to furnish faithful advocates, and nothing but quality laws, why should I spare the shield of equality offered by a central power?

As a basis for Mr. Root, I will illustrate—not an isolation: There is a certain corporation on the shores of Greater New York, entirely private in character. Since its organization six or seven years ago it has received, or taken, from the city and State, without compensation or taxes, hundreds of public lands and rights, with facilities to develop same, amounting to over \$5,000,000. Records in city and State and national legislatures, with recurrence in that time, will show laws passed in each place for its special benefit, while the petitions and protests, spoken and written, of hundreds of weak property-owners and citizens, irreparably injured by the confiscation, remain ignored. Everything went, until Federal officers—army engineers—stepped in. They were ordered from Washington to report on the needs for the legislation there (the inhibitory bill had then been passed). The report was a disesteemed exposure that killed the scheme. The gift in this case was to be anywhere from \$400,000 to \$2,500,000, and was to remedy infractions in the improvements erected, almost wholly, on the free land previously acquired from the city and State, and to add more. Immediately after this halt was called by Federal officers, the "interests" turned again to Albany. Within four months another bill was passed there—last winter—this time enabling the city to take by purchase, from the shareholders of the corporation, what the national government refused to mend or subsidize. No doubt the city will pay more millions for its own land, too. How many instances of this kind did Mr. Root have in mind when he made his inspired speech?

Again, let a weak litigant try to take a powerful antagonist into a State or Federal court, which is the shorter and safer place to which to get his day and his say? If fair play and equality come in greater measure, or come alone, from a centralized government, how are you to turn against it the people, mostly all of whom are still the helpless masses? Can it be denied that this is what President Roosevelt is striving to reach them with? The constitution of most men is what they fear in the name of law. It is respectfully suggested that HARPER'S WEEKLY look into its own house.

I AM, SIR,

MICHAEL O'SULLIVAN.

Our correspondent puts his case well. It is true that a central government, using autocratic power, can accomplish benefits more quickly and efficiently in many cases than can be done by democratic local means. But the power to do good is also in different hands the power to do evil. Our fathers thought to safeguard liberty by giving to the central government only as much power as was necessary for the performance of indispensable national duties. All the rest the local governments reserved. If citizenship in this country is so far decayed that we have lost capacity for local self-government, then it will be as Mr. Root says: the central government will assume powers that local hands had grown too feeble to wield, and the republic will become a species of empire ruled from Washington. It is arguable that that is now necessary. THE WEEKLY. It is true that the system of government may be preserved, and it is in affectionate desire of the republican principle that it fights against what seem dangerous encroachments on the local powers.—EDITOR.

GENERAL BRECKENRIDGE ON H. G. WELLS

No. 5 PRINCE STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Care of Mark Twain, New York:

SIR.—Page 33 *Daily Mail* Year Book states the United States comes first, with only 14.3 per cent. of females employed: Germany, 25 per cent.; England, 27 per cent.; Italy, 40 per cent.; Austria, 47 per cent. Yet your Mr. H. G. Wells seems to deride in *The Future of America* "her theory as if it 'disregards women'."

As to children, perhaps a similar showing might be approximately attempted. Does any other nation choose its Chief Magistrate from the low path (like Garfield), or from its salubrious like Lincoln, giving every man a fair fighting chance? The ideal we would wish may be greatly better than this best known among white nations for either sex; for even our "sovereign people" are not all Presidents, nor our women every one a Senatrix. The simple and perfect character of Washington may be incomprehensible as his unsurpassed and stately obelisk; but will not Mr. Wells con-

descendingly permit his conceited fellow countrymen to continue to admire both without calling names?

I AM, SIR,

J. C. BRECKENRIDGE.

AS TO JAMES WILSON

SWANSMORE, PA., January 26, 1907

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—In your issue of January 26 a correspondent graciously offers to open a school for the study of the fathers of the nation. In your editorial office: also gravely states that "Hamilton was a primary in the science of government," compared with Wilson. As secretary of the Wilson memorial committee, I have had it drawn to my attention that some of these "historical" and propagandist effusions were mistakenly thought in a few quarters to be the voice of the committee. As secretary of the committee, I wish to distinctly state that the committee are in no degree responsible for such vagaries.

I AM, SIR,

BYRON ALVA KOSKIE.

INADQUACY OF FEDERAL CHILD-LABOR LEGISLATION

Edgar Gardner Murphy, in the *Montgomery (Alabama) Advertiser*

The adequate protection of our children in industry is not a matter of an isolated solitary "law" about an age limit. Child protection is not "a law" but a system, a system of laws mutually supporting and reinforcing one another. Such a system the Federal government under our present national Constitution can never supply. Such a system is possible only under the slower but freer processes of local State legislation. At infinite cost of thought and labor it is being gradually brought into existence. Much remains to be done, chiefly in the South, but also in the North. But it is confessedly both practicable and possible to do it. We are now asked, however, to follow the stated path of the impossible, to seek one isolated feature of such a system at the hands of the Federal power, turning much of our energy from those local methods, which hold every promise of a comprehensive system, into wholly new channels, in order to secure a law which is in itself of doubtful constitutionality, and which, under the plain mandate of the Constitution, can never be surrounded and reinforced by any adequate general system of protection. We are being asked to follow down a blind alley.

But, it is argued, "this is an effort for uniformity." Granting for the moment, that other phases of protection could be added, no real uniformity can be secured by the external process of a uniform law. Conditions are themselves against it. The whole environment of labor and of life, the factors of personal and social habit, climate, food, clothing, food, etc., are so different in an old manufacturing State from those which obtain in the new manufacturing States that no mere uniformity of law can produce uniformity of conditions. But it is obvious that the Federal authority can provide no general system of protection, no effective group of laws, mutually reinforcing one another, in the name of the child worker. A mere age limit, therefore, unsupported by other provisions, would thus represent all the more conspicuously a uniformity without meaning. Indeed, in the States where other phases of protection are lacking, it would represent no uniformity at all: for if the employer in a man of short-sightedness and greed he can and will make up to longer hours, in night work, in false affidavit from the parents as to the ages of their children (the law provides on penalty for the lying parent), all that the Federalist might gain by a fixed uniformity of age.

The friends of these Federal bills are assuming a great responsibility. If it can be found that they are weakening the movements for State legislation when they are able to offer no little as a substitute, if the Federal authorities cannot do more it ought to do nothing.

"HARPER'S WEEKLY" A QUINQUAGENARIAN

From the Church Standard.

HARPER'S WEEKLY appropriately celebrates its fiftieth anniversary by giving many details of its long and meritorious career. The WEEKLY has been a valuable exponent of public opinion, and in several critical periods it has done invaluable service in guiding the public judgment. It has made mistakes, of course. No journal, however wisely or prudently conducted, can hope to be always right, or always to say the right thing in an ideally right way, and the more thoroughly assured its managers are of their integrity or purpose, the more probable it is that they will sometimes err in the form, if not in the matter, of the views which they present. This is not to say that a great journal like HARPER'S WEEKLY has been a frequent blunderer; far from that; the men by whom it has been conducted have been recognized, not only as men of integrity and ability, but as capable and competent journalists, skilled in the art of self-control which keeps the journalist from saying wrong things, and also from saying right things in the wrong way or the wrong time. There have been occasions when the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY have feared heavy loss as the cost of firm adherence to the principles in which they believed; and at all times throughout these last fifty years the WEEKLY has been read with as much attention and interest as one who differed from its opinions as by those who agreed with them.

THE COST OF CRIME IN THE UNITED STATES.

By REV. JOHN J. MUNRO

Chaplain to the Prison Evangelistic Society of New York

THE cost of crime in the United States is a subject of such vast importance that it does, in almost every detail of human life, that it is remarkable that, as a field of economic investigation, it is comparatively new. Few sociologists and economists having given it much serious consideration. There is a marked absence of readily available data upon the subject, even the Census Bureau lacking in information. But the those of such fascinating interest that the more it is examined the more interesting it becomes, not only to the student of criminology but to the taxpayer. It is a pity that the national government, with the vast resources at its disposal and its opportunity to set about independent investigations throughout the country, does not undertake the work of compilation and prepare a thoroughly reliable and scientific statement covering the entire subject. Most statisticians who have dealt with this question in the past have only more or less correctly estimated the cost of crime in a given locality or for a given department, and then have arrived at conclusions relative to other localities or departments by processes of multiplication.

The figures representing the expense of crime are so startling that we ask ourselves how long our national and State governments can possibly continue to pay such enormous sums for the maintenance of courts of justice, police, and other institutions without taking serious cognizance thereof. One thing, however, is certain, unless our Federal and State authorities do something to stem some of the floodgates of crime as provided in our legislation, there is no telling what the end may be. Our rulers should endeavor to make it easy to do right and difficult to do wrong, so as to reduce the cost of crime to a minimum, or make our jails and prisons self-supporting.

Many persons have under the delusion that the only expense incurred in the correction and repression of crime is in the maintenance of police, jails, courts of justice, and public prosecutors. But this is a serious mistake. It means this and a vast deal more. As the cost of crime enters into every department of our very existence, which we have thought we have said all that could be said on the subject, we have left a great deal still unenumerated.

In this present discussion of the subject I have tried to follow new lines so as to reach correct conclusions. I shall endeavor to present only facts obtained after the most careful inquiry on the subject.

I have made a careful study of the cost of crime in Greater New York during the past few years, and find that the amount of money appropriated by the civil authorities, according to the figures of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, since the consolidation in 1898 is not only on the increase, but starting as well.

The Cost of Crime in Greater New York

It is very doubtful if there are many more criminals in our jails today than there were ten years ago. Felonies have not largely increased. Crime, however, seems to have increased among young people of both sexes. But the principal reason for the large increase in expenditures in that all the department commissioners feel the effect of crime either directly or indirectly. Everything in the way of machinery and labor is paid for at the highest price. And among other things, it may be said that there has been a steady increase in the expenditure for salaries and raw materials used in our prisons. I have spoken to several of our city officers-holders who have had a wide experience in criminal matters, and they agree substantially with the results of my own investigations along these lines.

At the present moment nearly twenty-five per cent. of the \$120,000,000 and more raised by taxation for the running expenses of the city of Greater New York in the present year is to be spent in the repression and correction of crime, as the figures will show.

In the following tabulated statement it will be seen that all the moneys appropriated for the various departments and institutions are spent on the repression of crime alone.

The following departments devote their entire appropriations to the correction and repression of crime for the year. The figures given below are what each department has asked for in the budget:

Department of Police	\$15,697,681 00
" Correction	1,000,000 00
District Attorney of New York	237,640 00
" Kings	80,200 00
" Queens	25,800 00
" Richmond	8,000 00
City Magistrates, Manhattan and the Bronx	215,800 00
" Brooklyn, Queens, and Richmond	199,800 00
Special Sessions, New York and Brooklyn	165,800 00
General Sessions, New York	310,300 00
The Juvenile Asylum	44,000 00
Roman Catholic Protection	328,500 00
Society for the Protection of Children	50,000 00
Grand Jury Stenographer, Kings County	4,000 00
One Judge for Kings, Queens, and Richmond	17,500 00
Office expenses connected with the courts	6,000 00
Court Rents in Brooklyn	38,400 00
Parole Board	2,000 00

Grand Total.....\$18,310,722 38

When we come to deal with the various departments of the city government, which are only indirectly connected with crime, we find it more difficult to arrive at correct conclusions. Take for example the Sheriff's office. This official's work is both civil and criminal. He has charge of the county jail and pays for the support of the inmates. He takes full charge of prisoners indicted for felonies while they are in the Tombs, and after they are sentenced, sees that they are safely landed in State Prison or Penitentiary. After making careful allowance, we set aside three-fourths of the entire appropriation for crime.

In the following departments, only a percentage of the appropriation is used for the repression of crime:

The sheriffs of New York, Kings, Queens, and Richmond (seventy-five per cent. of the appropriation allowed for crime), \$108,092 75. Department of Health and Charities (ten per cent. for crime), \$300,400. For the present year the Fire Department calls for \$7,929,778. I have made careful inquiry and find that one-half of all the fires are the result either of wilful acts or criminal carelessness, so that half the appropriation is given crime—\$3,964,889. Of the expenses of the Law Department, Supreme Court and Appellate Division, twenty-five per cent. may safely be allowed for crime, that is, \$206,000. Commissioner of Juries' office (fifty per cent. for crime), \$39,925. Coroner (fifty per cent. for crime), \$79,820. Criminal work in the courts of Kings, Queens, and Richmond (fifty per cent. for crime), \$207,575. Other institutions that require support for maintaining criminals are the Bellevue, Good Shepherd homes, etc., \$200,000, which make a total of \$5,282,411 75.

The cost of crime to business men and corporations is as follows: Private police, watchmen, and detective agencies, \$3,000,000 a year; property stolen and not recovered, \$2,500,000; fraudulent bank loans, \$2,000,000; direct loss to families of men in prison, \$2,500,000; which makes the total cost of crime in Greater New York, \$35,552,134 34.

What Crime Costs the New York State Government

There is only one department in the State government which deals entirely with crime, the office of the State Superintendent of Prisons and Prison Commission. The other offices are only remotely connected with the repression of crime.

The figures in the statement are furnished by the State authorities and are the most reliable that can be found on this subject. There are, however, very many other items of criminal expense which are so interwoven into the various departments of our State government that it is difficult to classify them in their proper place. In this statement I have said nothing of the value of the four large prison establishments and the two asylums for the criminal insane, all of which must be worth at least \$6,000,000. I simply mention the running expenses for an average year. That we are compelled to erect the best buildings and install the most modern as well as the most expensive machinery in all the prisons cannot be denied. And although the population of these prisons has remained about the same during the past few years, there is a steady increase in the cost of maintenance.

The three New York State prisons, situated at Sing Sing, Auburn, and Clinton, cost yearly \$458,120 87. The women's reformatory, Hudson, Albion, and Bedford, cost \$150,000, and the reformatory for men at Elmira and Naposch, \$269,941 71. The Women's Prison at Auburn requires an expenditure of \$20,319 82, and the House of Refuge at New York and Rochester, \$127,530. Repairs and losses to these institutions amount to \$637,774 40. I have not mentioned the large amount of money which the State pays for raw material for manufacturing purposes, but this, when the goods are sold, is simply balance in most cases. The cost of other expenses in connection with the work of managing our prisons, those spent by the executive on criminal matters, pardon-er's office, expense of attorneys-general's office on criminal matters, etc., \$300,000. This raises the total expended by the State government for crime in the sum of \$2,380,473 75. The expense of crime to the cities and municipalities of the State (exclusive of Greater New York), which includes moneys spent for police, prisons, judges, courts, prosecuting attorneys, magistrates, etc., amounts to \$28,000,000 a year.

The cost of crime is fifty-seven counties of the State (exclusive of New York, Kings, Queens, and Richmond counties), is \$10,000,000. This expense includes the cost of jails, sheriffs, prosecuting attorneys, judges, justices of the peace and constables, court officers, criminal insane, and expense incident to the maintenance of buildings.

Another item to be reckoned with is the loss in wages to men and women confined in our State prisons, county jails, penitentiaries, and reformatories. During 1900 (exclusive of Greater New York), the loss was approximately \$4,744,000. Robberies and defraudations during the year was \$5,500,000, so that the grand total of moneys paid by cities and counties for crime outside of Greater New York (not under the State government), was \$40,244,000.

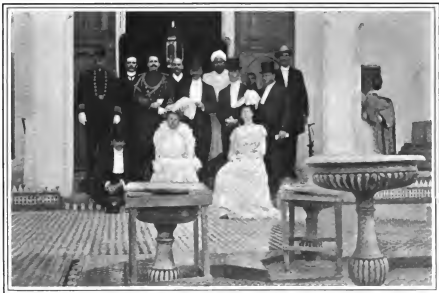
Cost of Crime in the other States of the Union

The cost of city police departments in the other States is \$200,000,000 to which the expenditures for prisons, judges, courts, prosecuting attorneys, and all other incidentals and \$60,000,000.

(Continued on page 250.)



Mr. Gummere, accompanied by the Moroccan Escort Commander and a Royal Standard-bearer, journeying to Fes to interview the Sultan concerning the American Claims



Minister Gummere and Members of the American Diplomatic Party at Fes after the first Audience with the Sultan. Mr. Gummere stands in the Centre; at his Right are the United States Military Attaches

THE OBDURATE SULTAN OF MOROCCO

THE UNITED STATES MINISTER TO MOROCCO, MR. GUMMERE, RECENTLY DEPARTED FROM FES AFTER AN UNFORTHFORTE JOURNAN WITH THE SULTAN. MR. GUMMERE WENT TO THE CAPITAL FOR THE PURPOSE OF ADJUDICATING CLAIMS FOR INDEMNITY MADE BY CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES FOR ALLEGED OUTRAGES COMMITTED IN MOROCCO; HE WAS UNABLE, HOWEVER, TO OBTAIN FROM THE SULTAN ANY ASSURANCES REGARDING THE FUTURE SAFETY OF AMERICANS IN THAT COUNTRY

THE DEMOLITION OF THE HISTORIC "LONG BRIDGE" OVER THE POTOMAC

By CHARLES A. SIDMAN

THE demolition of Long Bridge, across the Potomac at Washington, removes one of the oldest landmarks in that section of the country. Built in 1835, it has well withstood the march of time, and now, after seventy years of constant use, it is being torn down, to give way to the new highway bridge which was built and finished last autumn. The bridge served as an important connecting link between the national capital and Virginia for about one hundred years, and

station of Long Bridge, owing to the mishaps which it had already suffered, and some were of the opinion that the bridge site should be moved further up the river. In 1936 an attempt was made to secure the discontinuance of the bridge, but failed. In February, 1867, it was partly carried away by floating ice, rendering communication between the two sides of the river impossible, except by way of the Chain Bridge, which was far up the river, and this involved an ordinary day's journey. In 1870 the Baltimore and



The old "Long Bridge" which has so many Associations with American History

In its time, has rendered valuable service to the government and the public. At the outbreak of the Civil War the demoralized Union army entered Washington over it after its defeat at Bull Run. The bridge was in almost continuous use during the war in the transit of troops and supplies to and from the front in Virginia campaigns, and at the close of the war the veterans crossed it on the occasion of the famous review by President Johnson.

The first Long Bridge was built in 1808 and opened for traffic in May, 1810. It was a wooden structure, nearly a mile long, and cost \$100,000. The toll was twenty-five cents for a man and horse,

Potomac Railroad Company was authorized to take possession of and to extend its tracks across the bridge on the condition that the company maintain it in good condition for railway and ordinary travel. As the years passed, the bridge had to keep up with the changes of modern progress, and in time it was utilized by the electric car line as well as the steam road.

The bridge has been patched and mended so much that there is not a stick of the original bridge left. An officer of one of the New York regiments, whose company was one of the first to cross the bridge during the Civil War, recently wrote the contractor in



The new Highway Bridge from the Virginia Shore, with the Washington Monument in the Distance

and one dollar for a four-wheeled carriage and a pair of horses. This bridge furnished continuous communication between the two shores of the Potomac until February, 1861, when it was swept away, and traffic was interrupted for some time.

After several years' lapse, a new bridge was built on the site of the old one and opened for traffic in October, 1835. Congress had appropriated \$130,000 for its erection, but it was found that its cost was only about \$117,000, being one of the cases where the appropriation exceeded the actual cost of the bridge, by \$17,000.

In 1836 and again in 1840 freshets damaged it considerably. The latter disaster caused inquiry into the propriety of the loca-

charge of the work of demolition for one of the beams, desiring to have walking sticks for his friends made out of it. A beam was sent him, and he was notified that while it came from the historic bridge, still it wasn't an original beam, as there were none.

The new railroad and highway bridges, lying very close to the old one, lower high above it. The highway bridge is of steel, iron, and concrete, and is one of the finest bridges of its kind.

It will only be a matter of a few months before the old bridge shall have disappeared entirely. After seventy years of hard wear, storm, flood, and bloodshed, it is now being dismantled in accordance with law, and will soon be a thing of the past.



AN ARGUMENT WITH THE SQUIRE

DRAWN BY HAROLD MATTHEWS BRETT

SURPRISES OF THE NEVADA DESERT



By BARTON W. CURRIE

DRAWINGS BY F. STROTHMANN

Till time was when eggs cost \$1 each, and beefsteak \$1 an ounce in Nome and Dawson. A strong man could earn \$1 an hour wielding a pick and "rocking a cradle." That was in the frozen North. There is no place mising in southern Nevada. The only cradle rocked is of the domestic sort. They are very few. Eggs never were so precious on the desert as up among the glaciers. You can buy a very good porter-house out for \$5. A man with a steady hand and a sure eye can drift into any camp and earn \$1 an hour dealing fire or tending roulette. There is usually one gambling-house to every 150 of population.

Human endeavor has a mighty wide range in these sage-brush communities, whereas it is fearfully cramped in the placer countries. All along the scale the reward for every craft and service is large. It must be, as compensation for living in a dip of the world where whiskey is cheaper than drinkable water. The water you live in is so hard that shaving-oup will not turn a hair. Also, it is impregnated with arsenic. In the spring and summer months the blaze of the noonday sun would tan an elephant's hide. Dawn is bedtime, and 1 P.M. the breakfast hour. Only the barter shops keep regular hours.

Whatever you may have read or heard about this desert altitude, you will find many places of life that point it in an entirely different aspect from any picture your imagination had conceived.

One never associates soda-fountains with life among the gold-hunters. Therefore it is quite a shock to find a gem of this sort on the main street of a booming camp, sandwiched in between a gambling-hell and the Mining Exchange. There is little difference in the character of the two.

When you hear that the little miss who presides at the soda-fountain is almost as well paid as a San Francisco bricklayer you wonder how she does it without the aid of a union, until you are initiated into the mysteries of the inauspicious-looking establishment.

It was a delightfully fresh-looking place on that scorching September day of my first visit. Electric fans stirred a soft, cool breeze. The iron things set on the counters and tables looked prodigiously tempting. Then the little drawer at the fountain:

Not turned sixteen, the skirt of the clean starched frock was still at her shoulders. Her cheeks were full and round and bright with the tint of the early pippin. Her chestnut hair was still in braids, dangling below the great bow of a broad blue sash. Altogether she was the most refreshing little person to gaze upon I had seen in one thousand miles. I had just come into camp on the Tonopah fire—an alkali-coated touring car of 50 horse-power that devours thirty-five miles of desert trail in a less number of minutes. The dismal little train wheezes over the same distance in two hours.

Five of the party I had joined sat down at the counter of varnished redwood. A dreamy-eyed youth, who once won attention in San Francisco by writing weird sonnets, but who is now more famous as a mine-corer and a little friend of a gas-fighter, ordered an ice cream soda. His business partner, a corpulent giant with a bald head and great flapping red whiskers, astonished me by asking the little maid at the counter for a whiskey sour. Another requested a golden fizz, and a fourth an egg pineapple. I utterly forgot my burning thirst while I watched her nimble hands prepare the ill-assorted array of drinks. Remember, we were in a candy-bazaar. Children pattered about buying gum-drops, lemon-sticks, and taffy-balls, gaudy with cochineal stripes.

A huge man, resplendent in a pink silk shirt in which blazed with fascinating glare a diamond of at least eight carat weight, seemed immensely amused at my amusement. The fat on his great body shook ponderously, and he emitted a stupendous guffaw that reverberated through the entire building and rolled out into the street.

"Why, sir," he boomed, "you can get anything you want in here, sir, from pineapple rump, sir, to a Kentucky breakfast, sir."

"A Kentucky breakfast?" I regarded him blankly.

"A Kentucky breakfast, sir," he explained, becoming purple, "is a breakfast, sir, a big drink of whiskey, sir, and a settler dog, sir."

"A settler-dog?" I stammered.

"The dog, sir, cuts the steak, sir." Once more he exploded and almost rolled from the bench, though he clung tenaciously to that portion of a Kentucky breakfast not subject to elimination.

The little flow of the soda-fountain denarily scinted a splish and playfully squirted a stream of Vichy on the big man's bald head, crying, in a shrill treble, "He just hangs round here all day to spring that gag on strangers."

I was told in a brief journey about the camp that many young women of unquestionable respectability obtain lucrative employment in that particular dip of the Nevada gold-hills. The concern of wilderness employs turnly stenographers at a wage of \$20 a week. Capable bookkeepers are scarce at \$200 a month, and several young men who write the lurid literature with which the boomers of legends claim, bait their victims, draw the same salary Uncle Sam pays Mr. Roosevelt's cabinet officers.

Recently a young Californian who has made some way in the literary world accepted an offer of this sort, and began writing circulars and prospectuses with a few flourish of language. His stipend was \$200 a week. He had a fine mahogany desk in work at. His office was one of an elaborately appointed suite in a stone building two stories high. Opening on the street was a counting-room thronged with secretaries, bookkeepers, and clerks. The place thrived with activity from 8 to 6. The atmosphere was



STROTHMANN

Drawn by F. Strothmann

Once more he exploded and almost rolled from the bench

intensely urban when you consider that five miles away a man might lose himself on the desert and die of thirst before he could stumble within the range of human aid, and there are many little heaps of bones on that drift of the desert which bear evidence of such tragedies.

But the budding young genius of the West did not remain long on the job. His employer was a millionaire, but his millions were peculiarly tainted. His new prospectus-writer was made aware of other activities besides wildcatting; that aside in his fiery nature an overwhelming sense of disgust. The boss was much more than a wildcat. He had begun life as a tramp in Seattle. Blame, heeling from his sailor boarding-house was a matter of routine, and he acquired wealth in this way. He branched out. The police of Seattle know along what lines. So do the people in Alaskan and Nevada mining camps. He dealt in ramp "frederickson" the transported and set down in boom communities "red-light districts," ready-made and complete with scarlet appointments. Also he dealt in gambling-hells and their necessary equipment. His revenue from these sources was enormous. Therefore he was able to launch into the promotion and sale of mining stocks on a private scale.

When the native son, who had been half-back on a California university team, later football coach, teacher in the government schools on the island of Looe, reporter on the San Francisco newspaper, and writer of magazine stories, fully realized what manner of man his employer was, he boiled over. There was a heart-to-heart talk. Those who overheard the interview say he will never write half so vividly as he talked on that occasion. Several times the hand of this millionaire of singularly lurid career caressed the bulge over his hip, as the fist of the little writer waxed and shook before his forlorn face. But even in his almost unprovoked rage he didn't draw. He had to swallow it all until vocal exhaustion freed him from the back of the young Californian's tongue. Then he wobbled out of his fine offices to his big touring-car and roared down over the sage-brush trail. He did not return until after the evening train had carried his former employee well on his way back to San Francisco.

Early after my arrival in this bustling camp of curiously jumbled occupations and people I was greeted by a man who, when we last met, was a reporter on a big New York daily. He wore the leather garb of a chauffeur; his skin was tanned a walnut shade, except where his goggles protected him, making wide pink circles about his eyes. Just in from the trail, his entire uniform was coated gray with dust.

Naturally our greeting was cordial, meeting after a lapse of years in this no-man's-land.

"Oh, this isn't any come-down," he laughed. "Driving the benzine bus of the desert pays mighty well—\$10 a day, plus. The peripatetics roll into a tidy little fortune. In less than a year I've saved almost enough to buy a car of my own. When I do I can rent it for \$100 a day, and will soon be able to buy a good шин. I haven't had my eyes shut while coasting over these trails.

"Of course I'm dusty on the desert. At first the small ones your eyes until you are almost blind. But they harden. So do



Drawn by F. Bradburn

"I'm the Sheriff of Columbia. I'll remit the line and keep the gun"

the semibones of your throat and nose after the arsenic has fairly permeated your system. Though it is hard work, it gives you tremendous endurance. Since midnight I covered 200 miles in a run to Rhyolite and back, switching off the trail now and then to look at new prospects.

"Breakdown? Yes. We do have them occasionally. They are not dangerous if you are on the trail. You run almost certain on another day coming along in no time at all."

"I drifted into this as a result of the San Francisco earthquake. I was doing a little press-agent work on the coast when the big shake came along and tossed things off their centre. I got out into the street in motley accoutrements—pajamas, trousers, and a high hat. An unemployed automobile stood at the curb across the street before the entrance of a French restaurant that was being cupped in precipitous panic. I drew from a half-stunned policeman that the driver had fed to the open area of Union Square, so I cranked up the car and drove off under three speeds in the train of a friend. After transporting him, his family, and their portable treasures to the ferry, I was impressed into service by one of General Funston's staff. For three days, sleeping only at brief snatches, with the steering-wheel as a pillow, I drove like a man in a nightmare through the hell of fire and smoke. Who and what I carried in the machine I have forgotten. I came to in a garage in the Western Addition.

"The automobile I had been running belonged to a dealer, who a few weeks later sent half a dozen cars to Tonopah. At the salary offered I willingly consented to leave stricken San Francisco for this arid altitude. After my experience of earthquake and fire I think I could have cheerfully piloted a car in flames.

"A man can save money up here," he said, as he went back to his car, "if he doesn't fall into the custom of breaking fast on champagne and shikerei."

Later in the day—or rather after day, with the suddenness of thunder, had resolved into night (the sun makes one purple dip and goes down and out behind the hills)—I met another young man, whom I had formerly known as an organist in a Harlem church. He saluted me good-nighly, drawing off a pair of pearl-colored gloves and revealing "big white" hands. The long, tapering fingers were sprinkled with diamonds. I remembered him as a blushing modest little chap, who had been a rare favorite in the little church where he played. He was an excellent musician, the observing flock of worshippers he delighted were agreed that he possessed the true artistic temperament. Yet here he was in a country where every man is a law unto himself.

"I came to Goldfield to take care of the burial of a relative," he explained, quite lightly. "Somehow I liked the difference in things. I was offered a position as salesman in a jewelry store at as much a week as I made a month at my trade. I took it. That was three years ago. I saved my money, as I don't gamble or drink. My employer did both, and in two years I bought him out. Since then I have designed many little trinkets that seem to have caught on. I have thrived beautifully. I quite like it. The people are so different from those our nerves in the prosaic circles of the

(Continued on page 219.)



Drawn by F. Bradburn

So I cranked up and drove off under three speeds to the rescue

THE PERPLEXITIES AND HUMORS OF SELECTING A JURY

By FREDERICK B. HOUSE.

City Magistrate, New York.

THERE is really no justification for hair-splitting examinations of talemans of the kind with which the criminal courts of to-day are familiar. The selection of a jury is, after all, a more matter of chance. Let it be understood that the man summoned is a talemán who is in an accepted by counsel for both sides as a juror. The late James T. Brady, who in his day was deemed by many the greatest trial lawyer at the Bar, believed in taking the first twelve men called, provided they were intelligent and had no particular knowledge or opinion of the case to be tried, and provided they declared that they would be governed by the evidence and follow the instructions of the court as to matters of law. Mr. Brady claimed that a prolonged and minute examination made for the purpose of determining how each talemán sought be impressed with reference to the particular case on trial so taxed the vitality of the lawyer that he had not sufficient stamina left for the actual trial of the case. The late John R. Brady, who, as a Supreme Court justice, presided at many important criminal trials, was of the opinion that his brother's method of selecting a jury was the best.

Apart from the effect upon counsel, the practice of rigidly inspecting the motives and antecedents of talemans has another disadvantage: It is of vast expense to the community. I do not mean with reference to the matter of dollars and cents, but to the retarding of the great machinery of the law by cases that do not justify it—cases that engage public interest only through the great wealth or the high social position of the persons involved.

But that the minute scrutiny of talemans has at least one advantage, will be shown later.

The practice of devising wiles to the picking of a jury in important criminal trials is of recent origin. It was brought about through the enactment of the statute which permits a juror to sit in a trial although he may have formed or expressed an opinion thereon, provided he is willing to say that such opinion can be laid aside and that he will be governed entirely by the evidence. Prior to this statute a juror who admitted having formed or expressed an opinion was barred from the box. The statute referred to resulted from the *Girard* case, which was tried some thirty years ago, and which bankruptcy case of the late Judge Girard had been tried. I think, four times and eventually executed. It seems that the appeals were based on evidence discovered that the trial jurors had expressed opinions. Consequently, the Legislature enacted a law permitting a talemán who has formed or expressed an opinion to be a juror, provided he declare his ability to act independently of his views.

This statute is inoperative in that it greatly diminishes the hopefulness by means of which competent men used to shirk a disagreeable duty. On the other hand, counsel cannot exclude an undesirable man on grounds that formerly were sufficient. To escape now for such a reason a talemán must confess himself either blinded or stupid. Neither could a crafty lawyer prearrange that a talemán commit himself to an opinion which might subsequently be used as a basis for appeal.

The process of the minute examination of talemans is, then, an evolution which may be traced to the foregoing statute. The purpose of this process, however, is generally misunderstood. The public believe that it is used by counsel in order to estimate the exact fitness of talemans. This is true. But the situation requires some explanation. Counsel on both sides are accorded a certain number of peremptory challenges. If these they can exclude from service any man who, while he answers all questions satisfactorily, may yet offer some subtle, indefinable objection to the intuition alone. It follows, then, that a peremptory challenge is a rare privilege in an important case, and must needs be conserved. A lawyer will, therefore, use every possible means—even to the point of obscuring hypothetical questions—to exclude a juror before sacrificing one of his precious peremptory challenges.

The purpose of a hypothetical question are best explained by the name itself. For example, an expert is not permitted to state his opinion as to the sanity or insanity of the person on trial, but he may do so in reference to a person mentioned in a hypothetical question containing the facts and circumstances of the crime and the history of the accused. The effect of a long-drawn-out question of this nature, as applied to the selection of jurors, is difficult to determine. Some grasp it, others do not. In all probability, it receives very little attention as such. The fact ought to be established through it merely exists, however, from the testimony of the witnesses examined.

If such a thing as humor be possible in a capital case, it develops while talemans are struggling with hypothetical questions. Some of these, although carefully framed, are barely intelligible to the most astute expert in particular sciences to which they relate. It can readily be seen, then, how valuable an agent such a question is in excluding a talemán of only ordinary intelligence, and with absolutely no knowledge of the subject to which it relates.

However, the hypothetical question is a double-edged sword. If the district attorney may avail himself of it, counsel for the defense may do likewise. It is significant that in cases where a talemán's appearance and manner impress both sides favorably little investigation is made.

What, then, are the qualities most available in jurors? They are, obviously, intelligence, fairness, and courage. But each side naturally seeks for a talemán who seems inclined to favor its cause. This may not be just, but it is preeminently human. Now, a talemán may have an aversion to a virtuous cause, or may even (as experience so often shows) a fixed determination to find a verdict, regardless of evidence. If it were only possible to tell which way he would divide, all would be well, but counsel cannot take chances. It might be supposed that the juror of aversive cast would be determined to convict where the case involved sentimental relations between a man and a woman. On the other hand, the juror of virtuous tendencies might, on general principles, acquit any or every body. These may be reasonable, but they are dangerous assumptions, since the aversive might have so tender a conscience that he could not convict and the virtuous man, through a general scheme of revenge upon society, might want to convict everybody.

As a rule, such talemans are excluded through the agency of the system of elimination used by the Commissioner of Jurors in important capital cases; but when such persons do slip through and reach court, they are so well posted and answer questions so satisfactorily, that the peremptory challenge alone has them out.

It does not follow, of necessity, that a talemán who appears to be favorable to the prosecution is by virtue of that fact objectionable to the defense, since every able lawyer, whether he have a good or a bad case, wants intelligent and fearless men in the jury-box. But there are qualities which almost invariably operate to influence a juror's verdict. For instance, where a crime has been committed by a young man on account of a woman, the district attorney, as a rule, prefers middle-aged rather than young men, on the theory that the older man will not be so quickly swayed by sympathy as the younger one. In such cases he also prefers married to single men, believing the former to be more shield and settled more apt to hold to a rigid rule of morality and good conduct than the young and unmarried man. Particularly in cases of abduction and kindred crimes the question as to whether a juror is a father or a husband plays a very important part, and the district attorney usually endeavors to secure men of high social qualifications. In certain cases, lawyers believe the middle-aged men are more apt to take both sides of a case into consideration; while astute lawyers count, under certain conditions, upon the sympathy of young men for a favorable verdict.

In cases where sentiment plays an important part, and where the so-called "higher law" obviously is a misnomer, since no law can be above justice—may be invoked, counsel for the defense, mindful of the traditional chivalry of the South and the impulsive generosity of the Western man, would pick his jurors from these sections rather than from the conservative North and East. But this is a practice that is not always safe.

The fact that a juror has voted for conviction in a previous capital case by no means signifies that he would again vote that way, but counsel for the defense would be loath, under such circumstances, to accept him as a juror.

There is probably no way by which counsel can judge, by the appearance or manner of a juror, whether or not he will be susceptible to bribery. This can only be determined by the man's antecedents, the character of his business, and his standing in the community. In cases where the defendant's family is enormously rich, the prosecution must safeguard the interests of the people, first by selecting those whom they feel satisfied are above corruption, and then by removing these beyond the reach of temptation.

After all, counsel are obliged to depend upon their experience and acquaintance with human nature in selecting a jury, for after one has been carefully chosen through the minutest investigation, it frequently turns out that the verdict is based upon a theory entirely different from that advanced by opposing counsel. For instance, in the trial of an important criminal case in which I was engaged, the prosecution had one theory, the defense another—each side devoting its time and attention to destroying the theory of its opponent. Several weeks after the case had been decided, one of the jurors asked me why prosecution and defense had devoted their time to certain theories, remarking that the jury had decided upon a theory which had not been presented by either side.

My recollection touching the selection of a jury, based upon twenty-five years' experience, is against long-drawn-out and exhaustive examinations of talemans.

This process is, as a degree, advocated by the "special panel" system followed in this State. The Commissioner of Jurors selects, by careful examination from the talemans called to serve, those who are fairly eligible, and puts their names upon the special jury list—at the same time excluding the obviously undesirable ones. From such a panel it is possible to select a jury with much greater rapidity than under the old system, although it is not nearly so expeditious as under the system of a "struck jury." By this system, which is in use in New Jersey and in some other States, a certain number of talemans are summoned to court and a list of their names is drawn by lottery and to the counsel for the defense. The process of elimination is then begun, each side striking out names until there remain twelve jurors satisfactory to both.



THE INTRUDER

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY AT THE WHITEHOUSE.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

"Twas a dark and dismal evening, and the White House lights were out,
But the Presidential Shadows flitted merrily about.
It was Father George's birthday, and the *quacks* had gathered there
For to celebrate th' occasion in a fashion fit and fair.

Washington was lying calmly on a bear-skin on the floor,
While T. Jefferson and Adams reminisced of days of yore,
Here the ghost of Millard Fillmore jollied up the shade of Polk,
And the spirit blithe of Tyler bubbled o'er with quip and joke.

James Buchanan and the pigment of the glorious Monroe
With the beggart of A. Johnson prowl'd to and fro;
While the wraith of Andy Jackson and the band-e-grim of Pierce
Were engaged in disputation that was getting pretty fierce;

When, without a word of warning, there appeared a shadow pale
That set every ghost a-trembling and made every spirit quail,
O its pallor it was awful! O its eyes were green and set!
And its texture like the smoke of some long vanished cigarette.

And it wrung his hands in anguish, and it shook with mad dismay,
And the tears it left behind it made you think of Babylon lay;
And the groans that it emitted, as it paced the festal hall,
Made the wailin' split above them and distinctly shook the wall.

Then up sprang our pollut Washington from off the bear-skin rug,
And with trembling voice he shouted: "Hut! intruder, hold and snug,
'Come! 'Enower! Tell who are you, Spectre horrible and rude!
Tell us on the instant why, sir, on our revels you intrude!"

And the vision raised his visor, which had hitherto concealed
His identity completely, and stood nakedly revealed:
O the groans that followed after! O the shudder of horrid fear,
When the revellers discovered who it was that now was here!

For it was the Constitution of these brand United States—
Him they'd always thought undying, come like them thro' Lethe's gates!
Battered, twisted, and wringed, shrank and cracked and deeply scored!
Conspicuously ejected from the councils of the Lord!

"Who hath wrought this awful havoc?" cried the Spirits with one breath,
"Quickly tell us, gentle Conny, who hath done you unto death!"
And the wraithlike Constitution bowed his cracked and weary head,
"The Step-Father of His Country—it was Theodore," he said.

Then the Spectres sighed them sadly, as they faded fast away,
And when questioned by me later they had nothing fur to say.
They are waiting, simply waiting in a silent group and grim
For that hour in the future when they get their hands on him!



DECORATION BY
DAN CANEY
BROGSBECK





His Excellency— the Governor



BY LEONID ANDREIEFF

ILLUSTRATED BY G W JETTERS

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS—PART III

ALREADY the city knew that the Governor was to be killed. They had heard it at dawn of the day after the shooting. None spoke of it openly, but all felt it; as though, while the living lay in their uneasy sleep, the dead were stretched out quietly in careful order . . . shoulders to shoulders, in the engine-room, a dark shape had floated over the city, shadowing it with its wings. And the people spoke of the assassination of the Governor as a foregone conclusion—an irrevocable fact. Some accepted it at once; others, more conservative, not till later. Some took it carelessly for granted as a thing that concerned them but slightly; like an eclipse, only visible in another hemisphere and hardly interesting the inhabitants of this one. Others, a small minority, rose and agitated the question whether the Governor deserved this fearful sentence. Whether the death of one single individual, no matter how dangerous, could have any effect while the general conditions of the living were unchanged. Opinions differed; but even the most heated arguments were impetuous, as though the question were not a possibility of the future, but already an accomplished fact which no discussion might alter.

Among the better educated the arguments took a broader theoretical stand, and the Governor's personality was forgotten, as though he were already dead. The debate proved that the Governor had more friends than enemies, and many even of these who believed ethically in political assassination found excuse for him. Had a vote been taken in the city, probably an overwhelming majority on various practical or theoretical grounds, would have cast their ballot against the death—or, as some called it, the "execution."

But the women, generally so merciful and timid at the sight of blood, shrank in this case a surprising grimace—a pitiless spite. Nearly all demanded his death . . . the most hideous death! Reasoning had no power over them; they held their opinions unshakably, with a certain brute force. A woman might be convinced by reasoning that the assassination was unnecessary, but next morning she would awake firm in her original conviction: as though she had slept off the effects of the argument overnight!

Bewildered and confusion reigned supreme. A disinterested listener, hearing their talk, could not have gathered whether the Governor should be killed or not, and might have asked in amazement: "But where did you get the idea that he must die? . . . And who is to kill him? . . . But there would be no answer. Soon, however, he would see, as all the others did, that the Governor must be killed—that his death was imperative! . . . Yet he would have known as little as all the rest from what source this knowledge came. Every one . . . friend or foe of the Governor—partisan or prosecutor—all gave themselves up to the one unswerving thought of his death. Ideas differed, and words differed, but the feeling was the same; a mighty, all-pervading conviction, strong and immutable as death itself!

Even in the dark, itself a part of the unfathomable darkness, it reigned triumphant and menacing . . . and all in vain men sought to illuminate it with the feeble light of their intelligence. As though the heavy willful law, "A death for a death," had waked from its torpid sleep, opened its glazed eyes, gazed on the slaughtered children, the men and the women, and had stretched its remorseless arm over the head of their slayer. And the people, thinking and unthinking, inclined themselves to this law, and remembered the alarm. He was at the mercy of any death that might come. And from all sides, from dark corners, from beds, woods, and hollows, they pressed about him; reeling, limping, dull, and alert—not even interested!

So it might have been in those far-distant times when still there were prophets among men. When thoughts and words were scarier, and this same heavy law that punished death with death was young. When the hosts made friends with men, and the

lightning was his brother! In those strange days of old the guilty must pay for death in kind. The bee stung him, the ox gored him, the overhanging stone awaited his coming to fall and crush his defenceless head; disease gnawed him as the jacked gnaws the cartion; arrows (turned in their flight, only to strike his black heart or his downcast eyes; and rivers changed their course only to wash the sands from beneath his feet—even the majestic ocean dashed its tattered waters on high and threatened him with its roar—till he fled to the desert. A thousand deaths—thousand graves! The desert buried him under her soft sands; she wept and smiled, and over him her winds blew whistling. And the sea itself—that life-giver—soured his dead brain with careless laugh and softly burned on the creatures that swarmed in the hollows of his miserable eyes. The heavy masses of the hills lay upon his breast, and in their eternal silence they buried the secret of his expiation! . . . But that was long ago, when this great law was young—a striping that punished death with death—and seldom in those days did his cold, keen eyes avenge in the performance of his duty!

Within the town discussion soon died out, poisoned by its own unpopularity. One must either accept the assassination as a sacred fact and shut all argument as the women did with the one incontrovertible phrase, "What right had he to murder children!" or else be reduced to hopeless contradictions, to vacillation, to shifting grounds—as a drunken group might gravely exchange their hats, yet get no further on their homeward way!

Speculation wearied them finally, so they stopped talking; and nothing on the surface remained one of that fatal day. But amid the silence and the calm grew a great cloud of grim suspense. All waited—those who were indifferent to the catastrophe and its consequences, those who looked eagerly forward to the execution, and those who were uneasy about it—all . . . all waited for the inevitable, with the same vast, breathless suspense! Had the Governor died of a fever in these days, or from an accident, none would have taken it for mere chance; but behind the given reason would have found a primary cause—invisible, unacknowledged.

Among the masses, as the foreboding grew, their thought turned often to the Kawinajala lane. The lane itself was still and calm, as was the city; and the swirling suspense peered vainly for any signs of new uprising or criminal attempts. There, as elsewhere, they heard rumors of the assassination of the Governor, but could never discover their source. All spoke of it, but in such an unvarnished, even foolish way, that one could find an key to their talk.

"Some mighty man . . . oh, a very mighty man, who could never possibly fall, would undoubtedly kill the Governor one of these days!" That was all one could make of it.

The secret agent Grigorjeff overheard some such gossip one day as he sat in a low glit-shop pretending to be drunk. Two workmen, who had already been drinking rather freely, sat at the next table, their heads together. Clumsily clinking their glasses, they talked in suppressed murmurs. "They'll kill him with a hammer!" said the first, evidently well informed.

"What! with a hammer?" said the other, amazed. "Certainly, with a hammer—what else?" reiterated the other. He puffed at his cigarette, blew the smoke in his companion's face, and added, sternly, "It will blow him to a thousand little bits!"

"They said it would be on the ninth day."

"No," said the other, with a frown which expressed the highest degree of scornful negation. "Why the ninth day? That's superstition . . . that idea of the ninth day! They'll simply kill him early in the morning—that's all!"

Nodding his face with his outstretched hand, he leaped suddenly forward and bowed into his companion's ear. "Next Sunday week!" Silently they stared into each other's grim, heavy eyes, both

swaying to and fro. Then the first lifted a threatening finger and said with impressive severity.

"Do you understand?"

"They'll never miss him . . . not they're not that kind."

"No," said the other, with lowering brows. "How could we miss? The pack is stacked . . . We hold four axes."

"A whole handful of tramps," added the other. "You understand, don't you?"

"Yes, of course I understand!"

"Then if you understand, we'll drink to it. Aren't you afraid of me now, Wajap?"

They whispered for some time, blinking and nodding, and upsetting the empty bottles in their eagerness. . . . That same night they were arrested, yet nothing suspicious was found upon them, and the preliminary examination showed that they did not know the slightest thing, and had only repeated vague rumors.

"But how did you happen to know the very day . . . that Sunday?" asked the angry officer who was conducting the examination.

"Can't say," said the man, somewhat coward—he had been three days without drinking or smoking—"I was drunk!"

"I'd like to send you all to—," turned the Lieutenant—but he did not finish his remark.

Even the ones who were sober were no better. They spoke freely of the Governor in the workshops and on the streets, raged at him, and scoffed at his approaching death. Yet never anything definite, and soon they stopped talking and waited patiently. Now and again passing laborers exchanged comments:

"He drove by again yesterday without any guard."

"He's walking into the trap himself!" And they went about their work. But next day a whisper ran through the shops.

"Yesterday he drove down the lane!"

"Let him drive."

They counted each day of his life. . . . their number seemed too great! Twice the rumor of his death was started. It spread suddenly in the Kawatanja lane, and immediately grew to certainty in the factories. It was impossible to say how it rose, but scattered in little groups they told each other the details of the murder: the street, the hour, the number of the murderers—the weapons! Some could have sworn they heard the explosion. And all stood there, pale, determined; outwardly neither glad nor sorry. Till at last word came that it was a false alarm. Then they separated, just as calmly, and without disappointment, as though it were not worth while to be excited over an affair that was postponed but for a few days at most . . . or perhaps a few hours—or even minutes!

Both in the city and in the Kawatanja lane the women were the hardest, most unrelenting judges. They produced no evidence, they gave no verdict—they simply hid their time! And on their waiting they laid the coils of their unshakable belief: the whole burden of their unhappy lives; and the bitterness of their deprivation, a nagging, smothered thought. They had in their daily lives one special adversary that the men did not know . . . the oven—the ever-hungry, open-mouthed oven; more awful than the glowing fire of hell! From morning till night, throughout their days, and every day, it held them in its sway, eating their souls, eating out from their brains all thought save that which concerned itself.

The men knew nothing of this. When the woman waked at dawn and saw the stove—the oven door half open, it worked on her fancy like a ghost, gave her a sickening sense of disgust and fear and dull brutish terror!

Robbed of her thoughts, she hardly knew what had robbed her; and in her confusion humbly offered

up her soul again each day before this altar, black, dully misery wrapping her as in a veil. And thus the women in the Kawatanja lane became so fierce and hard! They beat their children—beat them nearly to death—quarrelled amongst themselves and with their husbands, and their mouths streamed with abuse, complaints, and wailings.

In those three terrible weeks of famine, when for days no fires were made—then at last the women raved . . . that strange calm rest of the dying whose pains have ceased some moments before the end! Their thoughts, freed for an instant from those iron bands, fastened with all their passion and power to the vision of a new life . . . as though this strike were not about the monthly wages of the men, but about a full and glad release of their eternal bonds. And in those heavy days when they buried their little children . . . dead from exhaustion . . . and snubbed with pain, weariness, and hunger—battered thus with bloody tears, the women grew kind and gentle as never before! They were convinced that such horrors could not have been sent without a purpose—that some vast reward must follow their sufferings.

So when, on the 17th of August, the Governor stepped out before them into the Square shimmering in the sunlight, they took him for the dear Lord himself—with his gray beard . . . And he said:

"You must go back to your work! I cannot talk to you till you have gone back to your work."

Then: "I will see what I can do for you. Get to work and I shall write to Petersburg!"

Then: "Your employers are not robbers, but honorable men and I forbid you to speak so of them. And if you are not back at your work by to-morrow, I shall lock up the shops and send you all to the Workhouse!"

Then: "It is your own fault that the children died! Take up your work again!"

Then: "If you act like this and do not disperse I'll have you driven off!" . . .

Then followed a chaos of howls—babe crying—the whine of bullets—pushing—and a wild flight! They do not know themselves where they are fleeing to, they fall! Up again and on—children and home are lost! . . . then suddenly again in the twinkling of an eye—there sits the cursed oven! stupid—instantly—with its everlasting open mouth! And the same old round begins again from which they thought to have torn themselves forever; and to which they have returned . . . forever!

Perhaps the idea of the Governor's assassination emanated from the women's brains. The well-worn words they used to

had been used to clothe his hatred for man no longer sufficed them. Loathing! Contempt! Rage! It transcended all these . . . it was a feeling of calm, unqualified condemnation . . . if the axe in the hands of a man's hands could feel this emotion—that cool, sharp, shining, steady blade! The women waited quietly, without wavering and without doubts. And while they wait they take their fill of the good, fresh air—the same air that the Governor breathes! They are like children. If a door chances to slam, or some one runs rattling down the lane, they rush out—bare-headed and excited. . . . "Is he dead yet?"

"No—it was only Newjka running to the shop for vodka." And so it goes till another knock comes, or a sudden rush of feet to break the deadly silence of the street.

When the Governor drives by they peer at him eagerly from behind the curtains, and when he has passed go back to their ovens again. It did not surprise them that the Governor, who had always been followed by guards, suddenly appeared without an escort . . . the head-man's son, if it could feel,



Drawn by G. W. Pease

The secret agent Grigoroff overheard some such gossip one day as he sat in a low go-shop pretending to be drunk

would not be astonished at the sight of a bare throat! It was quite in the order of things that the throat should be bare.

They sat and spun their gruesome threads—these gray, dismal women with their gray dismal lives—and it was they who awakened that hoarse old law that punished death with death.

Their sorrow for their dead was suppressed and terpid; it was only a part of their great general pain, and they gulped it down as the great briny ocean would swallow one small briny tear. But on Friday of the third week, after the deluge of blood, Nas-tazja Nasanova, whose little girl (Tanya, only seven) had been killed, went, suddenly silent. For three weeks she had worked over her own like all the rest; had quarrelled with her neighbors, had beaten her other children; and all at once, without any warning, she went insane.

It began in the morning. Her hand trembled and she broke a cup; then it all came over her with a sickening shock, and she forgot what she was about, ran from one thing to another, and repeated foolishly, "Oh, God, what am I doing!" . . . Then, finally, she was quite silent. And dumb, with stony tread, she slid from corner to corner, taking things up and putting them down—moving them from place to place; and even in the beginning of her madness, hardly able to tear herself away from the stove. The children were in the garden tying their kites, and when little Petka ran in for a piece of bread he found his mother stealthily taking all sorts of things in the oven . . . a pair of shoes, an old coat, and his cap! At first the boy laughed, but when he caught sight of his mother's face he ran shrieking into the street. "A—n—n—n!" he screamed as he ran, and set the lane in wild alarm.

The women gathered and began to whisper over her like frightened dogs. But she only widened her circles, breaking through their restraining arms; gasped for air and numbed to herself. Piece by piece she jerked off her rags till, stripped to the waist, her lean and haggard body with its withered, dangling breasts showed yellow against the wall. Then with a long and hideous wail she repeated over and over: "I can't! Oh, my dear, I can't—I can't—I can't—I can't!" and ran into the street, the others following.

Then the whole lane was transformed for one instant into a single still life. It was impossible to tell who was crazy and who was not. The people subsided when the sea ran out from the shops, bound the maniac hand and foot, and poured a bucket of water over her. She lay there in a puddle by the roadside, her naked bones pressed to the earth, her fists and the blue-mottled arms stretched stiffly forward.

She had turned her face to the side, and her eyes were wild and glaring; her wet gray hair was pressed close to her head, making it seem pitifully small; her whole body was shaken with convulsive jerks. Out from the factory ran her husband in a fright. He had no money now, his dirty face, his shirt was shiny with oil and grime, and a burned finger on his left hand was tied up with a greasy rag.

"Nastja!" he called, leaping over her, stern and harsh. "What do you want? What is the matter with you?"

She turned her dumb glass stare at him and shuddered. He saw the purple blood shot arms that had so pitiously bouned; loosened the ropes and smoothed her naked yellow shoulder. . . . Then came the pebble! . . .

When the crowd dispersed two men among them neither went back to the factory nor stayed in the lane; but they went their way slowly to the city. They walked along, keeping step, silent and pondering. At the outlet of the Kowatskaja lane they parted.

"What a woe!" said one. "Are you going my way?"

"Not!" said the other, erect and stride along. He had a young tanned throat, and under his cap a shock of curly yellow hair.

VI

Sooner or later the news of the Governor's assassination had crept into the palace, but here they took it with an extraordinary indifference. As the close pressure of the strong man in his full powers hindered their knowledge of the fact that this death meant his death . . . they regarded it only as a temporary interruption. Toward the end of September the household was turned to town at the urgent request of "The Pike," who had convinced Maria Petrovna that the country was not safe. And there they took on its accustomed aspect . . . the routine of many years.

Kodloff, the side, who leathed the dirt and the banal decorations of the Governor's mansion, had personally supervised its refurbishing. He brought fresh hangings for the walls and re-upholstered rooms, had the ceilings retined, and ordered new furniture . . . green oak in the style of the Decembrist! He quite took upon himself the supervision of the house, to the delight of all—from the servants, who were infused with his energy, to Maria Petrovna, who hated all domestic cares. In spite of its roominess the palace was most inconveniently arranged. The bath-rooms were sent to the receiving rooms, and the lockers had to carry their dishes down a long cold corridor past the windows of the dining hall, where one could see them quarrelling and nudging each other as they went. All this Kodloff wished to change, but he had to postpone his plans till summer.

"He will be pleased," he said to himself, sneering the Governor, but, strangely enough, this house did not roll forth in his mind Peter Iljitch, but some other? Yet in his eager bustle of reform he was not at all conscious of this thought.

As usual, Peter Iljitch was the centre of his family, and the expression, "His Excellency ordered it," was heard everywhere. "His Excellency would be angry!" . . . were now, as ever, the household words; and yet had they set up a puppet in his place, dressed in the Governor's uniform, and let it speak

a few words, it would have made no difference . . . so much of the officer was but empty form!

If he fell into a rage and shouted at a man and that man trembled, it looked as though the rage and the trembling both were simulated, and that nothing of the sort had really taken place. Even had he committed a murder in these days, that very death would have seemed counterfeited. As far as concerned himself, he still lived; but to the others he had already died, and they handled the dead carelessly, and felt the cool and the gloom that emanated from him without quite understanding what it meant.

Thought can kill in time! Drawing its strength from the eternal sources, it is mightier than engines, weapons, or powder! It robs men of their will, and makes even the instinct of self-preservation blind. It clears a free space for its deadly stroke, as the forest undergrowth is cleared away first that must be felled! So this thought was killing the Governor! . . . As the child when the time of its fraction is complete struggles from its mother's womb, this imperious death-dealing thought—till now giving evidence of its being only by the muffled beating of its heart—score irresistibly toward the light, and began to lead an individual life. Imperiously it called up those from the dark who should do the deed; and hailed them as saviors!

Unconsciously the people held themselves aloof from the one dedicated to death, and coddled him of that invisible but mighty shield that the life of the mass forms for the life of the individual.

After the first anonymous letter calling the Governor a "Butcher" . . . a few days passed without any such insinuations. Then, if you went second, the next second, the next day, you found him, as though they had poured from a silt in the post-office, and each morning the stack of envelopes on his desk grew higher. In different quarters of the town, out of different post-boxes, these letters were segregated from the other mail by different people, gathered into a heap, and brought to their common destination—this one man! Formerly the Governor had received anonymous letters, sometimes with abuse and veiled threats, mostly denunciations and complaints, but he had never read them. Now, however, he felt himself impelled to read them; as he was forced, too, to think constantly of his own death. . . . And reading and reflection both required solitude! . . .

Nelson thought the day, but often towards evening, he sat at his disordered desk with a glass of tea untasted by his side, shrugged his broad shoulders, put on his strong, gold-rimmed spectacles, examining the envelopes of the letters as he opened them. He had learned to know them at a glance. For in spite of differences in writing, paper, and postmarks, they had something in common—like the dead in the engine-house! . . . and they were all alike, the lodgekeepers, who took in Peter Iljitch's private correspondence, recognized them instantly.

The Governor read each letter attentively—earnestly, from beginning to end; and if any words were illegible he gazed over them long as to their meaning. In interesting ones, or those that they were not, he thought aloud. He was a man who gave him friendly warnings of his coming assassination. All others he numbered and filed for some reason unknown to himself. In general, their contents were wearisomely monotonous. Friends warned, few threatened, and the matter dwindled into a series of isolated "yes" and "noes."

From constant repetition he was quite used to the words "murder" on the one hand, and "steadfast defender of order" on the other; and to a certain extent had accustomed himself to that other thought . . . that friend and foe alike believed in the inevitable approach of his death! . . . A cold shudder ran over him. He would gladly have warned himself, but there was nothing to warn him. . . . The tea was cold! . . . they always brought him cold tea lately, for some reason! . . . and even the high tiled stove was cold! . . . Long ago, soon after he had come here, he had intended to build a fireplace, but he had put it off, and the old Dutch oven gave very little heat so much coal you burned! . . . Is this a sign, he hugged the lukewarm tiles, then pored the floor up and down, saying in his deepest, regretful tones, "Fie grow!" . . . a perfect bottomless plant! . . . then he set down his letters again, looking for something important or decisive.

"You a Excellency!—You are a General, but Generals are mortal, too. Many Generals die, a natural death, so to speak by violence. You, your Excellency, will die a violent death!"

"I have the honor to subscribe myself
Your Excellency's Most Obedient Servant."

The Governor smiled—at that time he could still smile—and was about to tear the carefully written page, when he bethought himself, made a marginal note. . . . "No. 43, Sept. 22, 190—" and filed it.

"My Lord Governor!"

or to be more correct, "My Lord Turkish Pasha!"

"You are a thief and a hired assassin! . . . I'd swear to God you turned a pretty penny on that transaction when you murdered the workmen!" . . .

The Governor turned purple, crumpled the note in his fist, pulled off his spectacles and roared . . . with the roll of a big bass drum—

"Be expellent!"

Then he dug his hands into his pockets, stuck out his elbows, and began to pore the floor in a feverish rage . . . keeping time with the rhythm of "This-is-the-way-the-Govern-ors-walk!"



Drawn by G. W. Peck

"If you are not back at your work by to-morrow, I shall lock up the shops and send you all to the Workhouse!"

When he had quieted himself he smoothed out the letter, read it to the end, smothered it with an uneasy hand, and filed it carefully. "He must certainly see that," he said, thinking of his son.

That same evening fate sent him another letter. It was signed "A Laborer." Aside from the signature, however, nothing in the letter denoted the brawny craftsman—insolent and undecent—which was the Governor's conception of "Laborer."

"Here in the works, and in town, they say that you are to be killed soon. I don't know precisely who will do it, but I think it will not be the agents of any organization; but either a volunteer from among the citizens, who are roused by your brutal proceedings against the workmen on August 17. I frankly say that I and some of my party are against this resolution, not because we pity you—had you yourself any pity on the women and the children that day!—and I think that no one in the place has any pity for you . . . but simply because I am opposed in principle to any violent death. I am against war, capital punishment, political execution . . . and against murder in general."

"In the battle for our ideals—liberty, fraternity, and equality—we should make use only of such weapons as do not contradict these ideals. Death is a weapon of that evil, old-world order whose device is slavery, privilege, and enmity. Good can never come from evil, and in the battle where force is the weapon, the victor can never be 'the right,' but 'might'; that is, the one who is more pitiless, more inhuman . . . no respecter of persons, and not above using any weapon—in our word, a duellist!"

"If a scrupulous man were fitted to shoot he would certainly either shoot in the air or else commit some folly that would get him into trouble, because his soul would revolt at the work of his own hands. I hold that many of the well-known unsuccessful political assassinations have been wrecked on this point, because the victims have been regrettably capable of taking every advantage, while the instruments have been men of honor, who have perished for the cause. You may be sure, my Lord Governor, that if all the people who attempt the lives of your kind were rascals they would surely find such loopholes and methods as would not enter into an honest man's head, and you would all long since have been despatched."

"From my point of view, the remuneration can merely be a propaganda of ideas—in the sense in which the Christian martyrs were revolutionists. For even if the laborers did win a battle, the cause would only pretend to be beaten to gain time for new trickery, and to get back at their foe. We must conquer with our heads, not with our fists; for as regards the head, the rascals are rather weak! For this reason they even hide books from the poor man, condemning him to darkness of ignorance because they fear for their existence. Do you know why they won't allow the workmen the eight-hour laboring day? Do you think the gentlemen did not know themselves that in eight hours of intelligent work the production would be no less than in eleven now? But the thing is this—that with the eight-hour law the men would have

time to learn as much as their masters, and would take the work out of their hands. These people only think they are wise, because they have made all the others stupid—against it really never men they would not be worth a son!"

"I have gone so deeply into the discussion of these questions in order that you should not misunderstand my first words against your assassination, and consider me a traitor to the common cause of all other honorable men. I must, furthermore, add that I and my mates who share my convictions were not in the Square on the 17th, because we knew very well what the end would be, and did not care to stand there like the fools who believed that justice was to be had from one of your kind."

"Now, naturally, the others agree with us and say, 'If we go there again we won't ask, we'll strike!' According to my mind, that's equally foolish . . . because, as I say, why go there at all? You yourself will come to us soon enough with friendly words and hopes—and then we'll show you!"

"Honored sir: forgive my boldness, that I should have come to you with my working-man's talk—in I have learned by myself all I know out of books—but it seems strange to me that an educated man who is not such a rascal as all the rest could act so to the miserable working-men who trusted him . . . that he could order them about! . . . Maybe you will have a guard of Cossacks, a detachment of the Secret Service, or take a trip somewhere—and so save your life; and then my words may be of some use, and point out to you the right way to serve the true interests of the nation."

"They say here in the works that you were bought by capital! . . . but I don't believe that, for our employers aren't so stupid as to throw away their money . . . and besides that, I know you can't be bribed . . . and are no thief, either, like the others in the service, who need the money for their champagne and champagne and truffles. I might even say that in the main you are a man of honor!"

The Governor laid the letter carefully upon the table—triumphantly took his most spectacles from off his nose, polished them ceremoniously with the corner of his handkerchief, and said, with stately deference:

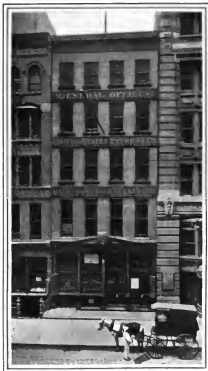
"I thank you, young man!"

Slowly he walked down the room and turned to the gold tile stove, saying, impressively: "You may take my life, it belongs to you . . . But my honor—" He did not end the phrase, but laid his head high and stalked back to the writing-table—a trifle absurd in his ponderous dignity.

"I might even say that in the main you are a man of honor . . . in the main a man of honor . . . you wouldn't hurt a chicken without cause!—but how could you—an honorable man—be responsible for such an order? That is the question, honored sir! The people are not chickens! The people are sacred! And if you could understand the masses and their sufferings you would

(Continued on page 273.)

THE PASSING OF "49 BROADWAY"



The famous Platt Headquarters at 49 Broadway

IN THE EXTREME LEFT WINDOW ON THE SECOND FLOOR MAY BE SEEN THE GLASS SCREEN WHICH CONCEALED THE BOSS FROM INQUISITIVE EYES

The Home of the Author of America's National Anthem

ON M. (formerly Bridge) Street, Georgetown, D. C., is a house known as the Francis Scott Key Mansion. It is here that the author of the "Star-spangled Banner" is believed to have lived at the time when that famous song, which has been officially declared to be the American national air, was written. There has recently been organized a Francis Scott Key Memorial Association for the purpose of "promoting, establishing, and maintaining" in Washington a suitable and lasting memorial to the author. The association has purchased the Key Mansion in Georgetown, together with the household property and belongings of the author. Among the incorporators of the association are Admiral Derry, Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, Justice Ashley M. Gould, and others.

The genesis of Key's famous song is interesting to recall. During the attack of the British on Baltimore in 1814, Key, then district attorney of the District of Columbia, went on an errand to the British fleet, of course under a flag of truce. Detained while the bombardment of Fort Mifflin was going on, he watched anxiously during the night the progress of the engagement from the British ship. In the morning, upon seeing the Stars and Stripes still waving triumphantly, he composed the words of his song under the inspiration of the moment. The verses were printed soon after, and at once achieved wide popularity. The words were sung all over the country to the tune of "Anacreon in Heaven." "The Star-spangled Banner" was printed in a volume, with other verses by Key, in 1837, fourteen years after the author's death.

OPPOSITE the alley called Exchange Place, on Broadway, the number "49" hung for years over the doorway of an ancient brownstone building, somber and small in the region of so many skyscrapers. More prominent in political, financial, and social life have ceased to remember it. Office holders and members of the Legislature hurried there when summoned. Promoters considered themselves fortunate if they got inside the doors; judges, even, did not miss an opportunity to call. For this was the business office of one of the most important dictators in American politics—Senator Thomas C. Platt. Morning and afternoon, when Senator Platt was in, a little low bench in the ante-room outside the office door up-stairs held a long line of sitters, waiting, like so many hall-boys, the next call from the desk inside. That was when the rule of the "Easy Boss" was supreme, and when the summons to appear at 49 Broadway was a mark of distinction. No matter whether received by a leading lawyer at the bar or the postmaster of an isolated cross-roads store, the recipient of the favor put on his best suit of clothes and caught the first train for the metropolis. 49 Broadway was Tom Platt's headquarters before the stage-coaches ceased running, and it remained the scene of political activity through the periods of transit from those antiquated vehicles down to the days of the Subway express. The "Easy Boss" has patronized them all—stage-coach, horse-car, cable-car, trolley-car, electric car, automobile, and Subway in going from his home to his office. Senator Roscoe Conkling, when he came to New York, rode downtown in a horse-car to meet his lieutenant there. Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., began coming before the era of cable-cars. Collectors of the Port, postmasters of the city, industrial and corporation heads, knew the entrance and the well-worn stairs. Indeed, the wise ones say that the present occupant of the White House chair has been known to wait his turn on the little low bench in the hall. Senator Platt's office was two rooms in from the hallway. The flat-topped desk stood in the farther corner of the room, in front of a window facing Broadway, where the "Old Man" sat almost hidden in the embrace of a deep, cushioned, wide-armed chair. A glass screen in the window at his left effectually concealed him and any one with whom he might be talking from prying gaze. The rear part of the room was partitioned off in glass, and this enclosed sanctum had a private approach from the hall. Many a luncheon party has taken place here, and many a person prominent in the business and social world has been the Senator's resource. Old political reporters will remember the construction of this odd suite of office-rooms and the ceremonies attending an introduction to them. The very atmosphere was mysterious, and upon entering one was ever prompted to peep behind this partition or that to see who was hiding there. Senator Platt took great delight in the mazes of this entrance. One of the biggest "fakes" ever perpetrated by a sensational yellow journal in New York city was framed around a story of an alleged secret elevator by which Senator Platt's conference room and departed from 49 Broadway. Towards the end of the Senator's leadership he was really provoked into outbursts of temper, during which his high-pitched voice could be heard in the hall below. Reporters, especially, "riled" him, and his secretary and physician persistently opposed the entrance of the newspaper men; all to no avail, however, for until a comparatively short time ago the Senator insisted upon his daily interview, and was as full of fight as ever. But all these incidents are only associations now; 49 Broadway is going the path of other old landmarks in the neighborhood. It disappears from public view with the decline of the Senator's political star.



The House in Georgetown where Francis Scott Key lived at the time the "Star-spangled Banner" was written, and which it is proposed to preserve



The Ruins of the Roman Catholic Cathedral and the Gordon Hall School (at the Rear). Both of these Buildings—familiar to all Jamaica Tourists—were almost totally Destroyed



What the Shock did to the Statue of Queen Victoria at the King Street Entrance of Promenade Garden. The Figure was twisted on its Pedestal about one-quarter around



"Open House" after the Shock. The Buildings shown in the Photograph, at the Corner of Barrow and Duke Streets, felt the extreme Force of the Earthquake, whose Centre of Disturbance was at about this Point

MELANCHOLY SIGHTS IN THE KINGSTON OF TO-DAY

THE SEASON'S PLAYS

MURKY SYMBOLISM

By "11"

MISS JULIA MARLOWE and Mr. E. H. Sothern, having exploited the "Johannes" of Sudermann and the "Jeanne d'Arc" of Mr. Perry Mackay, offered last week the third production of their current season at the Lyric—Hauptmann's "Die Veronikere Glocke," given in the dexterous English version of Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer. In order that entire justice may be done by this account, the official play-bill shall be quoted concerning the external events of Mr. Sudermann's much-discussed play for the benefit of those who may not recall them. "Briefly," we are told, "the story illustrates the efforts of a bell-founder, an artist who has lived and worked with contentment in the valleys, and who is moved to attempt a modern piece which shall ring forth gloriously on the heights of life. His effort fails; the great bell he has cast, during the labor of raising it high above, where its tones will be heard far and wide, breaks away from those who are moving it up the mountainside and falls to the bottom of the lake. Crushed though the artist is by the catastrophe, he finds new health and strength in the love of a beautiful spirit of the mountains, for whom he forgets wife, children, and the lowly duties of the vale. He dreams of a splendid temple he will build on the heights, for a worship that shall free and not enslave man kine. But lacking the firm basis of duty, his art fails him, and when he seeks consolation in the love of the beautiful spirit that awakes him to the higher ideal, remorse (typified by the sound of the sunken bell, rung by the dead wife) overtakes and paralyzes him. The phantom forms of his two children appear to him tolling painfully up the mountainside, and, conscience-stricken, he casts off and flees from the 'alta crena ture.'" At the end, the programme omits to say, Heinrich (the bell-founder) awakes again toward the lovely lady of the dell and the mountains, and dies desiring her, while the "beautiful spirit" herself becomes the bride of the lustily Acheron man, an ancient fragile creature of the depths, and descends to his habitation at the bottom of a well.

What, precisely, one wonders, does it all mean? Symbolism is a fine and potent thing, a thing that has served the masses well; but one submits that symbolism in the drama must be coherent, and, above all, incapable. It cannot be too often or too positively said that when it requires elucidation it becomes confusing and intolerable—indeed, it ceases to be, in any deep sense, symbolism at all. For symbolism is not a deep-hidden kernel the artist needs be savily and laboriously delved for; it is an informing spirit, a vital radiance, that should shine through the structure which it inhabits. Now what is Mr. Sudermann driving at in his "Sunken Bell"? Those who are, in a sense, his spokesmen, tell us that Heinrich, the bell-founder, "is a symbol of humanity,

struggling painfully toward the realization of its dream of the ideal truth and joy and light and justice." The *Nymph, Rustendelin*, it appears, "stands for nature, or rather for the freedom and sincerity of nature, missing a reunion with which humanity can never hope to reach the supreme truth and the supreme bliss of which the sun is the emblem." So far, so good; those are highly unoriginal concepts, but they are at least sound and intelligible; but how are we to reconcile *Rustendelin* as "the beautiful spirit that awakes the bell-founder to the higher ideal," with *Rustendelin* as the beautiful seer who capitalizes his honor and wrecks his life? Does Mr. Sudermann, or do his spokesmen, wish us to understand that devotion to an ideal of free and untrammelled "nature"—or rather the freedom and sincerity of nature—involves necessarily an abrogation of "a firm basis of duty"? And what, pray, does the pathetic figure of *Joanna*, the devoted wife, signify in this singular philosophy? She it is who awakes him to a sense of his lost honor, his "duty," through "remorse—typified by the sound of the sunken bell, rung by the dead wife": yet the official

animator, in "a few notes suggesting the interpretation of the characters," briefly and rather charitably dismisses her merely as one who, "typifying Formalism at its best, wars against him (Heinrich)." When, in rising perplexity and increasing darkness, we look further to find the true significance of the lovely, the seductive *Rustendelin*, she who has caused him to forget "the firm basis of duty," we find her handsily denoted as "typifying the Freedom of the Soul," appearing to him "as a vision, and lending him strength for the conflict." As one of Sudermann's ablest exponents has declared of this play, "the author seems askew." They do indeed. The simple truth would seem to be that Sudermann in this play has nothing very vital or engrossing to say to us, and that he has said that little in a manner the reverse of persuasive. This, surely, is the kind of "symbolism" that has brought a noble æsthetic method into contempt and ill-repute among "the general"; for symbolism in its best estate is not thus incoherent, unenlightened, murky, and diffuse. The play, viewed merely as a play, is futile—"a complex, obscure, inscrutable medley of trite domestic detail, fairy pranks, and transcendental 'summary,'" to quote the somewhat impetuous comment of a contemporary observer. Undeniably, it has moments of poetry, of imaginative beauty, and one or two passages of extraordinary dramatic intensity. But as a whole, the drama stands or falls with its symbolism, in this case a weak and tottering prop.

The play is exceedingly well done at the Lyric. Miss Marlowe's *Rustendelin* is alluring and delectable beyond praise; Mr. Sothern is an admirable Heinrich; and the subsidiary parts are very capably managed. The mounting of the play is uncommonly effective.



Mr. Sothern as "Heinrich," the Bell-founder, in "The Sunken Bell"



—Ben Hur—(Ch. H. Van Buren)

The Fight between "Ben-Hur" and "Atrius" on the Roman Galley (Act II, Scene I)



The Temple of Apollo in the Groves of Daphne (Act III, Scene II) during the Revels of the Devadasi

A DRAMA WHICH HAS BEEN SEEN BY FOUR MILLION PEOPLE

"BEN-HUR," THE DRAMATIZATION OF LEW WALLACE'S FAMOUS STORY, RETURNED TO NEW YORK NEXT WEEK FOR A RUN AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC. THIS PLAY HAS HAD A REMARKABLE HISTORY. SENT ITS PRODUCTION AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW YORK, ON NOVEMBER 29, 1909, IT HAS BEEN PERFORMED ALMOST 2700 TIMES, AND HAS BEEN SEEN IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND BY MORE THAN FOUR MILLION PEOPLE.



MUSIC AND THE OPERA

MUSIC FROM RUSSIA

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

IT has been a favorite contention of the "Neo-Russian" school of composers that Tchaikowsky could not be regarded as a true representative of his country's music because, poor man, his art was "too cosmopolitan," too little "national"; and the world outside of Russia has been asked to set how store by the author of the "Pathetic" Symphony, and take to his breast such authentic representatives of their nation's musical art as Rimsky-Korsakoff, Mussorgsky, and other "Neo-



Miss Clara Clemens, Contralto
MISS CLEMENS, MARK TWAIN'S
ELDER DAUGHTER, IS MAKING A
SUCCESSFUL CONCERT TOUR OF
THE PRINCIPAL EASTERN CITIES

public with the works of the Russian composers." The project met with such success that a second season was ventured upon in the following winter, this time in the more spacious and formidable surroundings of Carnegie Hall. The Society is now in its fourth consecutive season, still at Carnegie Hall, and still playing Russian music with undiminished zeal. Among a long list of Russian compositions, hitherto unknown in America, the Society has performed these works: a fantasy, "Night on the Bald Mountain," by Mussorgsky; a fairy tale, "The Sorcerer," the third act of "Mlada," two suites: "Saw Maiden" and "Christmas Eve," and an overture: "May Night," by Rimsky-Korsakoff; tone-poem: "Steak-Raisin," and a suite: "The Middle Ages," by Glazunoff; two suites and a villa concerto by Arensky; symphony in C-minor, and extracts from "Gosteyn," by Taneyeff; "Caucasian Sketches," Tchaikowsky; fantasy, "The Cliff," and a piano concerto by Rachmaninoff; symphony in G-minor by Kalinikoff; suite: "Child-Life," by Koyus; "Hebrew Rhapsody," by Zolotareff.

This is a goodly showing, and these works have been listened to with attention. Indeed, nothing could have demonstrated more effectively the essentially cosmopolitan quality of New York's musical civilization than the manner in which the Society's propaganda has been received. One can imagine, by way of contrast, Berlin or Paris welcoming four seasons of orchestral concerts devoted to the performance of Russian music! Yet this town has accepted graciously, serenely, even hospitably, this somewhat anomalous situation: and the fact speaks exceedingly well for the present state of our culture. But one must well avoid asking the question, What, thus far, has been the artistic result achieved? In this amiable and devoted endeavor discerned to its very masterpiece

of Russian music? Is the general orchestral repertoire likely to be greatly enriched by the inclusion of any work exploited at these concerts? With the best will in the world, it is impossible to avoid a nagging answer. Of all the new works performed by the Society during its four seasons of activity, only three conveyed an impression of valid artistic worth: Rachmaninoff's fantasy, "The Cliff"; Glazunoff's tone-poem, "Steak-Raisin," and the scenes from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Mlada." These are admirable works. The Rachmaninoff piece is richly and passionately imaginative; "Steak-Raisin" is an intense drama in tone, sombre and impressive; "Mlada" is a phantasmagoria of gorgeous color and haunting picturesqueness; yet in sheer quality of thought, in value of inspiration, not one of these three scores compares at any point with Tchaikowsky at his most characteristic. One has only to hold in one's mind, for comparison, such an idea as the exquisite passage for muted strings in the middle portion of the "Romeo and Juliet" fantasy of that master, or its poignant and ecstatic love theme, to realize what a gulf it is which separates a work of genius from a work even of supernatural talent. One may not reasonably, of course, require that Russia should continue to produce Tchaikowskys; but that she should be, as appears from the result of the Society's researches, so barren of distinguished talent is disheartening to those who have looked for attainable things from this source. But an even more astonishing hiatus is the gap between what one's imagination had conceived as an almost constant possession of Russian music—its famous, its oft-acclaimed, national music—and the quality that it seems, from observation, actually to possess; for much of the music which we have heard is nothing more or less than that which is the ap-

propriate possession of the sales-fluent, facile, fatally superficial, its exterior has been anything but rude and rough; it has cooed gratingly, and with an amazing prettiness.

The official literature of the Society has reminded us that Mr. Modest Altschuler, its conductor, "instead of seeking to exploit his capabilities as a conductor by the performance of familiar works in the standard orchestral repertoire, has shown a noble self-effacement, devoting himself to the study and production of new and entirely unfamiliar works. Too often in the consideration of the work of the Russian Symphony Society the fact has been overlooked that the conductor and his associates were breaking new ground, and not travelling on other orchestral organizations in familiar musical pastures, with tradition and experience to make clear their way." The fact shall not be overlooked here. It may be granted that Mr. Altschuler, who has as industriously delved in the dubious treasure-house of his country's music, may yet come upon an authentic masterpiece; then shall his endeavors not have been in vain!



Miss Elsa Roegger
THE BRITISH "VELVET" WHO AP-
PEARED AS HURRAY LAST WEEK
WITH THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

His Excellency the Governor

(Continued from page 271.)

go out into that same Square, bow yourself humbly to the earth, and beg for forgiveness.

"Think! From generation to generation—from kindred to kindred since that time of the first slaves who, at the bidding of their tyrannical masters, built the pyramids, we have led this existence! As there are among you hereditary nobles, that is, oppressors, so among us there are hereditary laborers, hereditary slaves. And consider, further, that in all these ages we have been only beaten and oppressed, and as far back into the past as I can trace my ancestry, I see nothing but tears, despair, ill-treatment. And all this is stamped upon the soul—and all this has been kept as the sole heritage, from father to son, from mother to daughter. Attempt to look into the soul of a simple peasant or laborer. . . a shuddering horror! While we are yet unborn we have suffered a thousand wrongs. When we finally crawl forth into life we stumble into a sort of cavern, where we are nourished on wrongs, and clothe ourselves in our wrongs!

"They tell me that somewhere, five years ago, you ordered the knout for the peasants—do you realize what you did then? You thought you had only saved the world. No; you stripped their souls, enslaved for ages. You flogged the dead, and the yet unborn! And though you may be a General and an Excellency—yet I make bold to say you are not fit to lay your life in atonement on one of those sacred peasant backs—much less to lay the lash!

"And when the workmen came to you, who was it, do you think, who came? Those were the slaves who built the pyramids—they rose and came, with their thousands of years of chafings and groans, to ask for kindness—for help—for counsel! Come to you, as to an enlightened and humane man of the twentieth century. And I have said you treat them—Ah!—You! . . . Your teacher perhaps was an oppressor over those same slaves, and beat them with whips— . . . and then bade you, 'You this terrible lot—be for the suffering classes!'"

"Hallowed sir! The Masses are awakened! At present they are only turning in their sleep, and already the pillars in your house are tottering—but wait till they are quite awake! These words of mine are new to you—think them over! Furthermore, I ask your pardon that I have troubled you so long, and in the name of the 'fraternal bond' I hope they may not kill you."

"They will kill me, though," thought the Governor, as he folded up the letter. For an instant the picture of old Jeger, with his steel-gray hair, rose in his mind, only to vanish in the boundless darkness of the void.

No feeling of thought was left in him, nothing either of contrition or of awe. He stood by the nearest door on the table the lamp glowed under its green silk shade; in another room his daughter was playing the piano—some one seemed to be teasing her Excellency's pug, for he began to bark viciously—and still the lamp burned. . . .

The lamp burned! . . .

(To be Continued.)

Surprises of the Nevada Desert

(Continued from page 267.)

East. I keep my shop open day and night, for you never can tell when a patron will strike a run of luck on the wheel or at Faro and want to invest his winnings in diamonds. There is so much impulse about everything that the really shrewd tradesman must have his net out all the while."

He dropped his voice to a whisper, and ran on: "I know all three kinds, and my fingers are distressingly in bad taste. But it is business. The glance of some reckless Nevada spender will fall on a ring and he will immediately want it. It often happens, when the one has run rich, or stood away out a sudden breeze—chry gambler like me on the Stock Board just by way of amuse-

ment—that I sell them all right off my hands. I have done so time and time again at the club. Being a jewelry-store about it, of course, vulgar, but I have become horribly practical—a creature of circumstance and environment. Then in another year I can sell stakes and go East a rich man. I have made every cent honestly. The remainder of my life I can enjoy myself according to my merits and their tastes."

One day after I had begun to get the proper form of things I met a little man at the railroad station (the day's train had just pulled in), who made a unique figure in his light duster, and white helmet, and pattern—once popular with tourists. He was fidgeting about like a decapitated fowl. He flew two crimson distress signals in his shallow cheeks, and the lachrymose life over his little watery-blue eyes blinked as if hinged on a perpetually palpitating nerve. I put in his way and asked solicitously if I could be of any service to him. He almost fell down at the sound of my voice. At last I persuaded him to sit on a trunk. He grew calm, and said, with a furtive movement of the head:

"I am travelling in hymn-books for an Eastern Bible house. Hearing that churches were to be established in the new country, I ventured into the desert. I mentioned my occupation to a man on the train. He had been very pleasant, though he was rough-looking and wore dressfully. As we rode along this camp he asked me very suddenly, 'Are you armed?'"

"Now I did have a pistol. I was advised to carry one when I left Omaha, and bought a very pretty little wrap-up in which I had it. It was very expensive. I admitted I had it. 'Let me see it,' this fellow demanded. I showed it to him.

"'Clever little shooter,' he said, 'but don't you know there is a State fine of \$200 for carrying such wicked machinery? I'm the Sheriff of Columbia, but I won't be hard on you. I'll remit the fine and keep the gun.' He made a peculiar noise in his throat, put my revolver in his pocket, and walked away to another car. Now what ever ran I do to recover my property?"

I suggested that we might look up the Sheriff of Trenchard and ask his advice. I had never met the gentleman, but understood that such ramp boasted of our such official. As Columbia was only a meagre little lump of scattered shacks and one hotel and gambling house the sheriff of the bigger camp would undoubtedly have higher authority. I comforted the little hymn-book man with this argument, and led him to the principal and only hotel that boasted an office and clerk. This clerk was the information bureau and oracle of the community.

"I am sorry, boys," said the clerk, biting his lip, "but there don't happen to be any short just now. He and two of his deputies were killed quite recently while endeavoring to arrest Sam Storm Jones." He became wonderfully eloquent in a minute description of the battle, and I thought the little hymn-book man's tongue and eyes would drop out as he clung to the desk and listened to the blood-curdling narrative.

When he had heard it all he staggered out into the street and immediately hailed a hack, drove to the station, and begged permission to spend the night in the Pullman that went out with the morning train.

The Vernacular

ACTUM. "Does he own an automobile?"
TELLUM. "No, but he can talk it."

Army Kicks

Sain an old Colonel up at West Point:

"Our Army is all out of joint,
When they make a B. G.
They never take me
But instead some young Captain appoint."
Nodd another one down at Nonreem:
"Do you think our dear Congressmen know
That our small Army pay
Is no bigger to-day
Than it was thirty-five years ago?"

Suiting the Route

This story is told of a major who was in command of troops who were in pursuit of some outlaws. In the chase he arrived at a village to discover that he was too late to intercept them, and finally ordered the horses unsaddled and fed.

Now the major's brother was a son of Ireland, ignorant of everything pertaining to the equestrian art, and coming in from the village in a state bordering on intoxication, he put the major's saddle on the horse facing to the rear. When the horses were brought up for a fresh start, the major, instantly discovering the mistake, demanded the reason for it.

"An shure," said Pat, a little terrified, "as shure, major, an' I didn't know which way you was going!"

An explosion followed—the major was satisfied—and Pat escaped punishment.

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THE COST OF CRIME IN THE UNITED STATES

(Continued from page 262.)

The county judges, jails, penitentiaries, justices of the peace, constables, watchmen, etc., total an expense of \$70,000,000; while railroad police, corporations, watchmen, and other detective agencies expend \$15,000,000. Property of various kinds which is stolen and not recovered amounts to \$20,000,000; and bank and trust losses by fraud, \$10,000,000. Other criminal expenses reach a total of \$1,000,000. The cost of State penal institutions per year is, approximately, \$10,000,000, and the yearly loss in wages to 100,000 State prisoners, not including New York State, at the rate of 26 per work, \$26,000,000. Criminal losses by fires, an important item, are \$150,000,000. The loss in wages to 150,000 prisoners in cities and county jails is \$35,000,000; and the 200,000 ex-prisoners whose yearly deprivations and loss of wages may be rated at \$300 each, add \$60,000,000 to the amount, making a total of \$207,000,000.

What Crime Costs the National Government

The cost of crime to the government reaches the enormous sum of \$140,000,000. Of this sum \$60,000,000 are expended in a certain percentage of the maintenance of the Supreme and Federal courts, United States district attorneys, United States marshals, and the Secret Service Bureau; part of it is the cost of crime to the Treasury Department to prevent smuggling, the cost of crime to the army and the navy and to the post-office and to allied departments. The government losses by smuggling and postal frauds, etc., add the \$60,000,000 to make the aforesaid total. In the last statement, which is only an estimate of what the national government pays for crime, it should be remembered that there are no reliable figures on the subject. In estimating the government losses at sixty million dollars a year for smuggling, fraud, etc., the writer has endeavored to keep strictly under the mark. It is estimated that the government loses from seventy-five to one hundred million

dollars a year by smuggling alone; while the post-office frauds are believed to have cost the government something like forty millions a year.

The detailed cost of crime in the United States presents some astounding figures. In 1908 the cost of crime in Greater New York was \$35,502,123 24. The State, county, and city authorities outside of Greater New York spent for it \$42,005,472 78. In forty-five States (New York excluded) the expenditure was \$697,000,000. Criminal losses by fires totalled \$106,000,000. Its customs frauds the national government lost \$30,000,000. During this one year, the loss in wages of 100,000 State prisoners was \$26,000,000, while the loss in wages of 150,000 prisoners in city and county jails was \$35,000,000. The grand total, therefore, of the cost of crime in the United States reaches the stupendous figure of \$1,076,327,668 99.

The cost of religious work in the United States is enormous. The cost of foreign missions, comprising all denominations, is \$7,000,000; home missions expend the same sum. We spend for education, \$200,000,000; for church expenses and ministers' salaries, \$120,000,000. Hospitals and dispensaries for the sick poor cost us \$100,000,000; for sanitariums of all kinds we spend \$60,000,000. City missions and rescue work of all kinds demand and receive \$3,000,000; humanitarian work of every kind, \$15,000,000. Our Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations cost \$5,000,000; while all other moral and social work in the United States requires an expenditure of \$5,000,000. The total expenditure for humanitarian and religious work is, then, \$549,000,000. As against this, the total cost of crime in the United States for the year reached the incredible total of \$1,076,327,668 99. That is to say, we spend more than five hundred million dollars a year more on crime than we do on all spiritual, ecclesiastical, physical, humanitarian, educational, and healing agencies put together!

"NEIGHBOR ROOSEVELT'S" SHACK IN THE WOODS

By D. ALLEN WILLEY

IN the heart of the Virginia pines is a small frame house tucked off on one corner of a clearing, round about which are the scattered cabins of a simple country people. The next-door neighbor is a little and clear-eyed mountaineer, whose affairs have prospered until he owns a house that cost at least two thousand dollars. He is one of the most prosperous residents of the section, and he is proud of his two-thousand-dollar "mansions." But he does not look it over his neighbors in the small frame house in the clearing beyond. It is true that this other dwelling looks as if it had cost no more than a quarter as much as his. It is as unpretentious as a hundred other cabins round about. But Sam takes off his hat when he meets his neighbor, for the man in the clearing is the President of the United States, and when he seeks this refuge on "Pine Dealing Plantation" he is just one of the neighbors, in word and deed.

If you were riding that way, and chanced to see this refuge chosen by Theodore Roosevelt as a retreat, you would think it the clearing and the home of a settler carving out his humble niche in the wilderness. And if the owner is there, you may see him laying his axe into the butt of a pine which must give way to make room for his clearing. Just woods, and the smell of fir, and the mountain winds, and a roof for shelter, and a joyous solitude—these are what the President sought and found in his clearing, which is dignified among the mountaineers by the name of "Roosevelt's Rest."

This is not the kind of territory that any one would seek out as a refuge from care and work, unless his love of nature were genuine, unless he wished the "real things," and those only. The nearest trolley-line is fifteen miles across the hills, and Scottsville, the only town within driving distance, is an hour away.

When the mistress of the White House visits this country place of hers, she finds little more than a shelter in the heart of the ancient wood. There are four rooms and a kitchen. The roof of the porch in front is held up by the trunks of young pines with the bark on. A big chimney leans against one end of the house, with a fireplace for chilly autumn evenings. It is possible to tuck away one servant up under the eaves, but Mrs. Roosevelt is willing, if necessary, to take a hand in the cooking. If the lander is empty, Wilmer's alone can be reached in half an hour on horseback, at the "Corners." "Wilmer's" carries a limited stock of potted ham, pork, codfish, crackers, and ginger-snaps, but does its heaviest trade in axle-grease and cartridges. If the President's household wishes a more varied assortment, it is necessary to ride to Scottsville.

There are no markets, no cold-storage plants, no telephones to the butcher, the baker, the fishman. But everywhere is the higness of the outdoor world, mile after mile of walking and riding without sign of human handwork except the infrequent cable of the mountaineer. In this Piedmont region of Virginia, the President of the United States is "Neighbor Roosevelt" wherever he may wander around "Pine Dealing Plantation."



Showing the Location of Mr. Roosevelt's Virginia House in the Woods



A Rare View of Mr. Roosevelt's House, showing its Simplicity of Construction

Up Against It

How many platform speakers, at the close of an evening, have not had some fond parent tell them of little Jane, age six, or little Ralph, age seven—a real prodigy, who could recite, sing, or play dithyrambs? You who travel from course to course have escaped these future hopes of overzealous parents and friends. Opie Reed has met with his share.

At the close of one of Mr. Reed's evenings a proud father and mother introduced themselves to the novelist and asked if he could not hear their little prodigy Amy.

Of course Mr. Reed would be very glad to hear the future star, but was so sorry that he had to catch the early morning train.

The father. "But the train doesn't go until 11:30."

Mr. Reed. "Yes, I know, but I am compelled to take the early morning freight."

The father. "That is a fast freight and doesn't stop here."

Mr. Reed. "Well, it will stop for me. You see, I have to catch it to get my next date. The superintendent is a friend of mine. I wrote him, and received a reply that the train would stop and allow me to get aboard."

The father. "I don't see how that can be. I'm the agent and nobody has wired me."

Mr. Reed. "To tell the truth, I'm a liar. I brought the little girl around to the hotel at 9:30."

A Pertinent Question

A TRACHER in a Long Island City school was giving her class a lesson in hygiene.

"Never sleep on more than one pillow," she said; "in fact, it's better to use no pillow at all, because if you do it's likely to make you round-shouldered."

Little Roscoe Pisciotto waved his arm wildly.

"No!" said the teacher.

"N'poven you sleep on your stomach?" piped Roscoe.

The Irishman and the Mule

GENERAL PHIL SHERIDAN was once asked at what little incident did he laugh the most.

"Well," he said, "I do not know, but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule which was kicking its legs rather freely. The mule finally got his head caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the Irishman remarked:

"Well, begorra, if you're goin' to git on I'll git off."

Defined

"Dad," inquired Freddy, "what is a figure of speech?"

"Where's your mother?" asked "Dad," caustically.

"She's down-stairs," answered the boy.

"Well, then," began "Dad," "a figure of speech, my son, is a woman."

Righteous Indignation

A GERMAN down South who recently lost his wife, quite shocked and electrified the community by taking unto himself another partner within two weeks after the departure of number one.

His neighbors and acquaintances gathered in a body before his gate to express their sentiments, which they did in various ways both vigorous and alien to the rules of law and order.

Finally the German, feeling that he could stand the incessant racket no longer, came out and, holding up his hands in righteous indignation, gave vent to his outraged feelings by exclaiming:

"Vot das all dis business even, mih fraim, ven my poor wife has only been dead two weeks already!"



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SIGNIFICANT CHANGES IN OUR ARMY AND NAVY

By FRANK N. BAUSKETT

THE House Committee on Naval Affairs has recommended a second 29,000-ton battle-ship to be constructed for the United States navy simultaneously with the big ship authorized a year ago.

The other nations of the world are now constructing vessels of this size, and had Congress not authorized a second battle-ship the strength of the navy in comparison with the other naval powers would have decreased rather than gone forward.

Germany, an instance, has been the advocate of the moderate or smaller displacements, but she has recently appeared to have been convinced that the larger ships only are fit to meet the heavy ships of modern type. She is spending large sums of money in lengthening ships now under construction, and proposes to expend \$36,000,000 on increasing the dimensions of the Kiel Canal, in order to make it available for the new and larger battle-ships.

Japan has launched the *Yamato*, 35,000 tons, and the *Aki*, a few hundred tons larger, will be ready for launching this year. The latter is to have turbine machinery and will probably attain a speed of twenty knots. Japan will probably begin this year a third large battle-ship of improved type. She is also building two armed cruisers, which include in their armament four 12-inch guns.

Russia is to begin this year the construction of four battle-ships of 20,000 tons displacement, to be equivalent to the English *Broadbow*, and Brazil, according to information received at the Navy Department, is about to place an order for the building of three 18,000-ton battle-ships in Great Britain.

"If we expect to maintain an efficient navy we must keep abreast with the construction of other great naval powers," says Commander Sims, who is regarded as one of the most efficient officers in the naval service. "The whole business," he says, "of the big ship and the little ship is the question of the tactics of the thing. It seems to me it is pretty much like saying that a man who weighs two pounds can lick three or four times his own weight in half-grown boys. In the first place, he can hit more hard blows, he can stand more punishment, and then, also, he can run faster, and so can refuse or give battle at will. If you take a line of ships of the class of the *Lions* that is five miles long, and

you give me three ships that have each a broadside fire of ten 12-inch guns, I can begin at the top of your fleet and chew it up in detail, right straight down the line. I do not care how many there are of them; it is concentration of force in a small space that counts."

The act of Congress known as the Artillery bill, which recently became a law by the signature of the President, will have more effect upon the organization of the army than any law which has been enacted for a good many years, and within a few days the complete reorganization of the United States army will begin.

Under the new law the field-artillery is constituted a separate and distinct arm of the military service. In the opinion of the Secretary of War, the field-artillery should never have been part of the so-called artillery corps, or allied in any way with the heavy or coast artillery. After July 1, 1908, the chief of artillery will cease to exercise any supervision over the field-artillery, and thereafter will be designated as the chief of coast-artillery. By the act the coast-artillery is increased 5000 men with the necessary number of officers to command. A regimental organization is given to the field-artillery, which is also increased over 1000 men.

Before permanent assignments of officers are made to the coast and field artillery it is the intention of the War Department to give every officer in the artillery corps a chance to express his individual preference as to whether it will be more agreeable for him to serve in the field or the coast artillery. First, however, there will be a large number of promotions made among artillery officers, and, in fact, when these promotions are made there will be no second lieutenants left in the artillery, all of the present officers in that rank now being entitled to promotion to the grade of first lieutenant. After all of the second lieutenants have been promoted to the grade of first there will still exist forty-two vacancies in the latter grade. Therefore, any of the candidates from the ranks of the army or from civil life recently examined at Fort Leavenworth, for commissions in the army, who qualified in the special examination for the artillery corps, will immediately be entitled to promotion to the grade of first lieutenant, an incident unusual in the annals of the service.

THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK



IN THE FINE ARCH EXHIBIT ON WEST FIFTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK, MAY NOW BE SEEN RECORDS OF THE LATEST WORK OF MOST OF THE PROMINENT ARCHITECTS OF AMERICA. THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE LEAGUE, AS THIS YEAR, HAS CONTAINED MANY INTERESTING EXAMPLES OF BRILLIANT ARCHITECTURAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS. INCIDENTALLY, IT HAS DISPLAYED, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN NEW YORK, HOWARD PYLE'S NEW HISTORICAL PAINTING, "THE LANDING OF CARTERET IN NEW JERSEY," WHICH WAS RECENTLY REPRODUCED IN THE "WEEKLY." IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THIS PAGE MR. PYLE'S PAINTING MAY BE SEEN ON THE WALL AT THE END OF THE ROOM.

Speaker Cannon and the Lunatic

THE Hon. Joseph H. Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives, was riding in a street car in Washington, D. C., when an elderly man, with a nervous manner and rather wild look, entered the car and took the seat next to Mr. Cannon.

After a short time the man, turning suddenly on Mr. Cannon, demanded, "Do you know what I am going to do?"

"No," replied Mr. Cannon.

"I am going to hang the bones of my ancestors collected, mounted with silver, and hang on the walls of my room," said the man.

"I would not do that," said Mr. Cannon.

"Why?" demanded the man.

"Well," replied Mr. Cannon, "you cannot expect to live more than twenty years at the most, and when you die all the bones of your ancestors will be thrown out in the ash-barrel, and you would not like that."

"No," said the man; "I never thought of that. I'll have to think that over."

After a few moments the man again addressed Mr. Cannon in the same manner.

"Do you know what I am going to do?"

"No," replied Mr. Cannon.

"I am going to dig a hole in the earth one hundred miles deep and throw miles in circumference," said the man.

"I would not do that," replied Mr. Cannon.

"Why?" demanded the man.

"Because you cannot tell what you would find so far down in the earth," replied Mr. Cannon; "besides you would be worried to death by the laborers."

"I never thought of that," said the man.

"I'll have to think that over."

After a slightly longer period of silence the man once more addressed Mr. Cannon.

"Do you know what I am going to do?"

"No," replied Mr. Cannon.

"I am going out West and sink one hundred thousand arizonas wells all over the plains," said the man.

"I would not do that," replied Mr. Cannon.

"Why?" demanded the man.

"Because," replied Mr. Cannon, "I know you do not wish to injure any one, and as the water supply of many cities and towns."

"I never thought of that," said the man.

"I'll have to think that over."

They both left the car as it was nearing the Capitol, and the man remarked, "You said I don't seem to agree."

The other passengers had greatly enjoyed the conversation, and one of them remarked to his neighbor, "Which of those two old gentlemen was the crazier?"

But his neighbor gave it up.

Bringing Her Up

LEWIS WILKE, tired of play.

Pushed aside in the wild one day:

Held mother, as she drew the water.

"The difficult to raise a daughter."

An Ungallant Actor

A WELL-KNOWN American actor, who is old enough to be considered himself a matinee idol by any means, was somewhat surprised

and pleased in a St. Louis hotel a short time ago, when a pretty girl stopped him in the corridor and presented him with a rose, without saying a word. He was more surprised

and less pleased to receive a note the following day reminding him of the incident, and two weeks at the theatre in which he was playing, as a memento of the occasion.

"My dear young lady," the actor replied, "I was so much surprised that I did not even

know the object of the attention, and have now asked for, but, on consultation with the manager of the theatre, I have been informed

that the rose was all fastened down, and as I was opposed to having them sent away

to be returned with an autograph for return."

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Talbot has related with a simple, plain, but a very interesting story.

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ABBOTT'S BITTERS

When the human system is diseased, a delicate and powerful medicine is required to restore it to its normal state. A delicate and powerful medicine is required to restore it to its normal state. A delicate and powerful medicine is required to restore it to its normal state.

THE LONDON UNEMPLOYED

By SYDNEY BROOKS

EACH winter the cry of the London unemployed is raised earlier and lasts longer. I have only to stop writing to hear it. Outside my house half a dozen men, their hands deep in their pockets, their eyes turned expectantly towards me, are at this moment shuffling along the street as slowly as our own shufflers doing anything, singing. I cannot quite make out the words, but I seem to catch a sort of refrain, "What a life become of England!" The tune, at any rate, is lugubriously familiar. I heard it last year and the year before. Twelve months hence I shall probably be hearing it again. It is interminably dismal. All the unemployed in London seem to have seized on it, as they well might, as the only tune that will adequately convey their situation and their emotions. Not a day passes without its reaching my ears at least once. (There goes the clink of a coin on the pavement.) It is, I might, I suppose, to stop one's ears. One ought to remain scientific and stoical. One ought to ask whether these men are the unemployed or the unemployable, whether they are genuine "cases" or mere loafers, whether one is not really committing a crime against society by giving them money. But it is difficult to practise so much self-restraint, and not many people do practise it. They give, but to whom they know not. Nor do they know what becomes of their money, how it is spent, or what justification the singers in the street have for asking for it. They give, in short, with less idea of solving even an infinitesimal fraction of the unemployed problem than of satisfying their own instincts of sympathy and pity.

But private and indiscriminate charity is not only no remedy for the problem of the unemployed; it positively aggravates the disease. It blindly hopes to cure. This is now universally recognized, and in their laborious and blundering way Englishmen are seeking some more rational and scientific treatment.

It is fair to suppose that there are at this moment thousands of deserving and genuine unemployed in London whose case is a proper one for relief and help; but no sooner is their plight made known, no sooner does the public make a move towards their assistance, than they are on their backs ten thousand more who would not work if they could and perhaps could not if they would. To sift the unemployed from the unemployable, the would-be worker from the incurable loafer, is clearly the first step to be taken; but it is a step which the worst elements in the community violently oppose.

Mr. Balfour dealt with this point last winter in his speech to a deputation of unemployed. "It appears," he said, "to be a matter of deep complaint that the character of those desiring work provided out of public funds should be the subject of investigation by the public body that provides the work. Surely that is a doctrine which cannot be sustained from the point of view of the unemployed, from the point of view of the employer, or from the point of view of the local authority and the community. I take it that a large number of those whom I am addressing hold what are called socialist opinions. I do not quarrel with the word at all, but I do not believe that a socialist system in which the community was the solitary employer could last for a week. If there were not some evidence made to see that the wages paid by the community as a whole body only went to the deserving. For my part, I am not a socialist, and I do not believe socialism to be a practical system. But were I a socialist, I should make it a cardinal point of my doctrine that the severest examination as to character and ability should be at the root of every state aid endeavor, far without that other socialism or collectivism is not merely an impossibility, but the ideal of dreams." A statement of the case, I may add, in which all England concurs.

The attitude of Parliament and the state towards the unemployed problem is at present in a somewhat transitional stage. But I do not imagine that it will be so for long. During the past few years a very considerable advance has been made towards settled methods and a definite state policy. I date the beginnings of this advance from October, 1904, when Mr. Long, the then president of the Local Government Board, made an attempt to unify and bring into cooperation all the agencies of charitable relief in London. In each of the twenty-eight boroughs into which London is divided a joint committee was formed from the local borough Council and the local Board of Guardians to work in consultation and harmony with the parochial and charitable associations of the neighborhood. Thus a unity of aim and method was secured in each district. This next step was to apply the same principles of unification to all the districts. This was done by the creation of a central committee, which undertook a general work of direction, supervision, and allocation of the funds that were raised by voluntary subscriptions. The scheme worked, on the whole, fairly well. It was a great improvement on anything that had gone before, and its report of the actual result accomplished is the record of much sound and useful work. Something over £250,000 was placed at the disposal of the central committee by the pro-

cessity of the public. With this £7,690 people were temporarily assisted for an average period of eight weeks; 315 were emigrated; and 17 were settled in the country. The work provided for the men consisted of improvements in the London parks and the city markets, the building of an asylum near to London, their employment on a Salvation Army colony of a type familiar to Austria, work at Garden City, and work at Holbrook Bay colony—a farm of 1300 acres lent to the central committee by a philanthropist for three years at a peppercorn rent. In addition to this a central employment exchange for London was created, with branches in the various boroughs. "To increase the fluidity of labor, and to provide a new instrument by which wage-earners may be enabled to find the billets that they need and the employers the men they want."

This was excellent. Better still were the principles on which it was based. First, the offer of temporary relief work was accompanied by conditions, restrictions, and a system of discipline that made it less eligible than ordinary employment. In this way the men were kept from using their idleness as a sword. Second, the work provided was, so far as possible, continuous and not casual work. "The plan of giving doses of intermittent work," says the report, "was as rigorously eschewed as that of giving doses of money." Thirdly, all the applicants for work were classified, not only with reference to their moral character, but also with reference to their industrial status and standard of living. The establishment of these three principles marks what is nothing less than a revolution in English methods of dealing with the unemployed. "Towards the right handling of the problem of unemployment," says the report, "a considerable advance has been made during the past twelve months, and it may safely be asserted that never before has the expenditure of thought and care and sympathy upon this great problem been so widely spread as in London. The endeavor to bring the dictates of an enlightened and sympathetic judgment to bear upon it have more generally made." That, on the whole, is a claim that can be substantiated. Indeed, Mr. Long's scheme was perceived to be as great an improvement on everything that had preceded it that the government brought forward a bill with the purpose of making what was provisional and voluntary in the scheme permanent and statutory. By this act the local committees in Mr. Long's scheme are now permanent bodies, and the central committee likewise is a permanent body. The central committee has power to levy a rate of one halfpenny in the pound—rising by special permission of the Local Government Board to one penny—over the whole administrative area of London. But the money thus raised from the rates may not be devoted to paying wages to the unemployed. The purposes for which it may be applied are virtually three in number. It may be spent (1) on receiving, investigating, and recording applications from unemployed men and women, and on establishing local and central labor exchanges; (2) on assisting emigration and migration; and (3) on the purchase of land for farm colonies. With regard to this last item, however, the Local Government Board has laid down in its regulations that no scheme for establishing a farm colony will be approved of until the board is furnished with evidence that all expenses may reasonably be expected to be defrayed out of voluntary contributions.

In accordance with this act, twenty-eight "district" committees (one in each of the London boroughs), consisting of 620 persons, and a central committee of 2,500 persons, were organized in London. But they cannot apply the money raised from the rates to direct relief. Had they been allowed to do that, the act would have embraced the entirely novel principle that it is the duty of the community to provide work for the temporarily unemployed and needy. What the act has done is to legalize the expenditure of public money from the rates in setting up machinery for dealing with the unemployed problem. Having gone so far, it will be necessary to go still farther and sanction the application of the rates to the work of direct relief. And that involves some very difficult issues. These issues were very well stated last winter in the Westminster Gazette: "To give the local authorities indiscriminate power over the rates is impossible, and to make them the work-providing bodies is, in our opinion, very seriously to compromise their usefulness for other administrative purposes. There are obvious reasons why the question of relief for the unemployed should, as far as possible, be removed from the sphere of municipal decision-making. Yet to do anything towards the government is to cut us off from the local aid and interest which are so necessary in dealing with this problem. These two points of view run, however, be reconciled by empowering the local authorities to sift the cases, if at the end of the sifting process there are certain forms of need, a nationally managed fund, to which the localities will contribute according to the cases they submit." These principles will very probably govern the ultimate solution.

"Tantalum"—the New Metal

Nine comes Australia to the front with the find of what may very properly be called a new metal—tantalum. While tantalum has been found at Wodgina for a number of years, yet it was not until quite recently that its practical utility for any specific purpose was known.

This new metal possesses many of the same qualities as does platinum; it is not acted upon by acids, its ductility, it is much like iron—it can be worked as readily as iron, but is much heavier. Hammering renders it exceedingly hard, and in alloy with steel it develops startling metallurgical properties.

Experiments at the Krupp shipyards, in Essen, show that as an armor-piercing point for projectiles of great velocity, tantalum is destined to revolutionize modern marine warfare, and will equalize the attack to the defense, for the resistance of armor-plate heavily alloyed with it is increased twenty-five per cent.

Scientists who have examined tantalum under the direction of a German syndicate which is trying to control the output insist that it will replace the diamond for use as a drill. It is the only metal so far discovered, except platinum, which is too costly to have a place commercially among the metals, which can be used in place of the tungsten filament in the electric vacuum bulb.

An Irish Twister

PAT: "Mike, 'tis drunk, yez hee."

MIKE: "A hee, a hee, yez're speaking. Yez would not dare to speak thus if it was I."

PAT: "If you was *what* y'd have the common sense to know you'd drunk."

Safe

A Missouri graduate in law, says a politician of that State, wrote to a prominent lawyer in Arkansas to inquire what chance there is in that section for such a one as he described himself to be. He said: "I am a Republican in politics, and an honest young lawyer."

The reply that came seemed encouraging in its intimation: "If you are a Republican, the game laws here will protect you, and if you are an honest lawyer, you will have no competitors."

Just as Before

A town but worthy old couple in the north of Scotland had a rare stroke of luck recently, one relative having died and left them a sum of thirty pounds.

On the night of the arrival of the will, they sat up late discussing the future, and planning what they could do with such a princely bequest.

At length, giving the fire an extra poking, the old man said, with an air of indecision:

"Well, I suppose, Kinsey, this big fortune will make a difference. We'll just give him an' in, as usual, an' speak for the neighbor as before."

A Ghost That Could Not Walk

When going through the Western States, a traveler stepped one night at a lonely place.

At first he was a little nervous, but he was not at all superstitious in the least. He was just a man, making in the momentary darkness of the night, a few steps with him.

Then he passed a spot, and he said, "If that hand is out, I will be a ghost."

"Then I will be a ghost," he said, "if that hand is out there. True in his own hand, then, he was speaking from the bed, for he had not yet risen from his own foot."

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COMMENT

California and Japan

It is said in Washington that the Japanese government is satisfied with the settlement of the controversy over the action of the San Francisco School Board. It is said, conversely, in despatches from London and Tokio, that the Japanese are dissatisfied. We shall know the truth in time; meanwhile we will prefer to accept as accurate the information which is said to be possessed by the State Department that Japan concurs. At the best, so far as the international and constitutional questions are involved, the so-called settlement is not a settlement. Apparently the California labor-unions have gained a point. It has been charged that Japanese coolies not possessing passports have gone to the Hawaiian Islands and have come thence to our continental Pacific coast. Incidentally this affords another illustration of the great value of our outlying dependencies. The settlement arrived at in Washington through the consultations between the President and Secretary Root with Mayor Schuyler includes an amendment to the immigration bill providing against this abuse of the Hawaiian Islands by giving to our customs officers the right to turn back all who come to our coast, whether from Japan or from our own islands, who have not passports. This provision is professedly in the interest of labor. In return, Mayor Schuyler's School Board say that they will admit young Japanese children to the primary schools and older ones to the higher schools on the same terms as those on which white children are admitted. "This seems like settling, or compromising, the suit involving the larger question out of court. As soon as it was evident that a settlement would probably be reached, Attorney-General Bonaparte directed a postponement of the court proceedings at San Francisco to decide whether or not the United States government can enforce a treaty against the action of State officers, as, more than once, it has enforced its treaties notwithstanding antagonistic State legislation.

Lessons of the Controversy

A contemplation of this controversy in all its aspects is very suggestive. It has impressed upon all observers that in making treaties we should guard against the possibility of a conflict between local interests and the nation's treaty obligations. Again, this is suggestive of the reason why the Senate should retain the power of ratifying treaties, and why it should guard and exercise it very jealously. A treaty is the supreme law of the land, and can be abolished or modified only by a later treaty or by a statute passed subsequently by both Houses of Congress. As the Supreme Court has held more than once that a treaty sets aside any conflicting provision of a State Constitution or a State statute, it is evident that the interests of each State should be carefully looked after. The Senators from the State, being members

of the ratifying power, are the natural persons to perform this duty. It will be seen from this that critics of the ratifying power are not wholly wise. The treaties of the United States, more than those of other nations, are laws affecting both individuals and States, and to Senators is properly given the power to guard the laws of their own States from repeal through the exercise of its treaty-making power by the Federal government. Would say Californians have favored the treaty of 1894 if he had fancied that it gave to Japanese children school rights which might be denied by the State law?

San Domingo Matters

The President has at last abandoned the old San Domingo treaty which, although unratified, has been practically in operation. There is still some question in certain minds as to the policy of our interference in the affairs of the rest- less republic, but it cannot be successfully denied that the controversy has resulted in some good to us, as well as to San Domingo. The affairs of the republic are on a better footing, and our own relation to them seems likely, at this writing, to have been made legal. The debt due from San Domingo has been scaled down and funded; bonds are to be issued; and while Americans are to collect the revenues they are simply to continue to do, under the law of a treaty, what they have been doing notwithstanding the refusal of the Senate to agree to a treaty.

Nicaragua and Honduras

The influence which the United States government is exerting upon South and Central American affairs has been illustrated by its commanding position in the effort to prevent war between Nicaragua and Honduras. Followed by a group of Latin-American governments, this country made an admirable effort for peace. It is a sign and a token of the great moral value of Mr. Root's visit to South America that the comradeship between these interfering powers should have been of so cheerful and friendly a character. Not so many months ago, we used to be informed, and that with much genuine feeling based on more or less evidence, that anything that the United States wanted in the southern countries was regarded with suspicion. We were unable then even to offer our good offices without inspiring repudiation—at least that was said of us. A frank, conciliatory, resourceful Secretary of State, who has gone about, is a very valuable asset to us, from which we have gained profit even if Honduras and Nicaragua come to blows in the end, notwithstanding the efforts of the United States and its friends to bring about the rule of righteousness.

The States and the Federal Power

Judging from the speeches that have recently been made by prominent Republicans on LINCOLN'S birthday and on other occasions, there are a good many of them who do not believe in the soundness of one of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S prominent thoughts. Congressman McCALL made some very interesting remarks about the tendency displayed at Washington to "regulate each and all of us." The burden of his speech, which was delivered at the dinner of the Republican Club in this city, was an answer to Mr. Root's warning to the States that they must attend to their duties, or the Federal government, by means of constructions of the Constitution, would itself attend to them. Mr. McCALL made a happy suggestion which the Federal constructionists may well take into account. He said that he fancied that "it would be just as sound for the States, provided they were strong enough to do so, to exercise the national functions in cases where they were not performed to the satisfaction of the sentiment who at the time were running the State government." The intrusion of the States into Federal affairs and their denial to the nation of its obvious rights were, in the earlier years of the republic, causes of much complaint, while the crooked action underlying them led eventually to war; but that notion, as Mr. McCALL intimated, was no more crooked than that which underlies the various theories contemplating an invasion of the rights of the States by the Federal government. In determining as to what "field of control" has been abandoned by the States, and ought therefore to be entered by the Federal government, it will always be the man—President or Secretary—who wants the control who will make the decision, precisely as in the

when time the issue of interference was to be decided by the State that complained that it was interfered with. The old attack upon the sovereign powers of the States were alike in this, that in each instance the final decision was to be made by the party most to be profited by the denial of sovereignty. Mr. JOURNAL H. CUNYAN again indulged, on LEXYON'S birthday, in an able defense of the government as it is—the dual sovereignty of nation and State. To add to the Republican anthology, the following from Senator KNUX's speech in the SLOCUM case makes excellent reading:

The perfection of human liberty under law will only be attained under the American Constitution when each of the dual sovereignties within its sphere exerts its powers to the utmost limits for the public weal; when the States and the artificial bodies they have created cease to drag and resist the rightful and full exercise of the national power over national affairs; when there are no attempts to encroach upon the undoubted reserved powers of the States for the aggrandizement of national power; when the people discriminate between the wise policies designed to meet the imperative needs of modern conditions and demagogic assaults upon the foundations of the republic for political and personal purposes; when the people shall not be vexed by unnecessary legislation about their daily affairs and normal conditions are undisturbed by needless regulations—regulations founded by ignorance and intolerance and misrepresenting those just and constitutional policies of the time which had a due beginning, have a reason for their existence and shall have a due ending when their work is accomplished.

Government Ownership of Special Lands

The President has raised a question in a special message which ought to be seriously considered, and which, of course, cannot be intelligently discussed in a short session of Congress. Ought the government to retain the ownership of its ore-lands, mineral-lands, and pasture-lands? This is a momentous question, and there is involved in it, in a minor degree perhaps, the larger question of government ownership. The President does not recommend government operation of these lands, but the leasing of them to private persons or corporations. The government, he thinks, by thus keeping control of the mines and the lands would prevent the illegal fencing of the public domain, and would see to it that coal were furnished in more abundant quantities, perhaps at lower prices. These are all most questions and cannot be decided off-hand. It has been the policy of the government to hold the public lands in trust for the people, and, incidentally, for the promotion of settlement. If this old policy, which has worked well with some attendant evils, is to be abandoned, the change should be made after due deliberation. It will not answer to make it because the President is satisfied that the new policy is better. It is the duty of Congress to be convinced after investigation and debate. For one thing, Secretary HITCHCOCK has shown that for many years the dealings of the government with public lands has been gravely corrupt, while this generation and the last have been made sadly familiar with the history of land grants for the promotion of railroads. These old stories help to accentuate the theory that the less government has to do with a mining business, as the mining of coal would be, the better for business and the better for government. So far as leases are concerned, the experience of neither of the parties to the lease of the seal-fisheries has been happy. The proposition is one to think over.

The House of Lords Question

The King's speech at the opening of Parliament gives not only to Englishmen, but to all who are interested in historic government, occasion to expect an important, perhaps a stormy session. Government promises to undertake two correlated subjects—the relations between the two Houses of Parliament and home rule for Ireland. It was many years ago when Mr. GLADSTONE angrily threatened the very existence of the House of Lords because it had thrown out his home-rule bill, but the storm passed quickly then, mainly because England was not with Mr. GLADSTONE in his Irish policy. Now once more the Liberal majority in the House of Commons finds the project which it has made its leading feature blocked by the House of Lords, which now, more than in Mr. GLADSTONE's time, is acting as a Tory party committee, opposing not only the Liberal majority of the United Kingdom, but the Liberal majority of England. The govern-

ment is evidently determined to test the opinion of the public, and is to ascertain whether Liberal England is any longer willing to tolerate a House of Lords which cannot be liberalized, even by the creation of new peers, and which will, therefore, always stand in the way of a progressive party. It is impossible to foretell, and it would be idle to attempt to conjecture, as to how this problem will be solved, although it may be taken for granted, as the WEEKLY has said, that there will always be a blemished Parliament. The power, however, of the Second Chamber to defeat the will of the people will eventually be taken away. Certainly a home-rule bill is the measure that will most effectively bring the contest between the Houses to a settlement.

Mr. Mallock's Lectures

The lectures of Mr. MALLOCK, in this city, on socialism, have been of great interest and importance. If they succeed, as they seem likely to do, in securing one socialist's idea of what socialism means, that alone will be an important contribution to knowledge, and besides, it will furnish the basis for forming a practical issue. At any rate the socialists have been awakened and are replying at a great rate. From what Mr. WILSHIRE says, in reply to Mr. MALLOCK's second lecture, it would seem that, to him, socialism means that while the man of genius or talent or enterprise ought to be rewarded abundantly for his achievements, the wealth which he thus accumulates, if it continues, in the hands of his heirs and successors, to be employed as capital, should not be rewarded; i. e., should not receive dividends. Concretely, unless we greatly misunderstand him, he would prevent rewards to mere capital by state ownership. If this be really the socialist policy, socialism is in a fair way to admit of intelligent discussion.

The Princeton Experiment

President WOODROW WILSON denies the report of the immediate acquisition of a very large endowment for Princeton University, but the report has recalled attention to the most important educational undertaking that has been made in this country for many years. Two or three years ago Dr. WILSON began his experiment at Princeton—an experiment which President ELIOT characterized as interesting but expensive. In brief, this experiment had for its object the improvement of scholarship in Princeton by the promotion of an intellectual comradeship between those who studied and those who taught. The plan involved the employment of a very large number of new instructors and a radical change in the methods of the old teaching force. Lectures were not to be discontinued, but they were to be minimized. The members of the faculty were to become preceptors. The students were to be divided into small groups for other purposes than lectures, and to each group was to be assigned a preceptor. This was the adoption of a modified Oxford method. The preceptor and his group were to dwell together at certain hours in order to talk over the studies and the reading of the students. The meetings are held in class-room and seminar-rooms, but chiefly in the rooms or at the house of the preceptor, who tries to make himself one of the group, his object being mainly to interest these young minds in the subject which he is teaching them. This teaching is intensive cultivation.

It Has Helped the University

As an experiment in teaching, Mr. WILSON's effort has been a distinct success, and educators throughout the country recognize the immense value that his administration has already been to Princeton. The university stands much higher among its kindred institutions than it has ever stood before, and as one of the more prominent of university men has well said, it is because WOODROW WILSON has shown himself to be on "educational statesman." The demonstration that the plan would work came quickly. The problem of all higher education in this country is to interest the students in intellectual things, and those who are familiar with Princeton of to-day and are able to compare its young men with their predecessors realize that the close companionship established between preceptors and students has done more for the arousing of this interest than any other plan that has been attempted in this country. For some time the only question has been one of money. The great expenses of the scheme

have been met by annual subscriptions, which Mr. Watson has hoped would be capitalized.

Mercy to Cancer Patients

The case is considered the most remarkable that the District Attorney's office has had to deal with, and its most remarkable feature is what the investigating authorities consider the absolute lack of motive.—*Daily paper, February 16.*

The case so charged with being remarkable is that of a New York woman charged with administering poison to her mother, who is said to have been in the last horrible stages of a lingering death by cancer. The accusation is denied and is probably baseless, though at present writing the daughter is being held on a charge of murder. A while ago there was some agitation for legislation in some of the States, making it lawful for physicians to put out of misery patients who were in the extremity of suffering from an illness which was bound to be fatal in a short time. Legislation on the subject seemed ill advised, but the proposal was widely discussed. Among other recent cases cited was that of an Italian gentleman whose wife was slowly dying of cancer and begged him to put an end to her sufferings. The doctor would not do anything, and the husband in desperation finally killed the poor wife with an axe, and was imprisoned for murder. Cancer cases are peculiar. After they have reached a certain stage the end is absolutely sure, and usually attended by the most distressful sufferings. Now it is bad enough to die by cancer without being tortured. Great latitude of treatment should be contemplated in these cases. A law permitting doctors to end their patients' lives under stated circumstances would probably do harm, but that cancer patient is fortunate whose doctor, when the point is reached where human nature can endure no more, finds it in the line of his duty to give the patient morphine enough to stop the disease.

A Schoolmaster Honored

On February 8, ALBERT GARDNER BOYDNEY, of Walpole, Massachusetts, was eighty years old, and his neighbors organized and carried out a formal celebration of his birthday. There was a meeting in the town-hall of Walpole, with band music and singing, and several addresses, setting forth the great value of Mr. Boydney's life's work in Walpole. A letter was read from President ROOSEVELT, commending the celebration of the birthday of so valuable a citizen as Mr. Boydney, and after the exercises a reception was given at the house of one of the neighbors for the octogenarian citizen whom everybody in Walpole delighted to honor. The significant point about these interesting proceedings was the kind of life and the sort of work that they aimed to encourage. Mr. Boydney has spent the whole of his active life as a teacher. At fourteen he chose that calling, and proceeded to prepare himself for it to the best of his ability. For more than sixty years he has been teaching school, and for forty-six years, as principal of the Bridgewater Normal School at Walpole, he has been teaching others to be teachers. That is a great life's work, done, as his neighbors and former pupils attest, with great ability, fidelity, and success. Such a celebration as this, which honors Walpole as well as its venerable teacher, recalls the earlier days, when schoolmasters and ministers loomed relatively bigger in our communities than they do in those times of increased wealth, when to most of us the money-getting vocations look most attractive and get, as compared with more modest pursuits, a larger share of public deference than is always their due.

Taking Nitrogen from the Air

In one of Mr. H. G. WELLS's wonder-stories about what may happen on this earth if we don't watch out, he told how, in the multiplication of improvements and inventions, the population of the world came to be fed for the most part by a universal food company, that used as the chief basis of its products nitrogen, which it abstracted from the air. In the course of time this immense absorption of atmospheric nitrogen began to tell on the atmosphere, which presently came to have so excessive a proportion of oxygen in it that it made the whole population of the world continuously tipsy. The next thing was that the world took fire and burned in the superoxygenated air until the atmosphere got back to its original proportions. But by that time there were only a handful of people left alive on a scorched and blackened planet.

Mr. WELLS's Munchausen story is recalled by the current assertion that Sir WILLIAM CROOKES has found a means by which nitrogen may be gathered from the atmosphere and made available for use as a fertilizer. Already the calculators are printing figures that forecast the effect of this rumored discovery on human life. Cheap nitrogen that would restore worn-out soils might double crops in the United States and enable western Europe to raise its own food. Professor CROOKES's discovery, by cheapening the cyanide process of treating ores, may add a hundred millions to the world's annual supply of gold. So the forecasters compute, but are any of them calculating what would be the effect of draining the atmosphere of its nitrogen at such a rate, and how long it would be before we would get into a scrape beside which the predicted exhaustion of the coal deposits would be a trifle? We call the attention of our vigilant President to this new danger. If the atmosphere of the United States is to need protection, the Federal government, we submit, must tackle the job. The States could hardly deal with it.

Lincoln's Birthday

New biographers of LINCOLN turn up as regularly as taxes. There are two or three new ones every year, and few of them can help making a readable book, so inconspicuously interesting in their subject. Those who are now intending to deal with him, but have not yet reached the point of publication, could do a great service if they could discover any reasonable ground for believing that their immortal subject was born on some other day than February 12. That day is now a holiday in the States of Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, Washington, and Wyoming. It is a very untimely holiday hereabouts, and comes much too near WASHINGTON's birthday, which gives us all the holiday we need in February. If we could have a day late in April to celebrate in honor of LINCOLN, instead of February 12, it would be very gratifying to the public advantage. A LINCOLN holiday there will be, but must it be his birthday? And if so, must his birthday continue to fall on February 12? The birthday of the present King of England falls on November 9, but that is Lord Mayor's day in London for which reason, and as we do not mix festivities, King EDWARD used to choose another and more convenient day to be kept as his.

Mimicking Boston

Writing in the *Fortnightly Review* about LONGFELLOW, Mr. FRANK GIBBLE lets fall some sentences that suggest that Mr. H. G. WELLS's recent record of his visit to Boston has left an impression on the British mind which ought in common justice to be modified. Mr. GIBBLE quotes Mr. WELLS as saying that the city has now departed from Boston, and observes that it had to go, because "literature, if it is to live, must follow life at no long distance, and Boston was in a locker, outside the general stream of tendency. Nothing except the pursuit of culture happened there, and literature cannot live upon culture alone." Mr. GIBBLE ought to look in on Boston. Really it is not so moribund a town as he imagines. "The Bostonians, suppose," he says, "that American literature was only to be the supplement of English literature, and that they were the custodians of the torch. But they reckoned without BRIT HATTE, and WALT WHITMAN, and MARK TWAIN, and G. W. CARLE, and UPRON SINGLARS—to name but a few disturbers of their peace. The prophets of life triumphed over the prophets of culture, and at Boston there was plenty of culture, but no life worth speaking of. So Boston gradually ceased to count." There is a flavor of verity in this, but even of literary activity. JUDY HATTE and UPRON SINGLARS and their fellows, as enumerated, have left Boston a more considerable share than Mr. GIBBLE suspects. And Boston is far livelier than he imagines. Its troubles, as far as it has them, are not absolute but relative. It is not that Boston has declined and fallen off, but that the rest of an enormous country has developed, and found voice, and got leave to print. Boston still counts, and counts a lot, even in literature. It counts crossly throughout the country as an educational influence, for it still manages somehow to keep its place as the foremost educational centre of the country. No community that does that has ceased to count.

Is the Japanese School Problem Solved?

It begins to look as if President ROOSEVELT had gone to the limit of propriety and of national self-respect in his effort to ally the susceptibilities of the Tokio government, aroused by the relegation of Japanese pupils in San Francisco to a particular school. Before marking the remedial measures taken at the instance of our Federal Executive, let us recall distinctly what the alleged grievance was. In pursuance of an act of the Californian Legislature the School Board of San Francisco passed an ordinance excluding Japanese pupils from all of the city's public primary schools with the exception of one institution known as the Oriental School, to which Chinese and Koreans were also relegated. Against this segregation the Tokio government protested on the ground that it was a violation of the treaty of 1894, by which the United States agreed to give the subjects of the Mikado the same treatment as that accorded to those of the "most favored nation." As a matter of fact, the children of British, German, French, Italian, and other resident aliens are not relegated to particular school buildings in San Francisco, but the face of things, then, the Tokio government may seem to have some basis for its complaint. Here, however, arise two questions: first, Does the treaty-making power lodged by our Federal organs lie in the President and Senate authorize an interference with the right of regulating public schools, which hitherto has been supposed to be reserved to the constituent States by the Tenth Amendment of the Constitution? As this question is at present *asked*, being raised in an action now pending in a United States Court, we refrain from any comment on it. The second question is, Does the treaty of 1894 itself authorize the Tokio government to assert that, by the act of the San Francisco School Board, its treaty rights have been violated? Touching this point, we may do well to note the view propounded by ex-Secretary of State OLNEY in a letter addressed to Representative McCALL. The treaty of 1894 was negotiated on the part of the United States by Secretary GRESHAM, but we should bear in mind that Mr. OLNEY was at the time Attorney-General, and undoubtedly was called upon for advice by the negotiator of the treaty, when he was desired shortly thereafter as head of the State Department. Mr. OLNEY points out that most of those persons who have discussed the treaty seem to have confined themselves exclusively to Article I, which undoubtedly conferred to Japan the privileges of the "most favored nation." He directs attention, however, to the fact that Article II, expressly qualifies the preceding article by declaring that nothing therein contained shall be deemed to affect any laws which either signatory may hitherto have enacted, or shall hereafter enact, concerning certain subjects, among which, first, "immigration" and then "police and public security" are specified. Mr. OLNEY maintains that the regulation of public schools clearly falls under the police power, whether that power be held to be heretofore exercised by the Federal government or by a constituent State, or partly by the former and partly by the latter. The *scope* of the police power, however exercised, is explicitly excluded by Article II, from the operation of the treaty. If, then, Mr. OLNEY's assertion is well founded—as yet no contradiction has come from any authoritative source—the Tokio government is outwitted by the very treaty of which it is a signatory, from objecting to that exercise of police power which is exemplified in an ordinance of the San Francisco School Board, itself an outcome of State legislation.

There are times, nevertheless, when our Executive, in dealing with a friendly nation, may deem it expedient not to stand upon the letter of its treaty rights, but, out of comity, to make concessions not exacted by a rigorous construction of international law. This is what President ROOSEVELT has undertaken to do by persuading the San Francisco School Board to rescind the obnoxious ordinance and to permit hereafter Japanese pupils not over fourteen years of age to attend all public primary schools, while at the same time throwing open all schools of a higher grade to Japanese pupils more than fourteen years of age. The *scope* of the San Francisco School Board, however, to such an act of comity has been by no means gratuitous, but has had to be purchased by an agreement to add to the Immigration Bill now pending in a committee of conference an amendment authorizing the President at his discretion to exclude from the United States any and all prospective immigrants from foreign parts not provided with passports, whether these come directly from their native countries or from outlying American possessions like Hawaii, the Philippines, or Porto Rico. It will be observed that the Japanese are not named in this amendment; no discrimination against them is overtly authorized. The power of excluding immigrants not provided with passports may, so far as the amendment goes, be exercised by the President against natives of the British Isles, as well as against natives of the Japanese archipelago. On the face of the proposed law, therefore, the Japanese government has nothing to complain of; yet we are informed by a telegram to the London Times, dated Tokio, February 15, that Japan has not agreed to any solution of the San Francisco problem depending on the restriction of the admission of Japanese immigrants to the United States. It is evident that the author of that telegram cannot have

read the treaty of 1894, otherwise he would know that a relaxation of Japan's agreement would be superfluous in the premises. Yet, as Mr. OLNEY has shown, the second article of that treaty expressly excepts from the operation thereof any past or future legislation of either signatory with reference to "immigration." As a matter of fact, under that treaty we are at liberty to enact any law we please regarding the restriction of immigrants, and the Tokio government has expressly renounced by treaty the right of protesting against such legislation.

The Senators who have proposed to insert in the immigration bill the amendment authorizing the President, at his option, to exclude intending immigrants unprovided with passports have been solicited by means of comity alone, bearing in mind the professed unwillingness of the Tokio government to authorize by means of passports its subjects to emigrate to the United States, though it has habitually given passports to those ostensibly intending to settle in Hawaii or the Philippines. If that professed unwillingness be a fact the Tokio government cannot wish to object to an act of Congress empowering the President to exclude from the American mainland foreigners whose passports only authorize them to settle in our outlying insular possessions.

We are informed, however, that, not content with prevailing on the Senate and California and the San Francisco School Board to pronounce in favor of Japan their asserted right of regulating their public schools, President ROOSEVELT intends to go still farther in the way of propitiating Japan by refraining from standing exclusively on the right to restrict immigration conceded by the second article of the treaty of 1894. On the contrary, he is said to have announced that as soon as the irritation caused in Tokio by the segregation of Japanese pupils in San Francisco public schools shall have died away he will essay to negotiate with Japan a new treaty, whereby each of the signatories shall agree to exclude from its territories immigrant laborers who are citizens or subjects of the other party to the compact. Why, a self-respecting American is naturally impelled to ask, should any international treaty on the subject be needed? Already, under the second article of the treaty of 1894, the United States and Japan, being left in absolute control of legislation respecting immigration, are each at liberty to pass such laws for the exclusion of immigrant laborers as they may see fit. What can Japan want, or have the face to ask for, beyond the execution of that treaty in the letter and in the spirit? We are aware that strict justice is one thing, while comity is another, but we submit that there are limits beyond which comity may not be stretched without incurring the risk of bearing in the eyes of onlookers a less admirable name. Of course, we desire the Tokio government, and every other government, to know that we mean to treat them not only justly, but generously. They should all be made to understand no less distinctly, however, that we fear none of them, and that there is a boundary fixed by national dignity beyond which concessions will not go. The time, in a word, seems to have come for Americans to ask themselves, What will the Japanese think of us when they contrast our glancing treatment of them with our high-handed treatment of the Chinese? The Chinese had a treaty which not only did not exclude from the operation thereof legislation concerning immigration, but expressly granted all classes of the people of each signatory permission to migrate to and settle in the territory of the other. Nevertheless, in defiance of that treaty, we have excluded Chinese laborers by act of Congress. Was the course that we pursued toward China dictated by the knowledge that we were dealing with a feeble power? And is the very different course that Mr. ROOSEVELT is now pursuing the outcome of a conviction that in dealing with a strong and sensitive nation discretion is the better part of valor?

Longfellow

A HUNDRED is, above all other times, a season for looking criticism and offering congratulations. A century is in itself a sign that humanity may make itself a little courtesy of gratulation, for only a worthy member would be living in the hearts of his fellow men a hundred years after his birth. LONGFELLOW has many years yet to live in our hearts, as much for the charm of what he was not as for what he was and what he accomplished.

When he died, twenty-five years ago, he reigned supreme in the hearts of a great mass of simple, unobstinate people, and his appeal to children, while it was neither conscious nor direct, was yet very strong. The little girl who, playing on the floor with her paper dolls, first heard of his death, burst into a passion of weeping, and twenty-five years later remembered the event as introducing her to the first real pangs of personal loss. "The white Mr. LONGFELLOW," a certain Norwegian friend called him, setting his guiltless and gentle disposition.

He belonged, however, to a generation which may be said to have carried rather inoperable literary baggage. It requires, indeed, a good deal of history to make a very little art, and America in these days was quite distinctly differentiated from England. It looked across the Atlantic with too great a yearning

for traditions and romances, while the old countries were looking to us for fresh adventure and the raw material of legend, both overlooking the fact that the kingdom of romance, like the kingdom of heaven, is within.

Mr. JAMES says of LONGFELLOW that his volumes of verse-books were "a sort of monument to an anguished fortune." Even so, one may con. over LONGFELLOW'S poems, so passionately annotated and underscored at the age of twelve, to find them striking our mature sense as a monument to an anguished mind, for nothing in them is more noticeable than the slightness, the fragility, of the emotions, the lachrymable serenity of his reflected spirit. His was a nature trained entirely by polite literature. A very limited experience and a delicate habit of mind, a taste for refraining and a fastidious habit of passing through life with his eyes half closed, a gift for writing about writers and diluting ideas with those he wished the public to know; the popularity of one who never offended the public by mentioning unpopular subjects and ideas. Not only had he this natural advantage, but he dealt in the simplest, most conventional and acceptable of forms. He was a fortunate poet in having no startling innovations to make, no new ideas to hurl at his contemporaries, no convictions varying from those of the vast average. He said in graceful and facile rhyme what has been the commonplace sentiment of the world since ever rhymes existed—namely, that "life is not an empty dream"; that "behind the clouds the sun's still shining"; that if we "are woe and hard best" the woods and hills are the proper places for solace; that who does his duty well shall go "to his long resting-place without a tear"; that "we can make our lives sublime"; and though "all depressed and lonely," all our fears are laid aside if we but remember only "such as these have lived and died,"—these being the worthy soldiers in the battle of life who have preceded us.

It is easy to see that where LONGFELLOW fails to meet our requirements as grown men, grappling with the problems of growth, it is due to the spirit in which he met his own life, a spirit of fastidious choice, an avoidance of that order and fuller initiation into life and emotion which stimulates the higher imaginative faculties and endows with the more strenuous amenities of thought. His very life, as one reads it, is the life of a gentle, kindly, domestic man, but not the life of a poet. "Their life," one biographer says, describing the ways of LONGFELLOW and his wife in Cambridge, "seems a round of innocent pleasures—visits to receive and pay, friends to meet, drives and walks, plays and concerts and balls for the evening, or more commonly reading aloud by the fireside." Twice in his life he seems to have been blessed with a perfectly congenial, cultivated, and soothing, if not stimulating, helpmate, and it would have been odd indeed if, turning from so gentle and considerate a destiny, Esplanade had insisted upon glibly flights or anguished solitudes—

"Contention is the vital force
Whence pluck they brain, the prize of gifts."

Mr. LONGFELLOW was so unfortunate as to have been to fortunate throughout his life, and so it is that his work now seems to be almost exclusively addressed to children. Even in his own day his overrating brought down a certain amount of impatient rudeness from such readers as MARGARET FULLER, who carefully pointed out that his grace and facility were not enough to make him a great poet, and who unnecessarily added that he looked like a "dandified PYTHAGORAS." When "Hesperia" was published STOW wrote of it, "It is in many respects excellent, graceful, and simple, but diffuse and lacking in power."

True, then, and kindest, a rather delicate turn of mind, a tolerant and pleasant feeling for foreign places and people, and a gift for flowing narrative, a somewhat sentimental taste and great facility, were LONGFELLOW'S poetic endowment. In the poems of his old age there is much pathetic acquiescence in life and the course of human things, and if he live in no other way, at least, so long as his fame endures, he shall wear the crust and prevailing honor of a fair name and be beloved as the guide for the young to the wells of poetry. If he cannot claim to have gained Olympia heights he may, at any rate, have inspired many who shall surpass him.

"Perhaps there lives some dreary boy untaught
In schools, some graduate of the field or street,
Who shall become a master of the art,
An admiral sailing the high seas of thought,
Fearless and first, and steering with his fleet
For lands not yet laid down in any chart."

The Man Who Ate Babies

THE President thinks that the papers that give "the full, disgusting particulars of the THAW case" ought not to be admitted to the mails. Perhaps not. Perhaps the country at large does not need all the particulars, but in our judgment New York does need

most of them, and it would be not a gain, but an injury, to morals if the newspapers were restrained from printing them.

We will try to explain.

Once there was a man who had the incomparable misfortune to be afflicted with a mania for eating babies. He was an extraordinary man, of astonishing vigor, of remarkable talents, of many engaging qualities, and of prodigious industry. He had education and social position; he could earn plenty of money; and the diligent exercise of his intellectual gifts made him valuable to society. There was nothing within reasonable reach of a man of his profession which he could not have, but over what should have been a splendid career hung always the shadow of his remarkable propensity. The precise dimensions and particulars of it were not definitely known to many persons. A few men who had a snail's pace like his doubtless knew absolutely; a good many other men knew well enough; and there was practically a public property in the knowledge that he had, and gratified, cannibalistic inclinations of much greater intensity and more curious scope than those that commonly obtained among careless men. There was an honest prejudice against him. Persons of considerable indulgence to eccentricities of deportment disliked to be in the same room with him. Sensitive stomachs instinctively rose against him. Yet he was tolerated, for, after all, nobody had ever seen him eat a baby.

One day another man—quite a worthless person—knocked him on the head, and let his pitiable spirit escape from his body. It made a great stir, for the man who was killed was very well-known, and his assailant was also notorious. There followed a protracted discussion of the dead man's character, qualities, and achievements. His record was assailed, but it was also warmly extenuated. When it was ascertained that he was an ogre, the retort was that he was not a materially worse ogre than a lot of other men, and that we must take men as we find them, and make special allowances for men of talent. When it was whispered that he ate babies the answer was that that was absurd; that whatever his failings, he was the helpful, best-natured man in the world, and particularly fond of children and good to them; and that if he ever did eat babies he was always careful where he got them, avoiding the nurseries of his acquaintances, and selecting common babies of ordinary stock, who were born to be eaten, anyway, and would never be missed, and who, besides, were in many cases not so young as they made out.

So the discussion went on, and waxed and waned as the months passed. But one day there was set up a great white screen, big enough for all the world to see, and over against it was placed a lantern that threw a light of wonderful intensity, and there came a person named Nemesis, with something under her arm, and took charge of the lantern. And then there fluttered leath all day on the great screen the moving picture of the poor monomaniac and a baby—how he found her, catled her, cupled her, and finally took her to his lair, prepared her for the table, and ate her up.

Well; it was said that the picture was shocking, and that the public ought not to have been allowed to see it. Oh yes, it was shocking; never picture more so. But it was terribly well adapted to make it unpopular to eat babies.

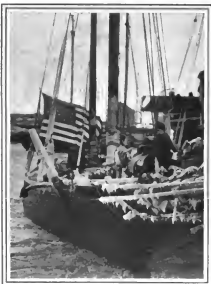
Personal and Pertinent

Not so many years ago the Bishop of London was more than contented with his plutocratic lot; now he is complaining that his pay of \$50,000 a year is not sufficient to keep him and the palaces which are thrust upon him. The present bishop is a bachelor, and has no pleasure in the rows upon rows of rooms that he has to keep in order, but an unsophisticated one would think that \$50,000 a year would easily do it. He is not alone, however, in his complaining. The Archbishop of Canterbury is with him, and moreover because \$75,000 a year will not sustain him. The Bishop of Winchester has \$30,000 a year, and cannot keep his own big palace on it. All this complaining is based on the intimation that Parliament intends cutting down the pay of bishops—a reform being threatened akin to that which was helped along by ASQUITH TATELOR'S clerical rates. When the Bishop of Winchester, for instance, was able to buy from the revenues of his see, without feeling the loss, the necessary miles of fresh carpets every year or so, he had an income of something more than \$200,000; and now what has he got? Nothing but a pittance \$28,000. The late Mr. HARGREY, himself the son of a dean, was wont to talk about bishops in a way that indicated that their old-time wealth did them no spiritual good. His conversations on this subject might have pleased JOHN MURRAY, but HARGREY had to be discreetly silent in the presence of GLAUCON. The bishops themselves had another point of view. One day the Bishop of London, not this one, was driving in the suburbs. In his splendid carriage, when to him, from an adjacent cottage, approached an old woman, who exclaimed: "Oh, me ind, me ind, what would St. PAUL say if he saw you now?"

"Why, my dear woman, he'd say, 'What a blessed change!'"



Removing Bodies from the Life-saving Station on Block Island for transportation to the Mainland



The Fishing Schooner "Elsie," which did heroic work in rescuing Survivors



Taking Captain McVay, of the "Larchmont," aboard the Joy Line Steamer "Kentucky"

THE DISASTER ON LONG ISLAND SOUND, IN WHICH 142 PERSONS LOST THEIR LIVES, THE CAPTAIN'S BOAT BEING THE FIRST TO LEAVE THE SINKING SHIP

ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 11, IN FERO weather, THE STEAMER "LARCHMONT," OF THE JOY LINE, BOUND FROM PROVIDENCE TO NEW YORK, COINCIDED WITH THE SCHOONER "HARRY KNOWLTON," AND RAN IN THE SOUND OFF WATCH HILL, RHODE ISLAND. OF THE PERSONS ABOARD HER, ESTIMATED AT 160, ONLY 17 ARE KNOWN TO HAVE SURVIVED

JAPAN'S PREFERENCE FOR PEACE WITH AMERICA

REGRET RATHER THAN ANGER IS WHAT THE MIKADO'S PEOPLE FEEL OVER THE SAN FRANCISCO INCIDENT, AND THEIR FRIENDSHIP FOR THE UNITED STATES IS HEAVIER IN THE SCALE THAN THEIR PRIDE OVER THE ALLIANCE WITH GREAT BRITAIN

By WILLIAM INGLIS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

Tokyo, January 10, 1905.

IT would be presumptuous for an American stranger, who has been but a few weeks in Japan, to declare with positiveness that the peace will not be disturbed between this empire and the United States, no matter what may be the outcome of the San Francisco school trouble. Yet all the facts I have been able to discover by most diligent search point to the conclusion that the Japanese are today as unwilling to fight as we are unwilling to fight them. What the ultimate intention of this government may be lies hidden in the minds of the Emperor and the Elder Statesmen, that silent and mysterious have to whose devices the people of Japan render spontaneous and joyful obedience.

As for any official prediction of what the future relations of the two nations are to be, we can elicit nothing but the most courtly smiles and polite phrases. Much more encouraging to the lover of peace is the fact that each nation lays so much stress and sets so much to the other that a war between them any time in the next ten years would be a piece of suicidal extravagance—especially for Japan. Almost as strong as this commercial bond is the grateful friendship the Japanese people feel toward us—and they are much surprised by sentiment—because we first of all the world aided them along the path of their present development.

The most serious feature in the present situation is the affront offered to the Japanese people by the School Board of San Francisco in not only excluding Japanese pupils from the common schools, but in contemptuously segregating them in special schools together with "Chinese, Koreans, and other Mongolians." There is the blow that shocked and stung these proud people; and the wound that it caused still aches, and will rankle for many a day to come. The Japanese are very sensitive. They have just taken their place, by force, among the chief nations of the world, and they are as touchy and irritable about their new dignity as a sophomore with his first silk hat. They want every one to notice it and talk about it and be deeply impressed by it, but sue unto him who finds in the society any occasion for just or disrespectful comment.

Moreover, the Japanese have always looked down upon the Chinese and Koreans as inferior races. To say that these, in turn, have long looked down upon the Japanese does not lessen the resentment of the Japanese at being herded with them. Also the Japanese strenuously object to being classed as Mongolians. They decline to be reckoned as mere latter day Asiatics, and they claim descent from ancient Aryan stock. Whether or not this claim can be substantiated is a question for ethnologists, and need not be gone into here. The important fact is that no Americans to remember, in inquiring into their state of mind, is that an executive board, upheld by the State of California, has aroused the wrath of these people by not only putting their children out of certain schools, but by calling them Mongolians and herding them with Mongolians.

Not one of the Japanese with whom I have talked has denied the expediency of excluding youths of sixteen years and upward from schools in which little girls are taught. They agree with the Californians and all thinking Americans that a primary or grammar school is no place for a full-grown American—let alone for a full-grown American, or any other sort of man.

But the contemptuous treatment of their countrymen as Mongolians has been and still is a very hard thing to endure. Of course they are not expressing their resentment in loud talk. An ancient Japanese proverb says, "Only a postgraduate is he who, when he opens his mouth, displays the contents of his heart." And considering that proverb, we may well remember that because the Japanese are silent and smiling now we are not justified in assuming that they have forgiven or forgotten the slight. For giving an injury is not even suggested in any part of Bushido, the code of ethics, formulated ages ago by the wisest of the samurai, or fighting-men, which is now the chief rule of conduct throughout Japan. *He shon-ni means literally*, "military knight says"—"the conduct which knights should follow." It was, as Professor Inoue Nitobe, of the Imperial University of Kyoto, points out, as organic growth of centuries of military career, and yet:

"In manifold ways has Bushido filtered down from the social class where it originated, and acted as leaven among the masses, furnishing a moral standard for the whole people. The Precepts of Knighthood, begun at first as the glory of the elite, became in time an aspiration and inspiration to the nation at large. . . . Untranslated, Bushido was and still is the animating spirit, the motor force of our country."

It is impossible to gauge the feelings of the Japanese people on any question affecting national or racial pride without constantly keeping in mind the code of Bushido, which dominates their every act and thought. And this can be done without imitating those who have been inspired by their creed to a degree of disgusting egotism, or the other class of critics who, because of their shortcomings in commercial morality, denounce the Japanese as a race of tricky, unscrupulous sharpers. The truth appears to be that these people are neither angels nor devils, but very human beings like ourselves, working their way to a definite code of their own ethical code, and especially proud and abominably irritable now because they have just stepped up among the chief nations of the world.

Recent interruption the Japanese have from the beginning of their history until now revered and obeyed their Mikado. Although for hundreds of years powerful and wily Shoguns kept the

Mikado secluded and compelled the people to serve them, yet they commanded obedience only as the representatives of the throne. And neither the most fearful nor least scrupulous Shoguns ever dared to rebel against the Emperor, until, in 1868, he asserted his temporal power. The warriors were then sworn of their control is a belief but here they saw the Mikado assumed direct government of the people, and the unswerving loyalty which for ages had been offered to the unseen ruler took on a new impulse. And during all the centuries the relation of Emperor and people has been that of father and children—plus something more.

That something more is hard to define within these brief limits. It involves in the Emperor a solicitude for the welfare of the nation so great and so keen that he will make any sacrifice necessary to avenge a wrong done to the smallest of his people in any part of the world, and it has developed in the Japanese men and women a zeal for the Emperor as overwhelming that they regard it a high honor and pleasure to lay down their lives for him. Each Japanese from the highest to the lowest, feels that in time of strife the spirits of his ancestors and

AS A FATHER TO HIS CHILDREN

The Text of an Imperial Rescript by the Mikado which is Displayed in every School in Japan

Our Imperial Ancestors, long ago, laid the foundation of this Country. Their virtues were deeply impressed upon the hearts of their Subjects, who faithfully adhered to the one principle of loyalty and filiality. This was the beautiful feature throughout the generations, and is the characteristic of our country. Education has its source in this principle.

Yes, my Subjects, I command to be loyal to the Royal Family; to be filial to your parents, loyal to your brothers, faithful to your husbands and wives, and to be true to your friends.

As to yourselves, be frugal, humble, and charitable toward all.

By knowing and arts improve your intellect and complete your moral nature. Moreover, widen the public road and develop the resources of the Country.

Always obey the Constitution and the laws of the Country, and should the occasion arise, be loyal and brave for the right cause and protect the Royal Throne, which is as lasting as the Universe. In doing this you will not only be my good and loyal Subjects, but you can show forth the virtues of your Ancestors.

This is indeed the teaching of my Imperial Ancestors, and both their offspring and Subjects must obey it.

There is no error in this teaching though it were applied to all men and Nations. Therefore, I, your son, the Mikado, shall continuously perceive this teaching, and I hope that the standard of virtue which I have set will be common to Sovereigns and Subjects.



My Office President Adams Mr. Boyle Mr. Walsh Mayor Schmitt Superintendent Boardman Assistant City Attorney Williams

Mayor Schmitt and the School Board of San Francisco which conferred with President Roosevelt on the Japanese Public School Question

of the Emperor's ancestors are observing his every act. This belief is as vivid and wide-spread to-day as it was five hundred years ago. It is fostered in every possible way, as witness the libelous by His Imperial Majesty Matsuhito, which is displayed in every school in Japan to-day, and which is here, I believe, published to the outside world for the first time.

Approach this receipt, here is an instance that happened this winter. Certain of the richest men in Japan tried to evade paying their full share of taxes. Here is what happened: (1) the proper officials brought suit in court and compelled them to pay in full; and (2) by imperial order, issued to the principal of every school in the land, all pupils are to be taught hereafter that to evade taxation is treason, and that it is as loyal to pay taxes as it is to fight for the Emperor.

By detaching the army and navy of Russia the Japanese took rank among the foremost nations in the world. But there is one thing of which they appear to be prouder still, and that is their alliance with Great Britain. Beating the Russians gave the Japanese wider opportunities of colonization and prosperity in Korea, Manchuria, and Saghalien; but the alliance with Great Britain brought something they value much more—the privilege of standing side by side, as an acknowledged equal, with the strongest empire in the world.

Imagine, then, the feeling of these people when they learned of the action of the San Francisco Board of Education. Objectable Japanese adults and adolescents had been for years excluded from certain public schools in the Hawaiian Islands by the adoption of an age limit, and there was and is no objection; but the San Francisco order of exclusion was regarded as a deliberate, premeditated affront. There was in all Japan no tumult, no rioting such as marked the popular indignation over the failure of the nation to obtain money indemnity from Russia at the peace conference of Portsmouth, but instant and universal indignation blazed up throughout the empire. All the newspapers were full of it.

The yellow journals—Japan has not escaped certain grave defects of modern civilization—shrieked for immediate redress and possible revenge. There are very few illiterate persons in Japan. You will see longshoremen or jinrikisha coolies holding over little fires reading the latest editions of newspapers while waiting for employment. Reading and writing come to them, as Dogberry observes, almost by nature. Within two days the manner of the exclusion of the Japanese from the San Francisco public schools, and the order that they must go to school with Chinese, Koreans, and other Mongolians or not at all, was known from one end of the country to the other.

Here is an example of what the fiercest Japanese journals were saying, taken from the *Meishichi Shinbun*, a newspaper of Tokio: "It was only fifty years ago that the excluded Japanese opened their doors to the evil voice of the American commodore sent by President Fillmore. At that time Americans preached to us of universal brotherhood; but think of it, fellow countrymen, the Americans, in their diabolical cruelty, have insulted our com-

patriots, and have turned out Japanese boys and girls from their schools. Must our Emperor play the rôle of President Fillmore and send a Commodore Perry to tell the American barbarians of the inhumanity of exclusion, or, rather, shall we not prepare ourselves for giving the Americans a lesson in war?"

That would be rather a large order, of course, and it is greatly to the credit of the Japanese people that they did not for a moment pay serious attention to such wild talk of reprisals. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that they were shocked by the affront, and were surprised by it as much as they were hurt. The Japanese yellow journals did all they could to fan the fire of resentment into devouring flame. They were disappointed. There was no indignation meeting, no demonstration of any kind. I think the best description of the feeling of the people and the government was that given to me by Mr. Tugutomi, the editor of the *Kokumin Shinbun*, of Tokio, a most conservative daily, which stands high in the confidence of the populace and their rulers.

"The order of the San Francisco Board of Education," said Mr. Tugutomi, "came to us like a thunderclap from a blue sky. We knew there was discontent in California over the race-labor question, but we were utterly unprepared for such a proclamation as that. Think of how you would feel if your best friend should suddenly turn upon you, and without a word of warning strike you in the face!"

"What made the blow hurt most was the fact that we had always looked upon Americans as our friends. It was the United States that opened for us the door of Western civilization. I assure you that the people of Japan were stunned by the attack. Then the yellow newspapers, eager to make as much profit as they could by pandering to the worst emotions, tried to stir the people into tumult by printing the most outrageous comments upon the situation. But they could not inflame the public mind. Our people were sad rather than angry. After a few days the sensation-baiters found that their efforts fell flat, and they ceased their agitation."

"Then came President Roosevelt's message to Congress, saying that the Federal government would use every means in its power to enforce respect in the Japanese under the terms of our treaty with the United States, and from that moment we knew that our rights were in safe hands. There will not be any more trouble. The school question will be settled amicably. It cannot be otherwise. We have taken Great Britain as our ally, but the United States we have always regarded as our brother."

Many persons at home have expressed the belief that the Japanese have a cumulative grudge against us, first, for their failure to collect a war indemnity from Russia at the Portsmouth peace conference called by President Roosevelt; secondly, because our patrol killed Japanese seal purchasers on the Pribilof Islands last spring; and thirdly, on account of the badly mobbed San Francisco school business. But this belief appears to be not well founded. The people were indignant at the terms of the peace treaty, but their wrath, in spite of the efforts of sensationalists,

was directed against their own representative, Baron Komura, rather than against President Roosevelt, who raised the warring actions to a settlement. There was a momentary indignation meeting in Hibiya Park, called by politicians trying to make capital out of the disaster. The chief of the metropolitan police was foolish enough to order the crowd—nearly all mere curiosity-seekers—to disperse. The good-natured throng at once became an angry mob, ran to the residences of the Home Minister and by, and burned some of its small outbuildings. Then began rioting, which ran along sporadically for a few days, during which a few men were killed.

Presently an order was issued at the imperial palace, and the rioting ceased. The Father of his Country felt that sufficient indignation had been shown, and he quiesced what was left. The people still felt so resentful that when Baron Komura, Japan's chief representative, returned from Portsmouth, he was not allowed to take the risk of landing at Yokohama in the usual way, but was smuggled up the bay in a launch from the ship's side in a quiet wharf in Tokyo. The outcry against the peace treaty continued to be so vehement that the Katsura ministry felt compelled to resign, but the Saionji ministry, who succeeded them, have carried out their programme to the letter. Baron Komura was rewarded for his services by being appointed ambassador to the court of St. James's, and by this time all Japan knows that the terms of the peace made at Portsmouth were the best possible for Japan, whose cash and credit were exhausted by the war, and who needed peace even more than the beaten but still financially powerful Russians. So that up to this time the Japanese sentiment toward the United States regarding the settlement of the Russian war may be described as a sort of gratitude, tempered by resignation.

As for the killing of the Japanese sail-poachers on *Phylloxera*, everybody knows that they were mere pirates, and that when they went ashore to steal seals they took their lives in their hands.

The first effect of the San Francisco school affair has already been told. The popular belief at this moment, so far as can be discovered by reading the representative newspapers and talking with all sorts and conditions of men, is that the matter is in the hands of the Supreme Court of the United States and President Roosevelt, and that whatever the decision may be as to the rights of Japanese children in our schools justice will be maintained. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the Japanese are beginning to recognize that the American national government may perhaps not have the power to enforce a treaty which grants to Japanese citizens rights never conceded by the State of California. On this point the *Japan Chronicle* says:

"It must be remembered that the American government is an anomaly among governments, in that its Federal government does

not confer power on its component States, but that these component, sovereign States confer power on the Federal government, which possesses only the powers specified by the grant made by the Constitution. Once this view is understood, it becomes difficult to dissociate, as Japan is apparently seeking to do, the Federal from the State authority in an American treaty. As American treaty, under this view, is nothing more than a compact made with a foreign government by the American Federal government acting as agent of the States combined; the Constitution is the power-of-attorney under which this agent acts for its principals; and this power-of-attorney, being a public document, has been availed on by the nations, which know the limitations it imposes on the agent's right of action. Japan, it will be argued, had this notion when she made the treaty in question, and, therefore, legally she must be held to have been a consenting party to its terms in so far as they affect that treaty. In other words, the treaty must be construed in connection with, and in the light of, the Constitution. If, for instance, an authoritative interpretation of the Constitution rules that the Federal government is not authorized to guarantee in any treaty with a foreign power any right which interferes with a State right, then the Constitution may be held to veto this Japanese claim, inasmuch as it trenches upon the control of California schools, which is a right specifically reserved by the Constitution for all the States, including, of course, California. Constructively, therefore, Japan recognized this California right when she made the treaty with the Federal government."

In conclusion, let us turn to this array of stubborn facts, all on the side of peace:

1. War is a business proposition, which cannot be carried on without money. Assume that if war were declared to-day, Japan would at once capture the Philippine and Hawaiian Islands. She would have to put them up as collateral to raise a war loan. Where would she get the money? Neither France, Germany, nor England would lend money to be used in a war against the United States, because they are all too deeply interested with us financially.

2. War would ruin Japan's commerce. We take all her crop of tea and two-thirds of her most valuable output—the silk crop. She gets from us nine-tenths of all the kerosene oil she uses, and all the cotton she requires of the standard staple. Two-thirds of the flour used in Japan come from America. War, of course, would cut off all these things.

The Japanese people are now disposed to look upon the California incident, and as an invasion of treaty rights, but rather as a breach of international comity. No matter how the United States Supreme Court defines the status of the Japanese school-children, they will accept the decision fearfully, if only we treat them with common courtesy.

"DISARMAMENT" AT THE HAGUE CONFERENCE

HOW GERMANY BLOCKS THE WAY

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD

TO the man on the street no time seems more important than the present for the formal discussion of disarmament, or the relief of all nations from the serious burden of colossal navies and armaments and their upkeep.

Our seas in all lands a feverish desire to lay down dreadnoughts at \$10,000,000 each; with racing cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and the rest. And every government offers tempting prizes and many honors to inventors of new man-killing engines more diabolical and wholesale in destruction than any likely to be opposed to them.

And yet disarmament is the main plank in the forthcoming Hague conference. Every nation wants peace, and yet seems to think that the only way to secure it is to prepare for war!—a vicious circle that must nullify all mere academic talk on the subject.

Take the Japanese. According to blats from Tokyo the country lately lavishly the immense naval and military drain upon its finances. And the government seriously contemplates curtailing their expenses in both during the coming year.

The rubinet, but are in favor of the disarmament question being submitted to the Hague conference. They argue that even if an practical result comes the discussion will at least bring the subject pretty thoroughly and attract the world's attention to it. But at this moment the attitude of some of the great powers in this matter is still uncertain. There is, however, a majority in favor of discussion at least, though some will give the least pledge to be bound by any decision or resolution arrived at.

Thus Great Britain, Japan, and the United States have all expressed their willingness to discuss the matter. As to France, her attitude depends on that of Germany; and her premier points out somewhat caustically that the effects of disarmament are by no means so military as optimists would have us imagine. "If war had been forbidden in the nineteenth century," he says, "Italy would still be an Austrian province; Germany would never have been unified; while the Balkan States would still be subject to the cruel rule of Turkey."

The position of the powers with regard to the question of disarmament at the coming conference is roughly as follows:

For Discussion.—Great Britain, Japan, United States, France (in theory, but hesitating in view of Germany's attitude)."

Against Discussion.—Germany, Austria (probably out of respect for her two sisters in the Triple Alliance)."

Doubtful.—Russia (she would probably yield to a majority), Italy.

Practically all the smaller nations are favorable to the discussion; but against the whole thing, from territory to end, imperial Germany has set her face. It may be remembered that the representatives sent by the Kaiser to the last conference were definitely instructed to veto any scheme of disarmament; and so long as one great power holds out—and that by far the most formidably armed in the whole world—other states cannot reasonably be expected to weaken their defenses or expose themselves to attack. And that the danger is no visionary one was proved only a couple of years ago, when Germany menaced France with instant war over the Moroccan question, and insisted on the "breaking" of the *Tangier* Decree, the strongest Foreign Minister the Republic ever had.

The attitude of the German government, with regard to the forthcoming conference, has been stated in the German semi-official press as one of direct hostility to any scheme that may be promulgated of a kind likely to limit the expansion of the German army, and especially that of the Kaiser's new navy.

The British nation, which supports a colossal navy, would really favor any rational plan by which armaments throughout the world could be reduced. But even here a very great British's very existence she could never consent to its reduction without a corresponding reduction in the navies of other countries. At the moment no possible *modus vivendi* appears on the horizon, but in high politics one has dropped from the sky before now.

"Last century saw great conflicts for territory," declared Secretary Shatt of the Treasury to the Harvard students; "and the present century will witness a latter and gigantic international trade war between Great Britain, France, Germany, and the United States for the markets of the world. And great that it will be resolved, but it will be just as intense and as hostile as any that has gone before."

THE NEW YORK POLICE

WHY LEGISLATION IS NEEDED

By THEODORE A. BINGHAM

Police Commissioner of the City of New York

THE Police Department of the city of New York is, and will continue to be, just as good or just as bad as the citizens of New York make it. When I first took up the duties of Police Commissioner, more than a year ago, it seemed best not to make any public speeches. That rule was broken for the first time at the City Club dinner last month, in order to tell the men of standing and influence there why the defects in the department were their fault, since the representatives they send to the Legislature make laws whereby it is possible to fasten the police "system" upon the community. In the last analysis the cause and the cure for the evils in the Police Department lie with the voter. What better proof of this contention is necessary than was afforded in the speech of Henry de Forest Baldwin, on the occasion above referred to, when he said that we got our Detective Bureau, as at present constituted, through a clause inserted by "Abe" Grover in a legislative enactment which raised the members of the detective force, then sergeants merely in name, to the actual rank of sergeant, and, by virtue of that rank, subject to removal only upon proper charges.

As said in a report to the Mayor, the so-called police problem is not so difficult of solution as the solution is difficult of attainment. To quote from that document: "In my judgment two things are vitally necessary to enable the Police Commissioner to give to the citizens of New York what they need and what they are supposed to pay for:

"First.—The Police Commissioner must have wider powers for promoting and reducing inspectors of police, through whom he must command the police force, so that the inspectors will fear him and not the politicians. I recommend that the office of inspector of police be made a detail at the will of the Police Commissioner, from among the police captains, present before being taken to safeguard the rights of the men to pay and pension.

"Second.—The detective work must be entirely reorganized; the present dead-work gotten rid of, and the organization methods be brought up to date. I recommend that the present Detective Bureau be abolished and the inspectors be detailed to it by returned to duty in the unimpaired force, the rights of the men as to pay and pension being properly safeguarded. I recommend the establishment of a new Detective Bureau, recruited from two sources, namely:—

"(a) The uniformed police force by detail.

"(b) Civil life, by taking the best men to be found anywhere in the world, regardless of any conditions but efficiency.

"(c) Recruits from the police force to be detailed or recommended at will by the Police Commissioner, who should be authorized to give increased pay to a certain number, say 200, for and only during efficient work.

"(d) Recruits from civil life to be engaged or discharged on the basis of efficiency only, at the will of the Police Commissioner—the number not over, say, ninety, and to be graded into two classes as to pay."

It was pointed out in that report that the Detective Bureau, reorganized on these lines, would give New York the best detective service in the English-speaking world; that the above two propositions were vital to the successful conduct of the Police Department of the city of New York; and that, subordinate to the two vital points, was the necessity for a Fourth Deputy Police Commissioner. Two other points of the report, upon which no recommendation was made, not perhaps of first importance, but still necessary to enable the Police Commissioner to do his duty of, firstly, and free from extraneous pressure, are the extension of his tenure of office, and his non-liability to removal except on publication of reasons, although the power of removal should remain both with the Mayor and the Governor.

The Page-Frontville bill in the State Legislature, which embodies the changes I have recommended, have had the complete endorsement of the Chamber of Commerce; the entire metropolitan press, a number of influential business associations, the Citizens' Police Committee of Fifty, headed by E. Fulton Cutting, and the approval of Mayor McWilliams and District Attorney Jerome, although the latter has gone on record as believing that the inspectors are too weakly and powerful to be brought under control. Think of that!

The idea that this legislation will work hardship to the men on the force is nonsense. On the contrary, as the Citizens' Committee pointed out in an address to the members of the force, it gives the great body of policemen a better opportunity for advancement than has ever been afforded them. To captains, sergeants, and patrolmen, in particular, it offers immediate and substantial reward for diligent and efficient service, and each individual promotion, of course, furthers the interests of every member of the working force, with the exception of the inefficient and the laggards. Consider what it means to a captain of police to have an

inspectorship open to him so soon as he proves his capacity, or to a patrolman at \$600 per year to see the opportunity to step immediately into a \$2000 position by the display of natural adaptability for detective work?

Exaggeration aside, the police of New York are a fine lot of men, and fully sixty or seventy per cent. of them are honest—just as honest as the average man, if not more so. Among the others there are also some very efficient men. Taking them throughout, I find that some of them are honest and incompetent, and that others are thoroughly competent but dishonest. There is, however, a large body of reasonably honest and reasonably competent men on the force, and it is with these that I am going to do—that I am doing now—my best work. It should be borne in mind, however, that in the Police Department, as elsewhere, the higher the rank the greater the power, and the greater the power, the greater the temptation to dishonesty, as the rewards are richer.

To begin with the proposed changes in the Detective Bureau. Up to 1901 service in the bureau was a detail from another department; but, under a legislative enactment that year, all the men who happened to be having an detectives on April 1 (about 170) were made detective-sergeants, provision being also made that they should retain that rank. In anticipation of a change in the municipal administration on the following January the bureau was packed, 111 more men being appointed. The bureau has remained packed ever since, for, though many of the men unit for detective work have been put back on the streets or where, they still draw their higher pay, and they still hold their places in the Detective Bureau. The way to promotion from the ranks is blocked.

Under the present conditions any patrolman or roundsmen, on salaries ranging from \$400 to \$1400 per year, will be immediately eligible to the much higher paid detective position, and all that is essential for the ambitious man is to do his duty, demonstrate his capability, and take advantage of his opportunities. He will realize that at any moment his chance may come to distinguish himself in such manner as to obtain the nomination to the Detective Bureau. He will not be compelled to wait for a vacancy until a man dies, or is retired for old age. There will be a vacancy just as soon as he proves himself more capable than the least capable man on the detective force, because that man will be required to resign and he will be put in his place. There are some very able men in the bureau to-day, and there are other able men on the regular force; and when these latter are discovered and put to work with the former we shall have a body of detectives that will be a credit to the city instead of a disgrace to it.

Almost any citizen of New York who has done business with the Detective Bureau will realize the necessity for its reform. I know perfectly well of the large and small grafting that is continually going on, but under present conditions it cannot be stopped. As things are to-day the rich man has a better chance of recovering his stolen watch than the poor man of getting back his stolen clothes, because there is a tip for the detective in the one case, and nothing for him in the other.

There is a "system" from the bottom to the top of the police force. The patrolman often is an intimate friend of the select-keeper; the sergeant with the small politician; the captain with the gamblers and the bigger politicians, and the inspector with the political leaders and their moneyed associates. And this brings us to the climax of the police situation—the inspectors. To my mind Jerome's warning to keep hands off the inspectors, because they cannot be whipped, should be a clarion call to battle. If nineteen men, under present conditions, are able to dominate the rest of the population of New York city the first duty of the citizen is to change them.

There is no doubt as to the great power of the inspector of police. He has personally seen service in every grade of the working force, and knows its possibilities, its temptations, its strength and its weaknesses. The inspector is the rock against which all police investigations have come. The Leaven and the Magdalen investigations demonstrated that the corruption they uncovered could not have existed without the knowledge of the inspectors. Indeed, it is impossible to perceive how dishonesty, except in sporadic instances, can go on in the force without the connivance of the inspectors. I have reasons for knowing which one of the present inspectors are honest and which ones are not. Some of them who have been dishonest in the past are running straight to-day; but that does not lead me to believe that they will always run straight. However, the inspectors under the old law are practically irremovable, and if not irremovable as much time is required as to ruin discipline. Of the numerous officers holding this rank who have been tried on charges, not one of those dis-

(Continued on page 115.)

THE LONGFELLOW CENTENARY

"Sealworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snowflakes;"

—*Evangelist*.

By CAROLINE TICKNOR

"THE Old World has its cathedrals, but America has faces like that," exclaimed the author of the *Simple Life*, as he stood before Lincoln's portrait in Philadelphia. And such an exclamation may well rise spontaneously to the lips of any visitor from across the sea who gains for the first time upon the face of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

It is "faces like that" which are the nation's hope and pride; an inspiration to its youth, a solace to its old age, and when the clouds gather and the prophets of ill omen point to the dark side of the national picture it is the memory of "faces like that" which banishes fear and foreboding.

It is a hundred years since the birth of Longfellow, and a quarter of a century since his passing, and yet the place which knew him so well knows him even better to-day than it did twenty-five years ago, so absolutely has he become a part of the life and thought of his community.

The Longfellow centenary is the third of a memorable trio, and in its celebration Cambridge has followed the example of Concord and Salem in paying enthusiastic tribute to one who was for years beloved and honored as her foremost citizen. Although not born in Cambridge, Longfellow was more continuously and permanently identified with the place than either of her native-born poets—Humes or Lowell—and his restful and beautiful home was assuredly the "hath" around which all that was best in Cambridge revolved.

The Emerson centenary, which took place at Concord, May 25, 1861, was the first of this notable trio, and in voicing the attitude of the dwellers in Concord towards their revered "philosopher and guide," Mr. Thoreau very perfectly expressed the sentiment which Cambridge to-day cherishes for its favorite poet.

"Wherever the English language is spoken throughout the world his fame is established and secure. . . . But we, his neighbors and townsmen, feel that he was ours. He chose our village as the place where his lifelong work was to be done. It was to our fields and orchards that his preserver gave such value; it was our streets in which the children looked up to him with love, and the elders with reverence. He was our ornament and pride."

Delightfully in keeping with this sentiment has been the entire management of the Longfellow celebration, which has brought to the shrine of this poet friendly and loving tributes from afar—from those fellow realists whose sympathetic companionship he craved so ardently, from his devoted neighbors and townsmen who claimed him for their own, and from the children whose poet he was present mostly.

The Hawthorne centenary, which brought to historic Concord so many pilgrims in 1904, was also thoroughly characteristic of the author of *The Scarlet Letter*. The exercises on this occasion took place at "The Wayside," in the pine grove and on the terraces. A large audience sat facing Hawthorne's favorite path, where had been placed, between two pines, a granite boulder, rough-hewn and massive, as it came from Concord's soil. The bronze tablet fastened in this boulder, which was unveiled by Hawthorne's granddaughter, bore the inscription:

"This tablet, placed at the centennial exercises, July 4, 1904, commemorates Nathaniel Hawthorne. He trod daily this path to the hill to form his tale, as he passed to and from its summit, his marvelously resources."

In this spot, where Hawthorne had spent so many so-called years, and also in the little hillside chapel, which

was the home of the famous "Concord School of Philosophy," many thoughtful and appreciative words were spoken of this writer, who was ever in his personal relations "a man apart," shrouded in mystery. It was as if the admirers of this "shy and lonely man" had sought him out in his own powerful seclusion and had suddenly overwhelmed him with that appreciation of his genius which during his lifetime was bestowed so grudgingly.

It was the happy lot of Longfellow to carry a direct appeal to the hearts of his wide-scattered audience, and the response was instantaneous; he came into his own at once, and his reward was both immediate and generous.

Who can doubt that Hawthorne, whose destiny it was "to stand and wait" for that which came so quickly to his friend, had many dependent hours of which the other never dreamed? And yet the soul that was more lonely and aloof could never have endured with patience the wholesale adulation which was the other's portion. To be bored and annoyed with ease and grace is a heaven-given quality, and one which was preeminently Longfellow's. As was affirmed long since by his friend and eulogist, Professor Norton, "his long-suffering patience was a wonder to his friends; it was, in truth, his secret charity. Boreds of all nations, especially our own, persecuted him. No man was ever before so kind to these moral mediocrities. One day I ventured to remonstrate with him on his endurance of the persecutions of one of the worst of this class, a wretched creature, and when I had done he looked at me with a pleasant, repoving, humorous glance, and said, 'Charles, who would be kind to him if I were not?'

Landed, kindness and consideration towards those not near or dear to him was one of Longfellow's ruling characteristics, and in the observance of his centenary celebration the members of his family and the committee in charge endeavored conscientiously to infuse into their plans the poet's own spirit. It was aimed to make everything laudable rather than exclusive; the literary exercises in Naudy's Theatre were free to all that might be accommodated, only a small number of seats being reserved for special guests and for the members of the Cambridge Historical Society, under whose auspices the celebration took place, and

Craigie House was thrown open to the inspection of its floors, who recently passed through these rooms and halls freighted with precious memories.

This famous old colonial mansion, where Washington made his headquarters for nine months after the battle of Bunker Hill, became the temporary home of Longfellow in 1857, and his permanent dwelling-place in 1863. Here he spent more than forty years of his active and useful life, and here quietly breathed his last in 1882. This house, which has witnessed extraordinary changes in its 150 years of existence, and whose fascinating history has been of late so thoroughly exploited, will continue to be, as it has been, the Mecca towards which are journeying constantly a stream of interested visitors. Here Miss Alice Longfellow has dwelt since her father's death, and here the many privileges things associated with him remain, but little changed since his departure. The study is as it was when he lived and worked there. The old clock as the stairs still ascends "Never, forever," the inkstand that was Coleridge's, and that which belonged to Tom Moore, are still among the treasures in the study, as are the portraits and two finest chairs—that spoken of in the "Children's Book"—and that made from a portion of the "Village Blacksmith's"



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY G. F. & HEALEY, PAINTED WHEN THE POET WAS IN THE PRIME OF MIDDLE LIFE



The Craigie House in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Longfellow lived for more than Forty Years
THIS HOUSE, ONCE THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL WASHINGTON, IS NOW THE HOME OF THE POET'S DAUGHTER, AND IS FILLED WITH
FURNITURE LONGFELLOW BELONGED TO

"chess-tree." The latter chair, the gift of the children of Cambridge, was presented to the poet in 1873, when, despite Longfellow's protest, the "spreading chess-tree" was sacrificed in order that Brattle Street might be widened. This gift was a keen source of joy to Longfellow, but a sore gradually within his home, as the poet gave orders that no child who wished to see the chair should be rebuffed, and for many months the tramp of countless dirty little feet wrought havoc in the household. Only two truly were those lines materialized which were inscribed around the seat of this carved chair:

"And the children coming home from school
Look in at the open door."

The little folks not only "looked in," but walked in, as well, and Longfellow never said them nay. His beautiful relationship with the world of childhood is unique in the history of poets. No other poet ever had so many lovers and friends among the "little people," and his poems, regardless of his love and tenderness for children, are among his most exquisite productions.

In recognition of this fact the children of Cambridge were allowed to play a prominent part in their poet's centenary celebration. "Longfellow day" was observed with appropriate exercises in all the schools of Cambridge, and every child was asked to write some little sketch or essay about the poet. Then came the "Children's Hour," held in the new lecture-hall on Kirkland Street on the afternoon of February 27, at four o'clock. This

thinking at every step, with what delight you would
have wandered through those halls, hung with the
memorials of barbarous ages. Such tales as these, would

have been chronicles to

you. They are such

as were used in fighting

on foot. They are of the

rich, steel - more than a

quarter of an inch in thickness. The corresponding part for
the body an equally curious - I have not room to copy

them here. In their

a piece of iron

I have

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Alfred Russel
Barnard Castle



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for the left hand.

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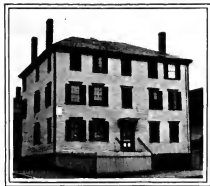
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A Page of One of Longfellow's Letters Illustrated by Huxall

THE LETTER WAS WRITTEN FROM VIENNA, AND BEARS DATE OF JANUARY 3, 1873. LONGFELLOW, WHO WAS THEN TWENTY TWO YEARS
OLD, WAS STUDYING IN VIENNA TO PREPARE HIMSELF FOR THE SMITHSONIAN SCHOLARSHIP OF WARREN LANSFORD AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY,
WHICH HE HELD FOR NINETEEN YEARS, RESPECTING GEORGE TO KNOW THE REASON

Printed by illustrations of R. H. Fitch



Longfellow's Birthplace in Portland, Maine
HERE THE POET MEAN BEGINS ON FEBRUARY 27, 1807

meeting, thronged with children of the grammar grades of the public schools, was a beautiful and most impressive tribute. Bishop Lawrence presided over this gathering; there were appropriate music accompanying Longfellow's words, and readings from his works by Professor Copeland, of Harvard.

It was from the children of Cambridge that Longfellow received a thrilling ovation on the occasion of his last public appearance. This was in Sander's Theatre on December 28, 1893, at the celebration of the 25th anniversary of the founding of Cambridge; there he and his brother poet Holmes stood up to receive a storm of applause from a thousand school children in the audience. Against his unspoken custom, Longfellow responded with a speech to the children, thanking them again for their gift to him. At the close of the exercises the children pressed about their dear friend in crowds, begging for his signature. His patience was inexhaustible, and when the dinner hour came he told all who had not received an autograph to come to his house for one. And so his final public word was to the children as he stood for the last time on the same platform in Sander's Theatre where, on February 27, so notable a company of his compatriots assembled to do him honor.

It was an evening of inspiration to all who were privileged to be present at this gathering, so characteristic of the one in whose name it was assembled. There were the few remaining old friends who had belonged to that beloved intimate circle, there were those younger writers, gathered from far and near, to whose budding careers he had been such an inspiration; there were his school children; and filling a large part of the auditorium was his faithful, adoring public.

It was an especial satisfaction to listen to the appreciative words of the chairman, Professor Charles Elliot Norton (Longfellow's close friend for forty years), who had for this occasion published a charming memoir of the poet coupled with anti-biographical poems intended for the use of school children. The eloquent address of Mr. William Dean Howells was admirably supplemented by Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's poem, and by the notable tributes offered by President Eliot and Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson. An interesting feature of the evening's entertainment was the production of a cantata, "The Village Blacksmith," adapted from Longfellow's poem, which was effectively rendered by a chorus selected from the public school of Cambridge.

Among the various accessories, the Longfellow exhibition at the Cambridge public library is worthy of particular mention, as is also the commemorative bronze medal designed by Mr. Bela L. Pratt, of whose work as a sculptor Boston is justly proud. Two hundred copies of the medal have been issued for sale, though a few will be reserved to be given later as prizes in the schools for essays upon the poet's life and works.

The Longfellow exhibition at the Cambridge library contains portraits, early and rare editions, MSS., and other memorabilia of the poet. Among the many interesting things exhibited is a bound volume of letters from three English admirers who wrote after the death of Longfellow to urge that a bust of him be placed in their own "Poet's Corner." This book containing the American poet's credentials to a niche in Westminster Abbey, is well worth more than a passing glance, for it brings home to all a realization of the marvellous popularity of the "American Laureate" in England, where he is said to be far more widely read than their own Tennyson.

One little pencilled note, which has turned up among the numerous memorials and reminders of the poet, is worth quoting as emphasizing the writer's love regard that he had never seen the beautiful Arcadian country which he had painted so truthfully and vividly. It reads:

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have had the pleasure of receiving from Mr. Mummell the two canes which you were kind enough to send me as

CAMBRIDGE, 1873.

a souvenir of Arcadia, and hasten to thank you for this mark of your regard. It has never been my good fortune to see the beautiful country which you pass through daily, and I fear I shall never see it, save in imagination. All the more shall I prize the branch of apple tree from Grandpère, and the white ash cane from the top of Blenheim.

"I beg you to accept my cordial thanks for your kindness in sending them, and believe me,

Yours very truly,

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW."

It has been many times recorded that the plot of "Evangeline" was first the property of Hawthorne, to whom it did not especially appeal. The tale recounted at the poet's dinner-table impressed him lastingly with its poetic possibilities, and he gladly availed himself of the touching Arcadian picture to which Hawthorne so willingly waived claim. This was but one of the many links which bound together these two warm friends, so different in their genius and their personalities. Longfellow was one of the first to perceive the value of the other's inimitable work, and probably did more than any other fellow craftsman to elicit public appreciation of Hawthorne's writings.

The literary pilgrim seeks for the memorials of Longfellow not only in Cambridge, but also in his birthplace, Portland, Maine, where many travellers annually journey to the quaint old structure where the poet first saw the light. It is a high three-story wooden dwelling, exhibiting a cleaner and more respectable exterior than do the majority of its neighbors, and a placard at one corner proclaims it the birthplace of the poet. Much more presentable and interesting to the visitor is the Longfellow mansion on Congress Street, in this same city, where the three-story brick house, shaded by some fine old elms, speaks the importance of its old-time associations. Another memorial of the poet in his native town is the bronze statue in State Street, where four rods meet. He sits here with placid dignity, his cloak drawn about him, and the visitor who explores the picturesque city of his birth soon comes to the conclusion that all roads lead to Longfellow in Portland.

At the centennial exercises for Emerson, and also when the throngs gathered to do homage to the memory of Hawthorne, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson paid loving tribute to the departed, as he did again upon the evening of the 27th, when, at the opening of his address, he offered the following brief characterization of one loved as his teacher, his friend, neighbor, and fellow author. He said:

"We have met this evening to pay tribute to one who had, among all American authors of his time, the most attractive cast."
(Continued on page 113.)



The Bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey
PLACED IN POET'S CORNER BY ENGLISH ADMIRERS OF THE POET



The Kaiser (on the extreme Left) and his Five Sons on their Way to the Arsenal in Berlin on the Kaiser's Birthday, a few Days after the Triumph of the Government in the recent Elections



Georg von Vollmar, one of the Leaders of the Social Democrat Party in Southern Germany, leaving the Polling-place in Munich after voting in the recent Elections. Herr von Vollmar, who has been a Member of the Reichstag for years, has been re-elected from Munich

IMPERIALISM AND ITS FOES IN GERMANY

NEW YORK'S ARCHITECTURAL NEEDS FOR BEAUTY AND CONVENIENCE

By WHITNEY WARREN

Fill one reason or another, the problem of bettering the condition of the city of New York architecturally—by architecturally meaning the making of it a more lifable and more agreeable city, a city where life is easy, communication and circulation convenient and ample, amusement and recreation inexpensive and in evidence—this problem seems to have been looked upon and fought against as one of a more or less impossible nature. As a matter of fact, when we think of the modern transformation of Rome, a city about three thousand years old, with traditions attached to every inch of it, and which in later years has been absolutely transformed; Paris, which at the beginning of the last century, was a mass of teeming narrow streets, indescribably filthy; London, which at the present moment is undergoing vast modifications—when we think of what these cities are doing successfully, the problem of New York, an unfinished and, in many parts, an uncommenced city, a city in a state of transition, anything about, seems possible.

There is a great deal to be said in favor of its layout, which is not as bad as many would have us suppose. After all, with the exception of the lack of one or two diagonal streets in opposition to Broadway, and a few centres of distribution, nothing could be more simple or more direct than its actual plan. At the same time, the esthetic evils with which we have to live at the present moment will undoubtedly disappear, such as the elevated railroad, for instance, which will be done away with and supplanted by subways when the value of property along its lines points to the wisdom of such a step.

The monumental side of the city is typified by the terrific development of public and private enterprise. There is no city in the world where such monuments are being continually erected as they are with us. Its unfortunate feature of the public edifices, which in most instances are really magnificent buildings, is that, from a false economical sense on the part of the "City Fathers," they are too often relegated to side streets, instead of being placed in conspicuous places, where their beauty might lead to a more general effect of the city. From the nature of their construction these monuments, civic and private, are everlasting, and in the future the stranger will visit our city wondering at the daring of the man of the sixteenth and twentieth centuries, who invented the skyscraper, about which so much harm has been said, when necessity presented itself. At that moment the veneer of time will have left its patina, buildings will harmonize, and the ensemble will be of a picturesqueness comparable to that of medieval Florence, as it is now in decay. Undoubtedly it will never have the feeling of the monotonous majesty of Paris, but it will have an individuality that no other city will possess, and there is no reason why certain portions of it should not affect an aspect quite indicative of their purpose, namely, residential, manufacturing, or business.

At the present moment the most important feature in the development of the city is the proper connecting of the different boroughs. Certainly, as far as the boroughs themselves are concerned, this is vital. Brooklyn must have a dignified and monumental arrival, indicated, it would seem to be, where the present Brooklyn and Manhattan bridges meet—something such as is proposed by the City Improvement Commission in its report just presented to Mayor McEllan.

In architecture, the aerial effect of a proper entrance to a house is tremendous. First impressions are lasting. Even in this age of elevators one's impression of the people who live in a house is greatly influenced by the dignity of the entrance and the departure of the staircases to it. How much more so is the impression of a city conveyed to the stranger upon arriving in it through a proper and dignified entrance.

The Bridge Plaza, as presented by the City Improvement Commission, provides for an arrival into Brooklyn which may equal in magnificence, in beauty and in simplicity, the place of St. Peter's in Rome, or that of La Concorde in Paris. This is proposed in a district inexpensive to acquire at the present moment, and part of which happens already to be condemned for a park. Surely no approach should be more magnificent than that of Brooklyn from off great bridges. One should have a feeling of awe upon approaching them, so great are these monuments; and yet, as they now stand, they are so severely hidden that even when one is beneath them one scarcely realizes their existence.

From this plaza it is proposed to cut three great avenues, one connecting with Flatbush Avenue, another approaching the City Hall of Brooklyn, and a third the Navy-Yard, thus making this the distributing centre of Brooklyn.

Another most important problem of the present moment is the

approach of the new Blackwell Island Bridge. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the approach to this monument from the New York side. The very existence of the Borough of Queens depends upon it. No makeshifts, such as have been proposed, should be tolerated. There is but one solution—the condemnation of the blocks between Fifty-ninth and Sixty-sixth streets, at least between Third Avenue, where the bridge starts, and Fifth Avenue, and preferably continuing as far as the North River, thus making a great transversal avenue connecting the rest of the city with Long Island City, and in the future, by a bridge across the Hudson, with New Jersey.

At the outset this seems unpardonably extravagant, but when one thinks that the avenue opened would be one of the finest in the world—it might, for the sake of comparison, be likened to the Champs Elysees of Paris—with, at each end, the greatest monument existing, a bridge, the increase of value in property on each side of this avenue would be such as to more than make up for the improvement.

Here it is wise to state that bridges of the future should be destined and designed only to take such traffic as most needs to be taken care of in the open air, all trolley and railroad movement being disposed of in tunnels.

Two notable examples of where this should be practised will present themselves shortly, namely, the bridge referred to above, which must be constructed across the Hudson, and which should take care of the pedestrian and wagon traffic, and also in the case of the proposed reconstruction of the present Brooklyn Bridge. This bridge is in good condition, doing an immense work, and should be aided by being paralleled by a tunnel extending from Canal Street on the North River to the proposed Bridge Plaza in Brooklyn, thus greatly relieving the street. New York terminal by tapping traffic at all points west of the Second Avenue Elevated. Any other attempt to increase its efficiency will only increase the confusion and disorder already existing.

The subway, moreover, should do something not only towards helping to protect and welcome those who come to it from its outskirts. It should also recognize and aid the efforts which our great railroads are now engaged in, by improving the circulation about the commodious and monumental stations these great enterprises are building. Think what the impression of a stranger must be on arriving, at the present moment, under the elevated railway at the Grand Central Station, or at the Pennsylvania Station at the foot of West Twenty-third Street! The city should undoubtedly, before it is too late, condemn certain properties about these great terminal which are now in the course of construction, this for dignity's sake and in order to provide proper circulation for its inhabitants and its visitors. The city has acknowledged this need in one instance, that of the "Urban Improvement," where in future all transatlantic passengers will land, through Commissioner Russell of the Dock Department, is to be provided a dignified and imposing landing place.

The project to relieve the congestion at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue is too simple and too important to require comment, as is also the one for increasing the width of the roadway and sidewalks of Fifth Avenue by the suppression of the useless area here.

The suggestion which Mayor McEllan made some time ago to appoint a city architect is an excellent one. The power of this architect should be absolutely administrative, and should be a check for all problems relating to the life of the city. The plan of the city should be under his supervision, and all traffic problems, as well as building problems, should be submitted to him, for it is the business of the architect and his training to know and study the movements of the population. These problems are too often given to engineers to work out, and it should be remembered that the engineers' province is to provide the means of execution, not the planning. Had this been done in the case of present bridges they would never have been placed where they now are, and the congestion now shown would never have existed.

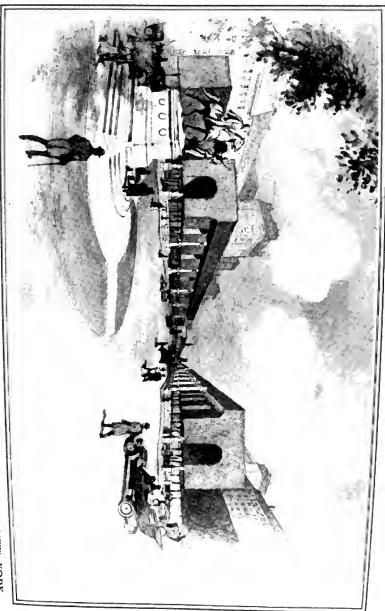
The Commission, in making its report, has occupied itself only with the big problems of the future of the city. In many instances the amount of money necessary to be expended would be large, but the Commission has realized in its recommendations only such improvements as will be future increase of taxable values, very much more than pay the city for money expended.

This is the spirit of all cities in which the spirit of civic pride has been such as to encourage the authorities to endeavor by improving and beautifying their dwelling-places to increase its moral and elevating influence upon the country of which it happens to be the metropolis.

THE PROPOSED WIDENING AND RECONSTRUCTION OF EAST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK

THE PLANS OF THE NEW YORK CITY RAPID TRANSIT COMMISSION CONTRAVENE THE ARRIVAL OF THE BLOCK BETWEEN FIFTY-NINTH AND SIXTY-THIRD STREETS AND THE EAST BOUND FOR THE EVACUATION OF A DISTRICT OF THE MANHATTAN ISLAND SCHOOL. THE NEW YORK CITY RAPID TRANSIT COMMISSION.

Prepared by a program faculty member for the official release of the House of Representatives





DESIGN FOR A PLAZA IN BROOKLYN WHICH IS TO BE THE FOCAL POINT OF TWO BRIDGE APPROACHES

THE PLAZA SUGGESTED BY THE NEW YORK CITY IMPROVEMENT COMMISSION IS AT THE INTERSECTION OF NEW STREETS LEADING FROM THE BROOKLYN AND NEW MANHATTAN BRIDGES. OTHER NEW STREETS WOULD RADIATE FROM IT, THE PRINCIPAL ONE BEING FROM THE NAVY YARD TO THE CITY HALL. IT IS INTENDED THAT PUBLIC BUILDINGS SHOULD ENCLOSE THE PLAZA

Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey from the official plans of the New York City Department of Public Works



A PLAN FOR THE SOLUTION OF ONE OF NEW YORK'S PERPLEXING CROSS-TRAFFIC PROBLEMS

THE NEW YORK CITY IMPROVEMENT COMMISSION PLANS TO ELIMINATE THE CROWDING AND DELAY INCIDENT TO THE MEETING OF THE TWO GREAT CURRENTS OF TRAFFIC AT THE CROSSING OF FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-SECOND STREET BY SO LOWERING FORTY-SECOND STREET AS TO PERMIT IT TO PASS, WITH EASY GRACE, BENEATH THE AVENUE.

Drawn by Vernon M. W. Bailey from the official plans of the New York City Improvement Commission.



BY LEONID ANDRIEIEFF

ILLUSTRATED BY G. W. PETERS

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS—PART IV.—(Conclusion)

IN the next few days no letters came. The seedlings stopped abruptly, as by preconcerted action, and the silence that followed held something sinister and unusual. The sudden cessation gave the feeling that the end was not yet come, that somewhere in the void something was taking its course, that a new phase had entered into the thought and was shaping things in secret. And time sped by, with a sweep of its mighty plumes—each upward swing a day, each downward sweep a night!

Twice "the Pike" had interviewed her Excellency at a most unusual hour. He scolded the man in the afternoon who helped him off with his coat, rowing him in energetic whispers as though he were one of his own policemen or a cabby. And when the coal was off and he was drawing on his fresh white gloves he bent his sleek head condescendingly to the fellow's side-whiskers, gnashed his musty, tobacco-stained teeth, and held his half-gloved hands with fingers dangling limp, close over his nose (he always did this at the slightest contact with a lackey); then assuming the manner of a man of the world, he counted the stairs.

Formerly he would never have dared to scold the Governor's servants, but now things were come to such a pass that he not only did, but must! Last night a highly suspicious character had been arrested by one of the secret agents close to the entrance of the palace. At a distance he had followed the Governor on his accustomed morning stroll; then had hung about the place all day, peering in at the basement windows, hiding behind the trees, and conducting himself in a most suspicious manner. On his arrest they found neither weapons, papers, nor any other treasurable articles about him; and they recognized him as the suburbanite Ipatkoff—furrer by trade. His statements were vague and shifty. He asserted that he had only passed the house once, and seemed to be hiding something. On searching his quarters they found but a few rotten skins, a boy's fur coat, unfinished, and other appearances of his trade. Household goods there were none; no weapons, no papers. The case seemed in the highest degree mysterious. Some of the Governor's household—the lodgekeeper nor any one else—had observed him, though he had passed the main entrance at least a dozen times.

In the night a spy tried the door to test the matter, and finding it unlocked, walked into the porter's lodge, scratched his name on the wall as a proof of his presence, and then walked out again unmolested. The gatekeeper plotted forgiveness as his excuse for not looking up. . . . But at such a time, when such an attempt was to be expected, that sort of carelessness was unpardonable!

"I'm in an awful fix, your Excellency," complained "the Pike" to the Governor's lady, laying his white-gloved hand on his aching breast. "His Excellency won't listen to the idea of a body-guard! The Secret Service men are dog-tired (excuse the expression) with their everlasting trotting after him . . . and to tell you the truth, it's all nonsense, anyway, because the first scandal that comes along could catch him around the corner, or tell his Excellency with a stone over the wall. . . . If anything should happen—which God forbid!—people will say, 'The chief of police is to blame! The chief of police did not watch out!' What can I do against his Excellency's damned stithbones? Excuse the expression, your Excellency . . . but fancy the position I'm in! It really is too . . . I'll bid you good day, your Excellency!"

It developed that "the Pike" had prepared a programme. The Governor was to rest a few months; he would travel for his health—any one of the foreign baths would do. Things were quiet in the city now, and he was in high favor at St. Petersburg—there would be no trouble on that score.

"Otherwise I can guarantee nothing, your Excellency!" continued the chief, with feeling. "Human powers, your Excellency, and I tell you frankly I cannot answer for anything! . . . After two or three months I will all happily be

forgotten, and then—welcome home, your Excellency. It will be just the season of the Italian opera—we'll give a gala performance!—and then his Excellency can take his walks abroad to his heart's content!"

"What nonsense about the opera!" said the Governor's lady; yet she approved of the proposition, as she herself was most uneasy.

On his way out, the chief of police stopped at the lodge to bully the porter again.

"I'll teach you! . . . I'll make your chin-whiskers stand up! You fat-faced fool! . . . The grown chin-whiskers like. Lord Chancellor—the son of a gun!—and thinks he doesn't have to look the door! I'll make you dance! You!" . . .

That evening Maria Petrovna begged her husband to take her abroad with the children.

"Oh, please, please—won't you!" she said, in her tired voice, her eyes drooping under their long, dark lashes. Her face was thickly powdered, and her yellow, fatty cheeks dangled like a pointer's as she shook her head. "You know I've not been at all well lately, and, really, I must go to Carlsbad."

"And you and the children go without me?"

"Ah, but no, please! What makes you talk like that! I'd be so worried if you were not there, please!"

She did not say what would worry her—her object was clear without that. To her great surprise, Peter Ilyich readily agreed to the plan, though under ordinary circumstances her mere mention of a wish called forth his opposition. . . . at least that used to be their way!

"They certainly can't lay that to coarseness," thought the Governor. "It isn't any plan at mine—and maybe she really does need a cure. She looks as yellow as a lemon. Besides, there's always plenty of time for them to kill me! . . . and if they don't attempt anything it will prove that I am right and they are wrong. . . . Then I'll resign—and then I shall hold the finest kind of a conservatory."

Even while these thoughts were passing he was convinced that he would neither have the trip nor the conservatory. That was why he had given such prompt assent. And after he had consented he forgot the circumstances immediately, as though they did not concern him in the least. He hesitated for a long time about the arrangements for his far-agoed, set the date, changed it, and then forgot the thing completely till ten days after the time he had appointed. Then again he named a day. . . . but again he forgot it deliberately. Moreover, his wife, whose mind was completely set at rest at the mere idea of their departure, did not urge him to hurry—she had her fall wardrobe to finish, and tailors and dressmakers took all her time. . . . Besides, Clara was not nearly ready.

In the lonely silence surrounding the Governor since the sudden stopping of the letters, he felt something incomplete—like the echo of a soft voice in the distance; as if he sat in an empty room, with some one speaking behind the wall, the vibrations of whose voice could be felt but not heard. And when another letter came—a final belated letter—he went forward to take it as though he had long been expecting it, and was much surprised to see that it was in a slender, delicately tinted envelope, with a forget-me-not stamped on the back. But it did not come in the morning, like all the other letters which had been posted the night before, but with the evening mail, showing that it had been written the same day. The note-paper was of the same pale shade, and was also stamped with the blue forget-me-not. The writing was painstaking and distinct; the lines slanted heavily, as though the writer were not quite sure of her syllables, and rather than divide the words, ran them down the page in a small, cramped hand. At first she seemed to write down-hill long before the end of the line, in tiny little letters, in the evident fear that she would not have time for the rest of the sentence. And the words

all seemed to be coasting down the snowy page—the smallest ones in front on their little sleds.

The letter was signed, "A School girl!"

"Last night I dreamed about your funeral, and I am going to write you about it—even if it isn't right, and if it does harm the poor workman and the little girls that you killed! But you're a poor old man yourself, and so I'm writing you this letter."

I dreamed that you were not buried in a black coffin, as all other people are, but in a white one, like the ones for little girls—and it was policemen that went down Moscovia Street, carrying your coffin, and they didn't carry it with their hands, but on their heads. And a great crowd of policemen walked behind. But none of your friends were there, and none of the people in the city. And all the doors and windows were barred when you were carried by—so they are at night!

"I was so frightened that I waked up, and began to think about it—and that is what I am going to write you about. . . . I thought maybe there is no one at all who will cry for you when you are dead. The people in your house are all hard and selfish, and only care about themselves; and perhaps when you die they'll be glad, because they think then they can be Governor! I do not know your wife, but I don't believe there can be very many gentle and kind ladies in those circles of pleasure and pride."

"No respectable people would ever go to your funeral, of course, for they are all angry at the way you treated the workmen. . . . and one man even said they wanted to put you out of the club, but they were afraid of the government! . . . Masses won't do any good, because you know yourself our Bishop would just as soon say a Mass for a dead dog if he got money enough for it. . . . And when I think that you probably know all this without any telling you, then I feel very sorry for you—as if you were really a friend of mine! I've only seen you twice: once on Moscovia Street—but that was long ago; and the last time at our school exhibition, when you drove up with the Bishop. . . . but of course you wouldn't remember me then! . . . and I promise you faithfully that I'll pray for you, and that I'll cry over you as though I really had been your daughter, because I am very, very sorry for you!"

"If, R.—Please burn this letter! But I am so awfully sorry for you!"

He loved that little schoolgirl!

Late that night, just before going to bed, he stepped out on to the balcony—that same balcony brass which he had given the signal with his white handkerchief! The cold fall rains had already set in, and the night was black and dismal. In this heavy autumnal darkness one felt how far away the sun was, how long it had been gone, and how late the dawn would be. Far to the left in the driveway, burned two bright lanterns with reflectors, and their white light penetrated the darkness, yet did not banish it—there it still lay, quiet, close, ponderous.

The city doubtless slept already, for not a lighted window was to be seen, and no wheels rumbled in the dim-lit streets. Under one of the lanterns something gleamed vaguely—probably a puddle.

School has closed for the day, and she no doubt has long since done her lessons, and now sleeps quietly somewhere in this dark, silent space, where they send their letters with their threats, whence his death is about to come! But there she, lives this little child who sleeps just now, but who will weep for him when his time comes.

How quiet it is, how dark, how silent!

VIII

Two weeks before the Governor's death a linen-covered package was handed in to the Government House—its value declared at three rubles. It proved to be an infernal machine—a bomb intended to explode on being opened, but it was badly made by the unskilled hands of one who had only read of such things—so it missed fire. Yet in the very hour-made simplicity of the outfit there was

something sinister and terrifying, as if killed death had stretched forth his hand and was fumbling clumsily about in the dark.

The police sensed the alarm, and Maria Petrovna insisted upon her husband's writing to Petersburg that very day to ask for sick leave. She herself drove first to the tailor's, and then wrote her son a long letter full of horrors—all in French.

A strange and radical change had come over the Governor. In place of the man they used to know appeared an entirely new figure. No one knew precisely when the change came about, and he the man he seemed the same; but upon his face had dawned such an expression of righteousness it seemed a new countenance. He smiled where formerly he would have been grave, and frowned where he had been wont to smile; he was bored and indifferent where he used to be attentive and anxious. He was horribly caustic in the expression of his feelings. When he chose he was silent; left the room when he felt inclined, and turned his back when people bowed him.

Those who had counted for years on his liking and friendship, who knew all his thoughts and moods, felt themselves suddenly neglected—quite shored aside—and could no longer understand his feelings and favors. All the bows and smiles and cordial greetings had suddenly disappeared—the little ceremonious forms of politeness—"If you will be so good, my dear fellow!" "I am vastly obliged to you, my dear sir!"—which had seemed like second nature to him, he dropped completely; and people were taken aback at the remarkable, even alarming, originality of his new manner. So animals, accustomed to looking on a man's apparel as the person himself, might be taken aback at the sight of a make-up figure.

He had simply ceased to be polite—and directly the bond was broken which had held him throughout many years to his wife, his children, his associates, as though it had only been made of smiles and compliments, and had vanished together with the reverence-kissing of the hand. He did not love them, he did not hate them; found nothing new or repulsive in them—they simply fell out of his soul, as decayed teeth crumble in the mouth, as the hair falls out, as a dead skin is sloughed off—painlessly, quietly, without an effort. When the will of emotion and politeness fell from him he stood there forsaken and aloof; yet he did not even feel it, as though loneliness had been his natural state throughout his long, eventful life.

He forgot his morning greetings, he forgot to say good-night; and when his wife held out her hand, or his daughter Clara bowed her smooth forehead to his lips, he was not quite sure what to do with the hand or the forehead. When guests came to luncheon—the Vice-Governor and his wife, or Kodoff—he did not rise or bow or smile, but went hastily on with his meal, and when he had finished he did not ask to be excused, but simply rose and left the room.

"Where are you going, Elena? Please stay with us; we are so lonely. They'll bring the coffee soon!"

He answered calmly, "No! I'd rather go to my study. I don't want any coffee," and the rudeness of the answer was not lost in its candor and simplicity.

He cared nothing about Clara's new clothes, did not greet the guests of the house, let her Excellency invent excuses for his absence, had nothing to do with society, and refused to accept statements without an explanation of motives. Twelve a week he received petitioners, and listened to each attentively, with an interest that seemed even a trifle rude, as he inspected the petitioner from head to foot. "Are you convinced that it will be better so?" he asked, after he had listened patiently; and when the astonished man had given an affirmative answer, he promised immediately to grant his request. In these days he never considered the possibility of overstepping the limits of his powers, or else he had an exaggerated impression of them; at all events, he often decided matters which were quite out of his province. The new



Drawn by A. M. Pross

"I'll teach you . . . I'll make your chin-whiskers stand up!"

Governor, in consequence, had many difficulties with the entanglements that resulted—all the more so as some of the questions were of the most complex and illegal character.

In order to dispel her husband's gloom, Maria Petrovna often came to his study, felt of his forehead to see if he were feverish, and began to talk about their trip. But he held her off with blunt directness.

"Yes, very well; run along now! I would rather be alone. You have your own room, and I don't bother you there!"

"Ah, how you have changed, Pierni!"

"Noneuse! Noneuse!" he said, in his gruffest tones, leaning his back up against the cold stove. "To go and make that pug of yours shut up. You can't hear a thing in the whole house for his barking!"

If all his former habits, card-playing was the only one which he still enjoyed. Twice a week he had his whist, and he played for small stakes with keen and evident pleasure. He was a thoughtful, clever player, and if his partner revoked he called him down in proper shape. "What are you thinking of, my dear sir! I led diamonds!" flashed out his cool, clear voice, hard and cutting as the diamond itself; and Maria Petrovna, in the next room, hearing her husband's voice, would smile her tired smile and shake her head sadly. Her yellow cheeks hung flabby as a painter's, the powder stood out on her face, and her heavy, bulging brows, like lead, and fell like rain shutters in a shop window. At this moment it seemed to her, as it did to all the others, utterly impossible that a person who could play cards like that could be assassinated.

Through the two long weeks before his death he simply waited. Doubtless he had other feelings besides—thoughts of the daily routine, his surroundings, his past; the stale, old thoughts of a man whose body and mind are long since fossilized. Probably he thought of the workmen and that red, awful day when all these reflections were vague and superficial, and vanished as they came, like the light wind's ripple on the river; and again, as before, the still, dark waters of his faithless soul stood calm in silent waiting. It was as though poisonous and habit only had united him to his mental work, and when his ceremony and custom vanished his ideas died too. He was as isolated in his brain as he was in his family.

As usual, he rose at seven, had his cold shower, drank his milk, and at eight o'clock took his accustomed stroll. Each time he crossed the threshold of his palace he felt that he should never return—that the two hours' walk would pend him into an eternal wandering through the unknown. With his red-lined general's cloak, tall, broad-shouldered, his gray head high with soldierly bearing, he marched through the city for two long hours like a stately ghost. Past wooden houses dark with moss, past countless gates and empty squares, past shops whose clerks, shivering in the bleak morning air, bowed slavishly. Whether the pale October sun shone out, or the fire, cold rain trickled down, unfaithfully he rustled and fumbled his way, and in the summer of the town, seeking death at the head of his column. Forward he marched through mud and puddle, the scarlet lining of his overcoat reflected in the mud; forward through the streets, not noticing policemen's salutes or horses—and a bird's-eye view of his daily march suggested to his mind, as an extraordinary travesty of sheet, straight lines, crossing and recrossing in a hopeless tangle. He seldom glanced to right or left, and never looked behind. Yet scarcely even saw what was before him, so sunk was he in the depths of his dark forebodings. He rarely acknowledged greetings, and many a startled eye encountered his passing glance—direct, unseeing, and yet so penetrating.

Long after he was dead and buried, and the new Governor, a smiling young man surrounded by Cossack guards, drove rapidly through the city in his equipage of state, many recalled these last two long weeks of his pilgrimage—the gray-haired ghost in the general's uniform, marching through the mire with upright carriage, the scarlet lining of his cloak glancing in the puddles, and followed by the heavy old law, "A life for a life!"

The crush and the jostling curiosity of the main streets worried him, and he preferred to lose himself in the silent, squalid alleys with their tiny three-room cottages, their broken fences, and slippery wooden sidewalks. Throughout these days he had but one desire—to go the length and breadth of Kawathaya Lane. But he could not bring himself to gratify this wish; it seemed too horrible, too painful, more painful than death itself, and a thrill of wonder came over him as he thought that earlier in September he had driven down the lane quiet fearlessly, and had even wished that he might meet some one of the people to speak to them in passing.

But one spot he never neglected. This was the street that led to the seminary, where each morning, just at nine, it swarmed with little schoolgirls. Forgetting his usual haste, he strode along here like some good-natured, whimsical old general, out for his morning walk. He nodded to them as they came, the big girls short, stately, tall, and dignified; then the little ones, with their short brown skirts and their huge knapsacks—and they shyly answered his greeting. His near-sighted eyes could not distinguish their faces. Large and small, in groups they came, and they seemed to him like a cluster of red poppies. As the last one passed he smiled his quietest smile, a shy twinkle in his eye meanwhile, and then at the next corner he was transformed again into the silent, stately ghost, seeking death at the head of his column.

At first two spies, at their chief's command, trailed him at a distance; but he did not observe them, as he never looked back. For some days they conscientiously followed his devious path, but soon tired of it—it seemed so foolish to run after a man who was hanging about the most dangerous spots in such an idiotic way—

so they stopped now and again at some friendly shop to gossip with a policeman, dropped in at an ale-house, and often lost sight of their charge for hours at a time. "It's all the same—there's nothing to do, anyway!" said one of them, apologetically. He had the smug, slattern face of a priest, and seemed a peevy old fool. He was gulping down a hot *pot*, and although he had not quite swallowed the first, he was already reaching for the second.

"When a man is in danger, and runs into the trap himself, what are you going to do with him?" said the other, smiling tell me.

"Oh, it's only for the state's sake," said the barkeeper.

"And how about the 'Pike'?" asked the second spy, a gloomy man, who had seen better days, but was given to drink, and had been caught cheating at cards. Growling like a dog over his bone, he drank everything in such a drinking vodka steadily and steadily while; and though he was never drunk, yet he never stopped drinking.

"What about the 'Pike'?" He knows well enough that we aren't angels in this house, he knows well enough that we aren't angels in this house."

He acts like a horse in a fire—take him out of his stall, and he rears and plunges. He'll sooner turn up than leave the stable!" said the barkeeper.

"No, he knows we aren't angels," repeated the first, with a sigh.

And, in fact, they had very little in common with angels, these two poor devils—and it was quite beyond their feeble power to arrest the course of events.

Home gone over the familiar threshold, even then the Governor felt as if he were on the brink of one more day of his life. He took things as they came, and forgot the scenes of his past wanderings in the awakening dread of what the day would yet bring. And the empty, idle days passed by with frightful haste—yet time stood still, as if for the moment that turned up night he were dead, and he was not to see the day again. On the same old day came round again. Even the calendar on his desk, that he used to turn—usually at night, as though he were calling up the advancing day—even this stood pointing to the long past date; and when occasionally he looked at that back he would bring to his breast his head, and a feeling of sickness came to him as he turned his eyes away.

"Noneuse!" he exclaimed, angrily. Nowadays, when he was alone, he broke often into short ejaculations, indefinite and disconnected. He was especially apt to say "Noneuse" or "Disgrace!"

He did not fear death in the least, and viewed it quite impersonally. They would shoot at him, he would fall. . . . And then would come the funeral, with the bands, and his friends carried behind the coffin, etc. He'd go heavily forward to meet it. He did not even think of a life beyond the grave, for him it all ended here. And he ate with his usual appetite, and slept soundly and dreamlessly.

Yet once in the night—and it was three days before his execution—he had a heavy dream, for he awoke with the sound of his own hoarse, stifled groans, and he recognized this strange, dull voice of his, and his eyes encountered the darkness, he felt the shadow as a weakness of death. He bunched the clothes up over his head, drew up his long knees, bunched himself into a bundle and, without waking, and without his whole power, from infancy to age—be began to sob bitterly and softly: and whispering to the damp, white, silent pillow: "Have pity on me! Help me, some one, whoever it is! Have mercy! Oh, oh!"

But no one was there to pity him; and soon he was conscious, through his tears, of his great shaken frame, in a strange, cramped attitude, and his rough, hoarse voice, and he mastered himself and lay still. And long he lay there silent, in the same tense pose, staring up, wide-eyed, into the dark. And in the morning he started out again in his military cloak. For two days more its scarlet lining was reflected in the puddles by the way, and the tall, stately ghost stalked through the streets, seeking his grave at the head of his column.

The affair came about very simply and quickly—like a picture in a dream.

At the crossing of two streets was a dingy hay-market, open on Fridays; and here a hesitating voice arrested the Governor.

"Your Excellency!"

"Yes?"

From behind a lonely hedge across the street two men came hastily striding through the mud; one in high boots, the other in gaiters without overboots, his trousers rolled up. These two feet must make him very cold, for his face in greenish pale, and his thick, blond hair stands out very stiff from his head. In his left hand he holds a folded paper, and the right is thrust deep into his pocket.

And directly all is clear: the victim knew that death had come, and they knew that he had seen it.

"If you please," said the man, and a convulsive tremor passed over his face.

"A petition? What is it about?" the Governor asked, superfluously, too. But strangely impelled to play the scene out. Yet he did not resist for the petition he held out his left hand, with the bit of paper that would have delivered him, and without handing it to the Governor he fumbled with his right hand for the revolver, knifing his brows in his endeavor to free it from the lining of his pocket.

The two men spoke again, one spoke glare about. The squalid marketplace, the mud littered with straw, the lonely hedge. Ah! but it was too late! He gave one short, deep, gasping sigh and straightened up—without terror, and quite without defiance. Yet still there lay somewhere, perhaps in the deep-set wrinkles about his



Drawn by G. W. Peters

In his left hand he holds a folded paper, and the right is thrust deep into his pocket

heavy now, a quiet, almost imperceptible, pleading for mercy—just a trace of remorse. But he himself was unconscious of this, and neither of the men observed it.

His death came in three quick shots, scending together in rapid succession like a single loud report. Three minutes later a policeman hurried up, followed by the secret-service men, and then the people, as though they had all been hanging about the neighborhood, behind the corner, awaiting the end.

And the corpse was covered over.

Some ten minutes later the ambulance drove slowly through the streets with its red cross—and throughout the city questions and answers flew like stones:

"Is he dead?" "On the spot." "Who was it? Did they arrest him?" "No, they got away. No one knows who it was. There were three men!"

And all day long they spoke only of the assassination, some with censure, some with joyful approbation. But through all their talk, whatever its character, one felt the shiver of a mighty terror. Something powerful and annihilating swept like a cyclone over their daily lives, and from behind their drapery counters, their awnings, their beds and wheaten cakes, peered forth through the dimness of the commonplace the threatening figure of that hoary old law of revenge.

And the little schoolgirl wept!

THE SCARCITY OF TORPEDOES FOR THE NAVY

By FRANK N. BAUSKETT

THE seriousness of the situation due to the lack of torpedoes by the United States Navy is made known by the Navy Department. It is estimated that \$1,250,000 will eventually be needed for the construction of a torpedo plant and for the manufacture of torpedoes, and Secretary of the Navy Metcalf has recommended that Congress appropriate \$550,000 at the present session for the purpose. In speaking of the situation, he says:

"The torpedoes on hand are insufficient to supply the torpedo-boats, and are old and worn. Torpedoes are becoming unserviceable through loss and breaking up, and unless measures are taken at once to remedy the existing shortage in a year we shall be able to supply torpedoes to no more than half our torpedo-boats. To indicate our relative lack of preparedness, it is only necessary to consider that Great Britain has on hand 8000 torpedoes, and that one of the belligerents in the late Russo-Japanese war expended more torpedoes in a week than we have effective now on hand.

"That something should be done is, in the opinion of the Department, not a debatable question; the only question is how to relieve the present situation. There is only one firm in the United States that builds torpedoes, and while they are now behind in contracts for torpedoes for the new vessels, it is, of course, possible for this firm to increase its facilities and its subsequent output. The Department believes, however, that the best interests of the government would be served by the establishment of a torpedo factory.

"In the manufacture of torpedoes in the United States a monopoly exists closer than any combination of separate firms. When it is considered that to meet the needs of the navy it will be necessary to build at least 2000 torpedoes in the next ten years, at an expenditure of between \$7,000,000 and \$8,000,000, it would surely seem wise to have the government, in a matter involving such a sum, helplessly subject to the dictation of a monopoly which has not in the past shown any evidence of disinterestedness.

"That the situation is such as to justify the creation of a torpedo factory, it is only necessary to consider our present pitiable condition as compared with other first-class naval powers, the inadequacy and unreliability of our present source of supply, and the fact that to supply the needs of the service and to provide for a proper reserve we should manufacture 1000 torpedoes at a cost of, approximately, \$6,500,000. Four hundred of these torpedoes have been contracted for, and the facilities of the only source of supply will be taxed to the utmost to complete them before July 1, 1909. Such a factory would prevent a repetition of the present situation. Since the necessary torpedoes to arm our ships are not available and cannot be obtained in the United States without great delay, the Department sees no way to relieve the serious situation then to purchase them abroad."

Secretary Metcalf thinks this course would be justifiable, and has asked Congress for permission to make the purchase ahead of 100 high-powered torpedoes. That serious objection will be raised against such a course there is little doubt, but in view of the fact that the only beneficiaries of the opposite course would be a monopoly who, besides not being able to supply the government's demands, have in the past unobtainingly taken advantage of the government that protects it, it is hardly probable that such objection would be sustained.

The New York Police

(Continued from page 39.)

missed has been kept off the force, and of the present nineteen inspectors three have been thus dismissed.

The Page-Prentice bills abolish the grade of inspector and reduce the present inspectors to the grade of captain, but with their present salaries. The bill provides that inspectors be detailed from the rank of captain and hold that position only as long as their work is satisfactory to the Commissioner, being paid at the rate of \$3,000 per year while doing inspector's work, and at the rate of \$2,500 while doing that of a captain; by this plan not only will the man to do his best to retain the position with its higher rate of pay, but the captains will be alert to qualify for promotion.

The inspectorship reform is the most important of all. When the district attorney sends a gambler word that he wants him to close up, that man closes up, and the Police Commissioner could do the same if he had a Deringer law, with the power of subpoena. In default of that give him the club over the heads of the inspectors that the Page-Prentice laws will furnish, and he will keep the places closed that ought to be closed. When an unlawful or disorderly place is opened in an inspector's district he becomes aware of it within a week at the outside, if he is competent to hold the position, and if the place remains open, the fact is demonstrated that the inspector is either incompetent or corrupt.

The possibility of quick and drastic action by the Commissioner only will put the inspectors on their nuptial. The strengthening of the term of office of the Police Commissioner is also, I believe, an essential to his obtaining the very best results from the department. Not only does he grow wiser with experience, but his control of the men under him is greater when they know that he is to continue at his head. If they look upon his position as merely a temporary one they will not render as loyal service as to a permanent one. There is a point, however, on which, for obvious reasons, I may not enlarge.

The necessity for a Fourth Deputy Commissioner is set forth in my report to the Mayor, but that is a matter of secondary importance. Give me control of the inspectors and the opportunity to reorganize the Detective Bureau and there will be trouble in the force if I do not give New York the best police administration she has ever had.

The Longfellow Centenary

(Continued from page 39.)

ination of qualities. He was at once genial and guarded; shy in fact, yet free and cordial, but with an impassable boundary line of reserve; dwelling in a charmed circle of thought, yet absolutely self-protecting; essentially a poetic mind, but never out of touch with the common heart; not so much a creator as a composer; and viewing his subjects, as a very acute observer has said of him, "in their relations, rather than in their essence." He was one to whom a poem might occur, as did "The Arrow and the Song," while he stood before the fire waiting for his children to go to church with him; and he was equally able to spend patient years in hearing and weighing "dewy and withal devout," as he says, the criticism of other Italian scholars on his version of Dante. He was abstemious, yet wrote joyous drinking songs; for his friends did not call himself an abstemious, yet pronounced the day of the execution of John Brown, of Ossawatimie, to be "the date of a new revolution, quite as much needed as the old one." When worn with overwork he could sit down to write a hundred autographs for a fair in Chautauque; or, perhaps, go out and walk miles to secure kindness for a friend troubled with chronic and insupportable pneumonia. He was choler in his invited guests, yet drove his housemaids to despair by insisting on the admittance of the poorest children in Cambridge, to tramp through

his study daily and to sit triumphantly in the chair which their school subscriptions had bought for him. This was the man whom we meet to commemorate; this was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Longfellow's love of seclusion, failing health, and earlier passing, made him last years a memory more vague than vital even to his closest friends; Emerson's final years were darkened by that cloud which settled more and more heavily upon his brilliant mentality, until he could not, "Strange the kind heavens should keep us upon earth after they have destroyed our connection with things!" But Longfellow's old age was as beautiful and serene as a fair winter sun.

The rare graces of Hawthorne drew vast appreciative crowds to Salem and to Concord, Emerson's marvellous intellectual endowment and noble philosophy brought eager thousands to pay sincere tribute to his memory. But Longfellow's beautiful spirit and his tender human understanding of simple human needs made his memorial celebration, on February 27, an epoch in the hearts of the thousands and tens of thousands whose love he had inspired.

"The sweetness and gentleness, the grace and purity of his verse, were the image of his own soul. The man was more and letter than the poet."

Juvenile Economy

"Tomorrow," said the food merchant, "don't it rather an extravagance to eat both butter and jam on your bread at the same time?"

"No, no, no, it's economy," the boy answered. "The same piece of bread does for both."

The Editor Regrets

"When I was city editor of the *Virginia City Enterprise*," remarked Mark Twain at a dinner in New York, "a fine turkey was one 'day left at the office.'"

"Turkeys were rare in that high altitude, and we all hankered after this bird. The proprietor, though, claimed it for his own. He took it home and had it cooked for dinner."

"The next day, as he was expatiating on the turkey's richness and tenderness, a letter was handed to him. He opened it and read:

"MR. EDITOR: I sent you a turkey which has been the cause of much dispute among us. To settle a bet, will you kindly ask your agricultural editor to state in tomorrow's issue what it died of."

A Slur on a Great State

It is told of the Right Reverend Daniel R. Tuttle, D.D., D.D., who had been attending an important conference at Lambeth Palace, London, that during a very formal function he and his wife were loosely assailed as "The Bishop of Misery and Mrs. Tuttle."

On Good Authority

A CERTAIN Boston man doesn't go to church often, but a week or so ago he was persuaded by his wife, and they attended services together. Upon their return home he regarded her with a teasing look and asked:

"Now look here, my dear; which is worse, not to go to church at all, or to go and pay absolutely no attention to the service?"

"If you mean that for me I think you are horrid," she replied.

"Well, you didn't; you were looking at all those diamonds the woman in front of you had on all the time."

For an instant she blushed, for she is an honest little woman, but quickly recovered her poise.

"Oh, well, suppose I was," she retorted; "didn't you ever hear of sermons in stones?"

Pro and Con

"This play is dreadfully incoherent," remarked Mrs. Kritique. "The second act takes place five years after the first, and the heroine is wearing the same gown."

"I think it's all very consistent," said Mr. Kritique. "You'll notice that the heroine's husband wears the same hat."

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THE SEASON'S PLAYS

ELLEN TERRY IN TWO PLAYS

By "I"

IN the last week of her three weeks' visit to New York at the Empire Theatre, Miss Ellen Terry appeared in "The Good Hope," Heijermans' four-act play of the Dutch fisherfolk, and that most delightful of one-act comedies, "Nance Oldfield."

Her first week was given up to the Shaw play, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," and it had been her intention to present it only during that week, following it, for the succeeding performances of her engagement, with the Dutch play and the English playmate. But, by some lucky chance, "Brassbound" was permitted to live one week longer. As for the Heijermans play, it did not live at all in spite of its week's presentation. It is said that Miss Terry is very fond of this play, particularly of her own part in it, but this fondness must remain emotional to all who read so affectionately, so admiringly, so hopefully to see her in it. From first to last it is unconvincing, at least as Miss Terry and her company presented it. The theme of the play, the might and cruelty of the sea, and its sinister shadow over upon the lives of the fisherman and their families, is one of undeniable impressiveness. It is a dramatization of the ceaseless forebodings and the recurring tragedies in the lives of these Dutch fisherfolk and the awful price they pay the sea for the fish they take from it. The constant waiting, with resigned expectancy, for news of disaster in the key-note of it, a note which should be as the tolling of

a deep-mouthed, ominous bell. But never once does this bell ring out. Miss Terry and her fellow players come upon the stage, recite their lines, and go off; the curtain rises and falls—and so for four acts. There are Dutch costumes and wooden shoes and a Dutch kitchen with a broad window looking toward the sea—and there is an end. One does not sense the heart-crushing burden of dread upon these poor people, nor the tragedies they relate, nor even the sea which they hear thundering in the rage of storms just without the kitchen window. The bell—there is no bell; they are not Dutch fisherfolk, there is no storm, nor sea, nor tragedy, only words, and the show rise and fall of a tired curtain.

It is a great pity, all of it, but Miss Terry is an unconvincing as the finest known member of her company. She is *Kaierje*, a fisherman's widow, one who has already dearly paid the sea, but she does not for one brief instant suggest the sorrow-ridden fisherman's widow; she appears to be only acting the part. That the resulting impersonation is greatly attractive it is scarcely necessary to say, but it is the attractiveness which belongs to Ellen Terry, and not to *Kaierje*, the Dutch fisherman's widow, because we gravely doubt the unending grieffulness of these heavy, hardy, kindly old souls, in their wooden shoes, whereas there can be no doubt of Miss Terry's grace. She is delighted, but she is not Dutch. She is just a very sweet old lady who has for a time left her own comfortable surroundings, her arm-chair, her fire-place, and her cat, and is masquerading in Dutch clothes and trying to be Dutch on the principle of "when you are in Holland, do as the Hollanders." She succeeds very well in doing as the Hollanders about her do, because they are not Dutch.

The story of Heijermans' play deals with the foundering of a rotten fishing-smack, *The Good Hope*, which has been sent to sea by her owner, *Olmeida Bos*, who knows her to be rotten and who seeks only the insurance which will be paid upon her loss, caring nothing for the lives of those who have put out in her. *Bos* is played in fairly acceptable fashion by Rudge Harding. Two of *Kaierje's* sons—*Geert* and *Barred*—are on the smack, and are, of course, lost in her. *Geert* is played by James Carew, who, in one or two scenes, gave the only real life, the only really sincere touches, to the entire play. He is a youth with socialist tendencies who has been discharged from the navy, and it is in his denunciation, first of the conventions which bind him, and afterward of *Bos* for his grudging injustice toward the fisherfolk, that he rises momentarily above the unfortunately monotonous level of the play. *Barred* is in her own way as lost at the issue of going aboard *The Good Hope*, having learned she is rotten and sent out in order that she may be wrecked, and, as portrayed by David Powell, a character which should have made powerful appeal is rendered one of grotesque, almost ludicrous exaggeration. *Kaierje*, according to the boy's assertions of the unworthiness of the smack and unwilling in let his comrades be known, forces him to go to sea, even delivers him into the hands of the harbor police who have come for him on the eve of sailing. Here is a scene between mother and son, which should clutch hard at the heart of every one in the audience, but which simply and entirely fails. It is a moment of the highest tension and dramatic to a thrilling degree, but it does not arouse one ray of sympathy for either mother or son. *Kaierje* is naturally supposed, by reason of her lot in life and the lives of those about her, to be hardened against fears, even against the tragedies which come so constantly upon the village folk, but in Miss Terry's rendition one cannot but feel that her real reason for forcing *Barred* to go to sea, in the face of his quaking fear, is because the play demands it. The action does not seem to arise from the stern yet tender disclamation of the mother to recognize the coward in her son. The boy has what is to him ample reason for his fears, and they are indeed realized. The news of the unworthiness of *The Good Hope* comes from a drunken carpenter, so there is good reason for his rejection by the other villagers. But the boy's terror is so hopelessly overacted that one feels he stands far more in need of a good trouncing than of rebuke from his mother.

Of the women in Miss Terry's company Miss Suzanne Sheldon, as *Joe*, the niece of *Kaierje*, and Miss Edith Craig, Miss Terry's daughter and stage manager, as *Gerret*, a fisherman's widow, were the only ones who succeeded with their parts. On the night of the storm which sends *The Good Hope* to the bottom several of the women of the village are in *Kaierje's* kitchen, and they fall to recounting the evil days upon the sea which have robbed them of



Drawn by F. J. M. G. S. S. S.

Ellen Terry as "Kaierje" in "The Good Hope"
"WE HAVE TO PAY DEAR FOR THE FISH"

fathers, brothers, or husbands. *Joe* is in love with *Geert*, and in his affianced wife, and for this reason and for an even better—or worse—one is distraught with fear of his peril. When she can no longer bear to hear the tales of tragedy she dashes from the group and out of the room in a frenzy of horror and despair. Miss Craig has very little to do, but she is the only really Dutch-looking figure in the play.

There is so much of force in the play that it is inconceivable how, practically, every bit of it should come in the course of this presentation of it. There is ample opportunity for a most effective scene during the melancholy meeting of the women in *Kaerle's* kitchen, when the audience might be made to feel the hopelessness of the lives of these fisherfolk who were at the mercy not only of the sea but of the land sharks who engage their meekfolk for service in the fishing-boats. But there is nothing of prominence in the talk of the women, even the whistling of the wind-machine seems a little more false than usual.

After the storm comes the news of the loss of *The Good Hope* and a melodramatic sort of scene in *Boa's* office in which *Kaerle's* comes to make inquiry for her boys and receives tidings of their death and a few charitable promises of work from *Boa's* wife. This act is worse than the others.

There is nothing of real sorrow in the demeanor of any of the villagers who come to see the wrecked smack. There is much shrieking and tears, but they are far from real. One moment which might have been most effective, that in which *Boa*, the drunken ship's carpenter, and *Boa's* daughter are face to face, the carpenter with renewed accusation that the owner of *The Good Hope* will know of the rottenness of the craft and the adroit statement that *Boa's* daughter also knew these facts. *Boa* commands an untruth from his daughter, and she supplies it, but she gives no convincing tokens of the struggle which must have filled her breast at this sacrifice.

OH "Nance Oldfield" there is little to be said save that no more delightful performance of it could be given. It is Miss Ellen Terry in all her youthfulness, all her wisdomness. It flatly contradicts the published announcements that Miss Terry has been more than fifty years upon the English stage. When she first appears and flings herself, with mock heroics, into a chair and rolls from it to the floor it is, to say the least, somewhat startling. It is a question how many much younger women could have so successfully performed this truly acrobatic feat. Then, too, Miss Terry goes skipping about the stage with the alertness of a third of her years. *Nance Oldfield* is clear proof that "age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."

The success of Miss Terry's visit to this country must surely have assured her of the affectionate place she occupies in the hearts of Americans, but it is to be regretted that with two or three exceptions she did not provide herself with a company more adequately suited to her support. At least Miss Terry is to be thanked for having permitted us the opportunity of seeing Bernard Shaw's entertaining and occasionally brilliant play. "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." It is not a first rate example of the ingenuity of that always surprising play-maker; yet it had moments of delightful



Drawn by Paolo Colonna Smith

Ellen Terry as "Nance Oldfield"

"THEY SAY 'NANCE OLDFIELD,' TRAGEDIAN, CAN'T PLAY COMEDY—CAN'T SHE!"

exuberance and penetrating comedy, and Miss Terry, as the dominant figure in its representation, added another to the long list of delightful impersonations, the memory of which is treasured by American playgoers.

It is more than regrettable that Miss Terry's season in New York has not been more protracted, and that she has had so limited an opportunity to display herself in a more ample and varied repertoire.



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MILWAUKEE

MUSIC AND THE OPERA

A NEW "ISOLDE"

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

THE most extravagantly beautiful music that has ever found its way onto the written page had a heated and long-dreaded hearing at the Metropolitan Opera House on the 15th of February, when Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" was performed for the first time this season. From the spectacular standpoint the occasion was chiefly notable as serving to restore Mme. Johanna Gadski to the stage of the Metropolitan after an absence of several years, and in a rôle which she had never before covered; but for many there was a finer and more abiding significance in the event: its demonstration of the astonishing vitality of the inspiration that is embodied in this wonderful score—surely, one may say without exaggeration, the most sustained and overwhelming demonstration of genius in the records of musical art—music which, far more truly than the great poetry that evoked the phrase, is so "a singing and soaring flame." One knows that music and music-makers come and go with the inevitable procession of the years, and that, as they and their works contemporaneously emerge, we call them "modern." We observe new forms, new adventures in the technique of expression; we are justifiably fascinated and engrossed by that which is of rare and novel color, of curious and subtle workmanship. Yet one day we turn again, it may be casually, to the great work that came from the hand of Wagner half a century ago, and we behold a miracle: for then even that all of what we so confidently and so blithely called "new" and "modern" is in the musical art of our time is contained, in essence, in the gorgeous and exquisite pages of that masterpiece which increasingly seems, in a wholly literal sense, immortal. It is not alone the living and potent grains of the work which survives and perdures, but its amazing freshness, its accent of today—in a word, its modernity. It has been held that the modernity of an art is an absolute quality, a positive flavor, which it loses inevitably, in a sense more subtle and important than is implied by the mere effect of the passage of the years. Yet this tangle and definite quality of modernity is precisely the quality in the possession of which this incomparable score of Wagner is so surprising and unique. For no matter how sincerely we may acclaim the masterpieces of other centuries, it is impossible sincerely to discover in them an accent which addresses us as the accent of today. That is the wonder of "Tristan." One wants to apply to it Mr. Kipling's praise of that cadence of art which, "breathed upon by some man in his agony, or in his exultation . . . generations ago, can still . . . open to us the doors of three worlds, or stir us so intensely that we scarcely abide to look at our own souls." There is no music like the music of "Tristan." It evokes comparison, as it breaks no rival; for there is distilled within it the essence of all that the art had hitherto achieved, as it contains the root and substance of that which has followed after it. Not only does it stand alone in continuity of inspiration, but it is the very flower of the musical art of the world.

It is this lesson which was endorsed the other night at the Metropolitan. Yet it was endorsed rather in spite of than because of the performance. There was no lack of effort on the part of those concerned in the exposition of the work: there was, indeed, an abundance of effort—rather, in certain quarters, an excess of it; but it was not precisely the right kind of effort. Let us consider, first—through, of necessity, briefly—the *Isolde* of Mme. Gadski. There are all kinds of *Isolde*s, as the operatic public of two continents knows very well. The tra-

ditional *Isolde*—she of the well-lost days of that kind of singing which need justify to be stigmatized as "Wagnerian"—was merely an innumerate whiff; as we have before observed, this was no *Isolde* displaying austere proportions and the disposition of a virgin—a heroic demigoddess, a kind of Celtic Bronzë. This was the *Isolde* whose, with various modifications of dress, we were asked to accept until the late winter of 1900, when the wonderful and revealing impersonation of Milka Ternina was for the first time exhibited to the New York public. Ternina, while she did not permit us to forget the outraged princess of the first act, kept constantly before our minds the indubitable fact that *Isolde* was altogether feminine; that the fascinating woman of Wagner's text and music is of much closer kin to his *Brünnhilde* than to his *Freischütz*; that, after all, as Mr. George Moore has observed, "*Isolde* has to be a woman a man could be in love with, and that is not the impact and the shriek of a gale from the southwest." We forgot the *Isolde* of Rosa Schrier—a sort of *Isolde*, as Mr. Moore very aptly recalls; and we became aware, in his vivid phrase, "the woman who, pressed to our flesh and dress, breaks upon our life like the spring."

The *Isolde* of Mme. Gadski has this positive excellence: like the incomparable impersonation of Ternina, it impresses definitely upon one's mind the absolute femininity of Wagner's most seducing heroine—this is altogether an *Isolde* "a man could be in love with." Let the achievement be gladly entered to the lasting credit of Mme. Gadski. Yet, singular as it may seem, she has already been taken to task because she is not sufficiently animated by passion that "urge and emotion that storm," because, in brief, she does not sufficiently "rage." One does not forget, of course, the tempestuous music that Wagner has put into his first act; but it is evidence of a singular changelessness to fail to realize that the passions which swirl through the music of this first act are not essentially heroic in quality; that they are subtle, but none the less fundamentally, different from the passions which animate *Brünnhilde* in, let us say, the second act of "*Die Götterdämmerung*." That Mme. Gadski appreciates this fact, and that she is able to make it evident in her acting, is highly gratifying. If her *Isolde* were as rich in suggestion and poetic quality as it is in femininity it would be an extraordinary achievement. At present her *Isolde* is an admirable and, so far as it goes, a true presentation, without being greatly eloquent.

Of Mr. Karl Barria's *Tristan* it is less to speak briefly. That Mr. Barria is a superb actor in a certain kind of part we know from his marvellous firm part in Strauss' *Salome*—one of the best or the supreme impersonations on the operatic stage of today. But Mr. Barria, brilliant actor that he is, is not of the stuff of which great *Tristan* is made. In action unadvisedly and in voice unadvisedly, in stature insignificant, in voice inadequate and disturbing, the frame of the other night was an embarrassment which one would like to forget.

When it is said that in his reading of the orchestral score Mr. Hertz, who has so often shown himself to be one of the very best of living conductors of Wagner, chose upon this occasion to discover many of the subtle beauties that guard many of the quieter surfaces of the hidden alone of "*Tristan*," that he was the music of "*Tristan*," that he was often insouciant and ruthless in tempo, meriting by apparent carelessness many things which he has hitherto made intelligent—it will have been a performance which might not be treasured very affectionately in the memory.



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The English Channel Question

Swim, Dive, or Burrew?

How to cross the English Channel without suffering the customary embarrassing disadvantages is a problem which has given rise to many ingenious suggestions. To M. Mathieu, a Frenchman, credit must be given for the first idea of the negotiation of this passage otherwise than by boat. His notion was to dig a tunnel through the Channel bed, a sort of subterranean railway road, which he proposed to ventilate by shafts rising above the level of the sea. These, had they even been built, would have prevented the appearance of a chain of light-houses extending from the coast of France to that of Britain. War, however, breaking out at the time between the countries concerned, all thought of the plan had to be abandoned. But the idea itself, now brought to attention, was not allowed to drop.

In 1848 a bridge was first suggested for the purpose, and in 1860 the model of a second and improved bridge was placed on view at the Paris Exhibition. That nothing came of this last scheme—for the first was never got beyond the paper stage—is scarcely to be wondered at, as, in addition to some serious drawbacks that it threatened in the working, its cost was estimated at the modest sum of more than \$170,000,000. Next there was the proposition to lay on the sea-bed a tube which it was meant to build out ring by ring from a derrick-bell. The structure to be held in position by screws. Through the cylinder thus made trains were to be driven by means of compressed air.

Alas! to this was yet another tubular idea for laying down in the same way, but parallel to each other, two iron tubes connected at intervals by transverse tubes. An attractive feature, too, in this last plan was a station which it was proposed to erect in mid-Channel, where travellers might alight and stretch their legs a bit and let their lungs with fresh sea-air.

Most homelier, though, of any scheme was that of a huge elevator for boats. In this idea the intention was to build up to within fifty feet of the surface of the sea a bridge or arch as guide and mainstay, with steel supports rising to a trolley platform, which, standing high out of the water, was to have accommodation on it for boat trains almost. This viewed from a floating would have looked much like a floating house-trap with miniature trains on top of it. Finally, there was the submarine-tube scheme, in which the boat was to run on rails laid on the Channel bed. Its inventor promised that it would be completely unaffected by the worst of storms raging above water.

In comparing up the various suggestions in the times the only one which promises in practice to be safe at all. Yet English people, none of them, think that it is best to let the thing alone, and red contrast with the security bestowed by nature on the island. Moreover, even where the British fleet professes to regard as harmless such a pathway to his fair, the noble animal, if called upon, might find it a great bore to have to swim and watch it.

Trip for the "Constitution"

There is little doubt that the *Constitution* is "old friends," the most famous ship of the American navy, and with the possible exception of the British *Victoria*, the oldest ship in the world's history. Now nearly 60 years of age, she is nevertheless not undergoing at the Boston Navy-yard such repairs as are necessary to preserve her, will be lowered down the coast and re-fitted at the *Hampton* celebration. The old frigate will launch a most striking and great with the great battleships which she will be anchored.

It will be almost unnecessary to say the *Constitution* can be moved, for while our structural repairs are being made, it is in fact being hauled upon her all of the old equipment which can be gathered, and which is scattered in various places, in order to be scattered to the old frigate, as nearly as possible, her original appearance.

Greatest American Eagle

The big American eagle, measuring ten feet high and twelve feet across the wings, which for many years has made its home at the Boston Navy-yard, is soon to be shipped to the Jamestown Exposition to be placed on exhibition by orders from the Navy Department. It has been reserved in a wooden cage, and so large is the bird it will require a special car to transport it. For many years this great bird has been the monument of thousands of visitors from all parts of the world to the navy-yard at Boston.

This massive figurehead was originally designed for the bow of Commodore Perry's ship, the *Vesport*, where it stood when the American squadron went to Japan in 1853. No other wooden ship of the American navy has ever had a more artistic or massive figurehead than this. To make it fit the ship's bow, it was found necessary to remove a part of the bird's back, but this has been replaced and the whole has been painted an appropriate color. The much-prized relic will be returned to the Boston Navy-yard after the close of the exposition at Jamestown, where it will be closely guarded in order to keep off souvenir-hunters or any one who may have a desire to deface or destroy it.

Some English as She is Wrote

A New York newspaper has received the following letter from the proprietors of a recently opened hotel in the suburbs: "We note in to-day's issue of your paper an article in reference to the penurious condition of the water-supply in our hotel. While we wish to thank you for your kind attention in our behalf, we are obliged to protest in our own behalf, and to inform you in full, that the notions made by you in full, allow the liberty to inform you of the correct condition of our position, and also permit us to ask of you for the writing up of a revised statement of the following explanation. It is understood at large by those who have watched the construction of our house that we have here all necessaries in both building and equipping the same, inasmuch as all of its completion was executed in less than seventy working days. Two or three days at the utmost will complete the plumbing of our system. We are surprised in reading your article, and we now ask if you will please issue a few words exonerating the feeling which might prevail resulting from the already said. We thank you in anticipation, and are confident that future reports from you will be in words of praise in our direction."

Not Room for a Third

SEVERAL TALK WAS ON our session, in consultation with Senator Farnsworth of Pennsylvania. The Secretary is gigantic, and the Senator is tall and weighs more than any member of the Senate.

While these two statements were in earnest discussion, an aggressive politician entered the room, and a secret policy was introduced. "What are they doing in there?" asked the politician, fagotively.

This important question nettled the secretary, and he answered, tersely: "Holding a mass meeting, I presume."

He Got a Raise

WHENEVER the penurious manager of the large store wanted to sharpen his pencil, he would start the shipping department and borrow a knife from one of the boys. Sometimes the boys did not have their knives with them, but there was one lad, Tommy Ross, who always could be depended upon.

"How is it, Tommy?" asked the manager one day as he whittled his pencil. "What you other boys haven't?"

Tommy hesitated for a moment, then blushing courage, said:

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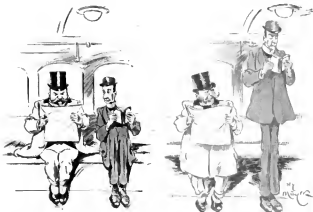
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The thin one: "So we can!"

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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DOWNING STREET, AND
THE RECALL OF
SIR MORTIMER DURAND

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ENTERPRISE HAS FAILED

WAR AND BOOKKEEPING
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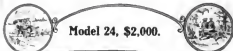
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Vol. LI

New York, Saturday, March 9, 1907

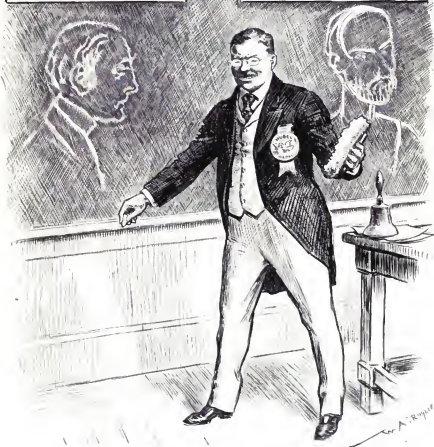
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"RUB THEM OUT, OBLITERATE THE LINES"

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LI.

No. 2600

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

The Approach of Sanity

THANK has come a moment in our fevered activity when the voice of reason seems to be striving to get a hearing. If the moment continues and the voice is heard, there is no doubt that the decision of the people will be about right, for such decisions have characterized the American people. We have had, and are continuing to have, some very vigorous assaults in this country upon property rights above a certain magnitude. We have heard a good deal about the iniquities of corporations. We have been convinced that many of the accusations are true, and we realize as we have never realized before that the rights of the people have been abused, even taken away, by means of a corrupt combination between the unscrupulous employees of wealth and unscrupulous politicians. There has been a quickening of the public conscience such as terrified the predatory classes. In their excitement some of the aroused people have gone to sad extremes. This is all the more to be regretted, since if those unduly stimulated people had, years ago, only sufficiently attended to their civic duties, we would not have had nearly so many public evils, and public men, to be ashamed of as are now daily forced upon our attention. This excitement has in many cases put thought and reflection in the background, so that we often hear that the remedies for the ills which we regret, and of which there ought to be an end, are so radical that they must be ineffective. For example: we are told that the great corporations created by the States must be taken, through crooked and, therefore, immoral constructions of the Constitution, under the control of the central power; that great fortunes must be abolished; and that government ownership must take the place of individual ownership. It is against such extreme and destructive views as these that reason is appealing for a hearing.

The Voice of Reason

On Washington's birthday Mr. HENRY TAYLOR, speaking at the Johns Hopkins University, a foundation primarily due to the wish of an American citizen to accumulate a great fortune, warned the South against the republic's peril from such fortunes. A short time ago he would not have been the solitary monitor. Almost all who spoke on the theme—certainly the theme of the day, the birthday of the richest American of his time—would have been affected by the superheated mental atmosphere which has for so long a time damaged reflection. But on this day other voices were heard, as other thoughts have recently more than once come to be heard. President SCHURMAN called attention to the fact that there are other remedies than destruction, and, growing more direct, he as-

serted what on reflection we must all recognize to be true, that government ownership of railroads in this country would result in a bureaucracy, which in itself would be a greater evil than any of which we have had cause to complain. "No government in the world," he said, "is qualified to go into the railroad business, and least of all the government of the United States, which draws its life from party politics." On the same day Governor HORTON, at Ann Arbor, spoke a cool word of reason in criticism of passionate dealing with the rights of individuals, of which rights of property and the power of accumulation are part. What we want of capital and of capitalists in this country, as of all individuals, including those who fill the highest posts in the country, is obedience to the law, and if the republic cannot secure such obedience without interfering with individual liberty, it cannot be a strong or efficient government. But that it is strong enough to be thus efficient those who are speaking the word of reason seem to be assured. It was appropriate to the man's memory that the calm word was uttered so many times on Washington's birthday.

State Rights and National Rights

In speaking on so important a subject as State rights and national corporations, the President may well define his position. The issue is a grave one, for it concerns the character of the government. Those who are now contending for the maintenance of the proper power of the States are not at all like those who, in the early years of the government, denied to the nation its legitimate powers. The President, in saying, as he did at Harvark, that the advocates of the continuance of the legitimate powers of the States are like those who asserted the power of the States to destroy the nation—the Federal government—is guilty of a misconception, or of doing something to plant a misconception in the popular mind. One of the most distinguished men of the country spoke the thought of many when he said that in MASONRY's time he would have been a Federalist in order to help establish the nation; now he is a modern State-rights man because he desires to see the just powers of the States defended from destruction. Those who, to-day, are protesting against Federal encroachments upon the States are in favor of maintaining the Federal government, the dual sovereignty. They hold the place to-day that was once held by the early Federalists and that was afterwards held by the Union men. Those men wanted to protect the Federal power against encroachment; they want to protect the State power from illegal diminution, whether the assault be made by constructions of the Constitution or by flat rebellion. In the early days State-rights men were hostile to the Federal power; in these days men who talk and not like the President are its enemies.

Politics and Plutocracy

The President ascribes bad motives to those who differ with him as to the relative powers of the nation and the States. This is unjust and unfair. He boldly says that the doctrine, which has been settled in numerous decisions of the Supreme Court, has been "revived"—one if it had ever faded—by men who know that the States cannot control corporations and who do not wish control. Therefore they are opposed to Federal control. He accuses men like Mr. CHASE, Mr. HENRY STODOL, President SCHURMAN, Governor HORTON, Senator SPOONER, and many others of like character of invoking "the doctrine of State rights to protect State corporate creations in predatory activities." He adds, "The States have shown that they have not the ability to curb the power of syndicated wealth, and, therefore, in the interest of the people, it must be done by nationalization." Mr. ROOSEVELT does not fully explain to us the kind of corporations at which he aims, nor the methods which he would adopt; but it is open to us to surmise as to both, basing our deductions upon his many utterances and on some of his efforts. It may be said of much of Mr. ROOSEVELT's policy that it is unconstitutional, and yet he would carry it out without amendment, and that it is also paternal.

Some Virtues of the States

But, be that as it may, he has no warrant for the assertion which we just quoted. It is sadly true that the corrupting power of syndicated wealth over government has been demonstrated, and that he and many other honest men

have done the country great service by the boldness of their attacks upon the sinister partnership between politics and plutocracy; but it is not true that national politics has been any freer from the evil influences of "syndicated wealth" than the State politics. It must be recalled, too, that the same men control both national and State politics, and make the nominations for the great offices of both nation and State, and that they have been even more eager for the partnership than the plutocrats have been. It must further be recalled that the people have in their awakening reformed State governments officers than they have been able to reform the national government, and that States have punished more political rascals than the nation has punished. It will naturally be recalled that the nation has had its great scandals, as the States have had theirs, and as recently. Furthermore, it will be recalled that when the national government seemed bent on inflation, and, later still, on free and unlimited coinage of silver, the money legislation of some of the States, so far as such legislation was possible, was, as the nation itself subsequently decided, for the general welfare. It will be reflected, too, that in the subsidy bill the administration itself has been in favor of a closer union with "syndicated wealth," and it is by means of the national tariff law that politicians have made their most profitable and lasting partnership with "syndicated wealth." Here are some considerations to be thought upon and discussed before the Federal government is destroyed or even materially modified by the enemies of the States. It is politics which needs reforming, both national and State; it is the public conscience which needs to be kept awake; there is no evidence yet that our Federal government ought to be abolished to be replaced by a strong centralized power.

The President and the Tariff

The President's reply to the Massachusetts request that he exert his influence to secure a revision of the tariff is non-committal. A good many people, including some newspaper editors, take it to mean that Mr. ROOSEVELT has no intention to urge tariff revision during his term of office. They say that he does not think that there is a strong popular sentiment behind the movement. And yet Massachusetts does not stand alone. The two Republican factions of Wisconsin seem to be vying with one another for the purpose of being the first revisionists to arrive. Nebraska and Kansas and other voices are heard. The truth is that Mr. ROOSEVELT has not awakened to the moral element in the tariff issue; but that eventually, when he thinks that the time has come, he will favor the reduction of duties can be questioned by no one who is informed as to his views. The trouble is that his perspective on this question seems to be wrong, and in the mean time, and notwithstanding Governor GRILL's dark hints to the contrary, he is in danger of continuing to be regarded as a "stand-patter." It must be borne in mind that the protection vote has been a very valuable asset to the Republican party. It has been mainly Republican; but there has been in addition a sufficient Democratic vote to help out in doubtful districts and doubtful States.

The Church and France

When the questions touching the leases by the state to the Church came down to such details as repairs and who shall make them, landlord or tenant, the world will be inclined to think that the landlord ought to be generous.

Democrats of the House

The country would have betrayed a greater interest in the contention among the Democrats of the House of Representatives over the selection of a minority leader if the party possessed a really inspiring leader to whom it would be properly subordinate. The matter is of more or less importance, all depending upon the chance that the minority has of becoming a majority in the near future. Then the question becomes not only, "Who shall lead the opposition?" but also, "Whom shall we designate as our choice for Speaker?" The Democrats have a great deal to do for the country, whether they are in opposition or in control, but in order to do anything effectively they must not only oppose the Republican party, but oppose it intelligently, consistently, and untidily. They must be a real opposition to the policies of the Republican party, especially of the Republican administration, if they

would command the confidence of that large part of the country upon which its success depends. A heterogeneous company whose highest ambition is to "get in" will not make an impressive opposition nor a useful and valuable majority. The Democratic party needs a real leader and a commanding issue. Such an issue is being presented to it with astonishing pertinacity every day, and when the leader appears and the party gets behind him with a distinguishable purpose, the country will feel and express the deepest concern on the subject of the minority leader and the possible Speaker of a coming majority.

A Deficiency Expected

Mr. TAWNEY warns his party that its \$1,000,000,000 appropriations for the session just ended will probably produce a \$100,000,000 deficiency. But the country is not yet in the mood to vote against a party that has overtaxed it. Such an issue is only available in bad years, and a bad year is not now in sight to the average citizen who is still prosperous. Long-headed men, intimately informed men, including some politicians, have forebodings, but the man who will be pinched most sharply by a panic does not yet believe the prophets of ill. Even when he is convinced that they have been right, it will not be so much the big taxes that will hurt him most—although they will play their part—but it will be drastic conditions, the results of certain political conduct, affecting his own credit, his own financial health, that will chiefly move him. When that time comes, he will want some one to turn to if he is to be led back to the ways of prosperity.

Mr. Alexander E. Orr and the New York Life

If the holders of policies in the New York Life Insurance Company fail to be gratified by the annual report just issued by President ALEXANDER E. ORR, they must be hard to please indeed. Surely the statement cannot be gainsaid that the year 1906 was "a period of severe trial" because of agitation, misleading assertions, and particularly of the heavy shrinkage in market values of high-grade bonds. Nevertheless the management is enabled to point to an increase in assets of nearly \$39,000,000 and to an excess in assets over liabilities gained during the year of nearly \$10,000,000. It is only fitting to direct attention to the fact that such results, achieved in such a period, are the outcome, not of chance or conditions, but of close attention and application of strict economy in the conduct of business. Of yet greater significance to those interested is Mr. Orr's further statement to this effect:

My connection with the company as president has extended a little over a year. If my wishes are observed, and I think they will be, my connection with the company is any official capacity will be short. I have therefore no selfish purpose to serve; indeed, my only object in taking the presidency of the company at all was that I might be of some benefit to the policyholders in a period of stress. I think I have come to know the purposes, plans, and the efficiency of the men who do the work day by day in the home office of the company and in a general way in its principal outside offices. I do not hesitate to say to you that the company's officers and corps of employees are thoroughly efficient, entirely devoted to their work, admirably trained, and fully to be trusted with the administration of your interests under the direction of the board of trustees.

Mr. Orr's final injunction to policyholders not to forfeit their insurance, and to place reliance upon the "absolute integrity of purpose" of the management which has been under his personal scrutiny during the past year, deserves to be heeded doubly because of its source. ALEXANDER E. ORR was for many years one of our great worthwhens of the old school. As such he became rich, and but for an apparently irresistible tendency to indefatigability he would have retired long ago; but he continued to take an active interest in public affairs, serving as president of the Chamber of Commerce, the Produce Exchange, and the Rapid Transit Commission, and finally, when trouble befell the great insurance company with which he had been connected as trustee, he did not hesitate, at the ripe age of seventy-five, to take upon his own shoulders the full burden of personal responsibility as a single matter of public duty. The result is, as we have said, gratifying to the policyholders, but it is no less satisfying to the entire community as indicating that we still have men of peculiar sagacity and scrupulous integrity, who stand ready when occasion requires to devote both their abilities and their character unselfishly to public service.

Harvard Football is Safe

Perhaps the President beat the air a little in his expression of solicitude for the preservation of football and intercollegiate athletics in his Harvard Union speech. President Eliot, on his return to Cambridge from Ottawa, said that for a long time no one had proposed to stop intercollegiate athletics at Harvard. As to football, he said that last year some people wanted either to stop it or to change it, and it was changed, and so far as he could see, would go on as usual at Harvard next fall. The newspapers and the undergraduates were mistaken, he said, in supposing that the future of football is in a very unsettled condition. What President Roosevelt said in general to the Harvard youths about the uses and limitations of athletic sports was sound and sensible, and gave great satisfaction to his audience. He is great as a moralist and as a stimulator of moral aspirations in the young. If he has a defect in this line, it is in the urgency of his desire to have everybody hit the line hard. Everybody is not built to do that, and a good many persons prefer to express themselves in some other way. DANIEL WEBSTER—a very thoughtful man—loved to fish. OLIVER CLEVELAND loves to fish. THEODORE ROOSEVELT can hit the line a pretty good lick, but we don't believe he could fish if he tried ever so hard, though he might cut bait.

After All, the Doctors Agreed

On February 25 our neighbor the *Evening Post* expended more than a column of its editorial space and energy in demonstrating that President Roosevelt and President Eliot differed "radically" about college athletics, and that President Eliot's view was right, and that President Roosevelt was indelicate—not to say indiscreet—in expounding his opposed views in a public and ostentatious manner in President Eliot's diocese. Home comes Dr. Eliot from Canada, and reads Dr. Roosevelt's expositions, and the *Post* quotes him on February 26 as saying that he thinks it will be found that his position and Dr. Roosevelt's "with reference to sports, or rough sports, are not essentially different." We are sorry for the *Post*. The truth is that men of ordinary good sense and experience cannot well differ very much about sports. They differ in fervor and in the temperature of their discourse about it; the temperature of Dr. Eliot's sporting observations is usually below 70°, while Dr. Roosevelt's is between 98° and 100°. But they both talk very much the same sort of sense. The whole subject is so easy that it is easier for thoughtful, grown men to be right about it than to be wrong.

Army Engineers for the Canal

The Panama Canal pipe has been set up anew in another alley. The OLIVER bid has been rejected, Mr. STEVENS has resigned and his resignation has been accepted, and three army engineers—Major CRITCHFIELD, Major GALLARD, and Major SURGE—have been ordered to Panama to go on with the work. The work may still be done, or partly done, in convenient pieces by contractors, but it now appears that no one contractor will be invited to undertake the whole job. The extraordinary succession of attempts to have the great work prosecuted by civilian engineers and managers having all failed so far, the army is to get the job which nobody that is wanted seems to want. The army Engineer Corps has a splendid reputation for professional ability, integrity, and devotion to duty. Its officers will be free from several embarrasments that have affected their predecessors. They will not have to consider whether they are getting the market value of their work, or whether the climatic objections are insuperable. They can, indeed, resign, but they are not likely to. The work can hardly disappoint them, for they will go to it looking for neither profit nor pleasure, but for hard work and meagre pay.

A Freshet of Testimony

On the whole, Mr. HARRISMAN as a witness made a wonderful competition for public attention with the chief witness of the THAW trial. Courts and commissions did their full duty, and more, last month by the newspapers. The amount of testimony that was read in the month of February in the United States must beat all the records, and in this city the travellers on the various interborough lines and suburban trains have all progressed far towards being experts in the

rules of evidence. Both Mr. HARRISMAN's examination and the THAW trial are still in progress at this writing. Mr. HARRISMAN has told how the Alton Railroad was made enormously profitable to the syndicate that bought it, and has voluntarily assented Mr. STUYVESANT FISCH's action as president of the Illinois Central. What was done in the case of the Alton was no secret, but Mr. HARRISMAN's views of Mr. FISCH have value as news, as will have Mr. FISCH's reply, which at this writing is still to come.

As Mr. Hill Sees It

Mr. JAMES J. HILL is quoted as expressing the opinion that a business reaction has already set in, and that the year 1908 may see a good many people out of employment. Whether Mr. HARRISMAN is likely to be one of them he does not say. The pace, Mr. Hill thinks, has been too fast, and only good can come of reaction. The fact that a great recession has already taken place will serve to prevent a sudden decline in business. Mr. HILL's despondency, therefore, figures as a basis for new hopes.

A Poet of Localities

LONGFELLOW did for New England a work not unlike what SCOTT did for Scotland in making localities interesting. Not HAWTHORNE, COOPER, nor WASHINGTON IRVING did so much in this direction as he. A writer in *Pittman's Magazine* enumerates some of the places that are associated in thousands of minds with some tale or poem of LONGFELLOW's, and are sought out summer after summer by hundreds of visitors because of that association. We need very much in this country local associations with notable occurrences of history or romance. The appetite for them is strong, but it does not get much to feed on. Mr. WELLES lately expounded Charleston to us in a novel which has probably done the innkeepers of that interesting town a service of material value, though, amusing to tell, the most conspicuous indirect commercial effect of his story has been to make a market for a cake.

Union Enthusiasm at Methodist Meetings

It was given out last week that pickets of the union printers, who have beretted the Methodist Book Concern, were to be present at the Methodist revival meetings in Chicago, in the hope of so influencing the direction of the chants of grace which might visit the meetings as to promote such a softening of hearts as would induce the brethren to make their printing establishment a closed union shop. The *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, the Methodist paper in Chicago, approves this intention, in the hope that the meetings will have more effect on the pickets than the pickets on the meeting. It looks to the conversion of the pickets and to their acquisition of a new conception of Christian brotherhood which will make clear to them its inconsistency with "the selfishly exclusive spirit which is the greatest element of danger to trades-unionism and the objects for which it stands when at its best." The Book Concern has already adopted the eight-hour day, but it adheres to the "open-shop" policy as "the only one which a Christian church seeking to help all classes of men can consistently pursue."

Too Many People Killed

During the first eight weeks of the present year about 175 people were killed in railroad accidents and about 425 were injured. We Americans are very callous about our annual list of the dead and wounded travellers and railroad employees. The minor casualties make little impression on the public mind, though they count up in the annual total. The big accidents are more effective in jolting our sensibilities, and of those there have been so many of late that travellers' nerves are unusually sensitive. In seven disasters on five roads since New Year's, 123 persons were killed and 313 were injured. The railroads have the strongest possible motives for avoiding accidents. Shifts that result in dead passengers and wrecked machinery save neither time nor money. How our railroad mortality is to be reduced is a question for our railroad experts to solve. And it must be solved. Not only in the case of the railroads but in a hundred other fields of our activities we Americans are disreputably careless and wasteful of human life. It is not compatible with our claim to be a highly civilized people that we should put up with so much industrial killing as we do.

Church and State in France

To comprehend the present conflict between the Church and the civil power in France, it is needful to recall the changes which have taken place in their relations since the overthrow of the *ancien régime*. After the States-General, which met in 1789, had been transformed by the fusion of the three Orders into the National Assembly, the property of the Catholic Church in France—computed by TALLEYRAND, who spoke as an expert, having been Agent-General of the clergy, at 2,100,000,000 francs, the franc, of course, having then a much greater purchasing power than it has to-day—was taken possession of by the state on the distinct understanding that it would assume the support of the bishops and priests, the maintenance of church buildings, and the relief of the poor. This promise the Revolutionary government kept only in the case of the comparatively few bishops and priests who consented to subscribe to the "civil constitution" of the clergy. After NAPOLEON became First Consul, he considered it expedient to reestablish definite relations between the state and the Catholic Church, and, accordingly, entered into the Concordat of 1802, whereby he recognized the binding force of the promise made by the National Assembly, and agreed that thenceforth the stipends of Catholic bishops and priests in France should be paid by the government, and that buildings formerly used for religious purposes should be restored to the ecclesiastical authorities. The Vatican holds that the Concordat was a bilateral contract, which could only be modified or modified by the consent of both parties. The majority of the French Parliament, on the other hand, contends that the Concordat was of the nature of a concession by the civil power, and is, therefore, voidable at its option. Acting upon this conception of the state's right, the Parliament passed in 1905 the Separation Act, which abolished the Concordat, and announced that, while some provision would be made for the existing episcopate and priesthood, all bishops thereafter consecrated, and all priests thereafter ordained, would have to rely for their support on voluntary contributions. Church buildings and other ecclesiastical property were declared by the new law to belong to the state, which, however, would transfer them, at any time within a year, to so-called *associations cultuelles*, the form of which was prescribed by the statute. Pope PIUS X., however, declined to sanction such associations, and consequently, when the year expired, in December, 1906, all church buildings were declared to be the property either of the government, or, as in the case of cathedrals, or of the commune, as in the case of parish churches. The taking of official inventories of church property, which followed in pursuance of the law, encountered resistance in some places, but, on the whole, was performed in a peaceful and orderly way.

Were faithful Catholics, then, to be cut off from using church buildings for religious purposes, because, owing to the failure to form *associations cultuelles*, these buildings had become the property of the state or of communes? Most religious services heretofore held in private dwellings, or, as in the case of the primitive Christians, in catacombs, in caves, and in the open air! That may have been the secret purpose of some notorious enemies of the Christian religion, like ex-Premier COMBES, but it is far from having been the intention of M. BRIAND, who, as Minister of Education, has charge of the matter. Not only has he not permitted church buildings to be used for any but religious purposes, but he has suggested one expedient after another, to the end that Catholics might be enabled to use them without violating the civil law. He hoped at one time that the Vatican might be induced to renounce the so-called *associations cultuelles*, which embodied an attempt to reconcile the statutory requirements with the canon law. When the Vatican declined to sanction this kind of association, M. BRIAND announced that in every parish the church would be kept by the government at the disposal of the parish priest, provided the latter would give the notice of an intention to hold a public meeting which is prescribed by a statute of 1804. The parish priests, however, were forbidden by their ecclesiastical superiors to avail themselves of this suggestion. Then M. BRIAND undertook to have the law of 1804 amended so that no notice of a meeting for religious purposes need be given, provided the parish priest, or curé, would lease the church building for a period of eighteen years from the Mayor of the commune, agreeing in the lease that all necessary repairs should be made by him, which, practically, would mean by his parishioners. A bill to that effect has been passed by the Chamber of Deputies, and although temporarily held up in the Senate, will, no doubt, be accepted ultimately by the latter body. Two provisions of the proposed lease, however, have already been pronounced inadmissible by the Vatican, the provisions, namely, which impose the cost of repairs on the parish priest, and which forbid the Mayors of communes from leasing churches to priests who are either *foreigners* or were formerly members of religious orders not tolerated in France. It is conceivable that a compromise might have been reached with reference to the former provision, but the latter appears to present an insurmountable objection. Meanwhile, religious services continue to be held in the churches, but, of course, M. BRIAND has the power to prohibit them, in the event of his attempts at conciliation being all definitely rejected.

We see, then, that, with reference to the relations of Church and state in France, there are three parties: first, the Catholics, who hold that the Concordat was a bilateral contract, which the civil power had no right to declare void without the assent of the Papacy; secondly, the avowed enemies of Christianity who desire the extirpation of the Catholic religion in France, and who are made up of the Socialists led by Mr. JARRES, and of the extreme Radicals, headed by ex-Premier COMBES; thirdly, the great mass of conservative and liberal Catholics, who, while not professing faith in Christianity, recognize that a large proportion of their fellow citizens are believers in the Catholic religion, and who desire to facilitate for them the performance of religious services by any means not incompatible with the divorce of Church from state. That this third party is incomparably the strongest in the Chamber of Deputies seems at first sight to have been proved by the overwhelming majority with which a vote of confidence was given to the CLEMENTAUX cabinet. We should bear in mind, however, that, on that occasion, the cabinet appeared as a unit, though it is no secret that Premier CLEMENTAUX is much less disposed to compromise than is M. BRIAND. The current impression is, nevertheless, among well-informed onlookers, that if the cabinet should be broken up owing to the unattainability of an agreement between Premier CLEMENTAUX and M. BRIAND, the latter would triumph and become the head of the next ministry. Of course, no concessions that M. BRIAND could make will be deemed satisfactory by zealous Catholics who regard the abolition of the Concordat as an injury, and who look upon the government's assertion of ownership of church property as nothing short of robbery. These uncompromising Catholics, however, who occupy the Right of the Chamber of Deputies, are so weak numerically as are the Socialists who sit on the Left. The fact is undoubtedly known to PIUS X., and his advisers, who, consequently, are expected in the end to accept some modification of the programme of M. BRIAND as being, on the whole, the least of two evils. When one reflects, indeed, that the relations of the Papacy to the Italian monarchy are extremely delicate and difficult, and recalls, also, that a revival of the Frank laws in any form is unacceptable in France, one cannot but deem it probable that the Vatican will decide to make the best of the present situation, and wait for better times. To bend, rather than to risk a fracture, is the traditional policy of the Vatican, which has been followed with astonishing success for some sixteen hundred years.

Nothing would be more misleading than to compare the present relations of Church and state in France with those of the Catholic religion to the civil power in the United States. Our civil constitution does not investigate the existence of the Roman Catholic Church, or of any other religious body. The several States, however, in their separate capacities, take cognizance of the Roman Catholic organization, as they do of the Protestant-Episcopal, the Baptist, or the Methodist organizations. All sects are placed on the same footing: are allowed to own property, and to manage their own affairs. Religious congregations, like lay associations, are subject to the police power of the State in which they exist. In France, on the other hand, which is a centralized and unified republic, wherein, indeed, unification is carried to such a pitch that the prefects of provinces, corresponding to our State Governors, are not elected, but appointed by the central government, the claim to regulate religions as well as all other kinds of associations is asserted and made good by the central civil power. So long as the Concordat lasted, the Catholic Church in France enjoyed a considerable amount of independence and self-government. It is the wish of Socialists like M. JARRES, and of such extreme Radicals as ex-Premier COMBES to extirpate Catholicism from France, but moderate men, like Minister BRIAND, are willing to concede to the Roman Catholic Church in the French Republic a considerable instalment of autonomy. With such a disposition on the part of the Minister of Education, it seems probable that, eventually, a *modus vivendi* will be reached between Church and state.

College Education for Women

Despite the many beautiful and prosperous colleges for women all over this country, it is still a question in many parental minds whether or not a college education is a woman's best preparation for life. There is a fairly prevalent idea that college women too often develop the intellect at the expense of the sympathies, that they set mental standards which are higher than their husbands have leisure to reach, or, worse, that, wanting better bread than can be made out of wheat, they refrain from marriage altogether. The higher education too often leads them to choose a life of self-exploitation, and to pursue callings which ultimately may, and very likely will, play them false, and leave them lonely and embittered in a world where the fullest happiness is to be found in benevolent human relations.

While all this is, on the face of it, possible, there is a great deal to be said on the other side. It is true that a thorough education disciplines the emotions. If it discipline them away altogether it

does an irreparable injury. If, however, it merely controls the sentimentality of youth by training judgment, it is an effective force for good. Life will bring out the sympathies of those who have them sooner or later, and to be delivered from the sentimental conditions of girlhood is not so appalling a matter after all.

The real hazard of a college education for women is simply that a little learning is a dangerous thing. If the uneducated woman read whatever she happens to like and ferre justified by her haphazard taste in giving a verdict, the college-bred woman is too apt to imagine that grammar and rhetoric make literature. If the uneducated woman thinks that the function of letters is to relieve her from boredom, the college-bred woman is too apt to fancy that it is to exploit craftsmanship. The uneducated are apt to drop to the level of *Mamma Cossette*, and the college-bred to confine themselves to Mr. HENRY JAMES and Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH, and neither course leads to a complete view of life or letters. For the half-educated and the college-educated the danger is the same, that of seeing too narrow a field and of interpreting life upon too slight premises.

The object of education from the kindergarten to the doctor's degree is to bring forth and strengthen the forces of the human being, so that she may cope victoriously with life and not be conquered by circumstances. The task of education is to train the human being to behavior, as Dr. JAMES says, "to every possible sort of fit reaction to the circumstances into which he may find himself by the vicissitudes of life."

There seems to be no doubt that the chief weakness of the feminine mind, as differentiated from the masculine, is to see life personally. A woman, more than a man, is encumbered by herself and ledged by limitations. She cannot, by the inherent nature of things, take so many risks or lead so experimental a life as a man, and her education is, therefore, a matter not of less but of greater moment. She must have thoroughgoing knowledge, because, less than a man, can she afford a wrong reaction. Her interests must be widened, even more carefully than a man's, because she is less likely to be broadened by life.

An account of a ladies' Shakespeare's Club was recently given by an amused college-bred member who said the ladies were interpreting the plays one by one in the light of a purely personal and patetically limited experience, and added the jesting critic, "their indecent self-revelations are limited only by lack of time." (Othello's conduct had to be compared with the amputated conduct under like provocation of the members' husbands. This *reductio ad absurdum* is what may result where there is no trained historic sense, no general knowledge nor wide experience. To read the universe in terms of private and personal feeling is to reduce the world to a petty and pitiful dwelling-place, and to miss all the stimulation of the vision of the great, tumultuous, changing, growing world of human relations.)

College if it does nothing else should lay the foundation for more abstract intellect and intelligent judgments. If it hardens the sympathies it cannot be because it is too high or too thorough, but because it is too slight and too superficial. Any education that puffs a person up about his own attainments is a poor education. Any education that allows a person to think he can really gain by another's loss, or aggrandize himself by another's fall, or in any way separate his interests from the general interests of the race, is a superficial and inadequate education, whether it be gotten at a finishing school or at a college. If colleges turn out women of defective sympathies and selfish instincts it is not their pursuit of learning that effects this. Intellectual training in and for itself cannot be other than beneficial. The freedom, the independence, the fact of being thrown upon her own resources at a critical age should all prepare a girl for wise government of her own household and intelligent civic helpfulness.

It is difficult to believe that higher education admits a woman for household management or motherhood, since to these two functions the most highly trained faculties are necessary, especially in these days when social conditions are changing rapidly, and when the domestic problem is in a state of uncomfortable upheaval. It is not less intelligence and training, but more and wiser, that is needed to meet the new conditions.

It is, therefore, a cause for rejoicing rather than doubt, that the women's colleges of this country are to be multiplied and more heavily endowed.

Personal and Pertinent

WHEN General WEAVER retires in a few weeks the War Department will issue an order doing away with the short-lived divisions of which General CHAFFEE was the inventor. This will restore the supremacy of the departments as they were before the divisions were created. General GRANT is now in command of this Eastern Department, and apparently is doubtful about his future, because Lieutenant-General McARTHUR may come from the Provisional such is his rank—if he thinks that the prophasy to his quarters of unshaken, and exceedingly active, New York is better for him than

nearness to reconstructing San Francisco. Why General CHAFFEE created the divisions is a question easily answered. At the time there were so many general officers that he felt himself compelled to make jobs enough for them. At present, as the authorities seem to think, there are enough of the old departments to go around. The division headquarters here are on Governors Island, where also are the department headquarters, the latter, it is asserted, doing all the necessary work. Perhaps it has been different at other division quarters, but an old soldier who has once or twice served General WEAVER has been heard to allege that the division was useless, "for," said he, "me and Jim hadn't really nuthin' to do." Perhaps it is because General GRANT also finds this hanging heavily on his hands that he has entered into the Japanese-San Francisco controversy.

The other day a now aged man, not yet old enough, however, to have gone out of office in the Province of Quebec, was visiting New York. It would not do him any good to mention his name, nor would many of the readers of the WEEKLY know about him, and yet he is a journalist, a poet, and a publicist—in Quebec. Years ago he journeyed through the province with the COMTE DE PARIS, who made a royal progress especially through the convents, where the nuns sang the *doxos* tight while they and the children sang of the glories of the House of France. It was all early seventeenth century; the lilies were brought out and secretly kissed; and all was as it might have been when the English really cured. The old gentleman who came to New York made a little book on this "progress"—a little book that has long since been forgotten, even in New France. Nothing is so ancient in the States as this old man; nothing is more typical of disappearing New France. In Quebec it used to be the custom, perhaps it still is, for the parish priest to receive the twenty-fifth of all produce for his tithe; so this old man's father, the boy being his twenty-fifth child, took him to the priest and said: "I have always given to you the twenty-fifth of everything; now, lo, here is my twenty-fifth child, take him and raise him." And the priest took the boy, greatly to the boy's advantage. Now, in the twentieth century, this old man speaks seventeenth-century French and thinks seventeenth-century thoughts, and there are many Canadians in Quebec who are like him. Nothing has so greatly stirred him for many years as the troubles of his Church at home, and, about them, he uttered this suggestive sentiment: "Ah! those people over the crater are not the true French; they are republicans and infidels. We, we of Quebec, are the true French; we are legitimists and Catholics."

LORD CHARLES BRESKIN is a good deal of a politician, and this side of him must be reckoned with when we read despairfully about his declination to command the Channel fleet. Some of his American admirers say that he resembles our Admiral ROBERT EYKINS; and some of EYKINS's English admirers say that he resembles BRESKIN. But there is this difference between them: EYKINS is only an officer of the navy, and Lord CHARLES is a man who is first of all a politician who, not long ago, thought that he would like to be the party's leader in the English House of Commons. He made an uncommonly clever attempt to break in upon BALFOUR's domination in the latter part of the year 1909, but he had only one subject. This was China, and his plan was to force Great Britain to the front as the controlling power at Peking. In urging this policy in the House of Commons, by a single speech of great merit, he seemed almost to be the successor of Lord ROBERTS and CURIELL, and to be intent at least on trying a new Fourth Party. He was also seeking to forestall Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who was then fortifying the African policy which was bound to result in the Boer war. BRESKIN had little sympathy with CHAMBERLAIN, perhaps not much use for him, and while the son of the Birmingham magnate played his father's game in the pleasant rooms of the Devonshire club, Lord CHARLES was having pleasant parties of real, but discontented, conversation down at Hans House of Sunday afternoon. One speech was all that time permitted to the China question, and CHAMBERLAIN rushed on to the war which did not make him Premier, and to other issues which also failed. Lord CHARLES tried to speak from the back benches of the Conservatives to a disaffected government and to its upbraiding opponents. Now the opponents have come back to power, and have reduced the fighting-ships in commission. Lord CHARLES is asked to command the Channel fleet, the fleet for home defence, and his political acumen leads him to refuse the duty because of the inadequacy of the fleet. Under like conditions, EYKINS would have taken the command without questioning the naval policy of the party in power; and, in truth, if English and American officers of the past had always refused commands because they did not like the then naval policy of the politicians they would have spent most of their lives on shore. But Lord CHARLES would not thus have answered an offer of command in time of war. He dearly loves to put the other party "in a lark"—in time of peace. It ought to be added that he didn't even refuse command in time of peace in the abrupt way first indicated, but he put his objection quietly to the Admiralty, and when the news came the point as to the command had been gained by Lord CHARLES, while the political point had merely to be saved from shipwreck.

Correspondence

SOME AWFUL ACCUSATIONS

COLUMBUS, OHIO, February 13, 1907

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR:—In the publication of the letters of Messrs. Green and Terry, criticizing your editorial policy, the stock of the WEEKLY has gone up several points in my estimation. This act demonstrates that the WEEKLY has breadth. It shows that it is willing to publish something besides "sales."

I have been taking the WEEKLY for about ten years, along with a dozen other general and special journals. I like to see the volumes grow, year by year, along my library shelves. Hoping to live to threescore and ten, I have seen in my mind's eye a stately row of 120 volumes of HARPER'S WEEKLY—a magnificent illustrated history of civilization. It has, therefore, been with great regret that I have lately felt the necessity of changing the course of my dream.

You state you have "not a grain of personal malice" in your "criticism of the President." I believe your readers will be willing to take your word for that.

The charge I would bring against you is much more serious. It is that you hold a brief for the plutocracy, and that from this point of view you exaggerate, distort, and present the facts as a piece of special pleading. You seem to construe of the Constitution as a piece of paper cast to the winds only by looking at it or by having a piece thrust on you. The view expressed by Justice Holmes at the time he took his seat, as I remember it, was that the Constitution must be interpreted in accordance with the spirit of the age. A President, backed by public opinion, also has this function of interpreting the Constitution. It has therefore been a delicate one. It is, nevertheless, an essential one to a nation that has a written, rather than an unwritten, Constitution. From this point of view the settlement of the anthracite-coal strike, which seemed to be sort of a "red rag" to you, has a place in our system—it was backed by public opinion.

For several years you have been pleading for the special privileges of wealth with the clamor of a railroad Senatorial attorney, the climax being reached in your issue of December 29 and January 5, when you make a mountain out of a molehill in the "State rights" matter. That on its fiftieth anniversary HARPER'S WEEKLY should definitely throw aside the cause of the people for that of the plutocracy is an event in contemporary history worthy of note. Having shown a willingness that both sides of this matter may be considered, I have now felt obliged to having your readers' attention called to the editorials in the *Outlook*, January 19, page 109, and particularly January 26, page 100, which concludes: "The peril of American institutions is not political corruption; it is unscrupulous and unscrupulous plutocracy. The hope of American institutions is not in the maintenance of State sovereignty and a jealous dread of Federal sovereignty; it is centralized democracy, strong enough to give protection to lawful and honest wealth, and generous and disinterested wealth." Even Jupiter sometimes mumbled, and the President seems to play into the hands of the plutocracy in this matter of the subsidies. I am glad you do not approve of this; to approve of everything of this kind might overdo the part.

Mr. Green suggests that you ask in Ohio what they think of Foraker. As near as I can make out, the people outside of the organization regard him as a plutocratic Senatorial attorney. Of course I may be mistaken in this, and what I regard as the people may be no more than the three tailors of Trolley Street—consisting of me, my wife, and ex-Governor Herrick. In an interview, reported in the *Columbus Dispatch* of this date, ex-Governor Herrick states that Mr. Foraker is as dead as he is, and will soon be dead—or words to that effect.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, let me express the hope you will give your patrons more photographs of what the world is doing, for it is the illustrations that give the WEEKLY its distinctive place on the library table.

I am, sir,

L. C. PRINCE.

AS TO CRITICISMS OF THE PRESIDENT

MILWAUKEE, WIS., February 13, 1907

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR:—I have just read with amusement your criticisms on President Roosevelt. You accuse him of bringing about to his each of office in saying that if a resolution should be passed in both Houses of Congress, "over his veto" he would not obey it. Is such a resolution a law, or only an interpretation of law? Would not such a resolution by Congress be a usurpation of judicial functions, which the President ought to resent and resist? It is admitted that eminent lawyers differ as to the President's power to discharge soldiers "without honor," who have not been condemned by court martial. Until the Supreme Court has decided, in one case properly against the President of overstepping his authority.

If my dailies reported his remarks correctly concerning the San Francisco school trouble, he distinctly said that he would use the troops, etc., as far as the Constitution and the laws permit. It is very fashionable for his critics to omit that saving clause.

Is the Nobel prize the gift of "any foreign state"? It is from a private citizen. The Stirling determines to whom this private gift shall go, but is the Stirling the state? In awarding that prize, is it passing any law, or exercising any functions under the Constitution of Norway? Was the Kink's signature necessary to send that money to the President Roosevelt? I ask for information.

In regard to the President "calling on the Vice-President to

assume the duties of his office *ad interim*," does any law require him so to call upon the Vice-President? Certainly the Constitution does not. So far as the country knows, he did discharge the duties of his office when at Panama.

Did he appoint the anthracite-coal strike commission as President of the United States? Did he act as a private citizen and request these men to serve? Were these men officers of the government in any sense whatever? Could they, as officers of the government, have collected any compensation for their services? Were the parties in that controversy under any legal obligation to obey the findings of that commission?

I am sure that the vast majority of American citizens heartily approve the course of the President in each of these particulars, and that his critics will be obliged to find more serious charges against him than they have yet conjured up to make him less popular than he shall leave the White House when he was entering it.

I am, sir,

HENRY COLEMAN.

NO WAR WITH JAPAN

HORTONSVILLE, N. Y., February 14, 1907

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR:—I am a "yellow journal" thank you from the bottom of my heart for your interesting Comments on pages 220 and 223. There has been far too much yellow journalism lately of anticipated war with Japan. Very bad policy for a journal, daily or otherwise, to counsel war for the mere sake of increased circulation; too much considering the sensationalism HARPER'S WEEKLY has gone up in my estimation one hundred per cent. on account of matter referred to above. In the cause of peace.

I am, sir,

EDWARD P. WOLFFERTAN.

MUST NOT CRITICISE THE PRESIDENT

FRANKLIN, OHIO

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR:—Having always read your editorials with a lively interest and with a certain amount of approbation, I am much surprised and pained to see your virulent attacks upon our Chief Executive. It seems to me that you had better leave such work as this to the yellow journals. If you are against corruption in business and in politics, if you are on the side of the people in their fight against corporate greed and lawlessness, then cease this unwarranted denunciation of one who is the acknowledged leader of the forces of reform. The vital question before the country to-day is the friends of the people, and President Roosevelt is the leader of the people. Your sympathies will be inferred from your published expressions of opinion in HARPER'S WEEKLY, and many will doubtless be wondering how much of a consolation was needed to make the periodicals of which you are editor, "task right."

The interpretation which you place upon Mr. Root's speech is entirely unwarranted. That there are many subjects, heretofore falling within the province of the State governments, upon which the national government must legislate in the future is clear to every rational mind. Mr. Root was only calling attention to a tendency which has been going on for years and years. The States cannot cope with the great corporations doing interstate business. It is imperative, for the preservation of family life, that divorce shall be uniform throughout the country. These things must be regulated by the central government, and I cannot see that the right of local self-government is at all impertinently thereby. After a careful perusal of Secretary Root's speech, I can find no ground for your charge that the administration intends packing the Supreme Court. To speak frankly, I think the charge was made merely for political effect. At any rate, the possibility of it is so remote as to make the expression of such a sentiment an utter calamity.

When you land Mr. Foraker, or even mention him as a President, possibly you are treading upon dangerous ground. Come out to Ohio and ask the first dozen people you meet, irrespective of party, what they think of him, and you will be forced to the conclusion that, however much the Senator may spend himself in Washington, he is about the most unpopular man in his native State.

For these reasons, Mr. Editor, there are many of us who think that you would do a great service to your country by leaving the President alone until he actually does do something dangerous, and that you would elevate the character of your paper by keeping it out of the mud-slinging business.

I am, sir,

F. W. DICKET.

AGREES WITH GREEN AND TERRY

WABINGTON, ME., February 15, 1907

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR:—I like HARPER'S WEEKLY very much indeed, although it does occasionally exaggerate me. I agree pretty well with your correspondents, H. S. Green and F. T. Terry, whose letters you published in your issue of February 10, and say from knowledge that there are a good many "people" out of the Hudson who agree with the sentiments of these correspondents.

I am, sir,

STEPHEN C. FABLE.

THE WHITE HOUSE, DOWNING STREET, AND
THE RECALL OF SIR MORTIMER DURAND

By ANGLO-AMERICAN

Loomer, F. August 9, 1907.

THE manifestations of disappointment among Englishmen at the appointment of Mr. James Bryce as Ambassador to the United States have been largely due to the feeling on the part of Sir Mortimer Durand's friends, especially since the latter's return to England, that he has been badly treated both by Downing Street and in Washington, and their views are stated succinctly in the following language:

we are asked suddenly in the following paragraph to consider the situation from the other side of the Atlantic. It is a good time to take stock of the Anglo-American situation. It seems to be viewed somewhat differently on the two sides of the Atlantic. Although Americans may be scarcely conscious that anything in the nature of an Anglo-American situation exists, we Englishmen are fully aware of it. The first step towards any resignation started here is perfect tarant of apprehensive attention. The London press began lamenting that the British Embassy at Washington no longer enjoys its old social and political primacy. Baron von Sternberg became suddenly the hopey man of the hour, and the Embassy was suddenly the centre of a life-and-death peril. The Government was suddenly asked to send the best possible man to Washington, someone who would revive British prestige, who could outwalk, outsize, outtalk, outstare the President, and who would make a distinctive appeal to the imagination of the American people. The best possible man was offered, and accepted, to the five Mr. Grey.

One could have thought that this would have allayed the tumult. If a hundred Americans had been asked to name the man they would most have preferred to see installed on Connecticut Avenue, more than ninety of them would probably have voted for Mr. Bryce. But the fact that he was a Briton, and his intellectual standing and influence that Mr. Bryce commands in America, was more intimately known there and more highly thought of, perhaps than any other Briton. All thinking Americans feel that Mr. Bryce is a man of the highest character and of great worth, not only explains their Constitution and system of government to Americans, but laid the foundation of a whole school of political inquiry, and called Mr. Bryce's name to a pinnacle of esteem for which it has been hard to dislodge him. It is well known that Mr. Bryce accepted the offer of the ambassadorship, and when the news was received in America with the liveliest interest and anticipation. Englishmen might reasonably have concluded that they had no further occasion for un-

Secretary, who, after all, matters of fact, they do not seem to him to do so. They would appear to be still somewhat disquieted. It is worth while inquiring why. There are probably several reasons to account for this prolonged attack of nerves, but one of the most potent of them all is the circumstance of Sir Mortimer Dunsand's retirement. It is not to think that he will have any part in this matter. Sir Mortimer's retirement is a thing of the past, and the fact is unaccounted, in fact, to a recall. Much of the gossip that has appeared in the American papers on the subject has been mere guesswork, but some of it is true; and its truth is beginning to percolate through England. As one who may claim to be in fairly close touch with the White House, I can say that Sir Mortimer Dunsand's departure was the result of an intrigue in which President Roosevelt was an accomplice. The President found Sir Mortimer rather more pertinacious in upholding British interests and rather less suppliant to the White House than he would have been. The President's policy of isolation arose between them. One of Mr. Root's first acts after his acceptance of the Secretaryship of State was to address to Sir Mortimer, on information furnished him by Senator Lodge, a somewhat abrupt letter dealing with certain alleged offenses against American law committed on the coast of Newfoundland. The President's action turned out to be entirely in line with the policy of its inactivity nettled the President. He was still further irritated by England's refusal to put pressure upon her Japanese ally at the time of the Portsmouth Peace Conference. Standing in the way of Mr. Roosevelt's getting what he wanted—this beyond question—was Sir Mortimer Dunsand. The President's policy of isolation forced him once more into an attitude of opposition to the President. There are certain money claims owing by America to British subjects. President after President has admitted their validity, but they are not paid because Senator Lodge holds the purse strings. The President's policy of isolation is a business which does not place the United States in any too favorable a light. It would too nearly resemble juggling to be acceptable to Americans if they once took the matter into consideration. Sir Mortimer Dunsand, acting, of course, on orders from Downing Street, was not averse to a settlement of these claims, and Mr. Roosevelt did not like it.

"To these grounds of political disagreement there was added a want of personal sympathy between the two men. Sir Mortimer probably distrusted the President; Mr. Roosevelt probably thought the British Ambassador very British. At any rate the President determined, if possible, to get rid of him. He has many friends

and correspondents in London. They were made aware that a change in the British embassy at Washington would be acceptable to the President. The social influence of the American colony in the British capital is very considerable, and it was adroitly brought to bear against Sir Mortimer. It has been often said in London that Mr. Mortimer wrote more than once on the subject to a member of the British Embassy in Paris, a French ally. Petticoat diplomacy was called in to his assistance. All ambassadors have trouble at some time or another with their attachés and secretaries, and especially with their attachés' and secretaries' wives. Sir Mortimer had not been exempt from the common ill of the diplomat. He had a quarrel with one of his secretaries, and his grievance against him lay open to one second only to Leonard St. Edward Grey. The end was thoroughly characteristic. It was characteristic of the British Foreign Minister to give way before American pressure. It was characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt to smother with praise, at their first meeting, the man against whom he had just been fighting. It was characteristic of the American diplomatic corps in Washington that they should give Sir Mortimer on his departure a magnificent send-off. The arranging of that send-off was not wholly grasped at the time by the American people. They took it to be merely a demonstration of the regard in which Sir Mortimer had been held. It was far more a

ambassadorship for protest against his treatment by the President.¹ The next day he was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the United States by the outgoing British Foreign Secretary Lord Salisbury, who was setting off for Sir Mortimer Dugand. He wished to have a hand in nominating his successor. He had fixed upon the British-Liechtenstein Ambassador to Persia, Sir C. Spring-Rice, a former attaché at the Washington Embassy, as the right man for the post. He could not, however, of course, say so openly and officially, but it was perfectly well known that he was anxious to get rid of him. It might be said that he would be acquainted with his wishes. Many of them, at any rate, which if his information is correct, began to suggest to Sir Edward Grey, who took over the Foreign Office from Salisbury, that Sir C. Spring-Rice was preeminently qualified to take Sir Mortimer's place; that the President himself had forgotten Mr. Bryce. Mr. Bryce was not having an altogether successful time of it in America. His health was suffering, and his country had proved even less congenial than he had anticipated. He wanted to be quit of it, and he wanted to represent Great Britain at Washington. His qualifications were so overwhelming that it was merely a question of whether he cared to press his claim, and that Sir Bryce did care, with most reasonable success. In fact, he was completely satisfied with the result.

was appointed. The President's desire was almost constant. "It is not for me to do here," he would say, "but I will do it in England." The Roosevelt "set" in Washington at once began giving voice to its discontent, and Washington resounded with their complaints that Mr. Bryce was too "old" and "too professional," etc., to be a good Ambassador.

All this, however, did not yet appear to have reached in England. The several persons who were so late that they understand partial any rate, of what has been going on. The English are rather accustomed to do whatever Americans ask them; but when they fully grasp that a British Ambassador has been recalled practically through the intrigues of an American President, and for no other reason than that the English are not to be the champions of English interests as Americans expect their Ambassador in London to be of American interests, they will feel, unless I am mistaken, that the policy of compliance has been carried too far. It is rather a tradition among the better sort of English journals to say that the English are not to be the champions of English interests here and there which display a certain uneasiness and resentment. The inference has been made that Mr. Bryce has been appointed because he is not likely to take up the attitude which the President found so little to his liking in Sir Mortimer Durand. To put the matter twice as clearly, as English people are likely to do, the President has reached the conclusion that Mr. Bryce's mission is to give things away. Mr. Bryce, as we all know, has always been an ardent promoter of friendship and a better understanding between England and America. So was Sir Mortimer Durand; but Sir Mortimer, I should judge, as a result of a thorough knowledge of the mind of Mr. Bryce, has never displayed. During his three years in Washington he showed that he did not believe in pushing about Anglo-American relations or in sacrificing Anglo-Canadian or Newfoundland interest in order to secure American goodwill. It seems to me thought in England that Mr. Bryce looks upon Anglo-American relations as a thing to be done for the mutual interest; and several journals have accordingly implored him to lighten his backbone, and have accused him that we shall respect him just in proportion as he stands up for imperial rights. The matter, of course, is one of some immediate importance, as it touches the relations of the United States and Canada and Newfoundland. The reputation of magnanimity and anti-imperialism has always clung to Mr. Bryce, and Englishmen appear to think that it will be confirmed by his conduct at Washington. That is why they are so watchful of his friendship and his relations with the President and the British Government.



Mr. Bryce leaving the White Star Pier where he landed from the "Oceanic"



The new British Ambassador crossing the Pennsylvania Ferry on his way to Washington

THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR, MR. JAMES BRYCE, IN AMERICA

MR. JAMES BRYCE, WHO SUCCEEDS SIR HENRY MORTIMER DURAND AS BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES, ARRIVED IN AMERICA ON FEBRUARY 21, AND PROCEEDED IMMEDIATELY TO WASHINGTON TO ASSUME HIS NEW DUTIES

WAR AND BOOKKEEPING IN JAPAN

THE "EXTRAORDINARY" AND MUCH-DISCussed \$28,000,000 AP-PROPRIATION FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF JAPAN'S NAVY, AND WHAT IT REALLY SIGNIFIES TO THE PEACE OF THE WORLD

By WILLIAM INGLIS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN JAPAN FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

Tokio, January 26, 1907.

EVERY day that passes hours one question repeated—why is powerful Japan arising herself so thoroughly? The question is resolved in this capital from every quarter of the globe. One finds it in most of the European newspapers and nearly all of the American newspapers that come in hand. Indeed, the members of the Progress, or Opposition, party of Japan are pressing the question very sharply upon the government ministers.

The answer is always the same—that Japan is obliged to keep herself in the position of a first-class power, now that she has attained that honor by her late Chinese and Russian victories, and that the numerous power being completed so quickly is merely enough to maintain her new dignity. Also that she intends to do her part in keeping the peace.

Just how far these assurances guarantee the continuance of peace is beyond a mere Japanese reckoning. But it has been possible to discern a few facts about Japan's fighting spirit, and in view of the latest alleged Japanese news from abroad, furnished in an interview by a "noted" but unfortunately anonymous English engineer, who declares that the shipyards and munition-shops are being worked continuously day and night. It will probably interest Americans to know what the newest world-power is doing to-day in preparation for combat.

Probably no one of the age of twenty-one years and upward will take too seriously the diplomatic reassurances of nation to nation concerning the emotions of esteem and affection that each feels for the other. An accurate cynic has said that there is no such thing as friendship between nations unless that friendship is based upon mutual material gain. It may well reassure those anxious souls who still cling to the old-fashioned San Francisco schools incident in a possible cause of serious friction between the United States and Japan, to know that in the opinion of every intelligent American in the East neither one of these nations can afford to fight the other. Each depends upon the other. Each finds in the other an excellent market for surplus products and manufactures.

Moreover, it appears to be as certain as anything can be in this land of enigmas that the school incident is dead so far as diplomatic exchanges go, and that Japan is resting in the calm belief that the United States will not let her citizens enjoy the whims of their treaty rights. As to the exclusion of Japanese soldiers from the United States there need be no disagreement, for the Japanese government would rather see them go to Manchuria and Korea.

Assuming, then, that our interest in the armament of Japan is purely academic, it is still interesting to discover how far this people is preparing for war and, if possible, the reason for the preparation.

Most absorbing to us at home is the state of Japan's navy, for whose improvement an "extraordinary" appropriation of some \$28,000,000 is included in the budget for 1907. In this case the word "extraordinary" is misleading. Careful search reveals the fact that it is a mere technical term of bookkeeping, whose full explanation would occupy more space than this and the rest of the attention of any but an Oriental mind. As a matter of fact, there has been such a shifting of charges from ordinary to extraordinary that this \$28,000,000 appropriation is actually needed to carry on the repairs and construction of the navy in accord with the programme adopted two years before the war with Russia and was to be completed until 1911 or 1912.

The most illuminating explanation is found in an address delivered last September by Minister Satto of the navy.

"With regard to our naval strength," he said, "I am content with the present displacement; but in order to keep pace with the civilized countries of the West we must replace old vessels with those of the newest type. For this we shall not be able to avoid a certain increase of expenditure. This is not, of course, expansion of our navy in any sense."

"As my personal opinion, I consider that our naval policy must be consistent with the tax-paying capacity of the people, and as their burden at present cannot be made to be very light, I have no idea of concentrating the expenditure for naval expansion on being so the efficiency of the navy is not impaired."

This utterance was made long before the San Francisco schools incident was thought of, and the present naval programme simply carries it out.

Japan lost two of her most powerful battle-ships and two of her strongest cruisers in the war with Russia. The effort to replace them is the cause of most of the activity in the Japanese navy yards to-day at Yokosuka and Kure. The first battle-ship programme, which was launched last November, is now being completed at Yokosuka and she will probably be put in commission by the end of this year. The armored cruiser *Katsuki* will prob-

ably be completed this year, and four or five Russian prizes are also being repaired at Yokosuka. At Kure the battle-ship *Itate*, a sister ship to the *Settsu*, will undergo war, together with the armored cruisers *Ikuta* and *Hoson*. Half a dozen Russian prizes are being repaired—almost rebuilt—out Kure, including six that were sunk in action at Port Arthur, but since refitted. Torpedo-boats and destroyers are also in course of construction.

Neither the resources nor the appropriations available will enable Japan to lay down one new ship before next summer. Evidently the government will go slowly in carrying out the Third Naval Expansion programme, of 1903.

A new battle-ship will probably be ordered in England within the year and three armored cruisers and two cruisers originally included in the programme are still unprocured for. If Japan's money holds out, her naval strength is expected to be by 1912 almost twice as great as it was at the opening of the Russian war last during 1905, and from the strain on the budget resulting from the late war, together with the construction of the dockyard, due to repairs of the Russian prizes, will tend to retard rather than hasten the completion of the old programme. There has been no proposition whatever toward increasing this programme or hastening it since the San Francisco Board of Education received the Japanese pupils from ordinary public schools. Incidentally it may be worthy of note that Japan's naval strength is less than ours. By the latest reports the great navy of the world stand in this order: 1, Great Britain; 2, France; 3, the United States and Germany, almost even; and 4, Japan.

It is difficult to tell with similar exactness the strength of Japan's army, for it is far easier to count battle-ships than fighting-men; yet it is certain that Japan's army comprises at least 200,000 men, and that she has a reserve of 200,000 more. It is difficult to tell with similar exactness the strength of the war with Russia, although at that time she had been preparing for ten years to take revenge and regain Manchuria. But these are divisions are not by any means received up to their full strength. They could be put in the field, however, at a few weeks' notice. How many soldiers Japan still has in Manchuria and in Korea is well known in the Japanese War Office—but no where else. The number of men under arms at home is, of course, more generally known. The estimates of the best informed persons I can find are that there are now 250,000 Japanese soldiers actually under arms, besides a reserve of 250,000 trained men, most of them veterans, who could be put in the field almost instantly. The army, it may be mentioned, receives an "extraordinary" appropriation of \$22,000,000 in this year's budget, so to which the explanation is similar to that of the navy fund.

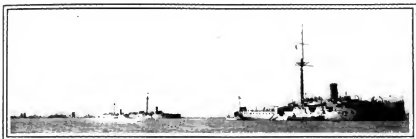
Nevertheless the people of Japan are wondering why they are being taxed on a war basis while the country is on a peace footing. There was not one summer at the greatly increased burden of taxation during the war against Russia, for then it was a question of loyalty to the Emperor; but now that peace is established and the tax-paying power is strained almost to the breaking point there is a great deal of anxious inquiry, if not complaint.

Mr. Ochiai Yasuni, leader of the opposition party in the Diet, asked Dr. Sakataki, the Minister of Finance, at a meeting of the Budget Committee last Wednesday to explain the "extraordinary" expenditure of more than \$28,000,000 on the army and navy.

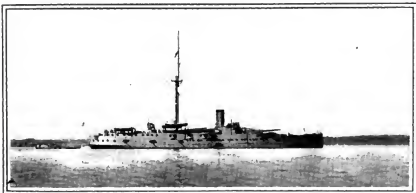
"From one point of view," said Mr. Ochiai, "this outlay may be euphemistically described as 'completing' our armament; but frankly they appear to indicate an expansion of armament. Does the Empire's position demand such expansion? I cannot decide anything so important to inquire unaided. There are two points of view, the chief cause of anxiety was that some strong European power might step in and rob Japan of the fruits of her successes; but that apprehension has vanished. There is no indication of an alliance between Germany and Russia, nor is there any prospect of Japan being forced to form a coalition."

"Russia may entertain more or less hostile feelings, but she would have to put her financial house in order before being in a position to attempt anything on a large scale; and as for her navy, though she might obtain ships quickly enough, two years would be needed to train crews for them. So there seems to be no indication that Russia will send an army to Manchuria for some years to come."

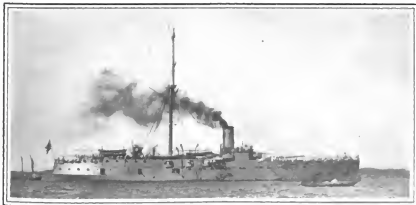
"Up to a certain point, I agree, the expansion of our armament is commendable, but I cannot discover any occasion for the rapid programme stipulated by the government. In my erect, so must consider the problem of how to raise the funds. They are forthcoming for this year, but from what source can they be derived next year? Are we not to be engaged in a programme of expenditures continued through a long series of years without (Continued on page 331.)



The Squadron (comprising the "Matsushima," the "Hashidate," and the "Isokushima") in the Harbor at Yokohama



The "Hashidate," an important Member of the visiting Squadron



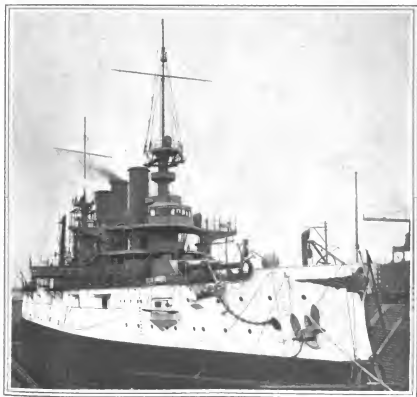
The "Isokushima" preparing to start with the Squadron for Honolulu

THE JAPANESE SQUADRON THAT WILL VISIT AMERICAN WATERS

A SQUADRON OF JAPANESE WARSHIPS COMPRISING THE "MATSUMURA," (HEAD-ADMIRAL DONOHARA ISADAKI), THE "HASHI DATE," AND THE "ISOKUSHIMA," DEPARTED FOR A VISIT TO HONOLULU, MAY FURTHER ITS ITINERARY TO VISIT AN EXTENSIVE PORTLAND, SINCE SAN FRANCISCO



The Forward Turret of the "Minnesota," bearing the Record of the noteworthy Speed attained during her Trial Trip



The "Minnesota," in Dry Dock, being Groomed for Trial Trip

OUR NAVY'S NEWEST AND FASTEST BATTLE-SHIP

THE BATTLE-SHIP "MINNESOTA," ONE OF THE FIVE SHIPS OF THE "LOUISIANA" CLASS, WAS DELIVERED TO THE GOVERNMENT AT THE NORFOLK NAVY-YARD, ON FEBRUARY 27, AFTER HAVING DEMONSTRATED IN A SQUARE-ACE ACCEPTANCE TRIAL RUN IN A HEAVY GALE, AN AVERAGE SPEED OF 18.85 KNOTS PER HOUR.

WHERE AMERICAN ENTERPRISE HAS FAILED

THE INSIGNIFICANT SHARE OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE TWENTY-SIX BILLIONS OF THE WORLD'S COMMERCE

By FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG

THE carrying of the world's imports and exports, never an insuperable task, has come to be a business of truly Heracleian proportions. In 1800 the total commerce between nations was valued at less than two billion dollars. During the first half of the century it barely doubled. By 1860, however, it was multiplied by three and a half; by 1870, by five; by 1880, by seven; by 1890, by more than eight; by 1900, by almost eleven; and in 1905, at its total of twenty-six and a half billions, by something over thirteen. To-day the exports of the United States alone are worth two hundred millions more than were the combined exports and imports of the whole world when Napoleon and his British antagonists fell in fighting for the mastery of the high seas.

All this, of course, has compelled an enormous multiplication of the facilities for trade at long distances. At no time in the world's history has so large a proportion of the water surface of the globe been tracked by the efforts of commerce. Never have such demands been made upon seamanship, never have such opportunities been opened up for emulment and profits along the great international highways of trade. Bowed by a common ambition, the nations have vied, through a wide variety of means, to absorb as large shares of this presumably lucrative business as they could lay hold of,—first of all, by assuring to themselves the carrying of their own imports and exports, and afterwards by making roads upon the traffic between their neighbors. The results have been in many ways curious.

If one will knock about the world long enough he may now be able to resist the fling of some fifty-five or sixty different nations flying from the masts of our international carriers. That is to say, there are upwards of thirteen hundred merchant marines of sufficient importance to have some sort of place in the records of trade. Of these, however, only fourteen are large enough to comprise as much as one per cent. of the total tonnage of the merchant marines of the world (37,806,609 tons), and only four reach as high as five per cent. The most striking phase of the matter is the enormous superiority of the British, which alone comprises forty-six and a half per cent. The German is just four per cent, with about one and a half, and the American third, with a little over eight and a half. Then follow the Norwegian, with five, and the French, with about four and a half.

Finding four remains to the man who can bring forward a fully convincing explanation of why things should have fallen out in just this fashion. It is easy to say that the physical and economic surroundings of the Englishman—particularly his insular position, centered with his possession of colonies in every quarter of the globe—have lured, even compelled, him to keep things afloat even in the foreground of his attention. But it is not so easy to explain why France, ever the peer of any nation in colonial possessions (the second in the world to-day, for that matter) and able to maintain for centuries an enormous carrying trade in the teeth of the keenest international rivalry and of repeated wars, should have fallen in this latter race of profound peace, to her fourth rank in the handling of the world's expanding trade. It is even easier to point to the fact that Great Britain was the first nation to adopt the paying of ship subsidies on a considerable scale, and to jump to the conclusion that the subsidy system explains all. But this only the insignificant proposition of four per cent. of British tonnage is subsidized today, and so far as that is concerned, the French merchant marine has been jeal-

ously protected for a century and heavily subsidized since 1861, with very insignificant results. The experience of France would seem to argue the impossibility of creating a merchant marine out of hand. But this conclusion, in turn, is at once invalidated by at least two notable examples of just the opposite thing: that of Germany, which since the beginning of the eighties has built up the second most important merchant fleet in the world, and that of Japan, which within the single decade since the China-Japanese war has increased her mercantile tonnage just 638 per cent. Both nations have made use of bounties, subsidies, and other forms of government encouragement, but in both instances it would be extremely difficult to prove that the policy has had any large and permanent effect. Its inimportance in Germany is indicated by the fact that at present it affects not over two per cent. of the total shipping of the empire. On the whole, it appears that the size and efficiency of any nation's mercantile marine, even more than of its navy, are determined primarily by the temperament and adaptability of its people,—particularly, of course, their taste for trade and for the life of the sea.

One striking fact to be observed is that the newer, rapidly expanding merchant marines of the world are relatively more efficient than their older rivals. This is particularly true of the German and the Japanese. The day appears to be near at hand when other peoples, if they hope to present superior merchant vessels, will be obliged to swallow their pride and resort to the German builders to obtain them.—As for the more remarkable when one considers that only thirty years ago the Germans themselves were regularly laying their ships' keels in British yards. The Japanese, similarly, are fast becoming not only their own builders, but the builders for all the Orient, and the output of their new and splendidly equipped ship-yards at Kobe, Nagasaki, and other places cannot be surpassed anywhere in the world, even by the Germans.

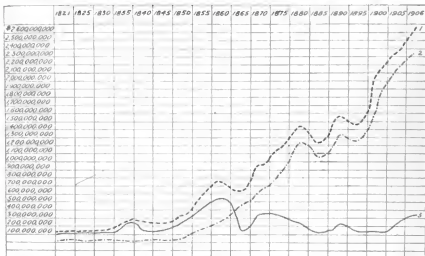
The case of the United States is notorious. In the youthful days of the nation our foreign shipping made a lame start. Not until 1842 did the percentage of our imports and exports carried under the American flag fall below eighty, and are still two decades later, not over seventy. By the beginning of the century, however, it was twenty-five, and thereafter the decline was marveled, until the lowest point—8.2 per cent.—was reached in 1901.

There recently there has been some recovery, the percentage last year being twelve. In the face of this far from brilliant record there are two somewhat considerations, one of which is that our sailing, lake, and river traffic is so vast as to compensate in a large degree for the absorption of the ocean trade by foreign merchantmen. The other is that, generally speaking, both our capital and our labor have been profitably employed during the last forty years in domestic business, and have been in such a position that they could afford, and indeed preferred, to ignore maritime enterprises. We have only just begun, however, to realize the possibilities of our foreign trade, and it is quite within the bounds of reason to maintain, with President Roosevelt, Secretary Root, and others, that the hope of answering up to our opportunities in this direction is positively conditioned upon the marked encouragement of our oceanic merchant fleet. Whether this latter end shall be attained to subsidies—whether indeed, as it is at present, upon which there is at present the most absolute division of opinion, and upon which, unfortunately, the experience of Europe affords us no clear light.

BRITISH	17,553,667	46.5%
GERMAN	3,812,190	10.4%
AMERICAN	3,390,322	8.9%
NORWEGIAN	1,902,960	5.0%
FRENCH	1,734,724	4.6%
RUSSIAN	1,527,637	3.9%
ITALIAN	1,262,174	3.3%
JAPANESE	1,129,077	2.9%
SWEDISH	883,309	2.3%
DUTCH	768,688	2.0%
SPANISH	747,237	1.9%
DANISH	690,433	1.8%
AUSTRALIAN	610,966	1.7%
GREEK	533,329	1.4%
ALL OTHER FLAGS	1,461,682	4.1%

The table shows the total and proportional tonnage of steamers of one hundred gross tons and over, and of sailing-vessels of fifty net tons and over, of fourteen merchant marines comprising not less than one per cent. each of the total tonnage of the world in 1906 (37,806,609 tons).

THE INSIGNIFICANT SHOWING OF AMERICAN SHIPS IN THE WORLD'S MARITIME COMMERCE



NO. 1 REPRESENTS THE TOTAL VALUE OF EXPORTS AND IMPORTS OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE PERIOD 1821-1906. NO. 2 REPRESENTS THE PORTION OF THESE EXPORTS AND IMPORTS CARRIED IN FOREIGN VESSELS; NO. 3 THE PORTION CARRIED IN AMERICAN VESSELS. THE FIGURES IN THE LEFT-HAND COLUMN INDICATE THE TOTAL VOLUME OF COMMERCE EXPRESSED IN DOLLARS.

SIMPLIFYING THE EXPENDITURE OF MR. ROCKEFELLER'S \$42,000,000 EDUCATIONAL FUND



IN THE NEW YORK OFFICE OF THE GENERAL EDUCATION BOARD, WHICH IS ENTRUSTED WITH THE TASK OF DISBURSING THE \$42,000,000 DONATED BY MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER TO THE "GENERAL EDUCATION," ARE ELABORATE SECTIONAL MAPS OF THE UNITED STATES, INTO WHICH ARE PLACED NUMEROUS DIFFERENT TYPES OF INSTITUTIONS. THE VARIOUS TYPES ARE INDICATED BY THE LETTERS A, B, AND C. ATTACHED TO THE MAP, THE CHARACTER OF THE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS OF COLLEGIATE GRADE IN THE DIFFERENT STATES.

THE UNIFORMLY SUCCESSFUL DIPLOMACY OF CIPRIANO CASTRO

By HERBERT W. BOWEN

Former United States Minister to Venezuela

CIPRIANO CASTRO, upon coming into power, found himself in the singular position of a ruler whose country was in revolution against him, and who was deposed in a suit brought by a majority of the nations of the world for a settlement of the wrongs Venezuela had inflicted on their respective citizens and subjects. The situation would have been absolutely appalling "to a brain unimpaired with nerve of steel"; but Castro never lost his self-confidence or courage. He set to work immediately to plan his campaign against the revolution, and at the decisive moment he took command in person of his handful of troops, had defeated his enemies so completely that those whom he did not capture fled to foreign shores, his return to his capital he announced with grim humor, that he had "pacified" the country, availing, of course, that he had exercised the spirit of the revolution and had crushed its body.

He was now free to give his attention to the rampant nations. Some of them he hardly knew by name, as his education had been barely rudimentary, and as he had never traveled beyond the enchanted isles of the Caribbean Sea. He "googled" himself, however, quickly and accurately, and then devised the simple but sagacious plan of separating his foreign enemies into two parties—one penurious and the other aggressive.

As he had learned that the United States would never join European nations in undertaking coercive measures against a sister American republic, he headed the list of his penurious enemies with the United States, and then added France, as he had been assured that the French Cable Company could restrain the French government from taking any steps that would make France unpopular in Venezuela, Spain, Mexico, and Belgium he now put down on the same list, as they were without navy, and he concluded it with Holland and Sweden and Norway, which he judged had had too little experience in the matter of aggression to undertake it, or short even in alliance with their powerful neighbors. To the diplomatic notes of those on the penurious list he sent answers that were at once deferential and dignified. To the three nations on the aggressive list—Germany, Great Britain, and Italy—the notes he addressed were distinctly defiant and plainly provocative. Their forthright reply with war ships, which seized his navy and blockaded his ports. A word to his pro-aggressors, and they informed the world that his navy consisted of only a few antiquated gunboats and pleasure yachts used for police purposes; that the blockade was simply causing the fishermen along the Venezuelan coast to suffer the tortures of starvation; and that a great alliance of mighty European nations against him was wholly unnecessary, as he was willing to pay all just claims, but could not meet properly exaggerated demands. The world read and sympathized with him, and the blockaders found their position ridiculous. Having no practical plan of their own for settling the controversy, the allies accepted Castro's proposal that plenipotentiaries of the parties in interest should meet in Washington. The result was that an equitable arrangement was duly made by virtue of which all claims of all nations were to be scrutinized carefully by competent mixed commissions, and the awards made by those should be paid by Venezuela in reasonable installments. Castro's war ships were now returned to him and the blockade was raised. His foreign enemies were now "pacified" also, although not in the same sense as the revolution had been. Up to this point in his career his diplomacy was thoroughly intelligible, as well as very remarkable, both in conception and execution. He kept himself substantially all the time in the right and his enemies in the wrong. The claims were mercilessly cut down by the mixed commissions, and an enormous sum of money was consequently saved to him and his country. All that now remained for him to do before settling down to regular work was to find the means of preventing wealthy foreign corporations holding valuable property and rights in Venezuela from promoting, aiding, or abetting conspiracies against him in the future as they had done during the recent revolution. His first step was to secure proof of complicity.

Rumor soon reported that his efforts had been successful even beyond his anticipation, and that he actually had in his possession documents that would, if published, convict the two principal foreign corporations—the American Asphalt Company and the French Cable Company—of having been hand in glove with the very leaders of the revolution. At all events he suddenly deprived those two companies of their immensely valuable property and rights in Venezuela. In doing so he took absolute personal control of his courts, and dictated to them what decisions they should render. The whole procedure was irregular and illegal, and caused the wires of telegraphic communication to vibrate to all parts of Europe and America. As it is the peculiar province and duty of every nation to defend the property and rights of its citizens from all plausible assaults, and not to tolerate illegal procedure even against a criminal, no one was surprised when Mr. Hay sent his so-called ultimatum in March, 1903, in which he stated "we United States Foreign Relations, 1903." The attitude of the Venezuelan government towards the government of the United States, and towards the interests of its citizens, who have suffered so grave and frequent wrongs arbitrarily committed by the government of Venezuela, require that justice should now be fully done, one for all."

Castro replied without delay, in his most defiant tone and manner, and then seemingly dismissed the subject from his mind. To his anxious friends, who expected to see American war ships lead troops within a fortnight at La Guayra, he showed without comment a cablegram he had received from his special agent in Washington stating substantially that his attitude would be ignored, or that conciliatory answers would be sent in reply. The diplomatic world was astounded, and rumors ascended to this day. All knew that Mr. Hay was not the kind of man to send an ultimatum unless it was absolutely necessary as a matter of national honor, and that having done so he would not have met a defiant reply with meekness of his high contents and earnestness of mind. The special agent's cablegram, nevertheless, was truthful and accurate, but he did not state from whom he had received the message. Mr. Hay's ultimatum should be considered nugatory. Castro evidently knew when the process was, and had evidently counted on him to act in his interests at the decisive moment. Mr. Hay, sensitive as but few jack-

the men are, now broke down completely in health, and no further steps were taken by the United States to secure justice for the Asphalt Company until his recovery. Mr. Root had made a careful study of the Venezuelan subject. Then Venezuela was informed (see *Foreign Relations*, 1903) that the cablegram should be used to settle the questions between the United States and Venezuela not in either of the ways (arbitration or force) suggested by Mr. Hay's ultimatum, but through the conciliatory channels of diplomacy. One who, however, preferred to keep possession of the asphalt property, and not even to discuss the matter. The French cable case was conducted in Castro substantially in the same manner as the asphalt case was. The property was seized, the French government protested and threatened to use force, and when Castro answered definitely, but so time in changing its policy in one of conciliatory impartiality. In this case, also, Castro allowed the rumor to spread that he had secrets in his possession that insured his success. Claiming as we very properly say, in the absence of direct proof, that the secret influence he claimed to have in Washington and Paris was wholly imaginary, the fact remains that it would be difficult to find in all the history of diplomacy two stronger cases than the asphalt and the cable cases are, and hardly anything more mysterious than the masterful manner in which they were managed by Castro.

The world has seen many diplomats of great ability, but would have been difficult to imagine one who could have been so and so firmly successful as Castro was in his conflicts, domestic and foreign, with the odds always greatly against him at the start. The main objection to his diplomacy is that it never uplifted either him or his people morally, and was never so noble and so just in its method as the welfare of the human race. His diplomacy, therefore, while exceptionally able, was painfully lacking in greatness and nobility.

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General Cipriano Castro
PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA



ALEXANDER E. ORR

A PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN WHO, AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-FIVE, ACCEPTED THE PRESIDENCY OF THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, AND HAVING NOW THOROUGHLY REORGANIZED THAT GREAT ORGANIZATION IN PUBLIC CONFIDENCE, IS ABOUT TO RETIRE

[SEE EDITORIAL COMMENT]

THE PANACEA OF PURCHASE

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

DECORATION BY
DAN DAVRE
GROESBECK



I believe that the government of the United States should at once possess itself of the entire anthracite field of Pennsylvania, and retain it for national defence . . . about eighteen billion dollars would represent, at present values, the valuable anthracite deposits which the United States government should acquire to possess the entire store of this fuel.

—Rear Admiral Evans, in *North American Review*.

If war clouds arise in the burgeoning East

Far out in the realm of the Jap,

Its petty emoluments daily increased

Portending a terrible snap

Twice well to avoid every prospect of war

Upon this Bolshevik plan

Instead of manacled expending our purse,

Why, let us just purchase Japan

If trouble comes up, trust ourselves and the Japs

A chance that is happily given,

That threatens to rupture the status which we

Dispute all the week at the Hague

A bargain let's strike with the Romanoff great,

How charming the prospect of cash

And make In 1913 Russia an American State

For twenty six dollars an acre

Should Britain again wish confessions to us

With lively acquiescence

On any old thread that ignites in our sh.

From angles to quell her confusion

Instead of dispatching vast armies to war

And blow us off from their earth

Let's send for King Edward and give him a fair

For what should kingdom be worth

And so let it be with the twelfth of June

The African in drab attire

The Norwegians and Swedes and the Belgians

The Roman and son of a girl

The French and the to cross Atlantic and Pacific

The Swiss and the fast Portugueses

We'll buy 'em all up at no matter how much

And give a lead each upon Peace



JACK BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

Drawings by REMINGTON SCHUYLER

BOTH man and dog were motionless. In the man, blue-veined lids lay low over sunken eyes until the lashes made semicircles of black on the wasted cheeks; in the dog, two round spots of luminous devotion looked out from beneath silky black forelocks, and gazed with unswerving intensity into the face of the man lying back on the hay.

There was another long minute of troubled waiting, then a quiver shook the body of the small black dog, and a low whine broke the silence of the hayloft. At the sound the blue-veined lids fluttered a little, and a thin hand lifted itself from the hay and fell heavily on the small black head.

"It's a shame, old fellow—so it is," murmured the man. "In just a minute we'll go—in just a minute, old boy. You see, I wanted to rest—rest." The voice trailed off into silence.

There was a long pause, then the dog whined again. This time the man opened his eyes.

"And did you think I didn't know it?" he asked, trying to pat the dog's head, but barely succeeding in stirring his ear-finger-tips. "Of course I know you want your breakfast, old boy; and we'll have it—have it right away. If only it weren't for this weight, this dragging weight at my heels, Jack, and this—oddliness, I'd go now. Things are wrong with my head, somehow, but we're almost there—we must be. Yesterday we passed the brook where we used to fish—she and I. You remember, Jack—I showed you the deep black hole by the big rock. Oh, we're there, almost there!"

In his eagerness the man raised himself on his elbow. The dog, in quick response, quivered from head to tail, and told his joy in broken whines and one eloquent bark. He even turned and gave a sideways jump toward the stairway by which they had climbed to the loft the night before; but the man, breathing heavily, fell back into his old position and closed his eyes. For a minute the dog did not stir; then the tense muscles relaxed, the tail drooped, and the eyes lost their look of joyous anticipation. Very slowly the little creature crept back to the man's side and resumed his watchful, silent scrutiny of his master's face.

It was not long before steps sounded on the barn floor below. The steps ascended the stairs, and a head, red-haired and red-bearded, showed above the left door.

"By jingo," drawled a voice, "I did hear a dog bark!"

The head was followed by a long, bony built body, and the body by two big-headed feet which clumped across the floor and came to a pause about four paces distant from the man and the dog on the hay.

"Well, what you doing here?" drawled the voice again, but this time with a note of impatience.

There was no reply except a tentative move toward acquaintance and a conciliatory whine on the part of the dog.

The red-haired man frowned at the dog and took a step nearer.

"Come, come—drunk, be you?" he asked sharply, peering into the upturned face on the hay.

The dog, reading with unerring silence the frown and the sharp tone, looked toward his master with a series of short barks.

"Yes, yes, Jack, I know," murmured the man on the hay, faintly, without opening his eyes. "We'll go—we'll go, right away. I'm almost—rest—"

"Humph!" ejaculated the red-haired man, shambling across the floor and down the stairs. Five minutes later he reappeared, followed by a second edition of himself—scarcely less tall, but less bearded, less marked with the passage of years.

"Drunk, I suppose," the son was saying.

"Not a bit of it," retorted the father. "I tell you he's sick, and I ain't going to run no chances. Who knows but it's catching? It's mighty lucky I heard the dog before I clure out the yard. I'm going right by Shoom's, and I can leave him there as well as not. There ain't no place for sick men who nobody knows unless 'tis the postoffice. Anyhow, I can't keep him!"

Jack's master was unconscious when the two men lifted him and carried him down the stairway; and Jack himself was an animated bunch of distressed uncertainty whether to regard these strange red-headed men as friends or enemies. That his master

made no sound or motion of resistance evidently argued well to Jack's mind, for his barks and whines smacked more of excitement than of anger; but when the two men laid their burden on a pile of sacks in the bottom of the empty wagon, Jack flew to the side of the wagon in a frenzy of fear lest in some way he should become separated from him.

"Confused the little beast!" snarled the old man. "Here, I can't leave him alone. Take him off! Can't you?"

"Not much, I will!" grunted the son, rubbing his hands against his trousers as though he already felt the impact of those strong little teeth.

"Humph! I guess we can fetch him through his stomach," retorted the other, shuffling into the house to appear, a minute later, with a chicken drumstick. "Come, air, come—good fellow!" he roared, throwing the bone to the ground.

For one short instant Jack's great hunger made him forget all but that tempting morsel before him. With a bound he reached the edge of the wagon; then he paused, turned, and crept back to his master with a low whine and the touch of his tongue on the limp hand.

"Humph!" growled the old man again, picking up an empty sack and handing it to his son. "Catch the little devil off his guard and hold him tight," he commanded, reaching for the drumstick and thrusting it almost under the dog's nose. "Now!" he shouted, as the hungry little animal pounced on the bone.

The next moment, Jack, blinded and well-nigh smothered in the folds of the sack, was struggling in the young man's arms.

"Shut him up in the wooden shed and don't let him out until night," called a sharp voice as the wagon rattled out of the yard, "then set him adrift."

It was six o'clock that night when the young man opened the wooden door and attempted to set Jack "adrift." At first there was nothing but a frantic barking and whining, and a frenzied rushing over every inch of the yard, the barn, and particularly of the hayloft, all with a quivering, sensitive nose held low to catch a possible clue; but as time passed and it flocked as if "adrift" would mean nothing but this, the young man tried to drive the dog from the dooryard. To leave the place where he had just seen his master Jack stoutly refused, however; and not until the young man supplemented his persuasions with a pile of small stones and set the dog to trying about Jack's feet did the dog put his tail between his legs and run yelping with fright, up the road.

The sun dropped behind the hills in the west, and the shadows deepened. The long step road began to lead straight up, up, up, and the weary little black legs moved more and more slowly, stopping at last altogether. The wistful eyes crept the road behind and the road before, then scanned the pastures on the right and the woods on the left. A long ringing bark, followed by another and another, broke the silence of the twilight hush, and set small feet to scurrying among the underbrush. Then slowly, with hanging head and drooping tail, hungry, homeless, and miserable, Jack began to climb once more the long hill.

At dusk he reached a square white house with green blinds, flanked by a generous barn and a group of well-kept outbuildings. Creeping into an open shed he established himself in a corner under a wagon, and dropped his nose on his fore paws with a long-drawn breath of weariness that considered neither right nor expediency, but demanded rest.

A dozen hours later when Miss Emily Burbank opened her kitchen door to let in the fresh morning air she faced a small black dog sitting motionless on the broad step.

"Oh!" gasped the lady, faintly.

In lieu of a knocker the dog thumped his tail on the wooden step. His sparkling eyes grew lustrous with expectancy; then he whined softly.

The sound seemed to stiffen every muscle in the woman's body. She rose step forward and shook her apron with both hands.

"Shoo!—shoo!" she cried. It was a cut or a chicken that usually called forth the condemnatory wailing of Miss Burbank's apron.

"Hoo—hoo!" Hoo!" retorted Jack, quiveringly alert on the

instant, as he swept the yard with eager eyes. That he himself was the object of attack never entered his head; when Jack heard "swat!" he always looked for the cat.

"Tch!" shuddered Miss Burbank, retreating into the kitchen and slamming the door. "The horrid little beast—I believe he was going to bite!" Then she tiptoed to the window and looked out.

All the thrashing life and energy had fled from the little body and left it limp with griefed dismay. The dog stood motionless, his watery eyes fixed on the closed door.

"Go away," said Miss Burbank, sternly, from the window. Jack whined and took one leap toward the nearest speaker.

"Go away, I say," repeated Miss Burbank. "I don't want you. Go home!"

"Bow-wow!" protested Jack.

"Go home!" insisted Miss Burbank, and this time she stamped her foot.

Very slowly the dog turned and dejectedly walked down the slope toward the road. At the edge of the yard he paused and turned toward the house. A moment later he lay in the grass, his nose on his fore paws and his eyes fixed on the kitchen door.

"The dog!" muttered Miss Burbank, as she crossed the floor and went out into the woodshed for kindlings. "Just as if—I!"

"Not a dog, I see," said a whimsical voice from the bark shed stairs.

"Indeed I haven't," retorted Miss Burbank, sharply; and Tom Masterson chuckled as he continued his climb to the rear door.

Tom Masterson ran the barn "on shares," and lived in the upper part of the square white house with green blinds. Mr. and Mrs. Masterson had been there ever since old Silas Burbank died, leaving his twenty-year-old daughter Emily alone in the world. Emily was thirty-one now—healthy, self-reliant, and known to pride herself openly on being free from "nonsense." "Nonsense" to Emily Burbank meant tears, heart-stirrings, and the allowing of sentiment to tip the scales of justice by as much as a hair's breadth. Steady tramps, cats, and dogs were never fed at her door, though the men in her employ and the stock in her barn received full measure of food and care. Vagrancy and carelessness in looking out for one's pets—if one were so silly as to have pets—she could not countenance to the extent of distributing scraps and scraps at her kitchen door.

The children of her acquaintance greeted her appearance with a frightened silence, but the sick bailed her cool hand and good judgment with a joyousness that found no fault and asked no questions. Those who had known her as a young girl years before gloried in their stories of Emily Burbank's "bark," and vied with each other in giving the most detailed account of how she had dismissed poor Frank Wingate, son of a dissolute but well-born and wealthy father—dismissed him just because he had once broken his dog and drunk a wee little glass of wine; "and him with all his labored tendencies to fight, too," some would add, resentfully. However varied the stories were in the telling there was always the one ending—that young Wingate had gone West and had never been heard from, and that now Emily Burbank was getting her just deserts by being nothing but a "lonely old maid."

Tom Masterson was well aware of Miss Burbank's disposition toward stray animals in general and dogs in particular, and from the barn he had been an amused spectator of the little scene enacted at the kitchen door that morning; hence his teasing question as Miss Burbank bent over the kindling-wood pile. He was still chuckling when he reached the top step of the woodshed stairs and lifted the latch of his back door. Down stairs Miss Burbank heard the chuckle and understood.

"Just as if—I!" she said again, as she hurried into the kitchen and thrust the wood, with unnecessary violence, into the stove. "My dog, I said!"

After breakfast Miss Burbank carried a six-quart pan of corn-meal mush and scraps into the poultry-yard. Not until she had entered the enclosure did she realize that her visitor of the morning had trotted noiselessly after her so that now he stood close by, expectant and eager-eyed. If nothing else had told her of his presence, the squeaking and scattering of the hens and chickens would speedily have done so.

"Tch!" screamed Miss Burbank, springing quickly to one side. "Go home, sir."

Jack whined, and came upright on his haunches, with his master begging had been wonderfully persuasive.

"Go home—go home—go home!" reiterated Miss Burbank, flourishing her iron spoon and stamping her foot.

"Bow!" barked the dog,

erisply. Where begging had failed with his master, "speaking" had been all-powerful.

Miss Burbank jumped nervously and followed the hens in their retreat.

"Go home!" she commanded, with all the sternness she could muster.

Down on all fours dropped the dog at once. Head hanging and tail between his legs he slunk through the gate and peered just outside the wicket netting. With a spring Miss Burbank reached the gate and snapped it to; then she turned and began to throw spoonfuls of food among the hens and chickens.

Suddenly she became aware that the dog had shifted his position so that now he was at the right of the long narrow yard, and not ten feet away from her busy spoon. He was on his haunches, too, and Miss Burbank could not help seeing that his longing eyes followed every flying morsel of food or bread. She tried to turn her head to see nothing but the peeping, chuckling, clucking of the fowls; but her eyes refused to be diverted from that upright patient figure on the other side of the netting, and her hand began to make wild throws with the spoon.

Even to herself Miss Burbank would not own that she intentionally turned her wrist so that the small boiled potato flew over the fence at her right; but whether by design or by accident it made little difference to the hungry eyes that saw the potato coming, or to the red and white cavern that promptly opened and swallowed it up.

"Why, he caught it!" exclaimed Miss Burbank, her fascinated eyes never leaving the dog's figure—still upright, and now confidently awaiting favors to come.

Whatever it was that had sent the boiled potato over the fence, it certainly was not accident that sent the clover bit of beef on the same route.

Again the dog deftly caught the food, and again Miss Burbank's eyes grew wide with interest. The big iron spoon was turning the contents of the pan topsy-turvy in search of another piece of meat when a baritone voice from the barn roared forth in "When Johnny comes marching home." With a hasty movement and a guilty flush Miss Burbank tossed the remaining food to the chickens with one shake of the pan, and hurried through the gate. Try as she would not to notice, she was unpleasantly conscious that her every move was watched by a pair of grieved, watchful eyes. The low whine of disappointment was still ringing in her ears when Tom Masterson accosted her from the barn doorway.

"Best of friendly, ain't he—that dog?"

"He's very disagreeable," retorted Miss Burbank. "Why people can't keep their dogs at home, I don't understand," she added, as she hurried toward the house.

A breakfast consisting of a boiled potato and a square inch of beef does not go far toward satisfying an appetite that has been thirty-six hours in accumulating. But it evidently was sufficient to convince Jack that more would follow if he did but have patience. Patience, in Jack's mind, apparently consisted of long, soulless watchings on the kitchen steps, varied by occasional soft barks, pleading whines, and perhaps a gentle scratch or two on the door.

Three times Miss Burbank said "go home" from the window, and each time Jack disconsolately retreated to the edge of the grass by the road. That the dog obeyed her even to that extent brought a curiously pleasant sense of power to Miss Burbank.



Drawn by Berendsehn Schuyler

The brook where we used to fish—she and I

She remembered, too, that he had left the poultry-yard at her bidding; and his feat of catching his food while erect on his haunches was very vivid in her recollection. On the whole, the small black dog was scarcely out of the lady's thoughts all day. The third time Miss Burbank said "go home" from the window there was almost a smile on her lips in anticipation of another proof of her power over this curious little creature on her doorstep. The smile must have shown itself in her voice, for the dog hesitated as though not mere of her mouing, and she had to repeat her command before he finally obeyed.

By night Miss Burbank was strangely restless. To feed this dog was contrary to all her principles and habits; and even could she have set these aside there were still Tom Masterson's laughing eyes and winning smile in the way; that Tom Masterson should see the downfall of her vaunted scorn of tramps of all kinds, and of dogs in particular, was torture to her. It was very resolutely, therefore, that Miss Burbank forced her eyes to take one indifferent look at the dog on the kitchen doorstep before she shut the window, locked the doors, and prepared herself for bed. Hence Jack was still dimmer and surprier when, after a despairing glance at the silent, darkened house, he crept into the shed and under the wagon for his night's rest. Fortunately, thirst was not added to hunger in Jack's case, for there was plenty of water at the barn within his reach.

Miss Burbank could not sleep that night. Even the counting of white flecks of sheep, the reciting of the alphabet backwards, and the fixing of her thoughts on an imaginary yellow spot in the pit of her stomach, failed to close her eyes for any length of time. She tossed from side to side, and finally rose and went to the window.

It was bright moonlight and the workday world was turned to a fairland of loveliness. For a time Miss Burbank watched a fleecy cloud play hide-and-seek with the moon; then a step on the gravelly road in front of the house made her instantly aware that a rough-looking man had come around the bend of the road. She caught her breath with a low cry when the man paused and looked toward the barn.

Perhaps he was a tramp with an eye toward a good lodging-place; perhaps he was an artist with an eye only for the picturesque beauty of the buildings in the moonlight; whatever had roused him to pause on his way, appearances were emphatically against him in the estimation of Jack, who had been quick to detect the steps and their meaning. With a growl and a series of barks the dog sprang into the open and faced the man.

Whether the stranger's interest were practical or esthetic, it waned at the first bark. Pulling his hat over his eyes, the man hurried down the road and out of sight.

"Oh, you—dread!" cried Miss Burbank, softly, her eyes on the dog. Then she drew in her breath and threw a quick look toward the ceiling—Tom Masterson slept in the room above. For an instant Miss Burbank hesitated, then she slipped into a wrapper and a pair of felt shoes, and went swiftly, but softly, into the pantry.

Two minutes later, at least one small dog in the world had the surprise of his life. Out of that cruel kitchen door, before which he had spent hours of fruitless waiting, there came a soft-treading figure carrying a well-laden plate.

"Here, catch it!" commanded Miss Burbank in a hoarse whisper, pausing on the steps.

Jack heard, and bounded forward with a joyful bark.

"Sh-h!" cautioned the lady, with another guilty upward look, and a shrinking back toward the kitchen door. "Now—catch it."

she finished, raising her hand with a piece of meat lightly held in her finger.

Up on his haunches went Jack, and snap went his hungry little jaws. Once, twice, again and again, until the plate was empty and until Miss Burbank's eyes were shining like stars. Then the kitchen door softly closed, and the dog trotted back to his shed and dropped under the wagon with a dewy sigh of content.

In the week that followed it did not take Jack long to learn that while the days were a repitition of that first one—with nothing to eat, and nothing to krat but the periodical "go home, sir, go home,"—he had only to appear at the kitchen door after the house was dark, and silent, to be met again by that soft-treading figure carrying a plate heaped with good things.

It was on the seventh night, and after the seventh banquet, that his love for his new mistress broke bounds, and sent him to her feet in an ecstasy of frantic leaps, short barks, and efforts to reach and lick her hands. The onslaught was unexpected, and— to Miss Burbank—terrifying, though she soon saw that love and gratitude were behind it, and not a desire to crush and devour her. "Down, sir, down!" she cried faintly, and backed into the house; but after that night the dog always had, as a desert to his supper, a surreptitious pat on his head, and a low-spoken "nice doggy"—good fellow—in his ears—albeit ever given with that furtive glance toward the upper floor.

If Tom Masterson knew of those nocturnal banquets, or if he wondered why the dog staid day after day, he made no sign. He treated the whole affair with cheerful indifference. He made no attempt to second Miss Burbank's daily commands to "go home, sir," nor did he ask the dog to stay by feeding him—Tom Masterson had leava too long at the Burbank farm-house to begin now to feed stray dogs.

The weeks slipped into a month, and still Jack staid. He did not always see his mistress at night now, but the plate of food never failed to be waiting outside the kitchen door as soon as the darkness made it invisible to casual eyes. The "go home" sound less and less frequently; and Miss Burbank even forgot altogether to say it. People grew used to seeing a small black dog showing himself very much contented on the premises. Yet Miss Burbank, if questioned, invariably elevated her chin and retorted: "Indeed, no; it is not my dog. It is a stray one, and I wish whoever owns it would look after its property!"

It was on the Wednesday of Jack's fifth week at the farm that Miss Burbank came home from the Clayton's by crossing the field behind the Burbank barn. Miss Burbank had forgotten all about the bull which Masterson had shut up only that morning in the field, nor did she remember until she saw the animal, maddened by the red parrot she carried, charging directly toward her.

It was not far then to the barn-yard gate, and Miss Burbank did her best; but the desired goal seemed to her crazed eyes—to reveal as she ran. The animal was almost upon her, and a barking streak of black shot past her and pooned upon the low-bent head behind her.

That one instant's grace was Miss Burbank's salvation. She reached the fence and almost tumbled to the other side. Then at her feet she fell a crashed, pale, quivering thing, with tangled silky hair and agony-filled eyes; the bull had shaken himself free from his momentary madness.

"Oh! Oh—hi!" shuddered Miss Burbank, her eyes moist, and a lump coming into her throat. For an instant she hesitated, then she stooped and gathered the dog gently in her arms.

Half-way across the yard she met Tom Masterson. "The bull trood him—his hurt," she explained brokenly, in response to the gaping wonderment in his face.

"Himny! Here, I'll get my gun in no time," he cried, starting to run toward the house.

"Your gun?" gasped Miss Burbank in a tone that brought Masterson's feet to an abrupt stop.

"None—to put the little beast out of misery. Why not? Even a tramp dog ought not to suffer."

Miss Burbank drew herself erect. Unconsciously her arms tightened their clasp. For an instant her eyes blazed into the man's; then she spoke.

"A gun?—a gun? Tom Masterson, you go straight down to Seth Hackett's and tell him I want him to come up here at once. Tell him my dog has got hurt. Do you understand?—my dog! Now hurry, please. And without so much as a backward glance Miss Burbank strode across the yard and through the kitchen doorway.

"By Jove!" muttered the man, with a low whistle; then he turned and ran down the road.

In the house Miss Burbank was removing with gentle hands the collar around the



Illustrated by Remondino Schuyler

For an instant she hesitated, then gathered the dog gently in her arms

dog's neck. The engraving on the name-plate caught her eye, and she carried it to the window to read.

"Jack. Property of Frank A. Wingate," she breathed, and grew suddenly white. The next instant she was down on her knees at the dog's feet, sobbing and murmuring broken words; nor were the sobs lessened when a moist, feebly tongue touched her cheek, and a troubled whine sounded close to her ear.

During the days that immediately followed Jack knew what it meant to lie in a padded basket and be tended from morning till night. Just how Frank Wingate's dog could have come to her, Emily Burbank could not in the least understand; that he was there was sufficient. Where the master himself was, puzzled the woman even more. It seemed to her that he must be dead; in no other way could she account for the weeks Jack had spent with her, and for his condition when he came. The mystery of the living seemed to Miss Burbank almost to touch the supernatural, and as the days passed she could scarcely bear to have the dog out of her sight.

Jack's wounds were not quite healed when the toll, house-breaker rang the bell at Miss Burbank's door.

"Good morning," said the man, with a curious touch of restraint in his voice. "I called about a stray dog that I understand is here."

Miss Burbank stifled. Only the night before Tom Masterson had been telling her that some of the travelling-men at the hotel in the village had said that they were coming out to see the dog that didn't know the difference between a bull and a toy spaniel.

"There is no stray dog here, sir," she said, icily. "I own the dog."

"And you wouldn't sell it?" asked the man, still with that touch of restraint.

"Certainly not."

"There is nothing that would tempt you?"

"Nothing."

"But—I know a man who—wants it."

Miss Burbank shook her head.

"I can't help it. The dog is mine. He has been here for weeks, and I would not consider a separation under any circumstances."

"Upon my soul!" laughed the man, the restraint gone from his voice. (Miss Burbank started.) "You—" The man did not finish his sentence, for a series of frantic barks and whines interrupted. Mechanically Miss Burbank turned to open the sitting-room door.

The next moment she almost fell over backwards, so overwhelming was the rush of a small black body with two hemlock ends dragging at its heels.



Illustration by Benjamin Schreyer

"Frank, if you will bring—my dog in here, I'll put him in his basket"

"Frank!" she gasped an instant later, as Jack leaped into the man's arms and looked face and hands in ecstatic joy.

"Yes, it is 'Frank,' Emily," said the man, softly, as he crossed the hall to her side. "I've been sick. I was sick when I left 'Frisee' weeks ago; but I wanted to get to you, Emily. I thought I was going to die, and we started for the East—Jack and I; I wanted to see you—once more. When I reached the junction I suspect my head went back on me; anyhow, I started to walk here. I dropped somewhere by the way and was taken to the posthouse. Necessity is now here, you know, and he didn't recognize even my name on the papers in my pocket; but he gave me good care—just as good as he did afterwards when I came to myself, and he found out who I was. But I didn't die, Emily, after all, and—I'm here. Emily!"—the man's breath came hurriedly—"did you mean that, a minute ago? Did you? You said that you wouldn't consider a separation from Jack under any circumstances, and—I have Jack," he finished meaningly, reaching out for her hand.

"Oh!" cried Emily, flushing a bright pink and drawing hurriedly back. "Of course you can have him! He isn't mine any more. I—you—" She turned and fled through the sitting-room door.

The man stood motionless, his eyes glowing dark with misery; presently a voice, low, and not very clear, came from the sitting-room.

"Frank, if you'll bring—my dog in here, I'll put him in his basket."

A puzzled questioning swept across the man's face; then the light of a sudden comprehension set his eyes to dancing.

"Emily—sweetheart!" he cried, and strode through the door.

A NOTEWORTHY SHOWING BY AMERICAN ARTISTS

By EMMETT C. HALL.

MUCH interest has been aroused by the first annual exhibition of paintings by American artists now being held in the Corcoran gallery at Washington. The showing made by American artists in the four hundred paintings exhibited is distinctly good. Scarcely a prominent name among contemporary artists is missing from the catalogue.

Three prizes have been awarded by the Corcoran gallery to paintings exhibited: the first, of \$1000 (the W. A. Clark prize, carrying with it the Corcoran gold medal), going to Willard L. Metcalf of New York. This painting, entitled "May Night," shows an old Colonial mansion standing amid blossoming horse-chestnut trees, the scene softly illuminated by an unseen moon. The Charles C. Moore prize of \$500, and the Corcoran silver medal, go to Frank W. Benson, of Boston, for his picture called "Against the Sky," a painting of considerable attractiveness; it discloses a young woman in light summer costume, her wet tresses by a breeze, and seen against a dazzling summer sky. The third prize picture is the work of Edward W. Redfield, of Centre Bridge, Pennsylvania. This was awarded the V. G. Fischer prize of \$250, and the Corcoran bronze medal. It is entitled "The Lowlands of the Delaware," and expresses with understanding the charm of low-lying and barely marsh-lands.

Competition for these prizes was limited in very recent work by reason of the fact that only pictures owned by the artists were allowed to compete; nor were any eligible which had previously received a prize of equal or greater value, the idea of this limitation being to encourage continual effort, and so far as possible, to provide against a duplication of honors.

Nine of the paintings exhibited have been purchased by the

Corcoran gallery. They are: "Girl in Brown," by J. J. Shannon; "The First Snow," by R. M. Shattell; "The Delaware River," by Edward W. Redfield, winner of the third Corcoran prize; "A Light on the Sea," by Winslow Homer; "Ave Maria," by Horatio Walker; "Poem," by Wilton Lockwood; "Woman and Child," by Mary Cassatt; "Northeast Headlands, New England Coast," by Childs Hanson; and "The Land of the Hopi Indians," by Albert L. Groll. The gallery will also accept, if possible, the prize picture "May Night," and the painting "The Land and the Sea," by Paul Dougherty.

While the prize paintings are naturally the centre of interest in the exhibition, there are, nevertheless, some striking portraits exhibited, the one given the place of honor being Sargent's portrait of the four famous physicians, Drs. Kelly, Osler, Habbert, and Welch, recently completed for the Johns Hopkins University. This canvas ranks with any which this illustrious painter has ever produced. Near this large painting are four others by the same hand, of which the most interesting is that of the late John Hay, Secretary of State.

Some other portraits in the exhibition which might be regarded as fairly challenging the genius of Sargent, and not without good grounds, are by Wilhelm Funk, Carl Meibers, and J. J. Shannon, whose "Girl in Brown," purchased by the gallery, has earned much favorable comment. There is a remarkable charm about this somewhat enigmatical conception.

Some notable paintings are present as loans from other galleries, among them being "Carities," by Abbott Thayer, from the Boston Art Museum, and Albrecht's "Selva," which is the property of Senator Clark.

NEW YORK'S SECRET POLICE

By FRANK MARSHALL WHITE

THAT the city of New York has been compelled to adopt the secret-police system of Continental Europe is due entirely to the fact that a horde of European criminals—of a single nationality—have crept within our gates. Indeed, the so-called Black Hand Society's headquarters is not an offshoot of the Sicilian Mafia, transplanted to the metropolis of the Western Hemisphere, and it is to deal solely with those malefactors, mostly ex-convicts from southern Italy, that the special Italian detective service has been instituted.

Fully to appreciate the circumstances in which the "Black Hand" was enabled to flourish in the centre of Western civilization for a period of several years, however, it is essential to understand the conditions under which these hundreds of thousands of Italians have recently come into the country—conditions different from those governing the immigration of any other nationality, with the exception alone of a few Austro-Hungarian and Oriental races. Of the million and a half of Italians who have visited the United States during the last ten years, more than one million have entered since the beginning of the century; and seventy-five per cent. have already returned home.

The great bulk of the present Italian immigration is not of those that come to stay. Italy is perfectly willing that her people should visit America for short periods, and not only bring back American money, but relieve the congestion of her population; but for economic reasons she cannot afford to have all of these visitors remain permanently. While she might possibly spare a million and a half from her 33,000,000 if they were judiciously selected from different provinces, it would be a serious matter if even one million of that number were drawn from two provinces, of which the total population is only 3,000,000.

As, however, the most stupid Italian peasant could scarcely fail, in ordinary circumstances, to perceive the advantage of living in a prosperous republic, as against an overtaxed monarchy, even during a limited residence in the United States, it is essential that he be kept as much under Italian influence and as free from contact with republican institutions as possible. Consequently, the Italian immigrants now come to the United States under the auspices of their government. On every immigrant-ship leaving an Italian port for America is a so-called "royal commissioner," who preaches patriotism all the way across, and warns the traveller that by taking out satisfactory papers in a foreign country he loses the protection of his government.

When the immigrants arrive they are, so far as possible, taken to the Italian colonies in the larger cities and towns, where Italian priests teach them that to forsake allegiance to their king is a sin in the sight of God, and that Italian schools give the children instruction in Italian in Italian schools, while the parents do their utmost to prevent the little ones from learning English in the streets or elsewhere. (Indeed, the municipal authorities of New York seem to be assisting to bring about this commutation, since the regulations governing Thomas Jefferson Park, that famous one side of "Little Italy" in Harlem, are printed in the Italian language only.) The Italian immigrant is also discouraged from settling in the country or the smaller towns and villages, where he may be subjected to the contagion of free institutions. When he goes away from the cities to work on railroads or in mines, or for similar employment, it is invariably in gangs of his own nationality, and to points within reach of Italian priests.

Thus we find that the Italian government has unwittingly created ideal conditions under which her expatriate criminals may prey upon their honest countrymen in a foreign land—for the depredations of the "Black Hand" have been confined entirely to the Italians themselves. For nearly five years the police found it impossible to cope with these foreign malefactors, since their victims, who were kept in ignorance of American institutions, were ignorant of the power of the Mafia in Italy, and considered them where bound by the "code of honor" or obligatory of silence, so that in an circumstances would they appeal to local authorities for aid.

It is scarcely three years ago that the then Police Commissioner McAdoo created the special Italian service, under command of Detective-Sergeant Joseph Petrosino, to deal with these Italian criminals. The personnel of this force is known only to its chief, and not even to the Commissioner of Police or the chief of the Detective Bureau. Its members keep as far away from police headquarters as possible, and the arrests in cases in which they have obtained evidence are almost invariably made by members of the uniformed force, in order that the identity of the special detectives may not become known among the criminals, or even among the regular police and detectives. The secret-service men wear no badges; and when it is necessary to divert suspicion from themselves as detectives, submit to arrest and are locked up as prisoners, frequently getting as far as the Berrillon measurement-room at headquarters before being rescued by their chief. Many of them have other vocations, that they may the more successfully delude the criminals among whom they live.

With his little force of secret police, which the present commissioner only recently augmented to suggest, after the brief recrudescence of Italian crime last December, Petrosino has done wonders. The first year of its existence he made 700 arrests; between 500 and 600 in 1905, and something like 700 last year,

the diminishing total each year proving the efficacy of the service. The "Black Hand Society," which only one year ago was estimated to number 5000 in New York city alone, preying upon nearly 600,000 Italian residents, has been brought virtually under control. Petrosino believes that with the help of his Italian men, and the cooperation of other branches of the government, he will be able soon to exterminate those transplanted scoundrels.

Joseph Petrosino, who is of Italian birth, is a type of the efficient and conscientious public servant. His record of twenty-four years on the New York police force is without a blemish. For a decade he has been in terror to the Italian criminal, and he stands on the records of the police department with more convictions for murder—seventeen in one year—than any other five men in the Detective Bureau.

Among the former bandits of Sicily and Calabria in the Italian colonies of New York, Petrosino deals more without fear. For them he has only contempt in spite of their sanguinary history, since he knows that they have not the courage to offer him personal violence. For their victims he has even greater scorn, because he believes that but for their cowardice and ignorance the ordinary movement among the brotherhood of rogues would be impossible. Nevertheless, he finds it impossible to ignore the foreign-born Italians to give evidence against the outlaws among them, and hence it is almost impossible to convict his prisoners of crime when arrests are effected.

It should not be considered, however, that this relentless enemy of the criminals of the "Black Hand" is a mere bloodhound. Indeed, of the scores of murder cases he has dealt with during his long career on the detective force, many of which have ended with the electric chair, the one he likes best to tell about concerns his successful effort to save the life of a condemned man whom he believed to have been unjustly convicted.

In 1900 Nicola Carbone was condemned to death for the murder of Natalio Brogno, both Calabrians, as was their acquaintance, Alessandria Ceramella. Brogno had been found dying on the sidewalk in Baxter and Leonard streets, with a fatal knife wound in his back, one evening the previous July, with Carbone standing over him. After Carbone's conviction Petrosino was informed that two persons, a watchman and a messenger boy, who had witnessed a fight between the two men, had seen another man rush up while the others were struggling together, stab Brogno, and run away. They had given this information to the police at the time, they said, but no attention had been paid to them. After making inquiries among Brogno's relatives Petrosino came to the conclusion that the real murderer was Ceramella, who had been an avowed enemy of the dead man, and who answered the description of the man the two witnesses declared they had seen commit the deed. Ceramella had not been seen about his accustomed haunts since the time of the tragedy, which increased the probability of his guilt, and also made his arrest the more difficult. The evidence of the watchman and the messenger was not sufficient, from the legal point of view, to secure a reprieve for Carbone, who was sentenced to die on February 7, three weeks after Petrosino took up the case. The detective had to work against time. He tracked Ceramella to Jersey City, and then to Pittsburgh. The trail led thence to Milton, Delaware, and Halifax, Nova Scotia, and then to Baltimore. Here Petrosino ran his man to earth, and secured his confession that it was he who had murdered Brogno, two days before Carbone was to have been executed. Carbone was pardoned, and Ceramella was convicted of the murder and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

The story of Petrosino's achievements, apart from those connected with the secret police, would fill a volume. It was he who, cooperating with the secret service of the Treasury Department, broke up the gangs of counterfeiters that made imitation American money in Naples and shipped it to New York, to be used in the United States. It was he who fought the unending war of the "reservation insurance" frauds in this city in 1902, which raked for the most persistent work and the highest order of detective intelligence. With the hand of every lawless Italian against him, he followed up one clue after another, found men alive who had been pronounced dead and who were living on their shares of the proceeds of their own insurance, secured evidence that many bodies interred in graveyards had been sent there through the agency of police.

It was Petrosino who broke up the gangs of Italian confidence-men that infested the ocean steamship piers, for the purpose of deluding unsuspecting tourists of their own race. One hundred and thirty-two of those confidence-men are now behind the bars in Sing Sing prison.

In spite of his success thus far in dealing with crime among the Italians, Petrosino does not consider the existing law adequate to cope with the present situation. He advocates a Federal statute making it possible to deport foreign malefactors, even after they have effected a foothold in the United States. "I could put my hands on Italian criminals in hundreds of cities and hundreds," he says, "men who are living solely by crime, and who have never done a honest day's work in their lives, and yet, whom, under present conditions, I am obliged to allow to remain at liberty—a constant menace to property and life."

Raisuli, the Brigand Who Made Himself King

(Continued from page 338.)

has exacted unjust taxes, and grown wealthy by head-money, must be removed, and from his ill-gotten gains he must pay the ransom of the American," was Raisuli's ultimatum. And of course he was master of the board. The imperial government was checkmated, the advisers of Sultan in Fez were dead, and he feared that the decisive word would come from Washington, the blue-jackets be landed, and then, as an inevitable result, the long-ferred deluge of international scorn and how over Morocco. Abd-el-Sudik was disgraced and made to disgorge the eighty thousand pesos Raisuli demanded, and Mr. Picardier was turned over to Admiral Chabrick in all honor.

With the ransom-money Raisuli bought arms and built his great stronghold at Zinat in the mountains. Immediately he became the actual, if not the officially recognized, lord of life and death in northern Morocco. And it was not long before the Sultan, forgetting past friction, as because an Oriental ruler projected into the West, shored Raisuli many favors, and accepted him in return. When the Raisulids went on the rampage and threatened Tetuan, the Sultan of Fez wrote to Raisuli, calling him "My second in command, my right hand," and asked him to drive the British legation into the wilderness, when which they came. And Raisuli did it. Only six months ago, when another horde of robbers, whose boldness hastened the conference of the powers at Algiers, defeated the imperial troops sent against them and took up their position in the Atlantic port of Arzila, threatening all manner of complications with the outside world, the Sultan of Fez asked his great and good friend Raisuli to drive them out and restore law and order. And so it came about in the simplest way in the world, the Sultan not being able to rule northern Morocco without him. It was falling in with his nature through him, and of course no one was so tactful as to say anything about taxes or tribute-money.

Then suddenly a change came over the imperial power. Ben Haman, the pretender to the throne of Fez, who had looked so strong a few weeks before, began to lose power and prestige. The French in Algiers, who, whether authorized from Paris or not, had furnished him with such substantial aid a few months before, turned from him, and the Berber tribesmen, once his main support, grew fickle and lukewarm. With immense good-will, and in accordance with the traditional policy, the pretender, though well on in years, had taken a wife from each and every one of the twenty-eight tribes which had supported his cause; but up to the present not a child has been born to any of these plural marriages, and the Moors, who do not stand for race-misce, whether it be upon the throne or with a pretender, are falling away from Ben Haman. Even the priests throughout the land are saying the favor of Allah is not upon this man. Again, foreign influence, which counts for so much in Fez, may be strongly opposed to Raisuli. There may be other reasons for this opposition, but the most notorious is because the highland chief, with his loyal lions behind him, could make the policy of the Moorish Sultan, who was decided upon by the powers at Algiers, with the active mandate given to Spain and France, a very difficult and costly operation.

In personal appearance Raisuli has the cast of a pathfinder. He is tall, thin, and in full, trim across the hips, light and bright of eye, and of a complexion, it is said, that must have been quite fair before it was bronzed by the suns and weathered by the breezes of his highland home. In his every feature his parents of the tribe are emphasized. The highland Berbers of the petty class, from which Raisuli springs, wear the kards of Ber and Bedouin, have kept their blood uncontaminated from the women of the Sahara and Sonoran. Among them nowhere is to be found a suggestion of the negro type, so common among the

great lords of the imperial city. Raisuli is not only pure in type, but pure in thought and action. If you can bring yourself to judge him from the Berber standpoint, his life and his role have inspired the Berbers with something akin to national enthusiasm. In our eyes the Berber episode was an outrageous piece of brigandage, but the Berber sees it as a perfectly fair war measure, and one that secured him and his people immunity from further oppression for a long time to come. So we are making no mistake when we maintain that among his own people Raisuli is revered as a militant saint, raised up for their protection. Among the confederated tribes he exercises absolute power of life and death, and there is yet to be heard a voice saying that he has misused it. These poor mountaineers have placed their slender treasury at his disposal, and no one has yet arisen to say that a single peso has been selfishly used.

It would be a rash prophet who would venture to predict the outcome of this ugly quarrel. Perhaps the brigandage of international convention and the king of yesterday will be acclaimed emperor-to-morrow. Perhaps even now, for news comes as slowly out of Morocco now as it did in the days of the Raisulids, his blood-stained hands are reaching to the facade of the Sigismund gate in Fez, where the heads of so many traitors and so many patriots have hung before it. To me it seems that out of the pure crudity of the Berber race has arisen a leader who, who should be escape the many dangers that threaten him now, may live to make European intervention in Morocco anything but the military propaganda it is generally pictured in the French and Spanish papers.

War and Bookkeeping in Japan

(Continued from page 336.)

any apparent source of revenue to meet the bills?"

Mr. Nakamura replied that Mr. Gishi's question was not a mere question, but an inquiry.

"We have only four divisions of our army left in Manchuria and Korea," said the Minister of Finance. "That is the complete strength that we do not intend to provoke any renewal of the conflict. The completion of the Japanese army is in no sense an aggressive preparation, but is solely an insurance against a breach of the peace. A military force cannot be created in a day, but without an army a country's prestige and safety cannot be guaranteed. I wish to be most emphatically understood as affirming that no step contemplated by Japan with regard to her army is in any sense directed against any foreign power."

Mr. Gishi questioned Viscount Hayashi, Minister of Foreign Affairs, about Russia and China, and especially about the San Francisco school affair.

"The matter has not yet been made a subject of diplomatic discussion," said the minister. "Japan sees clearly that the sympathy of the American nation is with her, and that the President will exhaust every legal means to bring about a just settlement. If the suits brought by the United States government against Japan should fail—which I do not anticipate—it will be time enough to have recourse to diplomacy."

As a matter of fact, Japan is far less interested in the West than in the East at present. She has her hands full in taking care of her newly acquired interests in Manchuria and Korea, and these are likely to keep all her resources employed for several years. The Portsmouth treaty formally marked the making of peace between Japan and Russia, and there has been end-less hickering ever since over a series of petty details of adjustment, none of which in itself could be used as a cause of war, but all of which testify to the lack of brotherly love between the high contracting parties.

Russia, for example, has not yet paid Japan for the care and maintenance of the Russian prisoners of war in Japan, a matter of several millions of dollars. Probably she has not enough money to pay the debt

at once, but members of the Diet want to know when the matter is to be settled. Russia has not yet signified any intention of raising her legation at Tokio to an embassy. The Russians apparently have no opportunity to hamper Japanese trade in Manchuria. The Japanese newspapers tell every day of Russian interference with their commerce, and although no open suggestion of resentment is made it is easy enough to see that this continuous nagging may at last lead to a breach of the peace.

For many years Russia's influence in China has been paramount, and in spite of the fact that Japan has beaten both these powers in open warfare, Russia's influence still seems to prevail. The similarity in color, in facial proportions, in religion, and in literature, upon which exploiters of the Yellow Peril lay so much stress, does not appear to have modified in the least the bitterness between the Chinese and Japanese races which existed before, during, and after their late war.

How It Impressed Him

EX-Senator "BILLY" MASON tells of a political campaign in South Dakota, where in he had been called upon by the State Committee to take a part. When Mason arrived at his first town, where he was to deliver a speech the next day, he found that the two so-called hotels were crowded to the doors.

Not having telegraphed for accommodation, the Illinois man discovered that he would have to make shifts as best he could.

He was compelled for that night to sleep on a wicker cot that had only some blankets and a sheet on it. As Mr. Mason is a man of considerable aversiveness, he found his improvised bed anything but comfortable.

"Well," asked the proprietor, when the politician appeared in the morning, "how did you sleep?"

"Fairly well," answered Mason, "but I certainly looked like a waffle when I got up."

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MUSIC AND THE OPERA

DOMESTICITY IN MUSIC

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

A GAIN in this quarter of the musical world agree over the most fervently discussed orchestral work of the last decade—the "Domestic Symphony" of Richard Strauss. It was played at Carnegie Hall on February 23, after a three years' absence from local programs, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Nuck, and it may as well be said, at the start, that it could not conceivably have had a more perfect, a more revealing, presentation. It was a far better performance than the original one under Strauss himself—one which exposed the qualities and the defects of the work in high relief. The score is a cruelly difficult one to set forth with any degree of adequacy—it demands, literally, an orchestra of virtuosi; and it is precisely what was lavished upon it the other day. It may be doubted if Strauss has ever heard this opus 33 of his accord so magnificently effective and brilliant a reading.

It will be recalled that Strauss, a year or two before the first performance anywhere of the work, at Carnegie Hall on March 21, 1904, made an unequivocal announcement of its realistic character. "My next tone-poem," he remarked to an interviewer in London, "will illustrate a day in my family life. It will be partly lyrical, partly humorous—a triple figure, the three subjects representing papa, mamma, and the baby." In December, 1904, when Strauss conducted the "Domestic" in Berlin for the first time, the programme, evidently with the sanction of the composer, elucidated the work to the extent of assuming that the music was wrought out of themes portraying "the wife," "the husband," and "the child"; that the *Scherzo* pictured the "parents' happiness" and "childish play," the clock striking "seven in the evening" after the cradle song; the *Adagio* was alleged to denote "drama, rage," and a "love scene"; the *Finale* to depict a dissipation, though "merry," awakening at seven the next morning. When the work was given in London in February, 1905, an elaborate "official" analysis was published two days in advance of the performance. It contained, in addition to much other edifying matter: an interpretation of a certain passage as "representing the child in its bath"; and in the score itself Strauss has printed these illuminating hints over a particular passage in the first section: "The Aunt: 'Just like his papa!'" (an emphatic ascending figure for clarinet and muted trumpet); "The Uncle: 'Just like his mamma!'" (an assertive descending figure for oboe, trombone, and muted horn). It is said, upon the authority of a friend of the composer, that when Strauss was deep in the composition of the music, the autograph score was "completely peppered over with notes and suggestions like this—they seemed to be the material out of which the music was secreted in the composer's mind."—Now all this is not very important, save as it illustrates a very characteristic procedure on the part of Strauss in regard to the presentation of his works. It is obvious, from the foregoing, that the "Symphonic Domesticity" is the frankest and most unmitigated kind of programme-music; that it is intended, from start to finish, to delineate a perfectly definite sequence of incidents and events; yet Strauss, at the time of the first performance of the work, though he disclosed to Mr. Richard Aldrich the significance of the different sections of the piece, refused to allow an elucidation of it to be printed until after the performance, saying that he wished his music to

be listened to "purely as music." His wish was fulfilled, and the work was presented merely as a "Domestic Symphony," in "one movement and three subdivisions: (a) Introduction and Scherzo; (b) Adagio; (c) Double Fugue and Finale."

This manner, a favorite one with Strauss, of offering programme-music tone-poems to an eager and attentive public, has been repeatedly characterized by Mr. Ernest Newman—who, it is worth noting, is quite the most judicious, penetrating, and sympathetic of Strauss's appreciators: "He writes," says Mr. Newman, "a work like 'Till Eulenspiegel,' that is issued from start to finish on the most definite of episodes, and then goes through the heavy farce of 'mystifying' his hearers by telling them he prefers not to give them the clue to the episodes, but to leave them to 'crack the nut' as best they can. All the while he is giving clue after clue to his personal friends, till at length sufficient information is gathered to reconstruct the story that Strauss had worked upon; this gradually gets into all the programme books, and then we are able to listen to the work in the only way it can be listened to with any comprehension—with a full knowledge of the programme. With such new work of Strauss there is the same tendency—one can use no milder word to describe proceedings that so doubt have a rude kind of German humor, but that strike other people as more than a trifle silly. So it is now with the 'Symphonic Domesticity.' That, undoubtedly, drives to the root of the matter. It is fatuous to set before the hearer as abstract music an elaborate piece of symphonic writing which has been conceived as a detailed exposition of a concrete series of situations and events. Yet there is this to be said on the other side: Music which is not in itself, as music, salient, telling, potent, individual (it need not, necessarily, be "beautiful" in the aesthetic sense), has an excuse for existence, as programme or no programme; thus there is some excuse for a composer desiring an estimate based upon the slight musical quality of his tone-poem, apart from its significance as a delineation. But it is, nevertheless, fatuous to withhold from one's hearers information as to the meaning of a piece of descriptive music, since, as Mr. Newman has acutely and truly observed, that information is "at once answerable for half our pleasure, and a justification of certain peculiarities of form which the music may now safely assume." It is this point which Strauss, and those who adopt his principles, entirely ignore.

There are then, legitimately, two ways of regarding the "Symphonic Domesticity": as a representation of a definite, extra-musical subject—in this case, a day in the life of a typical family; briefly, the domestic microcosm; and as sheer music—considering, that is to say, the quality of its inspiration and the art with which it is exploited. We have no wish to be taken either thus seriously in averring that it is possible to conceive of a kind of "domestic symphony" which should be unfailingly persuasive, affecting, dignified, acceptable, altogether delightful. Surely one need not enlarge upon the opportunities offered by such a theme for the largest, the noblest, the most laudating treatment—the subject is rich in possibilities of the tenderest and most delicate comedy, the sincerest emotion. It is with no appreciation of such opportunities that Strauss has approached his theme; frankly, he has despaired of it. There are moving and delicate episodes in the music, as the "cradle song" in the *Scherzo*,



A new Portrait of Emma Eames
as "TOM" in PUNCH'S OPERA

THE SEASON'S PLAYS

"JINKS" AND HIGH JINKS

By "I"

THAT New York would very much rather have Miss Ethel Barrymore back again in an old play than not at all, was clearly indicated when she returned to the Empire Theatre in a revival of Clyde Fitch's "Captain Jinks." There are very few actresses who can arouse as much enthusiasm as Miss Barrymore, and the warmth of the reception she received from the newspaper reporters in the first act of "Captain Jinks" was as nothing to the warmth of the greeting the Empire's audience accorded her, and it had nothing to gain, since Miss. Truett's arrival was for it no less.

The story of "Captain Jinks" is too well known for mention here, save as the story of the love of a young guardsman for an amazingly attractive opera-singer, a wager which, from being unfortunate, becomes most fortunate, and the desirable happy ending. Miss Barrymore has in this play an opportunity to display all the charm of her personality, and this is particularly marked in the act which presents her as arriving from the steamer. It must be a most calloused person indeed who does not actually fall in love with her then if he has never done so before, this latter being quite incomprehensible. There are a warmth and graciousness in her performance which are characteristic of her alone, and there is small wonder that "Captain Jinks" came to her first. All the praise which was lavished upon Miss Barrymore when she first appeared in "Captain Jinks" might be repeated here, save for one reason, her performance this season is even more delightful than when she first appeared in the Fitch play.

New York is, however, to see her in other roles. During her engagement at the Empire she will appear in "The Silver Fox," "His Excellency, the Governor," and in "Cousin Kate," which is one of her greatest successes.

"Captain Jinks" was the first play in which Miss Barrymore starred, and for this reason she is particularly fond of it, and no doubt her reason for opening her New York engagement with it. In a recent interview, Miss Barrymore said she thought "Captain Jinks" the cleverest play Clyde Fitch has written, and that she played it during this engagement just as she had played it before, when the play occupied her for two years in succession. She added, however, that she preferred playing new roles, creating new parts. Her auditions are great and high. "I was happy," she said, "when I first played 'Captain Jinks'—happy when I played 'Sunday'—happy when I played 'Cousin Kate'—happy when I appeared in 'A Doll's House'—I've almost no kind of role I wouldn't like to attempt. I should like to appear in a mystery-play—and I don't think that having a man for 'Kewyeman' is an improvement. I should like to appear in an ancient Greek drama—at some place like the Greek Theatre, at Berkeley—if only the managers would let me. I should like to do a great role like *Phédre*."

When the curtains rise upon the first act of "The White Hen," by Messrs. E. C. Vendall, Gustave Kerker, and Paul West, at the Casino, the eye is smitten with a gorgeous color-scheme of pink and green, which, if striking, is not soothingly esthetic. The comic and spectacular effect of gaudy pantomimes is so obvious that, although it undoubtedly serves to concentrate the attention, it scarcely figures well for the excellence of the play, artistically considered.

But in this respect the beholder is pleasantly disappointed, for it is noticeable that both scenery and costume grow more tastefully picturesque as the play advances. Another dread which one instinctively feels at first also goes unavailed. When the first act shows the combined office of Erick Wixia, attorney at law, and Rosa Matosoff, a Viennese marriage broker, each practitioner occupying one side of the stage, one fears that the action is to be divided, with woful symmetry, into two parts, each happening in one quarter having its exact counterpart in the other. We have seen operatic comedy constructed on this principle; but if *The White Hen* has an indisputably fragile plot, there is at least little of the mechanical in its comic devices. Whatever else it is, the play is certainly brisk in its action. From beginning to end, the acting of all the persons of the drama is characterized by a certain postscriptary vivacity—an effect that is increased by the antics of a pliantly boyish chorus. The entire cast performs as if galvanized; there is a pervasive jerkiness of gesture and a constant explosion of wit. The piece as a whole exhibits a singularly grotesque line of lines and curves; but this effect, doubtless intentional, is far from unpleasant, and it completely obviates any sense of languor in the audience. The music is perceptive, the airs are lively and stimulating, and the singing reasonably euphonious.

"The White Hen" is satisfactorily musical and spectacular, but it has a core of real comedy, which is vitalized by the acting of Louis Mann, who, as *Renar Blöcher*, the German lank-keeper, voluble, emphatic, and murky in explanation, scores a true comic success. Mr. Mann has the personality of a genuine comedian. The audience seems to feel the influence of real acting whenever he occupies the centre of the stage, and during the whole of the first act he successfully concentrates attention. His dialect is racy and natural almost to the point of unintelligibility. Louise Gunning, as *Pepi Glorckner*, acts with an abundance of nervous energy, imparting great spirit and a sense of rapidly changing moods to the interpretation of her rôle. Her masculine counterpart, Robert Schenkels, as *Paul Blücher*, labors under the disadvantage of having to be seriously sentimental in the midst of a grotesquely comic situation, but his rapid-fire luv-scrums and luv's quarrels with Miss Gunning are dramatically adequate. Indeed, in most of the secondary parts there is at least a trace of good acting, which is much to say of a musical comedy. R. C. Herz, as *Erick Wixia*, assumes with considerable success an exaggerated professional manner, running easily and naturally, as the part requires it, into a spasmodic nervousness that suggests the prebital decompensation here. His song, or rather recitative, in the second act consists of a series of very dubious puns which only his excellent manner makes acceptable to the audience. Carrie E. Perkins, in the rôle of *Rosa Matosoff*, achieves a judicious mingling of the professional and manfully air which shows an appreciation of the part. As *Lise Sommer*, secretary to Attorney Wixia, Lotta Faust is appropriately demure, and manages to be at once plaintive and pert. A certain degree of awkwardness and attention which she puts into her acting at certain times, in order to emphasize the peasant character of *Lise*, is well assumed, although the part in general requires her to be daintily graceful.



Ethel Barrymore, in "Captain Jinks"



Louis Mann, in "The White Hen"

Recess-time

There was a rush for the door, a holler, and a whump. The little schoolroom was empty; it was recess-time. The teacher drew forth a letter and commenced to read it.

"Say, teacher, is that letter from your feller?" Susie Jones's freckled face is peering at the teacher just above the edge of the desk. "Ain't you got no feller?"

The door is thrown open.

"Teacher, Billie Martin tripped me up and hurted my toe."

The teacher goes to the door.

"Billie, come here. Did you trip Sammie Osler?"

"No, I didn't; he fell down, and the cry baby tried to blame it on to me. I'll punch his face—"

"Stop. We won't have any talk like that."

"Teacher, can me and Mary go over to the woods and get some wintergreen?"

"No, not to-day."

"Well, I don't see why we can't go. Jim Osler and Billie Martin have gone."

"You know that those boys will have to stay after school to pay for it."

"I don't see why no girls can't never do nothing," muttered Mary, under her breath.

"Oh, teacher, come quick!" It is Sammie Osler again. John Hill has John Dennis down and is just plunging him something awful. (Oh, hurry!) he will kill him; I know he will."

The teacher finds that the two Johns have been wrestling.

"Say, teacher, what makes you wear your hair that way? Ma said that it made you look like an old maid," asked little Nellie Thurman in all seriousness.

"My ma said that she should think teacher would blow away near day, she is so thin. Why are you so thin?" Susie piped out.

"Teacher, how many more days of school?"

"My sister Dennis has a ring just like yours with red glass in it. Jennie got hers with gum. How did you get yours?"

"Teacher, can me and Jim go and get a pull of water?"

"Yes, but hurry; it is almost ice-time."

"Say, teacher, what is that little brown speck right back of your left ear? Won't it come off?"

"Oh, teacher, come here! Sammie is felled down in the mud and has lost his shoe."

The bell rings and school is resumed.

Easy

TEACHER. "Harry, a mother has five children and but four potatoes, how can she divide the potatoes so that each will receive an equal portion?"

HARRY (quickly). "Mash 'em."

"At the Market"

THERE is one jovial member of the Chicago Board of Trade who, despite his strenuous life, has attained the age of sixty-six.

One day a number of friends on the Exchange were congratulating the ebullient member upon his birthday. "You'll live to be a hundred," said one.

"No," said the old chap, with a sigh. "I'm going to die the very soon—I know it."

"What on earth makes you think that?" demanded the friends in chorus.

"Do you suppose that Death is such a fool," asked the old fellow. "to take me at a hundred when he can get me at sixty-six?"

Not of the Army

A Merriam negro exhorter shouted:

"Come up an' join de army of de Lord."

"Ise done joined," replied one of the congregation.

"What'd you join?" asked the exhorter.

"In de Baptist Church."

"Why, child," said the exhorter, "you ain't in de army; you's in de navy."

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Old Miss Nemesis

By Robertus Love

MISS NEMESIS, a Circassian goddess,
Daughter of Night—they called him Nox—
Was wont to joke and prick and prod us
With pins and pebbles on our backs.
We carry scars of the eternal
And virgin hills of ancient Greece;
Pierced us as a hag eternal,
And never gave us any peace.

And yet the sons who followed after
Erected temples unto her,
And sang her name from door to door,
Creating quite a public stir.
Yes, Greece and Rome this winged goddess
Adored (my soul the memory shocks!),
Erected statues to her, bust and bodier,
Whom poster was the devil Nox.

And now, though gone the golden glory
Of Greece, the grandeur that was Rome,
Still runs this endless serial story
To fill full many a modern tome;
For sinners such as she was after
In ancient days are chased in blocks
Of five or so (the grates gruffer)
By Nemesis, the child of Knocks.

No doubtless those who come to-morrow,
The world we leave to have and hold,
With all that's left therein, will borrow
Suggestions from the days of old.
And raise to Nemesis pursuing
The serial sinners—great is Nemesis!
Temples for worship and for woeing;
And doubtless she'll be after them!

Purists

The wife of the professor of English has
been long known and feared in our college
community for the correctness and purity
of her language. It requires courage to
speak out unhesitatingly in her presence,
while to address her in writing would re-
quire a bold heart indeed.

Some time ago she visited our greenhouse
to see some rare plants, then in bloom.
Upon entering, she rushed to the flowers, ex-
claiming:

"Are those they?"
"Them's 'em, morn," replied the stolid
English gardener.

Living Expenses are Increasing

THAT the cost of living is steadily in-
creasing in other countries, as well as in
the United States, is undeniably true. In
many prices have advanced to such an ex-
tent that what were a few years ago taken
as a matter of course and regarded as
smallness, are now distinctly luxuries to
the middle classes. In a recent address, the
Mayor of the city of Stuttgart, which has a
population of 247,000, stated that during
the last twelve months the city's meat sup-
ply had cost about *thirteen* more than for
the preceding year. The agricultural
price consumed in the city cost at least
one million dollars more than the year be-
fore. During this great increase of cost,
the city was compelled to raise the wages
of all its laborers and employees. Reports
of this condition came from almost all other
German cities.

Obvious

"Let me see," pleaded the pickpocket.
"This is my first offense."
"Yes," replied the policeman, placing his
water back in his pocket, "I noticed that
you were just getting your hand in."

He Knew

"Pars," asked Hilde, "are all of us
men and just one and you and mamma?"
"All were mamma, my child; if she were,
she'd dry up once in a while."

A whole lot has been written about the Importance of Clothes

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man. And it's mostly true. Some have
gone so far as to say that never giving
being equal, clothes
have often earned
the name of business
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better than an ordinary
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

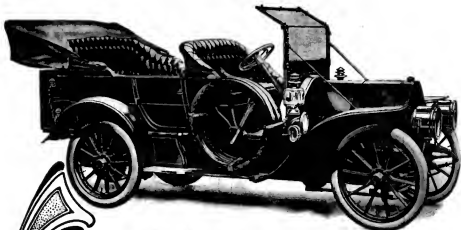
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HARPER'S WEEKLY



VOL. LI

New York, Saturday, March 16, 1907

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Captain Lee, U.S.A.

The President

Secretary of State Root
Colonel Brewster, U.S.A.

Captain Ryan, U.S.

Mr. Taft
Ambassador Bryce

Colonel Jones Mr. Howard
British Charge d'Affaires

JAMES BRYCE, THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR, PRESENTING HIS CREDENTIALS TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT THE WHITE HOUSE

MR. JAMES BRYCE, GREAT BRITAIN'S NEW AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES, PRESENTED HIS CREDENTIALS TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, IN THE BLUE ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE, ON FEBRUARY 23, IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS SECRETARY OF STATE ROOT, NAVAL AND MILITARY AIDES OF THE PRESIDENT, AND THE MEMBERS OF THE STAFF OF THE BRITISH EMBASSY.

DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG FROM SKETCHES MADE DURING THE CEREMONY

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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No. 2031

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COMMENT

Exit the Fifty-ninth Congress

THE Fifty-ninth Congress has come to an end, and its last session was not glorious. Its record is considered at some length on another page. Two new battle-ships have been granted, and on this achievement the country is to be congratulated and Mr. Roosevelt is to be thanked for his persistent and intelligent industry. The coast artillery has received an increase which gives it nearly enough men to clean the guns that are in place, but not quite enough to provide one crew for each gun. Stimulated by the San Francisco School Board and by the President's desire to avoid a difficulty with the State of California and the labor-union, Congress has increased the difficulties of Japanese immigration. The trouble is that California continues to believe that it has the right to deny to foreigners their treaty rights, if they have any. Congress has also made the jobs of cabinet officers, the Speaker, and the Vice-President, and its own job, more profitable—properly—by increasing salaries. It has passed an act allowing government appeals in certain phases of criminal cases—a law of such a nebulous character that accused persons need not fear and government will not rejoice. A service pension act has been passed. Nothing has been done for the Philippines, whom we rule with a paternal hand while we deny them admission to the father's business house. On the whole, it has not been a great nor a good Congress, but it has arrived at one distinction—it has been the most extravagant Congress known to history.

The Trouble with the Canal

THE President and Secretary TART are having trouble again about the canal, and so long as the work endures there will doubtless be opportunities for adverse criticism and for sad reflections. This is mainly because government is undertaking to do the work. Recognizing the comparative ineffectiveness and dilatoriness of government work, Mr. SPOONER favored the building of the canal by contract. He said, and said truly, that the contractors of the country possessed the tools, controlled the skilled labor necessary, knew how to get the most economical unskilled labor, and, in brief, could be making the "oil fly" while the government was looking about to find the necessary men and to procure the needed tools. Bids were offered by contractors, and then came a quagmire. One company of bidders—the OLIVER group—was very much under all others. The next wanted more than twelve per cent. profit, and the OLIVER people about six per cent. Experts say that twelve per cent. would be about fair, considering the hard circumstances of the work, but how was the government to reconcile the people

who would ask questions if the larger bid were accepted? As the President did not like some of the features of the OLIVER bid and concerns, all bids were rejected. This is the kind of thing a government does in a business transaction. A private citizen or a corporation would probably have accepted one bid or the other, having business instincts, being intent on getting the work done at the earliest possible moment in order that earnings might begin, and not being under the necessity of consulting the people. The government is forced, on the other hand, to consider the people, it must be borne in mind, because the people's representatives control the purse-strings. And so the most effective way of building the canal seems to have been abandoned. That strong men cannot work to their own satisfaction under government control seems to be demonstrated by the successive resignations of Mr. WALLACE, Mr. SPOONER, and Mr. STEVENS. Despite all the reasons given to the public for those resignations, dissatisfaction with hampering, obstructive, exasperating governmental control formed a large element in each one of them, and this is not necessarily a criticism either of the President or of Secretary TART.

Sore Experiences Ahead

Apparently the work of canal-building is now to be taken up by the engineers of the army; in other words, government is to do it itself. The army engineers will be honest and efficient; they will maintain the remarkable reputation of their corps. But they will be unmoved, reticent, criticised, unjustly in many instances, and will be unduly blamed for the cost of the work, which is bound to be at least three or four times greater than the estimates. Congress will be miserably, as it always is in providing money for the carrying on of great works, and a great deal of money and much time will be wasted on account of this misgovernment. In a word, we are about to have, on a grand scale, a repetition of experiences to which the engineers have become accustomed in their work on river and harbor improvements. The great cost of the work, too, will be a serious disappointment to the people, and will call forth much criticism, from which those who are spending the money will often unjustly suffer. It may be that this increase of cost will enter into political campaigns and will furnish food for demagogues. That the canal will cost more, much more, than the estimates, is known, and has always been known, to many men in authority. Here again we have an illustration of the weakness of government in carrying on great enterprises. It is afraid to face the facts; it dare not take the people into its confidence. Cost what it may, however, in time or in money or in human life, the country will carry the canal to completion; but we might as well, first as last, recognize the fact that we are to have sore experiences compared with which those from which we have already suffered are nothing.

Oklahoma's Constitution

A telegraphic despatch has stated that the Oklahoma constitutional convention will not insert a "Jim Crow" provision in its Constitution, because it fears if it does that the President will not approve the instrument; that he will not admit the State into the Union. The despatch or the convention must be in error. The President of the United States has no more power to refuse admission to Oklahoma for this reason than to expel each of the Southern States as have the provisions of law. By the law of 1890, Congress has already enacted that Oklahoma shall be a State on adopting a Constitution establishing a government "republican in form." It has made the President the judge as to whether this condition has been actually complied with, and it has given him no other power. To say, or to fear, therefore, that the President may refuse Oklahoma admission to Statehood is to accuse the President of ignorance of the meaning of the phrase "a republican form of government." That a government may remain republican in form and still have a "Jim Crow" law has been so often decided as to be beyond question. Possibly the explanation is that the Oklahoma convention, if the despatch be true, does not really believe that the President desires to be an arbitrary ruler, unimpaired of the legal limitations upon his power, but that it does not sincerely desire to obey the constituents of its Democratic majority and insert the "Jim Crow" provision. In such an event it would be natural for it to attempt to throw

the onus on the President; but assuredly Mr. ROOSEVELT has no such despotic notions as this would suggest.

The Country and the Railroads

Many of the States have joined the Federal government in making war upon the railroads—a war which, it must be confessed, the railroads have done a good deal to invite. It is much too early to discuss the results of this war; such results, in all their ramifications, are very distant, and it will always be too early to make specific predictions. It is inseparable from any such movement, economic or industrial or fiscal, that the war will be carried to a certain degree of excess; that is, those who have been guilty of wrong-doing will not only be punished, but their power of service will be crippled. Those commentators who sneer at the railroads for expressing fears of undue damage or for preparing for curtailment of service are not wise friends of the community. Admitting, as every one must, that justice to the community and respect for the laws require the punishment of railroad offenders and the enforcement of the laws providing for fair service to all, it must yet be recognized that hostility to railroads may find expression in legislation which will injure the roads not only as dividend-earners, but as servants of the people. When the roads, in response to the two-cent-fare laws which have been passed by several of the States, say that eighteen-hour and other special trains must be withdrawn, and that certain special fares, like excursion rates, can no longer be granted, abuse and sneers are no answer. It may be that the railroad men speak in anger and disappointment, but they nevertheless do not speak without warrant. That the country will pay something for its justice cannot be doubted; that it will pay more for excesses, natural and reasonable though they be, is certain. All public writers and others who encourage excesses by sneering at or denouncing all plans for the roads, and all predictions of evil and useless consequences from undue restriction, are foolish friends who, whatever else may be said of them, are not helping to a just settlement of the relations between railroads and the rest of the community. The country, of course, will not long continue without the exceptional service which railroads have rendered and for which we are all willing to pay a fair extra price, and what serious-minded and just men should aim at now is to bring about proper control of the roads while injuring their effectiveness as little as possible. Especially should we avoid the promotion of the pernicious doctrine of state ownership.

The Senate Loses Mr. Spooner

The departure of Mr. SPOONER from the Senate deprives the administration of one of its ablest advocates in Congress; indeed, on questions of law, especially of constitutional law, Mr. SPOONER is by far the ablest disputant on the Republican side. It is an open secret that Mr. SPOONER has not always agreed with the President on the subjects that are bound for some time to come to continue in the arena of public debate—the constitutional powers of the Executive and the relations between the Federal government and the States. It was clearly understood, for example, that Mr. SPOONER did not agree with Mr. ROOSEVELT's original proposition that the Federal government should fix railroad freight rates, nor with the developed proposition that there should be no judicial review of decisions upholding changes of the rates established by the roads. It is presumably the fact that if the administration had not met Mr. SPOONER's views, no rate bill would have been passed. More recently the President recognized Mr. SPOONER's usefulness as an advocate in the Brownsville matter by withdrawing, because it was unconstitutional, that part of his order which excluded the dismissed negro soldiers from civil employment in the future. Mr. SPOONER is, therefore, a man of remarkable power; power of mind and character; and the present Senate does not differ from its predecessors in not being able to afford the loss of such a man. He has helped the President over many hard places, and at the same time he has been of great service to the country. The Wisconsin Republicans have no man who can take the place which he leaves vacant, and the legislative majority has no inclination to give the country a man like him. A valuable and patriotic man is lost to the public service, partly because there is no place in our public service for a poor man of Mr. SPOONER's ability

and talent, and partly, perhaps, because public life in the near future might have become extremely disagreeable to him.

The Coming Duma

The new Russian Duma will not be controlled by real radicals, but by Constitutional Democrats. It is apparent that it will be opposed to the reactionaries by a two-thirds majority, and that it will be in favor of a constitutional government, perhaps limiting the powers of the Czar no more than he agreed to in his celebrated manifesto. At any rate, the best-informed English opinion—and England has the advantage of the opinions of its resident Russian revolutionaries—is that the Czar, if he will exhibit tact and patience, and will not expect the representatives to obey the ministerial policy, will help to the establishment of responsible government without any popular outbreaks. At the same time the representatives of the Russian peasants who are visiting this country, partly for the purpose of securing money aid for their cause, expect trouble. GARGAY GERSHBERG, the Russian terrorist, says that the new Duma will not go away, as the first did when it was dissolved, but that "they will proclaim the government a pack of usurpers; themselves the government. They will say to the bourgeoisie, 'Go!' They will say to the Czar, 'Go!'" Mr. ALAISH, the peasant leader in the first Duma, is more moderate, milder, and probably more authentic. He says that the work of the new Duma will be to "crystallize the aspirations of the Russians in the form of laws, and to present these laws to the State's Council and the crown, leaving the latter to decide as to the necessity of a conflict or a peaceful solution of all the outstanding questions." At any rate, it appears to be evident that the new Duma is determined to accomplish something for the establishment of responsible government, and it is certain that the reactionaries will do their utmost to persuade the Czar to prevent the overthrow of the autocracy.

Nicaragua and Honduras at War

The war between Nicaragua and Honduras goes on without apparent varying fortunes. As a war, this country is not much interested in it, but we must regret the failure of the well-considered efforts for peace which were led by President ROOSEVELT and supplemented by President DIAZ and by several other Latin-American governments. At the same time, as we have already said, the incident was not only creditable to the country and the President, but it illustrated the importance of Mr. Root's recent visit to South America. One other consequence of the conflict is the decision by Attorney-General BONAPARTE that people in this country have the right to sell arms to both, or to either, of the belligerents. This is old law, but its assertion is sometimes doubted when popular passion is aroused; and when Mr. HAY announced it when it injured the advantage of Great Britain during the Boer war, he was called an Anglophobe by a good many people who might do well to ponder on Mr. BONAPARTE's decision in the Nicaragua-Honduras controversy.

Mr. Harriman's Case

Public attention in the week in which February elapsed and March began veered away from the THAW trial and centered upon EDWARD D. HARRIMAN. There was nothing left to be settled in the THAW trial except the fate of THAW (which has all along been a matter of secondary interest), and in the opinion of the public no engrossing degree of uncertainty remained even as to that. Mr. HARRIMAN's case has seemed vastly more important and much more interesting. He is a man of the rarest abilities, whose services to the industrial side of our civilization have been of a value so great as not readily to be calculated, and whose mental processes have been so intricate, so penetrating, and so effective as to make them eminently fit to study and in very many particulars to admire. The gist of the inquiry about Mr. HARRIMAN has been as to his methods and purposes; whether his methods have been upright and his purposes lawful and proper. His testimony before the Interstate Commerce Committee has brought his whole career up for judgment. The newspapers and men in their private talk have not on his case, and have given in a verdict which, though not unanimous, represents a very remarkable unanimity of opinion. It is not a verdict to which a man of his qualities

can possibly be indifferent, for it is very far from being favorable. That he has broken the law in any case has not yet been demonstrated, nor even that he has done worse fiscal exploits than men have done before him without being either sent to jail or ostracized by their social peers. The verdict is simply that he has shown himself to be unscrupulous, voracious, and insatiable beyond even the ample wont of that region below Canal Street where the interpretation of the commandments is so liberally qualified by commentaries, quoted precedents, and *res adjudicata*.

A Working Man's Errors

There is that about Mr. HARRIMAN that makes one lament this verdict and hope that it will not stand. It is not only that his hat covers the best equipment of railroad brains, except one, in the country, but that in so many particulars of department and achievement he has been admirable, that one mourns to find his record befouled with incidents of indefensible profligacy. We do not share the opinion that his great fault has been mere greediness for money. He has indeed wanted money—likes it it—but he has seemed to want it chiefly to use as a tool to make his dreams come true, and to enable him to carry out the plans which have taken shape in his remarkable mind. We mistake the man if he cares especially, so far as personal indulgence goes, whether he has three million dollars or three hundred million. Indulgence is not his fault, nor do we think acquisitiveness is his vice. His play is work, like *ROMULUS*, and his use of money is to give him power to do the things in the railroad world that in his judgment are crying to be done, and must be done, first or last, in the interest of all the people. If we judge Mr. HARRIMAN rightly, a railroad is primarily of far more interest to him as a machine to haul goods and passengers to the best possible advantage than as a machine that will yield vast riches to the man who controls it. Yet he has grabbed at the riches at every chance. True, but he could not have accomplished what he has accomplished if he had not grabbed them. To our mind he is a *CICERO*. Rousing kind of a man, who cares not unduly for money as an end, but finds it an indispensable means.

Make Him Build Our Canal

He has overdone his job. He let his mind get the start of his compunctions, and in his ardor for achievement his judgment of right and wrong in methods has been obscured. He is a sinner, and so are the rest of us, but his sins look exceptionally heinous to us because they have been so enormously profitable. Moreover, he has let nobody stand in his way, and while he has shown himself skilled in addition and multiplication, he has consulted his own purposes in the matter of division. So he has few friends, and the pack that is after him is a big one and unusually vociferous. The kindest and perhaps the fairest thing that can be said about him is that he has been Napoleonish both in his aspirations and in his superiority to scruple. But that won't do. NAPOLEON is too dangerous. It is not so much that they break too many eggs, as that the omelet when they get it done is apt to be their omelet. Mr. HARRIMAN has made an omelet, but it is too much his. We wish he could be employed to make one for us. He ought to do penance for his misdeeds, and the particular penance we would choose for him would be to build the Panama Canal. If he could be put in charge of that, we would be willing to lend him the key of the United States Treasury, and ask him no more than to leave us the change when the job was done. We think that course would save our taxpayers several hundred million dollars, and the best possible canal would be built, and built in the least possible time. If it should turn out, when the canal was done, that the builder owned the whole of South America and had a blanket mortgage on Mexico and the United States, we would still have in Guam an island suitable for the residence of a man too smart to be left around. But we don't think he would ever have to live in Guam. Give him work enough of the right sort and he would be a safe man, and there is quite a bit of work in that canal.

Philosophical Reflection

When competent private enterprise does a job of work there is usually a profit, and the owner wants it. When public enterprise does the work there is usually a loss, and the taxpayers share it. Curiously, the average taxpayer seems readier to share the loss than to concede the profit.

The Record of the Fifty-ninth Congress

In apportioning the credit or the blame for the achievements and shortcomings of the Congress which came to an end on Monday, March 4, we should bear in mind that of the 90 Senators the Republicans had 58 and the Democrats 32, while of the 368 Representatives there were 248 Republicans and 120 Democrats, with two vacancies. The proportion should be heeded in view of the fact that in the Sixtieth Congress, up to the time when the five Representatives and two Senators of Oklahoma are admitted, the Republicans will master 222 and the Democrats 164 in the Lower House, whereas in the Senate there will be 61 Republicans against 29 Democrats, the former thus acquiring more than two-thirds of the votes. From the figures named an erroneous deduction might be drawn as to the effect produced upon the public mind by the record of the Fifty-ninth Congress. By no means do the Republicans get all the credit of it. The record is divided into two sharply contrasted parts corresponding to the two sessions. Almost all of the work which is likely to make the new delinquent Congress long remembered in our Federal history was accomplished in the first session, and it was brought about by a combination of President ROOSEVELT with both the Republican and Democratic members of the Lower House against the influences which previously had been dominant in the Senate, and which, in the Fifty-eighth Congress, had succeeded in postponing the railway legislation desired by the Chief Magistrate. The three memorable laws placed upon the statute-book during the first session, which began early in December, 1905, were the act enlarging the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission (commonly known as the railway-rates act); the act making an appropriation for the Department of Agriculture to provide for meat inspection from hool to ran at government expense; and, thirdly, the act for preventing the manufacture, sale, or transportation of adulterated or misbranded or deleterious foods, drugs, medicines, and liquors—the act generally known as the pure-food act. It is tolerably certain that the railway-rate bill, and it is at least probable that the meat-inspection bill and the pure-food bill, would not have become laws in their present form had not the President been supported by almost all the Democratic Senators and Representatives, by almost all the Republicans in the Lower House, and also by a considerable minority of the Republican Senators. Under the circumstances, the credit for the remarkable legislation cannot be claimed exclusively by either political party, and cannot, therefore, figure as a campaign issue in the next Presidential contest. Outside these three epoch-making statutes, the most important legislative work performed during the first session of the late Congress was the act providing for the construction of a lock canal connecting the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans; the act providing a uniform rule for the naturalization of aliens throughout the United States; the act enabling Oklahoma and Indian Territory to enter the Union as a single State, and providing also that New Mexico and Arizona might be admitted on the same terms, provided each Territory should separately vote for joint Statehood; an act for the withdrawal from land, tax free, of domestic alcohol, when rendered unfit for beverage or liquid medicinal uses by mixture with suitable denaturing materials; an act appropriating two million dollars annually for increasing the efficiency of the militia and promoting rifle practice; an act providing for the reorganization of the consular service of the United States; and, finally, an act appropriating \$25,000 annually for the travelling expenses of the President of the United States. As regards the three statutes of capital moment, the railway-rate act, the meat-inspection act, and the pure-food act, it was taken for granted that they might need amendments, which would be forthcoming, it was supposed, during the second session.

The expectation has not been fulfilled. The Fifty-ninth Congress, which, in its first session, was dominated by the President and the so-called radical reformers, fell back, in its second session, under the control of "special interests," owing partly to a certain reaction of public opinion against Federal interference with business heretofore transacted by private corporations or individuals. During the summer or autumn of 1906, an impression gained ground that, for the present, at all events, no further steps ought to be taken in that direction. This notwithstanding the fact that the President's personal popularity has not been so rapidly impaired, while his political activity has never been greater, more than forty messages having been sent by him to Congress since the second session began. The result of this slight change discernible in popular sentiment has been that a number of down reform measures have been killed during the second session. For example, Senator HARRIMAN has failed to secure the passage of the amendments which he tried to add to the meat-inspection law. One of these amendments aimed to make meat-packers pay the cost of inspection, which now rests on the Federal government, while the other required every label to bear the date at which the goods labelled were received. Congress also refused to sanction the bill permitting the Federal government to establish feed standards, in the absence of which the enforcement of the pure-food law is difficult. The Federal legislature even declined to

ratify the measures urged by the President for the protection of the public lands, and providing for the prosecution of fraudulent entries hitherto made on the public domain. Where Mr. ROOSEVELT was unable to carry his point, it was scarcely probable that Senator LA FOLLETTE would succeed, and we need not, therefore, be surprised that the latter's bill authorizing and directing the Interstate Commerce Commission to make valuations of railroad properties, for use as bases of taxation, did not find a place upon the statute-book. Miscellaneous also awaited another bill of his reducing by \$7,000,000 the amount paid to railroads for carrying mails. A similar fate befell a bill framed for the purpose of stopping express companies from engaging in the business of buying and selling merchandise. The distillers and brewers were strong enough to defeat Representative LUTHERHEAD's bill giving States complete jurisdiction over liquor brought within their borders. The influence of the Standard Oil Company is alleged to be traceable in the frustration of the bill allowing farmers to manufacture denatured alcohol. It is hard to realize that all these proposals were rejected by the very same Congress which, during its first session, passed the railway-rate bill, the meat-inspection bill, and the pure-food bill.

It must not be inferred that the President considers the session of Congress just ended as entirely unsatisfactory from his point of view. He is reported to have been elated at the passage of the amendment to the immigration act authorizing him to exclude from the American mainland Japanese or other laborers whose passports do not show that they were authorized to proceed directly from their native country to the continental territory of the United States. He found much satisfaction, too, in the sanction by Congress of his desire to build two big battle-ships. Scarcely less gratifying should be the Senate's ratification of the Santo Domingo treaty in its revised form, whereby the President's appointees are authorized to collect and apportion the customs revenue of the Dominican Republic for an indefinite period. The Philippine tariff bill was blocked, and the bill giving the government the right of appeal in certain criminal cases was whittled down almost to nothing in the Senate. The eight-hour bill, the anti-injunction bill, the child-labor bill, and the bill to confer citizenship upon Porto-Ricans all failed to pass. On the other hand, Congress, having raised the pay of Senators and Representatives from \$5000 to \$7500 a year, voted also to increase the pay of the Speaker, the Vice-President, and the cabinet officers, including the Secretary to the President. The pay of almost every postal employee throughout the country has likewise been augmented, but, feeling apparently that it must stop somewhere, Congress declined to increase the pay of the government clerks employed in the departments at Washington. We observe lastly that it is no longer necessary for an ex-soldier to prove that he incurred any disability through service under the colors. All he now has to show, in order to get a pension from the Federal treasury, is that he is sixty-two years old and served three months in the civil or Mexican war.

Personal and Pertinent

THIS is a Russian year in the musical circles of New York. First of all, there is a Russian bringing the Philharmonic Society into greater favor than it has enjoyed since SCHUBERT's day, upon whose death many of the German lovers of music feared that the end of tune and harmony had come. SAVOROFF is dragging the music out of the band with his two hands, and at the same time, and by the same physical-culture movements, he is tearing at the heart-strings of musical young women, who lunch in his presence, and in the presence of good food, but on ridiculous ecstasy.

"I told him," said one young lady to another, "that he had rejuvenated the old band by ten years."

"And I," triumphantly replied the other, "told him that he had recreated it."

The other day, or night, a gentlemanly young Russian named SCHERERIN listened, in a box at Carnegie Hall, to a performance of his own symphony by the Russian Symphony Orchestra. The house went Russian mad. When the audience was going out one distinguished musical young woman was heard to ask a critic—professional: "What is that Duma that the Russians are composing; is it a chacon or a suite?"

How certain individual lives keep on moving together, parallel to one another or crossing one another! It seems as though they could not get apart, as though they attracted one another. There are, for instance, Senator JULIUS C. EDGAR BROWN, of Michigan, who has just made the priority speech against SUGAR, and ex-Senator ARTHUR BROWN, of Utah, who was recently killed in Washington by a lady who wanted him for a husband. Thirty-four years ago the two were practicing law together in Kalamazoo, Michigan, and BROWN was a very successful lawyer. BROWN was an orator; in his youth he was known as the "Columbian Orator." This was the title of a little book of eloquent extracts which the boys used to declaim on Friday afternoons. BROWN wanted to be a Congressman and BROWN helped him. He was elected in 1872, and he was

defeated in 1874 because he favored inflation. Once again he was defeated, but, with those exceptions, he has been continuously in public life, part of the time an Representative and part of the time as Senator. BROWN rather sternly dealt with BURNSWORTH at times, but one day BROWN made a false step at Kalamazoo and the two lives seemed to separate, for BROWN thought that the air of Salt Lake City was more wholesome for him than that of Michigan. But the two came together again as members of the Senate, and at last BURNSWORTH got unduly mixed up in a question most interesting to Utah, and was fighting SUGAR and polygamy when BROWN came to Washington to be shot. The wayward, meretricious, fair-aching BROWN faded into BURNSWORTH's life from time to time, a life that became, notwithstanding those fashions, more and more conservative, as conservative that the taint of oratory was long ago washed out of it, and BURNSWORTH has grown to be an industrious, hard-headed man of business who knows how to keep his seat in the Senate, while BROWN did not know anything much to his advantage except how to win lawsuits.

Secretary SHAW is to be the president of the Carnegie Trust Company instead of Secretary of the Treasury. It may be worth while to allude to Mr. SHAW as a disappointment, not at all by way of criticism, but in order to indicate how a President's judgment may not always be sure-footed. Mr. SHAW was regarded in Washington as an independent Republican, talented a trifle with free-trade spots. The President's desire to change the McKINLEY cabinet rose first from friction with LYMAN GAGE. On Mr. GAGE's side there was grit, and manifested, some reticence because the President, then new, was not observed in official matters; he was accustomed to communicate directly with subordinates, and Mr. GAGE, on consulting the Treasury book of etiquette, discovered that this was a slight on him, because the President should have communicated indirectly with the subordinates through him. On the President's side, it was thought that Mr. GAGE knew only the banking side of the Treasury, and the President needed some one who understood the tariff and was in favor of a revision that would reduce duties. It will be seen how far back, in thought, this episode is. The President was especially congratulated on selecting SHAW, because now he would have a well-informed Secretary who would sympathize with his expectation to secure tariff reform; and, besides, the President thought him so large-minded, so generous, so independent a politician. "Why," said Mr. ROOSEVELT, "I have always felt particularly attracted to him since he said in a speech that this country 'waited out of a slough of despond on the barkhouse of GROVER CLEVELAND!'" However generous-minded and independent Mr. SHAW may have remained, he, too, has been a public banker, as Mr. GAGE was, while he has allowed it to be understood that, on the tariff, he is the Bourbon while Grover CLEVELAND, his party opponent, is the man who is for what was expected of Mr. ROOSEVELT.

The suggestion that Senator BLACKBURN is to be a member of the Federal Reserve Commission could not have surprised those who recall the selection of Mr. CROCKETT for the Interstate Commerce Commission—and there are others. Mr. BLACKBURN was always intent upon doing his duty in the executive department. In Kentucky they describe him as a "good mixer." He is the genial friend of all classes and conditions of men. In Washington, the air of his committee-room still reels with his admirable stories, the point of each one being inevitably salient. He was one of the best judges of horse-races that a kind constituency ever sent to Congress, and a Republican President found him as communicable and as amenable to reason as his own party associates felt him to be. He was even on good terms with the CLEVELAND administration during those strenuous times when many Democrats in Congress would have nothing to do with the occupant of the White House or his cabinet. Especially friendly was BLACKBURN with the Kentucky Secretary of the Treasury, whom he called "JOHN CARLISLE," and from whom he was willing to accept dry and choking facts which he needed for his oratorical embroidery-work. He was one of the Silver Democrats who were filibustering under the leadership of two true Republicans, TELLER and DUBOIS, to prevent the passage of CLEVELAND's "unconditional repeal bill." But BLACKBURN was not in favor of obstinately standing in the way of the appointing power. Too much of the current business of a Senator—and of his constituents—depended on his retention of his friendliness. So he talked the matter over with his friend JAMIN, who found the Senator reasonable, and JAMIN furnished him with mental food. BLACKBURN then, incidentally, attended the meeting of the Confederate veterans in Kentucky, and then, coming freshly from his people, he made a remarkably able speech in favor of abandoning the filibustering and of permitting a vote to be taken. Then every speaker. A Senator who could have made no such speech said that, "for a man who never thought and never read, JOE was the ablest orator in the country." Soon afterwards BLACKBURN had a serious falling out with JOHN CARLISLE, not about a transitory thing like the silver question, although that might serve as fuel, but about a deeper, more momentous, more sleep-dispelling subject—about an appointment in the Treasury Department.

EXPERIMENTING WITH AUTOMOBILE TIRES

By WILFRED DUPUY

THE pneumatic tire was undoubtedly the most important invention which had to do with the development of the automobile, for without it the touring-car, as at present used for pleasure purposes, would not have been a possibility. The reason for this is not merely that the pneumatic tire gives comfortable riding qualities to the car, but that, by its absorption of the small inequalities of road surface, it saves the motor and mechanism from an enormous amount of vibration. The question might be asked whether solid rubber tires would not serve as well for use in districts where the road surfaces were comparatively smooth. These can be used satisfactorily up to speed of fifteen miles an hour, but beyond that they are impracticable, no matter how smooth the road.

It is a well-known fact that if an object be allowed to drop in the air, after it has attained a certain speed the resistance of the air will equal the acceleration due to the force of gravity, so that the speed of the object will not increase beyond a certain limit. The drag of solid tires against the force of the motor acts somewhat in the same way. The higher the speed the greater the power necessary to lift the wheels over the small inequalities of road surface, until finally a limit of speed is reached at which all of the power is consumed. This limit is comparatively low. By experiment it has been found to be practically impossible to drive a car faster than twenty-five miles an hour on solid tires, even by using engines of very high power. This would certainly not suit the modern motorist. But of much greater moment than the reduction in speed would be the ruin of his nerves and the wear and tear to which the mechanism of the car would be subjected.

Many attempts have been made to imitate the action of the pneumatic tire by the use of spring wheels, pneumatic hubs, etc., but up to the present time with indifferent success. While these devices take up the vibrations transmitted to the wheel to a certain extent, they do not provide a cushion at the place where it will be most effective, viz., in contact with the road. They act as delicate springs in decreasing the force of shocks borne by the wheel, but do not absorb the shocks, as does the pneumatic tire. Inequality and small obstacles sink into the tire, so that the wheel does not require as extra amount of power to lift it over them. For this reason it is very doubtful whether a practical substitute for the pneumatic tire will ever be developed.

With the phenomenal increase in the production of automobiles during the past six years there has been a like increase in the output of the tire manufacturers, so that the available rubber supply of the world has been seriously affected. Imports of crude rubber into the United States alone last year amounted to \$20,000,000, a considerable proportion of which was employed in the manufacture of tires.

The rubber factory which manufactures the manufacturers of automobile tires requires an elaborate and expensive equipment, consisting of washing machines for the crude rubber, mixing-mills for combining the rubber with sulphur, zinc, litharge, and other ingredients which influence the vulcanizing process and serve to give strength and wearing qualities to the finished tire. Large calender-rolls are required to roll the rubber into sheets of the proper thickness to be used in building up the tire. Sheets of great hydraulic pressure, heated by steam, are used for vulcanizing the tires after they have been placed in the moulds. The number of the latter which must be kept on hand depends only on the demand for tires of each size and type.

Before being placed in the mould the tire is built up by hand on an iron form. The layers of fabric coated with rubber are laid on first of all, being drawn tight over the tread and worked down over the "head." When the plies of fabric are in position and rolled smooth, a sheet of rubber is laid on to form the cover. If the tire is to have a moulded tread the latter is formed by being built up of layers of rubber to the proper thickness. It is "wrapped round" to be put on, the tire is moulded with only the cover in place, and after being removed from the mould has the tread wrapped upon it with cloth and vulcanized.

Tires should be allowed to age for a certain length of time before being put into use. During this time they "bloom," that is, become light gray in color, due to the action of the air on the sulphur contained in the rubber. The process of aging requires from three to six weeks, during which time the rubber acquires a certain firmness, which adds to its durability.

The number of different types of automobile tires is constantly increasing, each type being designed to overcome certain difficulties. The most common design has been the wrapped tread, or the mould-moulded tire; but of late the flat corrugated, or "V" type, has been increasingly in popularity. The latter is heavier than the ordinary tire, and should prove more reliable. In addition to these, there is the tread studded with rubber knobs, and one being transverse ridges. These two types are designed for heavy loading, and are effective to a certain extent when used on a few hundred miles of travel they are worn so smooth as to lose

whatever non-skidding qualities they may have once possessed. The tire which is at this time most successfully presented to the public has embedded in its tread several rows of steel studs, the heads of which grip the road so firmly as to assure positive traction. The heads of the studs rest either directly on the rubber tread of the tire or on a strip of specially prepared leather. Their bases are held firmly by several plies of strong fabric. In addition to its prevention of side-slip the wearing qualities of this tire have been unusually good, and it is practically puncture-proof, except through the side wall. The popularity of this tire has been largely increased by its successful use on foreign racing-cars during the past two years, where the study to which it has been subjected on account of the great speed attained is unusually severe.

The motorist whose tires do not afford the proper service is usually too much given to placing the blame upon the tire manufacturer rather than upon his own ignorance or carelessness. It is too much to expect that tires will not deteriorate and give out when the user exercises no more judgment in caring for them than if his car were equipped with ordinary iron-tired wheels. To obtain satisfactory results in the use of pneumatic tires every motorist should familiarize himself with the instructions and rules for their use. It is too much to expect that tires will not deteriorate and give out when the user exercises no more judgment in caring for them than if his car were equipped with ordinary iron-tired wheels. To obtain satisfactory results in the use of pneumatic tires every motorist should familiarize himself with the instructions and rules for their use. It is too much to expect that tires will not deteriorate and give out when the user exercises no more judgment in caring for them than if his car were equipped with ordinary iron-tired wheels. To obtain satisfactory results in the use of pneumatic tires every motorist should familiarize himself with the instructions and rules for their use.

The automobile manufacturers have not been blameless in the matter of providing tire-treads for the motorist. This has not been due to the selection of tires, but to the construction of the automobiles themselves, which have very often been of too great weight and speed for the tire of the size which the manufacturer size tire is guaranteed by the manufacturer to carry only a certain weight, and when this weight is exceeded trouble naturally follows. The catalogue weight of an automobile, which takes no account of water, gasoline, and equipment, often differs largely from its weight when ready for the road. Thus the surest way in which to determine whether or not a car is fitted with tires of sufficient size is to have it weighed when fully equipped.

The motorist, by care and attention, can do more to prolong the life of his tires than any repairman or the manufacturer himself. He should have an accurate pressure gauge, and test his tires at least once a week, in order to be sure that they are constantly inflated to the pressure recommended by the manufacturer. This pressure varies from sixty to sixty pounds, according to the size of the tire. Proper inflation is of more importance than all the other rules which can be laid down for the care of tires. Proper inflation the motorist must interpret as *high pressure*, that is, compared to the degree of inflation which would cause his car to ride easiest. A tire, when properly inflated, should not flatten at all when the car is in motion. If many drivers are afraid of bursting their tires, it is too bad a case for the pump; so let it be stated, finally, that an air-pump for the inflation of tires, either hand-operated or mechanical, is capable of exerting a pressure exceeding 125 pounds to the square inch, and this pressure would not be sufficient to burst a tire which was even one-quarter as strong as tires are now made. A perfect tire will not burst at a pressure of seven hundred pounds. The motorist may ask, then, an explanation for the fact that tires sometimes "blow out." It is answered by stating that the tire must have been injured before the blow-out occurred, which is often brought about by a previous puncture or stone-bruise, which weakens the tire at the spot where the blow-out afterwards occurs. The layers of fabric are a tire's whole strength, and are very easily weakened by eating and by water which is allowed to enter through cuts in the cover of the tire. Water and dirt serve to open the threads of the fabric, and therefore every precaution should be taken to see that all cuts in the tread or walls of the tire are immediately repaired.

In driving the car much can be done to prolong the life of the tires. Tires should be taken at moderate speed, or the tire will be "skinned." The brakes should not be applied so suddenly as to lock the wheels, or part of the thread will be torn off. The clutch should be operated carefully for the same reason. Oil, grease, and gasoline should not be allowed to come in contact with the tires, as they soften and disintegrate the rubber. For this reason all should not be allowed to drip from the wheel bearings or chains.

SHOCK ELIMINATORS

By S. F. HEATH

THE rapidly growing interest in shock eliminators only goes to prove the absolute necessity for some efficient device to eliminate the damage, danger, and discomfort of rough roads. One of the best known writers on automobile subjects states:

"Without question the motor-car is further astray in the matter of springs than in any other one particular. A moment's consideration will show that no single spring suspension, no matter what its shape, can correctly handle a car at all speeds on rough roads. At over twenty miles the spring of any known form fails to meet the requirements. If flexible enough to give good riding on fair roads at moderate speeds, the springs will creak with rough surface and faster pace.

"To meet all requirements the spring effect must automatically make enormous differences in its resistance and recovery effect, and must be helped by a powerful auxiliary, whose services will be called into action by the road level variation impact in the precise degree demanded by the special instance."

The ideal shock eliminator must meet the following requirements:

1. No restraint of the free, easy spring play on good roads, at any speed, or over moderately rough roads at slow speed.
 2. Below and above this normal or good-roads spring action the speed and distance to which the spring goes must be controlled automatically and in just the right proportion required by each individual shock.
 3. Practically all the excessive load and strain of rough roads must be assumed by the eliminators, thus leaving the springs to take care of the normal load only.
 4. The eliminators must be built on principles which will permit of the use of easy, flexible springs, for it is only when such springs are used that the greatest saving in tires can be made.
 5. They must allow an increase of speed over roads as they come, with an increase of comfort and safety.
 6. Must not require constant adjusting, refilling, oiling, or other attention. The working parts must be perfectly protected from mud and dust.
 7. Must have universal or ball joints to compensate for the bodyway on rough roads.
 8. Must prevent the springs from going too far up or down, but stopping them without shock, thus doing away entirely with rubber bumpers and straps.
- It goes without argument that a device which meets these re-

quirements must be of so much real benefit in dollars and cents, safety and comfort, that no man owning a car of any power over five horse-power, or capable of a speed above ten miles an hour, can afford to be without it.

Of the devices now on the market the one coming nearest the ideal can be judged by taking into consideration the medium used for control. Pneumatic or air, of which there is one. Friction and hydraulic, of which there are numerous designs. This medium, therefore, must be elastic in itself, so that under sudden stress it will, even when confined, give way to a certain extent. It must get out of the way entirely when so restrained (as on good roads) is needed. It must be capable of such manipulation as to automatically offer a constantly and instantly variable resistance, according to conditions as they occur.

This medium must be self-renewing without any attention from the car-owner, who, in fact, will forget that his car has these "insurance policies" attached, except when he occasionally admits to himself, after striking an especially hard bump or deep hole, that without them he certainly would have broken springs.

Eliminators constructed with these features will save at least twenty per cent. of tire and brake wear, and this is admitted by those who have had experience and are in a position to know.

Without eliminators nothing like a uniform speed can be maintained. The driver is obliged to apply his brakes very often as the crossings and other bad spots are met with. This means that a very destructive load is thrown on the tires, both in slowing down suddenly and in regaining the speed. The use of a proper shock eliminator, such as described, will save this wear and tear and loss of time.

These statements and others are proven by a series of careful and exhaustive tests recently made by Professor Charles F. Park, of the mechanical engineering department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Among the large number of diagrams taken it is shown to the eye that over a bad stretch of ground there was 25.4 per cent. more average vibration to the car, at a speed of eleven miles per hour, without the eliminators than was the case when the same car was driven over the same road at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour with the eliminators attached. The passengers were tossed free of the seats at the eleven-miles-per-hour speed, but at the higher speed remained comfortably seated. The air we breathe is the only elastic medium which can meet the requirements laid down in the construction and action of the ideal shock eliminator.

AN AUTOMOBILE IN WHICH COMFORT AND SECURITY HAVE BEEN THE MAKER'S TWIN AIMS



This Machine has 25 to 30 Horse-power, and represents the latest Development in Touring-car Design

GOOD ROADS AND THE NATION'S PROSPERITY

By COLONEL ALBERT A. POPE

A CURSORY perusal of the reports of railway commissioners, and of the data compiled by the departments of Agriculture and Commerce at Washington, would convince the most sceptical theorist that the agricultural and transportation interests of the United States overshadow in importance the manufacturing and all other interests combined. The question of our success as a nation depends not on what we can make, valuable as this element is, but on what can be raised from the soil and transported to the consumer at a cost that will not be prohibitive. Therefore it follows, logically, that our national prosperity hinges in a large measure upon the condition of the highways throughout the country; for if crops be abundant, labor plentiful, and money for transportation to be had at reasonable rates, yet if the roads cut off communication from farms to shipping points, the price of the produce becomes abnormally high, and what ought to be a public benefit becomes a national calamity.

Numerous tests, covering widely separated territories and varying conditions of climate and topography, have resulted in securing valuable figures on the traction resistance with wheels equipped with tires of different widths on macadam, clay, and hard-dirt roads, as well as on sandy and muddy ways.

The lines of inquiry in one experiment, including upwards of a thousand counties throughout the States of the Union, showed that the average length of cartage over country roads was slightly more than twelve miles, with an average weight of a little over two thousand pounds per load, and a consequent cost of about twenty-five cents per ton per mile. Although these figures are correct for the territory covered, they would, of course, be modified by complete data covering the entire country; but they are indicative of the general condition and cost to the farmer of transporting his produce.

Here, then, is the meat in the cocoanut, and the general question of supply and demand must take into account this unusual expense of transportation from farm to station. We would not for a moment permit the railways of the country to charge such an exorbitant rate. State legislatures and the Federal government would quickly intervene and prohibit it as a detriment to the people of America; but the grangers and others have for years past acquiesced in a practice that has robbed them of the comforts and, in many instances, the necessities of life.

While the national handling in a broad fashion of the entire good-roads question would redound to the benefit of all citizens, it seems essential that the farmers should be shown something of the direct profits that must come to them from the extension of good roads.

Several counties in one of the States in the Middle West were thoroughly ransacked under professional supervision, and the data

collected from intelligent farmers were carefully tabulated. When there were included such elements as economy in time, in force of transportation, and the reduction of the cost of wear and tear, it was estimated that each section of land with poor roads represented a loss of \$2432 per annum—enough to construct several miles of good highways. The increase in valuation of each section of land by the construction and maintenance of proper roads was from the same data estimated at \$2750, or about \$9 per acre.

Take an extreme supposition to the effect that in direct appreciation the farmer could count on no more than \$2 an acre. Is there any granger in the land who would not jump at the chance to meet his share of the tax for good roads, and reap this direct and many other indirect benefits therefrom?

On good roads heavier loads can be drawn, and drawn faster, and the difference between the selling price of produce when carried in a wagon over a smooth road for one hour and the price of the same produce transported over a rough road for three hours is sometimes the difference between profit and loss.

The benefits to be derived from a perfect system of communication would be felt by all classes of the community. The farmer reaps a better profit by having easy means of transportation from the farm to the distributing centers, and in like manner the inhabitants of large towns and cities are equally benefited by an economy in transporting the product of their labors to the rural districts.

Railway freights have been steadily reduced by the improvement of roadbeds and rolling-stock, to which work managers have applied all that science, experience, and invention have developed, and in like manner the expense of wagon transportation will gradually decrease as the condition of our highways is improved.

Roads should be so constructed that they will be passable during all seasons of the year, a condition of affairs that would add an element of stability and regularity to the trade of the country. As matters stand now it often happens that the wet season transforms roads into quagmires, causing produce to accumulate until drier weather permits its being hauled to the nearest station, which thus brings about a congestion of traffic because the railway authorities are unable to meet the extraordinary demand for cars. In this way some of its perishes and part is damaged, and, taken all in all, the value of the whole is materially decreased before it reaches the consumer, though the price to the consumer under such conditions is abnormally high. The farmer should not overlook the point that it is to his great advantage to be able to draw produce to the shipping point at a time when regular farm duties are least absorbing, and to have the advantage also of marketing produce whenever the price is highest.

The automobile has of late years become a most aggressive par-



THE NONPAVED ROAD, IN SOMERSET COUNTY, NEW JERSEY, BEFORE IT HAD BEEN IMPROVED



THE SAME ROAD AFTER TIME AND DOLLARS HAD BEEN JOU-
RNEUSELY EXPENDED UPON IT

An Example of what "Good Roads" Perseverance can Accomplish



THE MILES AND MILES OF MUD AND RUTS WHICH USED TO LEAD INTO LANSING



THIS IS THE LANSING ROAD AFTER THE "GOOD ROADS" CHAMPIONS HAD BEEN AT WORK

The "before and after" Aspects of a Michigan Road

tian for good roads, because each user of an electric or gasoline-driven machine has had an ocular and positive demonstration of the value of proper highways. He knows by experience that the car will run better and last longer when the road-bed is firm and the surface even.

When one considers that more than one hundred million dollars are already invested in motor-cars, and that the number of purchasers is being multiplied day by day, it is not difficult to form an idea of the influence automobiles are bound to exert toward the betterment of country roads. It is true that this machine brings in its train new and untried problems, even in the matter of road construction and repair, but it will bring, too, the successful solving of those problems to the great advantage of all users of the highways and to the community at large.

State aid and supervision for the construction and maintenance of good roads has been demonstrated to be a practical way of

securing the desired end. Federal appropriations will doubtless come a little later on, when we are to take up the consideration of such communicating highways as link together the State roads and form thoroughfares that facilitate interstate communication. Skilled work is as essential in maintenance as in the matter of first construction, and many of the States have recognized this fact and appointed highway commissioners, under whose supervision the legislative appropriations are expended, and by whom an annual report is submitted.

The cost of radical reforms, especially those whose results will bring greater benefits to our children's children than to us, should be borne, at least in part, by coming generations. This has in some instances been very wisely arranged, and the necessary funds raised by the sale of special bonds, to be retired in a term of years by a sinking fund. This is no burden to our posterity, but rather a wise and profitable investment.



NEW JERSEY SEES GREAT STORE BY HER ROADWAYS; ONE OF THEM WAS ONCE LIKE THIS



THIS IS ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME ROADWAY, TAKEN A FEW MONTHS AFTER IMPROVEMENT

What the State Aid Law did for a Jersey Highway

COACHING COLLEGE RUNNERS FROM A MOTOR-CAR

By J. B. ROWLAND

It is to Courtney, the famous coach of Cornell's racing crews, that credit is usually given for the statement, "My crews are trained to the minute." It is worthy of note that such a statement should be considered of sufficient value to be treasured as a bit of quotable wisdom, for it is undoubtedly the goal to which all trainers strive. Considered as such, however, it is not surprising that its authorship should be accredited to a man who has had such remarkably consistent success in developing a winning brand of brains.

The training of a crew or team of athletes to compete as a unit is in many respects a far simpler matter than the task of developing numerous individual talents, the joint sum of whose independent efforts must be responsible for the success or failure of the venture. Where team credit is the important point the joint tasks of the individual, if not too serious, may be subordinated to

—Mr. J. B. Crooks, known in the familiar appreciation of the college vocabulary as "Josh" Crooks—with a scheme whereby he hopes to minimize the difficulties of these coaching conditions.

He has provided himself with a 24 to 28 horse-power motor-car, to the dash of which is attached a speedometer. With this combination he has been laboring quietly, but persistently, during the fall with his cross-country runners in support of one of his fundamental theories that a strong cross-country squad offers the finest foundation for a successful track team. If his track team is as successful during the coming spring as he has every reason to believe it will be, it is safe to predict that the automobile will thereafter play as important a part in the coaching of a track team as does the coach's hammer in the coaching of a crew, for it is a somewhat similar part that has been assigned to it. From a



The Dry-land "Launch" of Columbia's Athletic Coach

the development of the team as a team. The recognition of this principle—the relative importance, or rather unimportance, of individuality as compared with team ability—has of late become so pronounced that individual ability is recklessly sacrificed in favor of team-work. It is this that the tendency of football coaching has been to subordinate the so-called "grand-stand play," and to direct the aggressiveness of the individual where it will rebound to the credit of the team as a whole rather than to his fame as a single player.

When a coach, however, must develop, not the energy of a squad, but the capabilities of individuals for a contest in which the fault of one cannot be atoned for by the creditable performance of another, he may truly be said to have a task worthy of his best efforts. Such a task is the coaching of the runners of a track team. On the individual success or failure of each runner must depend the prestige of the Alma Mater for success or failure. Unfortunately, the inherent conditions for coaching of this character tend to increase rather than diminish the difficulties of the task. Your runner, entering a quarter-mile track, is, during the greater portion of the time, far from the watchful eye of the coach to allow of his detecting the subtle faults of form, whose inevitable appearance often means the difference between success and failure, whose success is most to be desired and failure most regrettable. It is perhaps largely on this account that consistency in the turning out of runners has not been an aliding factor in the athletic history of our college world.

Now, however, comes the athletic coach of Columbia University

position of vantage in the car, Crooks is able at all times to keep in the immediate proximity of the squad, so that he is prepared at any moment to direct such corrections in form or efforts as his trained judgment deems necessary, while by directing the chauffeur to hold the indicating arm of the speedometer at a designated point he is able to regulate the pace with absolute precision. He has thus, at one throw, overcome the two principal difficulties in the training of runners, the spitting of a fault at the moment of its appearance, and the direction and constant control of the pace.

Experiments in the method of training have served to show that while driving before the squad as a pace-maker is likely to render the men dependent upon the speed of the car for the pace, a scheme whereby this method is adopted at the start, and a change made during the course of the run so that at the finish the squad is being driven before the car, serves to develop the powers of endurance to their greatest extent. There is also great satisfaction in knowing precisely the capabilities of the various units which compose the squad, and this method supplies the desired information with a completeness that has not been equalled by any other, permitting a more intelligent direction of the light indoor work made necessary by inclement winter weather. Among the minor advantages which the use of the car has developed are the conveniences afforded for the carrying of sponges, restoratives, band-aids, and other paraphernalia which may be needed by the runners, to say nothing of the service it is able to render as an ambulance in case of a sprain or other injury.

THE ELECTRIC MOTOR OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

By F. A. BABCOCK

WHEN I look back eight or nine years, and think of the first electric cars that were placed on the market, and how far short they fell of doing what was stated they could do by those that had them for sale, it is a wonder, almost, that any one ever could be induced to buy one afterwards. I do not think there ever was another line of goods precipitated on the public that represented so much money-value invested that was so utterly worthless, practically.

It now appears to me that pioneers in the electric line were ignorant of the shortcomings of their product, or they would not have placed on the market such large numbers of them as poor as they were. Of course the main trouble met with was the inability to do the mileage claimed, or anywhere near it. The reasons for not being able to run the number of miles were various.

"How much current does it take to run your car?" And the automobile builder (knowing little about storage-batteries and their capacities) put them in his cars, only to learn by sad experience that not half the mileage expected was obtainable. Was it any wonder, then, that they soon became very unpopular?

While the manufacture of storage-batteries had been carried on for twenty years or more previous to 1909, they had been used, principally, for stationary lighting and power work—work that was very steady in its requirements, and where the matter of weight per cell was not such an important factor as it is in an automobile. Is it any wonder, then, that the storage-battery, when put in an automobile, and called upon (as it was) to do entirely different work than it was built for, should fail to do it satisfactorily? And was it strange that the builders of storage-



A modern Electric Victoria—a Type of Motor whose Endurance Run and Speed Capacity have doubled within six Years

Batteries were not capable of holding the amount of current necessary, bearings and mechanical parts were poor and required more current than they should. Besides, motors were very inefficient, and drew heavily on the batteries, soon putting them out of business. So that everything conspired to the failure of electric cars at that time.

Battery-makers would, without a blush, guarantee that the battery they offered for sale would run the vehicle forty or fifty miles under any and all conditions, not deeming it necessary to ask,

batteries were all at sea, so to speak, at the unsatisfactory results?

In the past five years, and especially during the last three years, marked improvements that tend to longer life and greater mileage have been made by battery-makers. Added to these, the knowledge that has been gained in how to care for batteries in use has increased their value three hundred per cent.

While the storage-battery of to-day is giving good satisfaction, I look for many further improvements with the present lead bat-

try, and do not think any one need wait until Edison perfects his much-talked-of battery before buying an electric vehicle.

Just think of the great cab companies that were organized in almost every large city (for the transportation of passengers), and for vast sums: one in Chicago for several million dollars, another in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and even in this city (Buffalo), and real hard money to the extent of millions paid in. And this before their practicability had been even slightly tested.

Several electric automobile factories were capitalized as high

as in order that they could be intelligently cared for. Manufacturers have learned that while a cheap gasoline-car can be built to serve the purpose for which it is intended, the same does not apply to the electric automobile. The "electric" must be good; nothing else will do. Good motors, good batteries, good controllers, good mechanical construction, good upholstering and painting are necessary or it will fail to perform satisfactory service. To put in cheap anything kills it, so to speak, for the user, and the great reason is that the class of people who purchase



An Electric Runabout of To-day that can make a "Century" Run at an average Speed of fourteen Miles an Hour on one Charge

as \$10,000,000, and money paid in before they knew what they could or would try to build. The promoters of some of these were either fools or knaves. Conceive, if you can, what the product of such enterprises would be, of necessity, be.

Again, we must consider the lack of knowledge shown by the garages and agencies everywhere as to the care and proper method of charging. The electric was looked upon by the dealer as somewhat of a "side-line," and no proper effort was made to learn its mechanical and electric make-up. If a sale was made, the purchaser either placed his vehicle in the dealer's hands for care, or else installed his own charging apparatus; and without practical experience on the part of either the dealer or the owner, it is not surprising that electric cars soon came to have a "black eye," and were held up to the public as a "horrible example" of what one should not buy.

Such a thing as learning how to charge a battery never occurred to the dealer as essential. Consequently, batteries were burned up by over-charging, or else were sent out without being sufficiently charged, and as a result were run so low that cells were reversed, thereby practically ruining the battery. Cleaning the commutator—a simple thing in itself, and one necessary to do on a stationary electric motor—was entirely ignored by the earlier users of the electric; and then they wondered why they could not get any speed or mileage out of their vehicle. Fortunately, all of these shortcomings, caused by ignorance, have been done away with, and the dealers and users of electric cars are learning that while the gasoline will "boiler" (so to speak) if anything goes wrong with it, the electric engine (motor) is unable to make its wants known in that way, but must be looked after regularly.

Is it any wonder that people became disgusted with the electric automobile?

No such conditions ever existed in connection with the gasoline-car. Good, hard-headed business men went into that line cautiously and conservatively, and failures have been few. The initial step taken by dealers in gasoline-cars was to equip the garages so that they could handle them properly, putting in such machinery and equipment as needed, and an efficient corps of mechan-

ic electric cars are of the best class, and logically are the most critical, for they have been accustomed to quality.

The "electric" is essentially the woman's car, not only because it is so easily controlled and operated, but also on account of its cleanliness. And the same good reasons apply to men as well.

When gasoline-cars were first put on the market in large numbers the first thought of the family was, "What fun we shall have taking long trips in the country." And for that purpose an electric would not serve, but they have learned by experience that seven-eighths of the rides they have time or the disposition to take are less than fifteen miles in distance, and the over-ready and clean electric is the convenient car for them to use.

The electric automobile is a "horseless" carriage, and will, in my opinion, remain so. It is not a machine, as is the gasoline-car, for there is little or no machinery to it. Therefore, it is wise, and, in my judgment, pleasing, to follow along the lines of the best in horse-drawn vehicles of similar patterns. The brougham, since Lord Brougham first designed it and gave it his name, has been and always will remain the same in general design, whether drawn by a horse or propelled by current from a storage-battery.

Can one conceive of a headroom or more comfortable—not to say luxurious—vehicle for "mileage" than the brougham? Next to it comes the landaulet; then the coupé (handic-driven)—just for two—ideal for calling or going to a dinner-party in, allowing one to dispense with the services of a servant (chauffeur), and giving freedom in that direction that one often longs for; no horse to get cold; no man to get cross, because kept out late, and a horse other good reasons that present themselves why one should use an electric automobile instead of horses. As a city carriage it has no competitor.

In 1900 the greatest mileage obtained by an electric vehicle from a single charge of a storage-battery was twenty-five miles, under the most favorable conditions. In 1904 a run was made several times from New York to Philadelphia (distance 95½ miles) on a single charge of the battery, and in a regular stock electric car, and with road conditions far from ideal. This shows the progress attained in the past six years.



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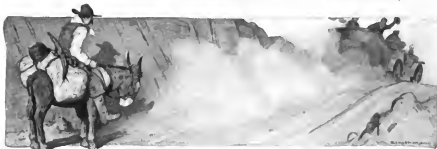
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THE GASOLINE CAMEL OF THE AMERICAN DESERT



BY BARTON W. CURRIE

DRAWINGS BY F. STROTHMANN

"I WISH to hire a car for two or three days to take some friends to my lode-picking claim. It is just across the Atlatzian Desert. In some spots the sand is deep, and there is a 4000-foot elevation in twenty miles. Altogether, though, there is only thirty or forty miles of bad going in the hundred. I will send extra tanks of gasoline and water as we cut away from the main route. It would also be wise to carry surplus tires. What's the damage, pal?"

"One thousand dollars."

"Easy. You're on."

The bulging express—a long range car, with big wheels and high clearance—had just brought in a little party of four from Goldfield, an even seventy-eight miles from garage to garage of the motor-stage company.

It was a burning day. The indoor thermometers scaled well above 100. Outside, dust that stung like lime-powder, drove about in eddies and spiral clouds. The express had boomed down the trail, her tabbled horse wheezing a nasal salute in a thick smolder of alkali. The vermilion body of the car was coated a ghastly

white. The faces of the passengers and driver seemed ingrained with chalk; under their goggles the whites of their eyes, cut by the dust, glinted like dull edges of flame. Jumping from the car, one of the party signalled the agent of the automobile station to follow into the Blondo Kid saloon. While sparkling drinks were gulped down thirstily the above brief dialogue took place.

The largess was made as casually as one would hire a hansom on Broadway. Yet this was in a corner of the world where, until a few years ago, the pale stars of heaven have looked down for ages upon neither man nor beast.

Then there had come the intrepid gold-bunters, with their mule-teams and water-bags; some to locate dykes of precious ore outcropping from mountain and desolate valley dip, others to hose their way and, wandering in narrow circles, drop by their exhausted animals and die beside them of the excruciating thirst of the desert that has made scores who were saved babbling madmen.

Now the snorting automobile whirled along these arid wastes in the ceaseless treasure quest. The modern gold-seekers could not wait for railroads, and lost patience with the tedious stage route. So they have installed the Benzine Bus, as southern Nevada calls the big heavy-bodied touring car. In every camp for hundreds of miles in the lower half of the third largest State in the Union you will hear the clatter and rattle of motors day and night. Should you go up in a balloon after the sun had gone deep to rest behind the California Sierras you would see all over the ocean of desolation beneath flashing eyes of searing invisible insects moving swiftly in many directions.

Hundreds of cars are employed in this way. They have conquered the barren gold-fields, annihilating distance, overcoming the hardships and tortures men and animals suffered in the earlier discoveries of the untimbered, unwatered treasure mountains. They are not the tops of science-loving millionaires down there; the hated juggernauts of over-peopled cities; the pests of the humble, conservative farmer—rather they are the new tools of conquest. Expensive tools, to be sure, but what is expense to the folk who are gripped by the lure of gold and spend lives and fortunes in the hunt with grim ferocity.

Experienced motor-drivers on the desert are better paid than many bank presidents in small communities. Gasoline is seventy-five cents a gallon, but water has often been sold to the desperately thirsty prospector for \$50 a quart.

Who brought the first automobile into southern Nevada is a vigorously needed question in the new camps. You will find claimants to this distinction in Tonopah, Goldfield, Bullfrog, Hearty, and Rhyolite. These towns (some of them have almost the population of cities) are strung along, north and south, for more than one hundred miles. Several score cars traverse the new motor trail, that keeps them together, with punctual regularity every day.

One of the original settlers of Tonopah told me last fall that a kilduck came, as far as he had observed, arrived simultaneously. In his opinion they were brought down to the new bonanza country by a San Francisco salesman, who was speculative enough to take the same chance with them he would with alarm-chicks. He sold them all in a day, and went back for another consignment. Then some one introduced the fad of motoring all the way from the Pacific coast to the desert, and many more machines arrived in this way.

The Benzine Bus has done for the desert what the steamship did for ocean travel. It has concentrated widely scattered mining centres that were formerly vague and distant from one another because of the difficulties, hardships, and perils of travel by stage and burro over the rugged sand wastes, through boulder-clogged ravines, and over flatter flat dry lakes, from which the summer sun seems reflected in shimmering waves of flame and white heat.

What was only a few years ago a day's journey is now only an hour's skin. Yes, and there are hundreds of miles of automobile



Drawn by F. Strothmann

You experience what the desert can offer in the way of "Thank-you-nams"

speedways. Not of the metropolitan or boulevard sort, of course; and the method of construction has not attracted any road builders to the country, though some of the wilderness thoroughfares are as fine as Roman roads.

For the most part they are made by the simple device of running a few cars over the most likely line of travel along the dips flanked by the naked hills. Once pressed down in even ruts the sand hardens to a granite durability. Generally the line of direction was established between the already well-settled camps by the early stage routes and burro-trails. But the motor-car did not use the roads followed by the big wagons and trailers, freight-laden and hauled by teams of twenty and thirty mules. The more primitive vehicles sank deep into the sand, and the shuffling wheels sifted drifts of dust to both sides.

For a fast-moving gasoline-driven car such a trail was impossible. Therefore the harder spots and sun-baked mud lakes were selected, making the going sure and facile. The first batch of motorists to appear began running between Tonapah, Goldfield, and Manhattan, and threading innumerable prospect trails all about the country circling by these camps. The successful auto-enters have their own cars, with which they dilt about with parties their dancing circles have attracted from afar. One of these machines has been nicknamed the "Suckers' Steamer," and another "The Good-thing Carryall." These autos have been of immense value in selling "dead holes" and "barren drifts."

It is as impressive proceeding to be whisked away through the stifling silence of the desert in a high-power automobile, luxuriously disposed in leather cushions, smoking a gold-banded pipe, and giving a ready ear to tales of golden marvels. More than one canny Easterner ran back with pain to a Nevada motor-journey, in which he was spun into a fine web of sham and had his fortune robbed by a wild-catting spider.

Though the Tonapah and Goldfield Railroad runs one train a day between these two camps, the two dingy, saved-off cars of the nine-cent-a-mile corporation carry few passengers. Hustling Nevada folk prefer paying \$5 for the thirty-three mile auto express, making the distance in a few minutes more than half an hour, and saving one hour and a half. Now it is possible to travel entirely by automobile from Tonapah to the new camp of Greewater, making an intermediary run from Goldfield to Bullfrog.

The Bullfrog express from Goldfield makes the journey of almost eighty miles in a little more than three hours, if no tire trouble is encountered. There are water and gasoline stations all along the trail; also tiny road-houses that loom up like hermits' cabins in the waste. The distance from Bullfrog to Greewater, California, just over the Nevada border, and fringing close the edges of Death Valley, is peculiarly the same as from Goldfield to Bullfrog. The going, however, is far more difficult, as yet most cross that grim ridge of purple hills known as Funeral Range.

Until you reach the bones works at Furnace Creek, an eye-arresting little oasis on the rim of Death Valley, you do not see a green thing—only sea and gray sage-brush and the cowering Joshua-tree, whose twisted branches resemble a cluster of Mothman's curls. On a moonlight night these stunted growths stand out on the plains like writhing ghosts, and cast long, wriggling shadows across the trail.

There are many stretches of sun-blistered sand-plats, where you will motor for miles without even a glimpse of a Joshua tree. In occasional sheltered spots you may find growths of wood and chamisal. On either side there will be so restless monotonies of stark and naked hillsides. In the utter silence the engine of the car becomes a mighty instrument of torture. Always, after a smooth run, sand-drifts roll up like oncoming billows. Then you have experience of what the desert can offer in the way of "Thank-you-marms." Having passed a rough sea of hummocks, hump and breathless, you shoot down grade onto a dry lake, flat and unyielding as asphalt, and not a whit more dusty than the pavement of many cities. Here you may safely go on three speeds and see the wing of your speedometer jerk up to 60. On one of these dry lakes below Goldfield the local motorists are planning an automobile meet for next spring, and hope to draw entries from all the gold-camps for hundreds of miles about.

Rain is mighty scarce, and showers rare down there in the



Drawn by F. Stockman

To be caught in one of these cloudbursts in an auto is vastly uncomfortable

borderland of the Amargosa and Great American deserts, but they are as treacherous in their way as the mountains and waters. They will wipe a splendidly beaten auto speedily out of existence in a few minutes. These showers come up with great suddenness. A mammoth black cloud will walk right across the sky and shadow a black curtain from hill range to hill range. Then the subtle canopy will break in great rents, releasing sheet walls of water. Wherever there is a gully or indentation on the mountainside a river will shoot down with foaming waves. Like great mist-shrouded serpents they will go twisting across the flat, gouging out the sand to a depth of from two to four feet, and rolling about rocks and boulders with a dull, rattling noise.

To be caught in one of these cloudbursts in an auto is vastly uncomfortable. You can think of no other shelter than crawling under the car, and then one of the made-in-a-moment rivers is apt to plunge after you, beat you with its water, and fill your lungs with its arsenic mud.

Once the sun comes out again you are quickly dried, or rather scorched dry; for the moisture in the air will give the desert sunbath a furnace intensity. Probably an hour afterwards another car will come shooting along the trail and stumble into dry ruts and gullies where foaming torrents had been. Incidents of this sort raise havoc with tires. Often in the big camps you will see a lumbering machine clatter up the roadway with both front



Drawn by F. Stockman

He had seen an entire range of hills peopled with hippogriffs, pterodactyls, and hairy mammoths of gaudy color

tires gone and the metal rims bent all out of circumference. It is far from joyous riding in a crippled motor through that wilderness, be it day or night. By day you have the consuming sunlight, and at night black balls of shadow that blot out all the world except a few blinking stars overhead.

The hills of this agreeable altitude are only beautiful when the rising or declining sun robes them in a purple that has the soft sheen of velvet. More often they are drab or tawny, looking like great calcined mounds; gloomy and terrible in their aspect of external death.

Once, while crawling along in the Bullfrog express, with only one battery sparking feebly and a punctured tire flapping behind (the third that had blown up in twenty-five miles), a strange mirage sprang up before my eyes like a luminous curtain of steam across a distant mountain-top. A huge figure of unearthly and unnatural whiteness was crawling over the rocky shoulder of the hill, seemingly picking its way on a white ribbon of a mile trail that led off to an isolated mine fifty miles beyond. In shape the apparition was like some of the reconstructed monsters of the Mesozoic family. It had many feet, a vast tail that whisked about amid clouds of dust. The head bobbed in an appalling red blotch, glistening with what I fancied were tongues of burning flame.

The terror of the strange mirage had just begun to strike in upon me when it suddenly vanished, and left the mountain again a blighted, forbidding monument of an age when world is crashed together in volcanic labor. The driver of the car smiled sagely when I told him of the mirage. He said mine was a mild fancy. He had seen an entire range of hills peopled with hippogriffs, pterodactyls, hairy mammoths of gaudy color, and tangled clusters of snakes of prodigious size.

"It's this one-color scheme of hill and desert," he said, "and the glare of the sun. Some passengers, old-time gold hunters, told me that these mirages were actual photographs of cloudballs—huge desert hordeas you find in the Death Valley region—and other crawling things. It's a trick of the atmosphere, they said, to slide these pictures across the sky from a hundred or more miles away. That may be, but I doubt if they would ever be magnified to such an extent. Other mirages—upside-down pictures of whole towns, automobiles, and the like—I've seen plenty. Thirst-maddened prospectors perpetually see mirages of springs and water-holes. But none of these, as far as I can learn, are magnified to any great extent. Then, what should the little wriggling things be? Nix. It's either germs in your eye or the heat."

The southern Nevada automobile, however, is not for the poor man. The humble prospector, with a modest grub-stake, can still be seen trekking hill and plain as solitary as the Wandering Jew. His transit equipment is usually a team of mules or a tireless little burro.

A single fare in the Bullfrog express is \$25, one dollar for every three miles. At Tonopah you can rent a car by the day for from \$100 to \$200, according to the capacity of the machine and the

nature of the journey. From \$50 to \$100 extra is demanded when the trip is to be made over little-travelled trails, along which there is no water or gasoline. On the regularly travelled routes there are gasoline stations, and a telegraph wire that may be tapped whenever aid is required. Parties of prospectors often go out prepared for a week's stay in order that careful examinations may be made of remote properties and a deal closed without farther tedious hickerings. Quite frequently a mine-operator will tell you how he paid for his new machine in a day, either in a race for a claim or in the sale of a prospect to which he, as agent for the owner, rushed his party across wastes and through mountain passes, beating out other agents who were negotiating the same sale.

Whenever a new hill range or valley dip is revealed as rich in treasure there is furious activity in mining-camps. Cars are overhauled and geared up to their best for an endurance-run of perhaps one or two hundred miles. Accessories of comfort—hoods and other gear not emergency-needed—are cast aside as boatswain and jettison from a ship, whereupon the stripped machines charge out of the big diggings like racketing racers getting away from the line at the Vanderbilt Cup Race. Men like Charles M. Schwab, the Comstock of Milwaukee, Senator Clark, Iheims, and many other millionaires, who are investing heavily in Nevada mining operations, have their agents stationed at various points of vantage on the desert, ready at almost a moment's notice in mount their *besiege* steeds and get in the running for some new field where a big strike has been made. In this way the very best properties are secured under option by the men of great means.

When the Walker Reservation was opened in Nevada last October a veritable phalanx of automobiles stood waiting on the line, their throbbing cylinders hammering in mighty chorus. At the signal of the government agent there was a thrilling dash around the border of Walker Lake, which in some aspects resembled a chariot race, for there were several bad collisions.

There were many really "woolly" features to this race. Tires were punctured with rifle-balls. There was considerable bloodshed. Prospectors on ponies got into the running with the motor-cars, and the mounted gold-hunters were *dead-shot* when it came to pinning a tire. The small force of Indian police was utterly helpless to preserve order, though they made a few arrests and headed off several crippled automobiles.

There was a great stir in southern Nevada over this Walker Reservation incident, and such a potter was made about the unfair advantage taken by the motoring prospectors that the government declared the opening off and set a later day, when a troop of United States cavalry will go down into the desert to see that there is no claim-jumping, squatting, and unnecessary bloodshed. The charge was made at the time that government engineers had located the richest claims and marked them so that confederates could dash into the reservation in fast automobiles and grab them.



Drawn by Mark Fredenborg



THE GREAT-GRANDSON OF THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER
THE RETURN FROM A PROSPECTING RUN ACROSS THE NEVADA DESERT

DRAWN BY FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON

THE LEGSLATIVE NEEDS OF THE MOTORIST

By DAVE H. MORRIS

Ex-President of the Automobile Club of America

AUTOMOBILE legislation is about as far behind the mechanical progress of the vehicle as a one-cylinder car is behind a high-power racer. Probably no industry in America ever made such rapid strides in so short a time, and yet in New York State alone, where the registration of cars exceeds that of the whole of France, the control of automobiles on the public highway is vested in one awkward, cumbersome statute, framed in the first year these senseless vehicles were used to any appreciable extent. This statute was added to three seasons later, since when the law has not been touched, despite the fact that probably few of the legislators who created it ever saw an automobile, let alone having ridden in one. The statute has practically been allowed to stand a law in two parts with two different interpretations. In the first part speed is left to the judgment and discretion of a reasonable driver; in the second, in the judgment of the police on the miles-per-hour limitations. As a result, automobiles cling to one and the authorities to the other. The magistrates support the police, probably because up to now it has been the popular end of the argument, just as the protest of the automobilists has been the unpopular one. The owner or driver nowadays who thinks he has a good case and attempts to prove it in court has about as much show of a verdict as the stage villain to the favor of the gallery "goes." No matter whether the road be level and straight, travelers few and houses far apart, the driver must not increase his speed beyond the miles per hour allowed, even though his car at thirty miles an hour is under better control than a horse traveling at ten. Let him attempt it, and straightaway he fetches up in a police trap.

If you are in a good humor when waiting for the local J. P., ask the constable where he got his interpretation of the law. The chances are it was "orders" from the town board or the village squire. It doesn't bother him much, anyway, where it came from. Down the road in the next township catching "speed violators" of a Sunday or summer holiday yields the boys "as high as \$200 a day, and makes the job of constable of the country in townships." If Constable Smith is crapping a harvest, why shouldn't I?" argues Constable Jones. In the city the bicycle cops and the traffic squad make their arrests under orders from the desk. It is not up to them to reason why? "Exceeding the speed limit" is the charge, and either way. Reasonable driving is not taken into consideration, and under the police interpretation of the law there is no escape from paying an exorbitant fine. At the same time a reckless driver can force his way through the crowded streets in the heart of the city, he is actually subject of a nuisance to traffic and still be within the law and safe from arrest. We never find the police hunting for speed violations on the narrow pavement downtown. Why? Because under their interpretation of the law there can be no violations here. Upon their theory the most dangerous places are the safest, and the safest the most dangerous. Such is the statute that governs this traffic in the State of New York. The law is crude, unfair, and impracticable. It does not meet the ends for which it was designed, and any law whose real object is not accomplished is a bad law, and will fall utterly through lack of proper support and the respect of the people.

Nevertheless, while the position of automobilists at present is a galling one, the situation is far from hopeless, and we look to the motor car to win its own way towards reform. The benefits of the industry which it has established—good work for the workman and good roads for the farmer, uniting of the classes in popular sport and means of transit—all these things are changing public opinion. The automobile is no longer considered the toy of the rich, but a vehicle of utility and recreation. In price it is coming within reach of those with ordinary means, and already has made itself a necessity in the administration of municipal affairs. If automobiles can forward the cause of good roads, it logically follows that automobiles can influence legislation for a better control of these roads and the administration of justice upon them.

Diligent search of the statute known as the "Highway Law" passed in 1881, amended 1901, will find a passage which reads as follows:

"No person driving or in charge of an automobile or motor-vehicle on any avenue, street, or highway shall drive the same at any speed greater than is reasonable and proper, having regard to the traffic and use of the highway, or so as to endanger the life or limb of any person."

This act of the Legislature of 1881 was the first law passed in the interest of automobiles, and embodied the old common-law rule given above. Later on May 3, 1901, the Legislature added to it by passage, what is called the "miles-per-hour" clause, providing that in the built-up portions of the town the speed of automobiles should be restricted to ten miles per hour, in those districts not built up to fifteen miles per hour, and outside a

city or town to twenty miles an hour. Approaching a descent, curve, turn, or a bridge, and in ascending bridges, a speed of forty miles is specified. The common-law clause, above quoted, was left intact, and is just as much a State law today as the "miles-per-hour" addition. Yet, to the authorities it might just as well never have been written. The man who drives his car, say, thirty-five miles an hour on a wide stretch of open country road, "having regard to traffic and safety of life," is, according to that clause, perfectly within his right, and travelling at a speed which is entirely proper. Neither he nor the occupants of his car has any more intention of trespassing than passengers in a Pullman or coach to a distant destination. They are not afraid to do injury to others, but to use the public highway for travel and recreation, which should be their right. What if they are taking advantage of the smooth, hard road-bed and "making time" with a high-power car the owner is able to move faster than the farmer's gig. Both are bent on the same intent, however, and making the most of the good going. While the man in the automobile may travel faster, his means of transit are under better control, and less likely to do injury either to people along their road or the occupants of his respective vehicle. To speed in the open country is not harmful. In nine cases out of ten the driver caught in a police trap has not been reckless, nor is he an object of danger. He is arrested simply on the "miles per hour" regulation, and himself and party subjected to discomfort, in consequence, loss of valuable time, and often to gross indignities. Nothing but such affronts as these to innocent people, and also, no doubt, the enrichment of the constable's pocket, are accomplished by the "miles per hour" regulation in the country, while the common-law clause is openly violated in the crowded streets of the city. What danger really exists, and where no effort is made to check it. We never hear of police traps in downtown New York, nor special bicycle cops or automobile details stationed here to make arrests. How many automobiles turn the corner approach crossing Brooklyn Bridge at four miles an hour or run between blocks on the lower end of town at a rate of ten?

"They can't break the law down town," declare the police (having in mind only the miles-per-hour regulation), in defence. "Traffic is too thick. It's impossible."

Not a word about the danger? That isn't considered. The guardians of the law banish to the crowded streets, and particularly to the "avenues," where the common-law clause says one may drive at a speed that is "reasonable and proper, having regard to the traffic and use of the highway, or so as to endanger the life or limb of any person." In these "streets, avenues, and parkways" arrests upon arrests follow in rapid succession.

"My car was under perfect control," protests the driver to the magistrate. "I could stop it in less than its length. There was a clear, unobstructed street before me, and not a pedestrian in sight."

"The officer says you exceeded the speed limit," declares the court. "Under the circumstances your argument is of no avail."

Thereupon the driver of the automobile—an intelligent, law-abiding citizen, and an expert in handling his machine—is fined \$25, or \$50, as the case may be, and if he hasn't the money, is forthwith committed to jail.

Is a law which will permit such unjust discrimination a good law? Automobilists and their friends do not believe that it is. They comprise a rapidly growing community of taxpayers, who, in respect of their business standing and integrity, command respect and attention. They demand, and they will receive a fair and impartial hearing. They believe that no law contrary to the spirit of the public will stand, and they are petitioning now that the whole subject of automobilism be investigated for report and recommendation as to corrections. In England a Parliamentary commission appointed by the King has recently recommended that the "miles per hour" regulation, which also exists in the old English common law, be abolished. I, for one, would like to see automobile traffic regulated by a commission which should have the right of the licensing and registering of cars, with a court of appeal for owners or drivers whose licenses have been revoked.

As to a substitute for the present law, automobilists ask, in the first place, the abolishment of the "miles per hour" regulation, and the enactment of a new statute, which, while prohibiting reckless and dangerous driving, will encourage the use of judgment and discretion. To protect the public against an abuse of this latter privilege the law could require all chauffeurs to pass rigid examinations before they may drive a car. Such an examination would remove from the highway that undesirable element which has already done so much to place the sport in such jeopardy. The proposed examination, to be effective, should require into the mental fitness as well as the mechanical ability of the applicant, and as to be severe, in fact, as the examination

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ELECTRIC AUTOMOBILE

By M. J. BUDLONG

NOTHING more forcibly illustrated the success of inventive genius in transforming forces which exist in nature into practically applied mechanical power than the automobile.

The motor-car must be constructed to withstand a greater variety of shocks and strains than least any other self-propelled vehicle. The locomotive-engine is self-steering, and runs on an always even roadbed, and the motor-car must be steered by hand over driving surfaces that present all manner of depressions and small obstacles, and the same applies to a comparison of the trolley-car and the automobile; and the engine of a motor-boat has to overcome a constant resistance which makes it a simple affair beside the engine of a motor-car, which one minute has to be pushed to the full amount of its horse-power, and the next minute held back with all the force of its braking system, so that its engine has to meet constantly changing conditions of use.

The question as to the best type of power to be employed in a motor-car has been discussed for many years, and the latest practice recognizes three standard types—gasoline, steam, and electricity. The first, in the opinion of the writer, is the one best adapted to general use, and especially for long-distance driving and touring. The special purpose of this article, however, is to advocate the claim that electricity is the best power for cars to be employed in a certain limited but well-defined and important field of use.

Some aptitude for mechanical works is pretty necessary on the part of the driver of a gasoline or steam car. It is true that a



A Modern Electric Hansom



An Electric Runabout which has run 40,000 Miles.

great many men who are far from expert in the use of tools, and very far, indeed, from a complete understanding of the construction of their cars, operate them with a high degree of success; but in order that the driver may expect a minimum amount of trouble, he must have some facility at simple mechanical operations, and this virtually restrains a great many would-be motorists from purchasing cars. It is this class who find their wants and needs so fully met by the electric car as to give it a very important place in the automobile field. The electric is thus the only practical car for a large class of pleasure drivers, for the requirements of a great many physicians, for ordinary town runabout work, for various businesses, for private carriage service in cities, and, indeed, for every purpose where it is undesirable that the driver give steady attention to power generation and the working of a considerable number of mechanical parts.

The field of the electric car has been greatly enlarged in recent years by continued improvement in batteries, by the development of public garages, and by the increasing availability of private charging plants.

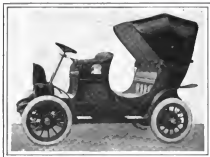
When we consider what the electric car really is and what it does, we must admit that it perhaps affords even more remarkable proof than the gasoline car of the resources of modern invention. Through the successive agencies of fire, boiler, engine, dynamo, and storage-battery, potential energy derived from the heat of the sun

and stored in coal is converted into motive force, and its application to the driving wheels of a vehicle reduced to extreme simplicity. By the manipulation of a single lever the operator has this power under full control, but with the transmission of forces involved he has had nothing to do, because experts in various fields of activity have attended to everything. The power is in the battery ready for use, and it is only necessary to cover the supply from time to time as occasion may require. We have in the up-to-date electric car a machine that seems very nearly perfect in its working, and so simple that any intelligent child can be trusted to operate it safely.

Back in 1896 one of the pioneer American concerns in motor-car manufacturing gave out that after several years' experimenting it had passed the gasoline stage and settled upon the electric storage-battery as the best means of motor-car propulsion. For a time thereafter this concern manufactured electric cars only, but soon found it desirable to add gasoline models to its product, and it has since manufactured both types with great success. The history of the company, and of other makers in the electric field, has shown that the rapidly increasing popularity of the electric carriage during the past three or four years has been due to the growing recognition of its desirability as a substitute for horse-drawn vehicles in



The Development of the Electric Opera-bus



What the Electric Victoria offers in Comfort

the lines of usefulness indicated in a preceding paragraph. The gasoline-car occupies a field not filled by previously existing modes of conveyance, and, if it is to be compared at all with earlier modes, should be considered in its relation to long and short distance rapid-travel system, rather than with reference to its bearing upon the use of horses.

The storage-battery is entirely independent of the electric car proper. It can be removed or replaced as easily as a horse can be hitched to a wagon and unhitched. The parts of a well-built electric car are few and simple, and of great durability. Electric carriages are giving good service to-day which have been running constantly for ten years. Of course the batteries have been renewed when necessary.

A great many people seem to have the idea that the storage-battery is a very frail and unreliable piece of apparatus, subject to ills and whims which make it unworthy of confidence. This opinion has been furthered by various spare-writers in newspapers, who have periodically published sensational articles predicting the early coming of wonderfully improved batteries, destined to revolutionize the motor-car industry.

These predictions have at times unquestionably adversely affected the sales of electric cars. As a matter of fact, the leading manufacturers have been constantly on the lookout for battery improvements and adopted them as fast as anything real and tangible in the way of bettering previous constructions has been developed. The light-weight lead battery now in vogue is thoroughly reliable and efficient. There is nothing mysterious in its make-up or in its operation, and if a few simple instructions are followed it will give perfect results within its radius of action. Those who have had the most experience with batteries know that in practically every case where trouble occurs it is solely due to carelessness or unskillful handling. If a steam-boiler is allowed to get out of water, and the tubes burn out, no one thinks of blaming the boiler. If a gasoline-car is run without lubrication and ruins its bearings or cuts its cylinders, the operator and not the engine is held responsible for the trouble; and yet, if the charge in a storage-battery is allowed to run out, to the detriment of its plates, wholesale condemnation of storage batteries sometimes follows, without any thought as to the actual cause of the failure. Storage-batteries for motor-cars, as now manufactured, are capable of withstanding

hundreds of discharges before renewal of any parts are necessary, and cars have been run upwards of 8000 miles before any repairs to their batteries were called for.

One of the most important recent improvements in connection with motor-car use pertains to the charging of the batteries, which has been reduced to such extreme simplicity that no technical knowledge whatever is necessary on the part of the person who conducts the operation. Wherever there is electric current to be had, whether alternating or direct, a simple device can be installed in the room where the car is kept, which automatically takes care of the charging, the operation calling only for the insertion of the charging-plug. Formerly charging was more difficult, as only a direct-current circuit could be employed, and the charging had to be stopped by hand when a sufficient load had been given the battery. This new apparatus stops the charging automatically at the proper time, and also, when necessary, transforms alternating current into direct current before it is fed to the battery.

The great possibilities of electricity as a motive power for vehicles are perhaps most advantageously shown by the unqualified success which has attended the use of electric carriages of the coach type. Electric broughams, landaulets, and hackneys have demanded and won from an undiscriminating class of users a standing and recognition accorded to no other form of vehicle. These carriages take the place, for town use, of an ordinary carriage with three changes of horses, and cost less to maintain. They are always ready when wanted, are always under perfect control when in motion, and when standing require no attention. The average speed is much higher than that of the horse-drawn coach, greatly extending the convenient radius of business shopping, or calling tours. They occupy only one-half the space of the horse-carriage, and therefore are one-half less liable to become entangled or delayed on crowded thoroughfares. They are adapted to comfortable use in all kinds of weather, and on all kinds of street surfaces. They do away with all the uncertainty and inconvenience incident



An Electric Landulet

to the use of horses. These advantages have become so thoroughly understood and appreciated that many owners of fine horses keep their electric carriages for use in the evening and on days when extreme cold, storms, or key payments make it undesirable to expose valuable horses; and others have entirely abandoned the use of horses for town service, reserving them for their country places. There are no more staid and elegant vehicles in the world than these electric coaches of the best grades which are intended for private service only, and are built from plans and specifications representing the expressed desires of purchasers who demand and have the best of everything. They are always clean, noiseless, and free from vibration; their body lines are based on considerations of both art and utility, and their furnishings and appointments are of the most elegant description. There are electric lights outside and inside, electric annunciators, electric cigar lighters, and, when desired, electric fans and foot-warmers. In fact, the electric current is utilized in every possible way to promote the convenience and comfort of the occupants. The various mechanical features used in the application of the motive power represent the results of years of experimenting by leading electrical and mechanical engineers. The controller is so arranged as to give several speeds ranging from four to eighteen miles per hour. There are safety cut-out switches, and effective braking arrangements which insure perfect control by the driver at all times. The use of these unostentatious, serviceable, and luxurious vehicles is rapidly increasing in cities, and their production has become one of the most important features of the motor-car industry.

Some of the lighter electric carriages, seating two people, are also in their way marvels of design and construction. They are "smart," fast, and of very high efficiency, the best of them being able to run seventy-five miles under favorable conditions on one battery charge. Those of the victoria type are the most popular. By reason of their refined appearance, comfort, elegance, and simplicity of operation they are admirably adapted to ladies' own use.

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The Electric Phaeton of To-day

THE HORSE OF THE FUTURE AND THE FUTURE OF THE HORSE

By WINTHROP E. SCARRITT

WHEN the Roman eagles' wings were longest and strongest they never flew so far as from Boston Bay to Alaska. Such, however, has been the progress in the transportation facilities during the last century that Boston and Alaska are nearer together in time than were Rome and Jerusalem in the days of the Caesars.

At the annual banquet of the Automobile Club of America, a year ago, among its honored guests was that great man to whom the civilization of all coming ages will remain a debtor, Alexander Graham Bell. After we had discussed the telephone he turned to my hobby, the automobile, and expressed his keen interest therein. Concerning the automobile I made a declaration which I think rather startled him, but to which he cordially gave assent after a little reflection. The declaration was this, that until the coming of the automobile the human race had made absolutely no progress in the transportation of the individual unit of society since the dawn of history. It is true by his genius man had succeeded in capturing the very gods of the ancients and had harnessed them to his big chariots, but the ocean greyhound and the limited express train transport masses of freedom and speed or numbers of individuals. But so far as transporting the individual unit is concerned, until the coming of the motor-car man had no other or different means of transportation than did the ancients when the human race was first cradled on the banks of the Euphrates. When Homer's sagas and the Greek fables on the banks of the Aegean Sea, their horses and their chariots were just as fine and efficient as any we see to-day on the Champs des Elysees or Fifth Avenue.

In the last analysis the automobile means that man has finally segregated a little part of the giant forces of nature and harnessed it to his individual chariot. What human mind can measure the meaning of this mighty fact! Looked at from this view-point the automobile passes out of the realm of the fad and the toy, takes on new dignity and appears upon the scene of twentieth-century activities as one of the great economic forces to be dealt with seriously and which is to play a mighty part in the work of the world and in the advancement of civilization.

Doubtless a vague and indistinct idea of the horseless carriage has been in the mind of all civilized people. On one old Egyptian monument was found a rough carving of a vehicle which had for its motive power a repellant jet of steam. A few centuries later one of the Roman emperors had constructed a vehicle the propelling mechanism of which consisted of a system of springs and wheels. Slaves ran along by its side and wound up these springs from time to time. Sir Isaac Newton planned an automobile, but I do not think it was ever constructed. That great mystic teacher, Swedenborg, wrote to his brother on one occasion that he was planning a harp that could be played with keys, a harp that could travel under water and destroy the enemy's ships, and a vehicle that would run without horses at twenty miles per hour. More than a hundred years ago a French army officer by the name of Cugnot built a self-propelled vehicle which was used for a gun-carriage. It ran away and smashed itself against a stone wall. Later he built another, portions of which are still to be seen in a museum in Paris. In 1820 some Englishmen built steam-propelled omnibuses, and they ran thousands of miles, carrying passengers for pay. The rather suggestive name of one was "Antelope."

Gottlieb Daimler, a German engineer, is called the father of the modern automobile. He devised and built the first successful motor. This motor was taken up by the French firm of Panhard & Lervaux, whose products have since become known all over the world. Daimler's first engine was built only twenty years ago. Somewhere else in history has there been witnessed the development of a new industry so rapidly and to such an enormous extent. What of its future? Before proceeding to this discussion it might be well to consider some of the problems involved in the production of a successful automobile. The locomotive is the product of the concentrated effort of many of the world's best engineers during the past seventy years, and it is yet far from being a perfect piece of mechanism. The problems involved in constructing a successful locomotive are always less than those involved in constructing a successful motor-car. It makes but a little difference whether a locomotive is a few pounds heavier or lighter; it is built to run upon parallel steel rails, the curves and grades it has to negotiate are at the minimum. It is known in advance of its construction about what the conditions are under which it will be called to operate and the load it will have to draw. On the other hand, the engineer who builds an automobile must strive to save every pound of weight possible. His materials, therefore, must be the very best known to engineering practices. Instead of running upon a solid road-bed upon which are laid steel rails, the motor-car must be so constructed that it can negotiate

our vile American roads. It must be built to plough through sand and mud, over ruts and stones, subjected to all sorts of twists and strains, one or more wheels oftentimes passing over an obstruction ten or twelve inches in height. The car must be able to negotiate enormous grades, make sharp turns—in fact, do almost everything that a horse can do. There many and diverse engineering problems are involved. First, there is the framework—what material should be used? how should it be constructed so that, with load and machinery, it will be strong enough to carry the necessary weight and stand the terrible shocks and strains to which it will be subjected? Next come the designing and building of the engine. It must be powerful enough to drive the car and its load up steep hills, and at the same time it must admit of being throttled down so that it will barely creep over level roads or through crowded street traffic. Again, the science of electricity is involved, including coils, batteries, sparking-plugs, insulation, etc. Then comes the problem of transmitting the power from the engine to the vehicle itself, and last, but not least, comes the question of tires, that *bête noire* of all automobilists. Considerable of the industry of this industry and the varied and intricate problems involved, it is surprising that the automobile has reached its present stage of practicability. Five years ago it was a very common occurrence to see the driver of an automobile with his car by the roadside and be himself prone upon the ground underneath it endeavoring to ascertain why it would not go or trying to make the necessary repairs. Although the number of automobiles in use has increased enormously, yet it is only occasionally that one sees a car laid up beside the road for repairs.

In this discussion I am assuming that the horse of the future is to be a motor-car. One of the characteristics of the American people in their restlessness. They are never satisfied to stand still, they want to be on the go constantly. The old-fashioned stagecoach had its day, and its skeleton, unprotected from the weather, is a common sight in our cemeteries. Last year the first car enabled the individual to travel more by means of muscular energy than had hitherto been accomplished by any other device using muscular power the world had seen up to that time. Now comes the modern motor-car, the latest and best gift of all the mechanician gods to mortals. Up to the present time the chief use of the motor-car has been as a means of travel from place to place.

A traveler who had done Europe in the conventional way, by train, boat, and diligence, again and again, until, to use his own words, he was sick of the whole business, last summer was induced to rent a car in Paris and make the trip through France and Switzerland. He started out with expectations of being bored; he ended the journey with the declaration that it was the most enjoyable experience he had ever had. From that time forth this man became an ardent and enthusiastic automobilist. This summer he is planning, with his family, a longer trip on the Continent.

This experience is a typical one. In a public address I heard that fine sportsman and able city executive, Mayor Weaver, of Philadelphia, state that since assuming the automobile he had learned more about the country within a radius of fifty miles of the city than he had ever before known. One of the pleasures in this new and delightful mode of recreation is that distinguished citizen, Judge James B. Dill, of New Jersey. Judge Dill was first to pierce the Maine woods with a motor-car; since then others have followed his example. The coming season will witness many touring parties starting East, West, North, and South. With grand companies the motor-car offers an ideal way in which to spend a summer vacation. Five years ago there was in this country one automobile to every 1,500,000, two years ago there were two to every 65,000, to-day there is one motor vehicle to every 900 inhabitants. But great as has been the demand for motor-cars for travel, for business and pleasure, the development of this great industry is to come along the lines of the construction of a vehicle. This is a field that has been sorely touched. One uses his pleasure car when the weather is fine or he feels the need of fresh air and the mood is to be going where him, but "the butcher, the baker, an candlestick-maker" must come out on the door every day, rain or shine. The best brains in the business are trying to devise a practical car at low cost that will do just this thing. In the line of motor-cars, up to the present hour, there are handiworks which have greatly restricted its use. In the first place, the ideal car has been too small and too light to give the driver the exceptional individual that can afford to pay for \$2500 upwards for a car carrying four people; but when the car is once acquired, like the man that got married, the owner is at the end of his troubles—the beginning end. The repair bills are the things

(Continued on page 142.)

THE SELFISHNESS OF CITY SPEEDING

By RICHARD SYLVESTER

Major and Superintendent of Police, Washington, D.C.

THE running of motor-vehicles in cities and across country has been attended by a great deal of adverse criticism on the part of pedestrians, drivers of horses, and farmers. This condition is largely the outgrowth of a growing familiarity in the handling of machines by operators, and a corresponding want of familiarity with these vehicles on the part of those who have never had occasion to use or manipulate them. It is a fact that the former have become educated on the subject far beyond the understanding had on the part of the laymen. Aside from regarding the motor-vehicles as locomotives off the track, the non-users do not investigate beyond learning how to keep out of the way. Viewing an approaching machine instills a nervousness and fright, they not realizing that it can be brought to a dead stop almost in an instant, if in good running order, and that it can likewise be turned aside from an obstruction or an individual. Laboring under fear, as people do, they have not at all times that command which enables them to avoid contact, and sure causes resentment and adverse criticism. There are many cases where hired operators or chauffeurs have no regard for the feelings of pedestrians or drivers, and to this class most of the blame for any censures on the part of the people may be attributed. An owner is generally cautious in running the motor-vehicle, although there are those who go out for a speed, not caring for financial penalties. Some members of automobile clubs early forget their promises to aid and encourage lawful running, and do not cooperate with the authorities as they agreed. The conductors of motor-vehicles should remember, however, the advantages they have in knowing the machine, its capacities and failings, and should not cause pain and nerve-wrecking at crossings and corners by attempting to exploit their abilities in cutting figures right around vehicles driven by horses.

At the capital of the United States, which is included in the District of Columbia, are the best paved streets in the country, and the outlying roads are improved. These are inviting to speed, and to keep it down sixty members of the police force on bicycles, to which are attached speedometers, do an effective service in bringing about a compliance with the laws. The speedometers are tested every ninety days as to their accuracy, and their readings are

accepted as never-failing evidence by the courts. Twelve miles an hour in the business section of the municipality is permitted as the speed rate, and an great feeling would exist against it if the operators would give special regard and always reduce to the requirements at corners and crossings.

On the suggestion of the Major and Superintendent of Police of the District of Columbia it is proposed to prominently warn drivers of all kinds at corners, intersections, and all leading places by highly colored signs as to the rules governing the road: "Keep to the Right"; "Keep to the Left"; "the Shun"—will soon be posted throughout the District. The whole matter is one of education. The motor-vehicle has come to stay and the people will be with us always, so that friction will continue unless sacrifices are made on both sides. The laws should be enforced, but justly, and it is within the province of the motor-vehicle owners to bring about a solution of the question by considering the feelings of those who patronize the streets and roadways aside from themselves. It is regard for pleasure as well as safety of others that counts for much.

Those who conduct machines for hire, and many others, are indifferent to the appearance of their vehicles. They are careless about lights. How often we see an automobile covered all over with mud, the pasteboard sign broken, and obliterated license numbers in evidence! Dismounting lamps, perhaps for the sake of economy, maybe because the operator is a hired employee, are largely to be met with. The more attractive the machine as to cleanliness, as to lights, and as to numbers, the better the impression created on the public. Those who ride to skylark, visit road-houses, and do not care, are not rare in connection with the operating of automobiles, and often the chauffeur is ordered to make rapid speed. They are dangerous. Not infrequently does a chauffeur take the owner's machine out for his own frolic or to hire for the frolic of others. He cares not for results and is an undesirable agent for the owner who pays him, for the man who may hire him, and for the community at large.

It is all largely selfishness and disregard for the rights of others, that makes all the trouble. The indifferent individual may give many careful people a bad name.



Illustration by A. B. Weller

A SPEEDWAY SOLUTION—THE POSSIBILITIES OF SATURN ARE UNSURPASSED

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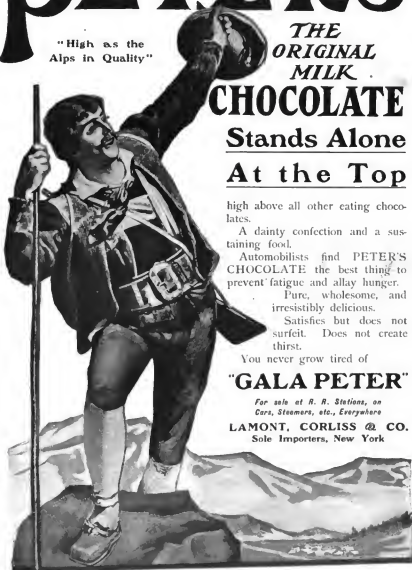
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MERRIWEATHER'S MUSICAL MOTOR



BY ROBERT EMMET MACALARNY

DRAWINGS BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

EVERY one knows about the Merriweather musical motor now, but then—a short twelvemonth ago—things were different. Sitting on the veranda of any country house of a fine afternoon, one may gambly safely that two out of every dozen of the autos scolding by boasts a Merriweather chassis.

Why shouldn't a careful driver carry *schore* for the inevitable time when, precise upon the mandatum—or, worse, in the sunny mind of a country soul—he must tinker with his gear while the gentle dew of lubricating oil and gasoline does its best to keep him cool? This is what made the musical motor go like hot cakes, once it was put upon the market in perfected form. But perfecting it—that was where we stuck for a time, Billy Britton and I. He put in two-thirds of the capital, and I contributed the other third, plus a bit of practicality. The inventor got a thousand-dollar bonus and royalties; he's getting the latter yet.

He was an odd sort of chap, the inventor, all whiskers and spectacles. Where Billy first picked him up I have never known. But they burst into my office one day when clients were scarier than usual, even for an attorney who had been only five years out of Columbia Law School.

"Larry," said Billy, as explosively as if he were eighty horsepower and taking a hill in a cup event, "here's a man with a million-dollar idea in his attic and thirty cents to push it along. Exert that grinning heat of an attorney, say your shingled deer shot, and let's talk it over. Once this thing gets going, corporation cases will look like pork and dishonest graft."

Well, the "professor" talked to some purpose. It seemed that he'd been inventor of several devices for piano-playing machines, but that his share of the proceeds had been lost in the shuffle.

"Of course, it's easy enough to lash a music-horn to your car and turn the tickle on or off as you may happen to want it," he remarked, by way of beginning. "You can take a real grand piano along, for that matter, if you make your tonneau big enough. But this is different. I've found out how to hang a whole orchestra effect without interfering with the balance of the sulkiest touring-car that ever was born. And you get a change of air"—Billy laughed heartily at the "professor's" merry quip—"whenever you change gears. It's durable, compact, dirt and rain proof, and can be filled with fresh tunes in five minutes."

"All to the good, eh, Larry?" grinned Billy.

"Who's going to buy any such tick machine but the innocent new-rich and a few Broadway press-agents?" I asked.

"That's just it," said Billy, nodding energetically. "Who do you fancy buys two cars every year, and keep a garage jamful but the new-rich? That's the market we're bidding for. We aren't going to enter the Merriweather musical motor—that's the professor's name, and I've promised him that it goes—in any endurance tour. We're going to make a hit with the suburbs of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, where the mill-hands make more money than a college president."

We compromised on one car, the "professor," as I have said, getting his bonus and superintending its construction. Funny thing, he knew nothing at all about driving, although he did know the component parts of a motor up, down, and across. So, in three months, the first Merriweather musical motor was finished. I looked it over in the factory. It surely was a pretty machine, with good lines. The "professor" patted the frame lovingly.

"She's got a double system of ignition," he remarked; "battery and coil and magneto, and there are ten sets of breakers."

"She looks good to me," I said. "Is the music-tank filled?"

"Nax assorted airs," replied the professor.

"I'll try her out instantly," said I.

"The paint's too soft," interposed the foreman, who had been eyeing both of us with growing suspicion. "I wouldn't advise you to take her out before to-morrow, sir."

"It'll be that awkward," I mused.

It really was. You see, Billy Britton was to be married to Leslie Barston on the morrow. He hadn't counted upon his wedding interfering with the development of the Merriweather musical motor, but the Barstons, all to be sure, save Leslie, were going abroad earlier than they had expected, because Mrs. Barston's physician had recommended a trip up the Nile. Whereupon Billy and Leslie had decided to be married in May instead of in June.

We had a church rehearsal that evening, and between aisle gallopes I tried to tell a much-mattered bridegroom about the car.

"Oh, hang the machine and the professor," he grunted. "Say, suppose one should drop the ring at the psychologic moment?"

"You make me tired," I rejoined, sadly. "You're no better and no worse than the painfully frequent proletarian beggarman."

He always asks that about the ring. It's traditional, vulgarly so. And you ought to know by this time that there isn't any psychologic moment at a wedding.

But he stared at me then—prettily as I reminded him that the motor, in which his and my good money was invested, was even then devoutly assembled and waiting to be tried out.

"Do you know," he muttered, clucking my sleeve with agitated fingers, "I don't think I ever saw Leslie looking happier."

Whereupon, finding him hopeless, I turned for sympathy to his sister, with whom, as Leslie's maid-of-honor, I was to have much to say after the custom of best men.

"I don't like his idiotic grin," I confided.

"Who—Billy's?" she asked. "He does seem a trifle upset. She is, too. They're all that way."

"I feel the need of fresh air," I remarked. "The wedding's at one. What do you say to a spin right after breakfast? I'll guarantee you a glimpse of the Vanities City Hall and delivery, f. o. b., at some in plenty of time to dress."

She did not seem terribly impressed, as I whispered.

"The new car"—of course Billy had told his people about the car—"is finished. I'd like the worst sort of way to have you try it, Mary."

MERRIWEATHER'S MUSICAL MOTOR

Continued on page 387

A Budding Financier

HARRY, a bright youngster, was told by his mother that she would give him five cents for every dozen pins he rescued from the sheets, thus preventing her year-old babe, who was just beginning to crawl, from finding them.

"What will you do with the money when you earn it, Harry?" he was asked by a neighbor.

"With the first five cents," said Harry, promptly, "I'll buy a paper of pins and scatter them all over the house."

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE

By E. R. THOMAS, OF BUFFALO.

FASTER and at the same time more thorough work the world has never seen than in the growth of automobile-manufacturing in the United States. Not only has the output grown in an amazing manner, but, what is more important, the quality of the product has more than kept pace with it. The result is to-day the American manufacturer is turning out cars that are the most reliable in the world, cars that run everywhere every day.

The automobile-buying public and the manufacturer have always been a unit in what they wanted. I was demanded a car that will "stand up," in which the materials are the best to be procured, in which the workmanship is as careful as can be achieved on machinery, and a design that will meet all conditions of travel, whether the owner wishes to tour the magnificent thoroughfares of Massachusetts or the rough and faddling surface of Death Valley.

It was a handicap of several years' experience that American manufacturers faced in competition when they entered the market. The thing was an aid to them; the foreign manufacturers had not progressed far enough to have adopted any settled standards of construction; but they were rapidly reaching that position.

When the American manufacturer began business he centered his efforts. Steam, electricity and gasoline all came in for experiments as a motive power, and all this time the manufacturer across the water had found that gasoline suited his purposes best. The American manufacturers, too, continued to experiment with horizontal motors and planetary transmissions, while their rivals across the ocean were taking the advantages of high powered motors with vertical cylinders and sliding gear transmission.

Although he was behind at the start, it did not require a long time for the American manufacturer to catch up. He had the experience of foreigners to guide him after he had dropped a few of his own innovations in construction that only retarded him at the start. Their methods he took and improved on. He soon designed special machinery for the making of parts, and no adept was he at this that American machinery is now in use in every large automobile plant in Europe. As he struck his gait he brought out improvements in construction that are now copied abroad.

Another thing he had to contend with was the fact that during the years of his experiments foreign cars had been shipped into the United States, built, in public reform, the high powered automobiles from across the water.

To capture the trade of his own country was the determination

of the American maker, and to do this he found it necessary to build better and more reliable cars, cars that had higher horsepower, and to sell them for less money. Stronger cars than the foreign product were imperative, not so much because of the demands made by the competition as to meet American road conditions.

It has been customary for the Americans who have toured Europe to use the term "billiard table" in describing the roads they have traveled there, and the term aptly describes them.

American roads, as a whole, are a far different proposition. Even the conditions found in some paved streets in cities in this country would not be tolerated for a moment on the country roads of France and Germany. Here, except in a few localities, the highways are improperly drained, have had little preparatory work done on them, and practically no repaving. The result is that they are filled with ruts, bumps, gullies, and washouts. It is over these roads that American cars are forced to travel, and to their credit it can be said that they do so every day of the year and under all conditions of weather.

That is their great test of reliability.

The absolute necessity of building stronger cars was shown to the American manufacturer just as was the necessity for forging in the front in matters of workmanship, improvements in design, ease of control, and the many other things by which reliability of performance could be brought about. The use of the best of materials, the installation of special machinery, the employment of the best engineers possible, all have been factors in the success of the American manufacturer. Some have gone even farther than this, and have supplemented their corps of domestic engineers and designers with the services of the best talent to be found abroad.

But there is another thing which has played a large part in this struggle for commercial supremacy. That is the systematic cooperation of the manufacturers who operate under the Kellen patent. Some years ago the best automobilists of the country were secured, and laboratories established where it was found that certain grades were the best for certain uses, or where faults were found or where any room for improvement could be discovered; the facts were at once made known to the members of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

In addition, a mechanical branch of the association was formed which has for its membership two representatives from each of the companies in it. These men, from thirty-two of the great automobile companies of the country, meet at least once a month and discuss matters of vital importance to the manufacturing of cars.

THE FUNCTION OF THE GASOLINE MOTOR

By GEORGE L. MUNN

ELECTRICITY is the world's power ideal, but it is as yet very strictly limited; and a base of supply, such as not every country grows, can maintain in a hurry, is a necessity. It binds its wagon almost as the wire binds the trolley-car—to hard-and-fast lines. Time will solve many things in electric traction, but meantime, and for a long time to come, we have the untamed and independent hydrocarbon gasoline car. Other oils are used, but this sleek dealer with gasoline, consumed far and wide in an enormous total quantity that increases almost beyond the power to produce it. We all recall the Channan and the trolley-car, with his puzzled "No pusher, no puller," and even while we know what it is that pushes and pulls, who does not wonder at the tremendous bunch of energy that is hoisting that elephantine truck over the pavements, piled high with merchandise, until its corresponding load makes it look like one of the elephant's gigantic ancestors?

This is not a discussion on engines, however. This is a tale of business, of "let there be and get there quick," for that is the modern age's motto. The writer realizes that the discussion with the keen buyer comes down to mechanical details and the mathematics of the proposition. Let the great public, even the great mass public, eyes little for the calculations of the expert. "What will this machine do?" is the one great insistent question, and aside from those who want a machine, stands that great array of interested ones who have the story of giants had low and height—won. No problem in mechanics ever had bent upon it such an array of trained minds as has solved this motor problem and is ceaselessly perfecting it.

Coming to the front at this time, it has also come in the upswing of the tremendous wave of prosperity, and expense has been almost the best consideration for motor and buyer alike. Yet both are strictly practical. "What is the horse-do and what can the car do?" is the question which nothing but proof will satisfy. Examples are realists, they can tread cool mud of about thirty miles three gasoline motor cars for passenger traffic require thirty-two coaches and one hundred and fifty horses. "Show coaches" to be

sure, and widely abused horses, but that is the story of accomplishment. Operating expense about five and one-quarter cents per mile.

A twenty-four horse-power gasoline truck covers a seventeen-mile round trip four times a day, and delivers four tons of crushed rock per trip, sixteen tons; total expense thirty-four cents per ton. Compare this with a double team making one trip, carrying three tons at the outside, at two dollars per ton expense.

A seven-ton truck averages forty miles per day, on fifteen gallons of gasoline, at eleven cents per gallon. Fuel, \$1.65; oil, 23 cents—total, \$1.90, or \$792.80 per year. The driver receives \$624. Without adding points or depreciation, compare this total of \$212.80 with the cost of running the three heavy teams, three men each at \$624, three expensive horses to feed, and care for as tenderly as a new baby, with a broken leg now and then, and the horse "call in." And this big truck requires but about half the space of the team, to either operate or stand. It will turn in its length, and back and crank in a street where the horses could hardly work and would fret themselves helpless. The truck never gets scared out of its "best sense," which David Harbord declared was a myth, anyway, and the anxious driver, harried by orders from the house, need have no fear of broken wheel or the Human Society.

We hear from Cape Colony that the coast still competes successfully with the railroad. Plenty of wagons, plenty of grass, and time and labor of no account. But some bright day a gasoline motor will revolutionize it all, and they will be unyielded for the last time. What a motley caravan it is that now goes straggling into the miles, to come at last a power has been found that goes where it is wanted to go, and has no zeroes to be accounted for. The prohibitive cost of the Transvaal, the camel, the jack, the burro, the mule, the pack-train, the mule-team, the horse, and all the devices he burns, a prime-time parade that drags from the dawn of time, moving before the locomotive of no rails, the trolley of no wire, and the engine that drinks nothing but its own fuel.



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The Car with the White Line

AMERICA has not produced a rival to the Stearns. We are ready to show any intending purchaser of a high-grade car to his entire satisfaction that he must import a car at double or more cost to get its equal.

2100 hours' labor by the most skilled workmen in the world are put on the finishing alone of each Stearns car. No other maker in the world gives so much time to anything but a special racer. It is this unmatched care employed in working out a perfected design from the finest materials so far discovered in the world that proves that the Stearns is "The Best Automobile."

Immediate Delivery. \$4500. 31-40 h. p. The easy-running qualities of a "30" in highest perfection—the power of a "40" when needed. The catalogue tells how. Write to-day.

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WHEELING, W. VA.: R. H. Mahle.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.: The Motor Shop, 317 North Broad Street.

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There is no method of making friends equal

JOHN FARSON, Chicago, says of his last years' service:

"I have used Morgan & Wright Tires on my National this year, and same have been very satisfactory."

A. C. BENNETT, Automobile Dealer, Minneapolis, says that

"By comparison of actual service rendered, Morgan & Wright Tires have given the best satisfaction from every standpoint of any tires used. Have given more mileage with less repair and at the close of the season were in better condition than any of the other makes."

F. E. WADSWORTH, President of the Michigan Steel Boat Co., Detroit, says:

"One of my Morgan & Wright Tires has traveled 5000 miles in this country and 6200 miles in Europe, and is coming back to America without one stroke of foreign air in it. It does not look as though it had run to exceed 10000 miles."

J. A. TILDEN, South Boston, Mass., says:

"For the past two years I have used Morgan & Wright Tires and have found them entirely satisfactory. I ran 30" x 3 1/2" Dunlop-pattern tires 7500 miles without developing defects of any kind, and have obtained nearly as good a record from some others. I do not know of any other tires that give so uniform satisfaction."

After you have ridden on these tires for a few thousand miles you will understand why they are called good tires.

MORGAN & WRIGHT ARE GOOD T

THE uniformly high grade of service which ^{these tires} is commanding the favorable attention of motorists in ^{and} actually reducing the cost of car-maintenance ^{for} to enjoy their cars to the limit.

A handsome twelve-page booklet will be sent you if they are entitled to the character of ^{these tires}

MORGAN & WRIGHT,

Branches, Agencies, or
Dealers Everywhere.

12 Better

unequal to the method of making good

D. FULMER, Cleveland, O., says:

"It affords me great pleasure to state that I have driven my car equipped with a set of your quick detachable tires since March 1st over all kinds of roads, and in all kinds of weather, without a single puncture, or tire trouble of any kind. Your tires have given me the best service of any I have ever used."

F. DICKINSON, Southern Belting Co., Atlanta, Ga., says:

"It is a pleasure for me to say that I have had your tires in continuous use on my car for the past six months and they have proven very satisfactory indeed. Taking into consideration our rough streets, I think their record has been remarkable."

F. C. MALCOMSON, Pence Auto Co., Minneapolis, says:

"I am very glad indeed to add my hearty testimonial on Morgan & Wright Tires. I have driven a set of your tires nearly seven thousand miles during the past season with but two punctures. The record speaks for itself, and I am certainly a staunch believer in the quality and durability of the Morgan & Wright Tires."

RALPH TEMPLE, Chicago, says:

"I feel sure that there is no better tire made, and it has always been a pleasure to recommend them."

WRIGHT TIRES

ED TIRES

It is next to impossible to find a motorist who has experimented with other brands of tires AFTER having tried Morgan & Wright's.

while tires are giving, under every possible condition, motorists in all parts of the country. They are for hundreds of motorists, besides enabling them

ent on request to motorists who believe
vice referred to in the above letters.

Bellevue Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

Rambler



Model 21. Price \$1,350

The Car of Steady Service

In these "show me" days, the discerning buyer judges a car by its record rather than by promises.

A Rambler Type One, the immediate prototype of Model 21, has just completed a non-stop run of 2,000 miles and this after three years of continuous service aggregating over 40,000 miles.

At the completion of the run the car was turned over to two eminent technical engineers, who carefully examined every working part and reported the condition of the car to be such that an expense of less than \$25 would replace every worn part, and would render the car as good as when it first left the factory, except in tires, paint and finish.

In Model 21 is combined every good feature of the earlier model, with such refinement in detail as would naturally result from three years of logical and scientific development of the simple power plant.

Equipped with the Rambler unit power plant, comprising a 20.22 H.P., double opposed motor, planetary transmission and multiple disc clutch, entirely enclosed in an oil and dust tight case, Model 21 is beyond question the most efficient, reliable, convenient and accessible car ever built.

You cannot afford to order your new car with an eye toward this Supermodel. A demonstration will convince you that it is the right reason for the right price.

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Thomas B. Jeffery & Company

SPECIAL AUTOMOBILE STEELS

VANADIUM, THE NEW ELEMENT, IMPARTS QUALITIES TO STEEL WHICH ARE LITTLE LESS THAN MAGICAL

By HENRY FORD

If there has been any basis for the claim that foreign-made motor-cars were superior to the American product it has been the fact that until recently the American manufacturer was unable to obtain metals, particularly steels, that possessed the necessary qualities to fully meet his requirements.

America is by far the largest steel-producing country in the world, but the demands for ordinary commercial steels have been greater than the output, and consequently our mills have had the time nor felt the inclination to go into the special steel branch of the art save in a purely experimental way.

The requirements of the motor-car, with its enormous power in proportion to weight, the high speeds of which it is capable, and the severe stresses, frame, axles, and other chassis parts are therefore called upon to withstand, have confounded the engineers and exhausted the professional lore of our metallurgists. A people who occupied the foremost position in the engineering world—the greatest builders of locomotives, of bridges, and machinery of all kinds—we still possessed little knowledge that was of value to us when confronted with the problems which arose in and are peculiar to the construction of the modern road locomotive: and we had no steels that were at all adequate for our needs.

American methods of manufacture and American workmanship, both of the hand and the machine, are superior to those of the other countries—many heavy superlatives and beliefs to the contrary notwithstanding. European makers are studying American methods and importing American automatic machinery, as fast as they can get it—which, by the way, is not very rapidly, for never before was the demand for all kinds of machine tools so greatly in excess of the supply as at the present moment.

The question of supplying motor-car building, as between the American and the foreign producer, resolved itself into a matter of materials. With proper steels at our command the "Yankee Peril" would become a reality, for not only will the tide of import subside, but we shall soon begin to make serious inroads on European trade.

The problem was not merely to obtain a steel that would carry a load or withstand the severest single strain or shock to which a car would be subjected in the life of the machine, but a metal of such toughness and tenacity as would successfully resist the ravages of vibration and fatigue. Fully eighty-five per cent. of the stresses which the various parts of an automobile are called upon to withstand are of the kind known technically as "dynamic."

In other branches of engineering a steel that would behave well when subjected to a steady load or a slowly applied bending action, and of sufficient ductility to permit of deforming greatly before finally breaking under the load was sufficient for all requirements. When applied to automobile construction, however, it soon became apparent that ductility under such circumstances did not necessarily imply the certainty that the metal would behave equally well under stress applied in a different manner: steel which showed great toughness and ductility under static loads was found to fracture like glass in some cases under the influence of shock or of constant vibration, such as that with which we have to reckon in automobiles.

Various alloys of nickel and chrome steels have been applied, and with varying degrees of success. Chrome adds toughness to steel when used in homopathic quantities, but when used to the extent of more than about one per cent. its effects on the steel are so injurious as to more than counteract the benefits derived from it. Nickel, while adding certain static qualities, is wholly devoid of dynamic virtues.

To quote the views of an eminent English metallurgist, Mr. J. Kent Smith:

"Heretofore the automobile engineer has contented himself with steels which possessed the necessary static qualifications—in other words, about fifteen per cent. of his requirements—and having made sure of this small percentage he hoped that in some way he had obtained the other eighty-five."

Recently a new element has entered the special steel-making industry, and one which will revolutionize American metallurgy. I say America, but the term need not be so restricted, for while this element is known to a limited extent in Europe, especially in England, it is by no means universally known—or for the best of reasons—used in motor-car construction there.

I speak of vanadium.

This mineral element, when judiciously used, imparts to steel qualities that are little less than magical, and which are well calculated to meet the most severe requirements of the automobile engineer.

The question naturally arises, Why have not this valuable element been more widely known and used in the past? The answer is a simple one. Until within a few months the entire output of the world in vanadium has been about two hundred pounds per month. This had to be extracted by very expensive processes, and even then the supply, limited as it was to two or three sources, was sufficient only to give it an alchemical value. In other words, while most metallurgists knew of the existence of vanadium, and were in some extent aware of its value in steel-making, where dynamic qualities were desirable, it occupied a place similar to that of a more recently discovered element, radium—we know its wonder-working qualities, but its price of one million dollars or so per pound renders this knowledge of little practical value to us. Fortunately for the automobile industry, and still more fortunately for the automobile user of the future, a large source of supply of this valuable mineral has recently been opened up, and vanadium in commercial quantities is now available to the American steelmaker. During the past few weeks exhaustive tests and experiments with vanadium-chrome steels have been made at the United States government proving-grounds, both in armor-plate and projectile forms; and no less interesting tests have for several months past been carried on by automobile engineers, with the net result that vanadium steel has proven to be the metal par excellence for automobile construction.

Unlike nickel, chrome, manganese, and other mineral elements that are used in special steel-making, vanadium contains within itself no virtues; but in its action on the other elements it confers upon the steel almost miraculous properties—for be it said the most successful application of vanadium lies in the direction of quality steels, such as chromium or nickel-vanadium steels. In order to obtain the best results with these elements it is necessary to add the vanadium in small doses and with proper precautions, as vanadium is a very powerful medicine and possesses to a marked degree the property of "elusiveness." To use a simple term, it acts as a phobic on the other elements, and in a literal sense retards the aggregation of the carbides, and thereby produces a steel of very fine texture and of great uniformity, as are clearly shown under the microscope.

For service in automobile axles, frames, gears, engine crank shafts, and driving shafts, vanadium-chrome steels have proven superior to anything else ever produced for this particular service. Of course the particular alloy which is the most suitable for frames is not equally suitable for crank-shafts or for gears. But various grades of vanadium steel, various alloys possessing the different qualities in need the different kinds of service—are now produced on a commercial basis in America. One of the advantages of vanadium is that it is so permits of the application of a larger percentage of chromium than would otherwise be permissible for the reasons previously outlined. In short, without going more exhaustively into the matter, it may be said that by the introduction of this new element in steel-making the strength of an automobile axle or a crank shaft may be doubled without increasing the dimensions or weight, and the working capacity and shock-resisting qualities of that member in actual usage multiplied many times.

And to what extent vanadium will prove valuable in brass, aluminum, iron castings, and other metals used in motor-car construction has not yet been fully determined, but many eminent scientists are now at work on these problems, and the results so far have been most gratifying.

Fortunately for automobile manufacturers and users the industry has attained to such proportions that its demands now merit the attention of steelmakers, and vanadium, having come within commercial reach, nothing is left to be desired in the way of materials to meet the severest requirements of the engineer. This, combined with American methods and workmanship, will produce automobiles of a quality unsurpassed by any other particular is rare made in Europe—a claim that in all sincerity and candor we have not hitherto been able to make.



Columbia



MARK XLIX. 40-45 HORSE-POWER.

STANDARD TOURING CAR, \$4500. LIMOUSINE, \$5500

WE submit that no other high-powered car on the American market contains so many exclusive features of definite, genuine value, and to prove this statement the prospective purchaser has only to compare MARK XLIX, point for point, with any other car in which he is interested. With regard to its mechanical features we refer the investigator especially to the quality of the steel used for the saved-out crankshaft, the sliding gear transmission, bearings, axles and all other vital parts. The steel used for these members was chosen after a most thorough investigation, and each is made of the best material that could be found in the world for its special purpose. A prominent and important feature is the new Multiple Jet Carburetor, which positively maintains a correct explosive mixture under all conditions of engine speed and throttle opening without sacrifice of power or fuel. This carburetor combines two carburetors in one, the two devices working together so as to require no more adjustment, attention or care than a single carburetor of any of the older patterns.



MARK XLIX.

MARK XLIX LIMOUSINE

The body structure, both in the Standard Touring Car and the Limousine models, is the best ever devised. The lines of the bodies are determined by considerations of both art and utility. All of the seats are of extra depth and width, and either model carries seven people in perfect comfort. The rear body of each type is of especially ample proportions and has very broad entrances closed by doors with full outward swing. The lower rearward curves harmonize perfectly with the general design and have a tendency to deflect dust. The angles of the seat backs are such as to give, in combination with carefully proportioned cushions, seats that are exceptionally easy and comfortable. The upholstery is of the richest and most enduring character, forming a distinctive Columbia feature. Both in color scheme and execution the painting of these cars is unequalled in the product of any other maker.

Mark XLIX perpetuates, with various important improvements, those high-powered Columbias which in past years have won many contests determining reliability, speed, hill climbing and capacity for all around hard use. Among important Columbia achievements may be mentioned twice breaking the Chicago-New York Road Record, winning the Mt. Washington Hill Climbing Contest in 1905, making a perfect score in the Glidden Tour and winning the Crawford Notch Hill Climb in 1906, breaking the San Francisco-Los Angeles record at better than express train speed, and more than 30 other events in the past three years that prove Columbias to be consistent winners.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERIES

Separate catalogues of Columbia 14-28 H. P. and Columbia 40-45 H. P. Gasoline Cars and Columbia Electric Carriages sent on request.

ELECTRIC VEHICLE COMPANY HARTFORD, CONN.

New York Branch: Electric Vehicle Company, 124-126-128 West 39th St. Chicago Branch: Electric Vehicle Company, 1332-1334 Michigan Ave. Boston: The Columbia Motor Vehicle Company, Trinity Place and Stanhope St. Washington: Washington Electric Vehicle Transportation Company, 15th Street and Ohio Ave. San Francisco: The Middleton Motor Car Company, 550 Golden Gate Ave.

Motor A. E. A. M.



"Are you going to take the professor, too?" she asked.
 "Not unless you wish him as chaperon," I replied, after which she reflected a moment, and then decided that she would go.
 "I really had to sneak away," she confessed, as she snuggled against the cushions, her face tantalizingly invisible behind a brown veil.

This was the day of the wedding, a sweetly tempered May morning, one quarter-hour past nine.

The home is so exact over Billy's last moments of bachelorhood that there isn't any real breakfast. I had a scrap by myself, and slipped off. You're sure to be careful, Larry! It would be dreadful if I should be late. I need just forty-five minutes to be put into my war-footers. And, oh! isn't it a beauty of a car!"

"Wait until we are out of the city's choking confines," I consoled. "Delay your transports until we slide smoothly beside flowered meads and meadows wild. Then, as we skim like birds along the King's Highway, gentle strains of music, such as shall befit our mood—I broke off from the sheer joy of it. "What do you think of that for advertising language?" I asked. "The professor and I have been talking over a little brochure for property setting forth the merits of the motor."

Mary smiled. "Harry, Larry," she ordered. "We need a breath of meadow air, goodness knows. Think of all the stuffy handshaking the reeving-line will have to endure at Sherry's." But she had allowed time to be a demure eight miles an hour through Mosholu Parkway when I fumbled for key to the fount of harmony. Mary had spoken nothing since we had left Harlem River behind us. Several times I had glanced over my shoulder and observed her, pertly relieved by the leather's dull maroon. She was tired, no doubt. I felt to thinking seriously about Mary. It seemed rather unfair that Billy should do all the marrying in the Britton family—Billy being a great deal older than Mary, too. Of course, I had never said anything that might lead her to suppose—but, then, I had an idea that perhaps she might have guessed.

So it was with a penitent finger that I set the canaries singing. And they did sing. The hum of tires was utterly lost. The "professor's" louch had been too staid. Louder than any automatic piano-player made by man, Morrivether's musical motor sat between the park's fresh green to the accompaniment of the intermezzo from "Uvalde Rusticiana."

Lips behind the heaven veil burst into speech.

"Oh, Larry, turn it off! That is horrid!" they cried, while the intermezzo died away in a protesting wail.

"It isn't my fault," I explained. "The professor chose this musical menu. You see, our idea is to enter to the masses. Therefore he probably stocked up with popular tunes."

"As an invention," she admitted, "it doesn't seem half bad. I can fancy lots of people who might like such a plaything."

"It has big possibilities," I said. "Think of the many cases in which it might prove to be a life-saver. Fancy yourself at nightfall helplessly removed from civilization. To while away the weary hours until daybreak you merely turn on a few nothing bars of harmony."

"And if the wolves are particularly threatening," she continued, "a single wail of the 'Rusticiana,' or, possibly, 'The Angel's Serenade,' delivered at fifteen paces, will lay the whole pack at their feet."

"You are pleased to jest," said I, "but in the end the professor, Billy, and I shall convince you."

Here we came to a dividing of the ways. Either looked promising and I slowed down in indecision. "It wouldn't do to

take the wrong one," I remarked. "I believe it is the right."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mary. "Can't you see that road is barely worn. Any self-respecting chauffeur would know at once that it is the left."

"If I remember aright," I ventured, mildly.

"But your memory is a traitorous one, Larry, as I well know," she announced, with finality. Upon hearing which I nodded, touched the speed-lever and swerved to the left. I knew, after we had gone a scant hundred yards, that it wasn't the right way. But I'd learned long ago to sit tight in a boat when orders were given.

As we swept around one abrupt turn, sending last year's leaves swirling—I would have wagered they'd never been touched by wheel before—an hoarsely rocky squirrel clattered at us, anchored in the path dead ahead.

"Look out!" shrieked Mary. "You'll run him down."

"Watch me!" Braggart I! I meant to steer over the foolish thing; and I did it, leaving him astounded where he had been scolding, unharmed, the time having slipped by on either side.

"That," I boasted, leaning in confront her, "is what I call clever piloting. See, the beggar hasn't yet had time to run."

My eyes were intent upon the squirrel and Mary. And as my gaze became fixed my steering grasp relaxed incoherently. No car would have been to blame for taking the hit in its teeth then. There was a tug at my loosened arms, a quick realization of tree nearness, and the machine was trying to lurch a passageway between two young oaks that calmly restrained the whirling object rasping at their bark.

"I told you it was the wrong road," I could not resist saying, as I shot off the power and sprang over the wheel.

But she was in no mood for recrimination. I plainly saw. "Oh, Larry!" she gasped. "It won't do to be delayed. The wedding is at once."

I had clean forgot the wedding on account of the squirrel and letting the motor get its head. The shock of realization set me to work in a jiffy.

Now, even a bumping like this never really puts a good car out of commission, and I loathe the fool who is found sprawling with repair kit, save in extreme cases. But I glanced stealthily at my watch, and saw that it was approximating eleven. I could hear

the tapping of a slight but determined foot as I groveled. When this tapping was louder, I felt that, perhaps, after all, underneath the car was the best place I could find for the moment. Then in my tinkering—the gears were all right, thanks to an honest factory—my wrench touched some nerve position of the professor's system.

Success was there none, for I was helpless, not knowing why my unhappy finger had conjured up the gent who bode fair to wreck my things. There I lay, while, overhead, wearing the cracked tone of a hardy-gurdy in defiance, the ghost-tinkle of an ancient street song—which I had fancied long since laid—made hideous the neighborhood.

"Oh-oh—oh-oh—Ma-

mie!

Ala! - a - you

ahammy!

Tell me are there

any girls at

home like you?

A disposition shady,

But a perfect lady.

A beginner, but a

winner.

Ma-an-mie-eh!"

Echoes of the frightfully cheap ditty smote the new-dressed oaks. Gladly would I have remained comatose. But the summons was not to be denied.

"Get up at once and stop that disgraceful noise," It bade me.

Weakly I emerged. For the first time in



Drawn by Dan Egner Goodrich

"Here's a man with a million-dollar idea in his attic and thirty cents to push it along"

my mad auto career I felt grateful for the screen of grime which, I knew, was partially masking the crimson of my mortification.

"'Pos my honor, Mary," I began in the din. "I'm not at all—"

"Stop it, Larry," she entreated; "even if you have to hurt the car."

"The car is hurt already," I demurred, now the less reaching hastily for the switch, as the glare in her look threatened to become scorching.

Again the blessed silence, but yet her reproachful gaze seared my vision, and the Parkway was not alluring. To me, standing wrapped in ruminative vein, her words came stinging. She spoke, after consulting the ridiculously minute timepiece of her châtelaine.

"The wedding is at one," How distinctly brittle her attendance bell in the wood-knob. "It is now eleven. And, as I told you at the beginning, I can't possibly get into my gown in less than three-quarters of an hour."

Sometimes, tradition has it, the worn writhes into more comfortable position. Thus I: "If the frosting on Billy's wedding cake is half as sharply defined as the chill in your conversation, the caterer has not builded in vain. Belonging to my own poor self, I was to have been a best man this day—some where in town, was it not? I was to have administered a parting vestry-room warning to a man in frock clothes bedecked with a garbain. Yet what says the old saw? 'Forty miles from Schenectady to Troy,' etc."

"Please—Larry."

Vine! It was a plea, and I melted, as is ever the wont of good men and true. Again I peered in unapposed proximity to axles, and five spaces had not been ticked off upon Mary's châtelaine ere,



Drawn by Dan Soren Greenbach

"Stop it, Larry," she entreated; "even if you have to hurt the car"

enjoyed into good humor, the car was heading for town. As we journeyed I felt that the factory would be proud of this motor. I knew none that violated the speed laws more consistently when urged. We slipped up ostentatiously at each distant glimpse of mounted patrolman, and lost a good fifty seconds in skidding over the ribbon-bridges planking. Just as Grant's Tomb barred the Hudson's ribbon, I knew that, fate not frowning, we should yet make St. Rotolph's—a trifle out of breath, maybe, but in time.

"The home-stretch," I called back to her. "The newspapers are full of denatured alcohol these days. As for me, give me god-natured gasoline, and they may have—"

I did not finish. And Mary's screams of warning were superfluous. We were in the minutes now, and that quickening throbbing behind was not the creation of Merryweather. I had the car well in hand when the red-throated policeman drew alongside, his motor cycle snelly and back-jumping. An angry Irish face he had, but I was not faint-hearted. I dared not be, although I did not lean to reassure Mary.

"What is the name of Hilvin?" he flung at me. "There wasn't no need of a stop-watch to get you right. I s'pose you're after imaginin' you're Joe Frazer an' Barney Oldfield rolled into one."

"We may have been a trifle careless, officer," I remarked. No, it would not do to display a yellow hill to this man in uniform. While I pondered, Mary to the rescue came.

"I'm so sorry," she wheedled, "but it was a matter of life and death. We'll be very, very careful if you overlook it."

Hesitation laid its uncertain finger upon Erin. And, marking it, I murmured, "A matter of life and death."

"Of course, if you'll take our number, we'll be glad to send around and—"

"Well, luckily, there ain't many people on the Drive," said the patrolman. "An' I'll just take down your number to make sure—"

I'll swear I had nothing to do with it. I was sitting like a graven image, clutching the wheel, that is, if graven images can feel pained. But to the three of us, as if from some uncolored volume of discord—while the car rolled with the ache of it—there burst the third of the "professor's" unhappy choices. Mephisto himself could not have planned more fendishly.

Our companion in uniform glared, looked puzzled, and then inquired, "You'll kill me, will you?" he blurted. "Come on to the station-house an' be funny with the sergeant."

"They're hangin' men an' women
For the wearin' of the green."

The car's motive swelled to a triumphant crescendo. There was a screech, and then no sound save an Irish policeman's thick breathing.

Upon the station-house threshold, after the tedious transaction of giving cash bail but been completed, I again looked at my watch. It was not at all necessary, for the accusing fare of the precinct clock had regarded me as I chattered, very formally, with a not easily convinced acting captain.

"They threw the eggs at a vauzeville team that tried to get gay with the Irish in Brooklyn the other night," he had stated. I left under a cloud, with magistrate's court and Special Sessions to contemplate. And, from the tail of my eye, I could mark the acting captain suspiciously observing my departure.

I, in turn, eyed the motor as Theseus might have done the Minotaur with the fairest of Greek maiden sacrifices in its clutch. The



Drawn by Dan Soren Greenbach

He was an odd sort of chap, all whiskers and spectacles



Drawn by Otto Soren Greenwald.

"You blind 'Enery 'Arknesses," I scolded "this is the car, your car, our car"

brown veil had curtailed Mary's features ere we had reached the station, so the advantage of encounter was all hers.

"I don't know how to apologize," I began. "Of course you know that we can't possibly get to St. Basil's for more than the end of the ceremony now, without dressing. To be very frank, we'll be lucky if we beat Billy and Leslie to Sherry's." I waited, but there was really no reason why she should have spoken. Then I said, "It was awfully sandy of you to have stuck by me and the motor, and not to have suggested taking a trolley-car home."

"Personally, I do not care to remain on exhibition longer than is absolutely necessary," she interrupted, lily. "The windows are full of uniforms. And no I should like to at least see Leslie throw her bouquet, I should suggest driving in once to Sherry's."

"But how can we explain?" I murmured, getting in. No answer, but within me my heart beat steadily now, for silent and unobtrusive as Mary was, she had refused to die in my hour of need, a hopeful sign, indeed, in this afternoon of inferno.

Tinglingly I piked the car over slippery asphalt and trench-ripped crossing. It was like charioting a load of nitroglycerin. Long ago I had lost all faith in the "professor's" switch. The little tin garage gods were all that we could trust in.

And now the striped awnings, and, trotting briskly, a pair of shining, wedding coach horses. Billy and Leslie, then, were just ahead of us. We must improve forgiveness while the moment of their fresh gladness was all absorbing, and before the string of carriages with annoyingly chattering freight had followed. Instinctively I sent the motor lurching forward. Bride and bridegroom were across the pavement, scampering lithely up the steps as our tires rasped a neighborly greeting.

Mary was upon the sidewalk carpet, too, ere the liveried carriage-caller had fairly swung the toupée door. "Oh, Leslie, darling," I heard her cry. And then they were in each other's arms, while Billy stared, but a hostile Billy, to whose forgiveness access was easy, I know.

Of course people stared at us, sandwiched among proper wedding-breakfast garments. But you're no idea how distinguished one feels when he regards a lackluster assortment of frock coats, and knows that he is set apart from it all by virtue of his wearing a flannel shirt and leather puttees.

I encountered the "professor," adjacent to the champagne, before I went up-stairs to help Billy out of his finery and pack his suit-case.

"You don't happen to have the wedding-march from 'Lohegrin' concealed in that wheeled charnel-house of yours, do you?" I asked. I told him what our orchestra programme had been.

"Ah, I see," he said, pointing his glass thoughtfully. "No, my young friend, and I regret it. But come to think of it, the next tune will do. It will do admirably. Try it on."

It was odd to find Billy so long motor-ride, old man. I remarked, lighting a cigarette and pretending to be busy with his shirts.

"The non-stop endurance-test-for-life sort, Larry," he said.

"Well, God bless you, Billy," I muttered. "And where the deuce have you put your razors?"

They had run the rice gantlet, and were laughing beneath the porte cochère when the car slid to the curb.

"Hello," cried Billy, "that's not our motor."

I showed them both toward the toupée door, the chauffeur having been instructed. "You blind, blind 'Enery 'Arknesses," I scolded: "this is the car, your car, our car."

More rice, wheezed they embarked lustily. Merryweather's musical motor shot toward the avenue lamps, beginning to wink in the spring dusk.

"Julius Priest!" I heard the carriage-caller mutter.

And, "Oh, Larry!" cried Mary, waving her brown veil toward the tip of Leslie's glove.

For, edging above the hoofbeats of the harness horses and the hum of the homing crowds upon the sidewalks, the departing car swung back at us, defiantly, not-to-be-repressed,

"Rinus 'Eastus Johnson Brown,

What you gwine ter do when de rent comes 'round?"

"Well," said I to Mary, ending, however, her eyes, "I'm glad that's all nicely settled. I've got an engagement to keep in the West Side Police Court."



THE MODERN APPIAN WAY FOR THE MOTORIST

THE PROJECTED AUTOMOBILE PARKWAY ON LONG ISLAND WHICH WILL GIVE THE MOTORIST A CONTINUOUS BOULEVARD NINETY MILES LONG AND FIFTY FEET WIDE, FOR HIS EXCLUSIVE USE AS A SPEEDWAY AND RACE-COURSE

By A. R. PARDINGTON

LONG ISLAND, like the Empire of ancient Rome, is to have its Appian Way—a great wide-stretching parkway, lined by miles of sea and bound coast, by numerous spring-fed lakes, by ancient hills and waving trees, and beautiful vistas of wood and water. Rome's great highway was conceived for military and utilitarian purposes: Long Island's parkway is for pleasure-driving classes only. Unlike the road from Rome to Brindisi, no domestic animals nor commercial vehicles will travel along its way. Motor-cars, designed and built for speed and pleasure, will be its sole travellers. Speed unrestricted, save that necessary to insure the safety of all users, will be permitted and urged. Police traps will be but a memory. Straight east to Firehead and beyond—sixty, eighty, or ninety miles and—this parkway will be the embodiment of the new era. A railroad without rails, and the users supplying the rolling-stock—a smooth, dustless roadbed, hills, grades, and stretches of level—a perfect chute, if you will, with nothing in this country of Europe that can approach it.

Think of the time it will save the busy man of affairs, who likes to crowd into each day a bit of relaxation! He will leave downtown at three o'clock in the afternoon, take the Subway to a garage within striking-distance of the new Blackwell Island East River Bridge. In twenty minutes a 60-horse-power car will have him at the western terminus of the motor parkway. Here a card of admission passes him through the gates, speed limits are left behind, the great white way is before him, and with throttle open he can go, go, go, and keep going fifty, sixty, or ninety miles an hour until Riverhead or Southampton is reached in time for a Scotch at the Meadow Club, a round of golf, and a refreshing dip in the surf—and all before dinner is served or the electric lights begin to twinkle.

Possible? Yes, and sure to be an every-day occurrence, a common one for many. Think, again, what it means, if you live at Great Neck or Oyster Bay or Nassau, to take a cup of coffee and a roll, step into your high-powered runabout, open the throttle, and drive to Riverhead, sixty miles away, and back in time for an early breakfast with your family at seven or seven-thirty, depending on whether you leave home at five or five-thirty. Can it be done? Surely. I know scores of men who are counting the days before they can do this thing—do it regularly—and be "it" when they take up their duties at the downtown exchanges. Think of the greater mental capacity, after two hours in fresh air, driving at top speed, with no thought but to go, go faster, and a thought for the car. There will be no grade crossings along this new Appian Way: every interesting highway, trolley or steam railroad is to be passed either above or below grade, and each bridge to be constructed of reinforced concrete, thus eliminating repairs and vibration.

This magnificent pleasure boulevard, of a sort and for a purpose never before constructed, will be of varying widths—from one hundred to two thousand feet—and with a roadway approximately

fifty feet wide. An artistic steel fence—and there will be no less than one hundred and twenty miles of it—will protect the carriage-man and tourist from the careless pedestrian, the predatory domestic animal, and the heavy-laden farm vehicles or horse-drawn pleasure carriages. No slow-moving "rubber-neck" or "sight-seeing" automobiles will be encountered, as none will be permitted within the toll-gates. Landscape architects and engineers are working out designs for a general scheme of forestry and horticulture, so that within a few years the highway will be a veritable parkway—a beauty spot. The numerous toll-gates, permitting access and egress—and they will be placed at such intervals that the convenience of the motoring public will be conserved—are to be adaptations of the old English inn, unobtrusive architecturally, and so situated as to comport with the general surroundings. That means to the motorist who now uses the ordinary country highways—the driver of a slow-moving team, who carelessly approaches from an erossroad—will be entirely eliminated by the construction of more than fifty viaducts—highway crossings—all of reinforced concrete. From all vibration free, and as permanent as the parkway itself. The two or three stream and trolley roads to be crossed will be treated similarly.

As surely as may be, the roadway will be entirely dustless. Road-building engineers and contractors, because of the unique conditions presented all over the country, are studying those road-building materials which can be combined into a perfectly dust-proof, water proof, and sun-shielding surface. Concrete, hot tar, and heavy Teas or Kentucky oils have been suggested and are under experiment. Because of their abundance on Long Island, it seems probable that pit and creek gravel, sand, clay, and loam, variously mixed and treated, will serve in lieu of the heavier trap-rock material, which is foreign to the locality and inadequate as to quantity.

A most elaborate system of intercommunication, by means of telephones, has been carefully considered, and numerous automatic timing devices are to be installed. The times of any car under test, at any point during its flight, will be possible by the use of a most extensive set of electrical starting and stopping devices. Certificates, substantiating the claims of an owner who has a runabout or townabout which he thinks can "burn up" the miles in seconds less than a minute, will be supplied, and those who need will be coaxed. The many risk chimaeras for this car or that car, the many challenges issued, but never accepted for lack of opportunity, will be carefully considered, and the candidates tried out before they "really" meet—as meet they must. "Endurance" and "fuel-consumption" tests will be of daily occurrence. Motors running consecutively for ten, twenty, or thirty days or longer will be a frequent sight and objects of the most intense interest. Being disinterested, the management of this great "proving-ground" will be able to supply observing officials whose sole duty and interest will be to record facts. The impulse to the manufacturing industry, following the opening of this parkway for these purposes will be instantaneous and far-reaching.

This new Appian Way must, ere it is two years old, become a veritable "white way," rivaling Broadway. It is sure to be bordered in lawns and esplanades that high class which appeals to the outdoor, sport-loving class, who rest better because they have driven long and hard, and who sleep better for having done both. Names as yet but scarcely known will be on the tongue of every user of this great parkway. Promenade them and see how deliciously they roll from the tongue. Think of them, and be reminded of the early history of the island, when fabled lore and traditions were history, when the early settlers "fought, bled, and died," but retained the nomenclature—Rensselaers, Binnbroeks, Googers, Acquabogues, Napeague, Spunk, Hantpague, and many others—all



The County Court House at Mineola, Long Island, where Motor-racing on Long Island was born in the Summer of 1904

have their places in the early history of Long Island, and all to-day are on its maps. Some of them are famous in the history of the country, while others are almost unknown, save locally, or by the clerks in the post-office service. There are others, less conspicuous, but none the less pleasing, as each tells its own story of disaster, deprivation, or early settlement. Read them over and analyze their meaning. One cannot go amiss in understanding the meaning of Seattle Hole, Harborville, Hailing Hollow, Hread and Chevon Hollow, Frie Place, Cator Place, Ham's Head, Hog Neck, or Promised Land. I have known lifelong residents of Long Island to doubt that such names ever did or do exist, but they are readily located on any ordinary railroad map, and they were all prominent long before the "oldest inhabitant" began to have his day. These are but few of the attractions of Long Island. Its chief charm is perhaps its natural and varied scenery. All of the sea and Sound coast of New York State belongs to the four counties comprising Long Island, while the beauties of Continental Europe may be found in the middle and towards the northern portion: Seveland, with its barren wastes, heather, and herbs, is comely at Montauk Point. The south side is indented every few miles by a chain of practically landlocked salt-water bays, affording unequalled yacht anchorages, which are natural havens of refuge in stormy weather and the rendezvous for the New York, Atlantic, Brooklyn, and other yacht clubs while cruising to the eastward. To the yachtsman, whose objective is Newport, Woods Hole, or Marblehead, this motor parkway will be of the greatest convenience. His yacht may be sent to Port Jefferson, Greenvport, or any yachting station to the east end of the island in the morning, while he remains at his desk in town. At closing-time he can meet his motor-car and make the nearest entrance to the parkway in short order. Then it is a dash to his anchorage, and after a night aboard, cruising in Peconic or Gardiners bay, or in Buzzards Bay, he can return to his car and be back in New York before the clerk opens the door at eight-thirty the next morning.

Not alone is the New-Yorker to enjoy the beauties and delights of this new motorway. His fellow enthusiast of Boston, Providence, Hartford, and New Haven will surely find his way to New London, thence to Greenvport by boat, or to Bridgeport and across to Port Jefferson, with but a few minutes' drive over the roads to the parkway, reaching New York hours ahead of the time required were he to follow the Sound road, and in so pleasant and comfortable a manner that his easy will compel him, in time, to see that a truck line from Boston to New York is constructed. The vehicles may a day later be joining the fleet on a "overland" by the use of his motor-car and by means of the parkway. He may do better; he may decide to establish for himself a home, a villa, or an estate,



This Photograph was taken close to the proposed Automobile Parkway on Long Island

in which event he can go either east or west before he boards his "water motor" or goes to his office.

Long Island, is the halcyon days of bicycling, was known throughout the land as the bicyclists' Paradise. Because of the generally good roads and generally fair treatment accorded to the motoring public, Long Island, six years ago, won the very enviable title of "Automobiles' Arcadia." The motor parkway had called attention to the important part Long Island has played in the sport since 1900. The first of no less than six class events, some of which have never been held either in America or in Europe, were held over roads in Queens and Nassau counties. The first international event held in the country, the race for the Vanderbilt cup, was held over roads in part in Queens, but in the majority in Nassau County. The second and third race for this classic trophy was held in Nassau County, and it was because of the one fatality incidental to that race that Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and his associates in the sport decided that to preserve the sport it must be taken from the public highway and transferred to a private track or highway. As the deed of gift prevented the holding of the race on a special track, and as it was planned to construct a highway suitable to the conduct of this event, it was become evident that original ideas must needs be developed. The result was the formation of a company, its incorporation, and the drafting of a plan which is now being closely followed.

The early completion of this special highway—the Appian Way—calls to mind the fact that much within the limits of Greater New York must needs be done to make it conveniently available. The completion of the great Blackwells Island Bridge, destined to be the natural artery of travel between Manhattan and Queens, is at least two years off. There is no assurance that its necessary approaches, both on the New York and Long Island shores, will be in readiness at the time the bridge is declared completed and ready for the enormous volume of traffic which now congests the

ferries. Assuming that the bridge and its approaches are ready, each at the same time, what of the magnificent scheme of boulevard improvement for Thompson Avenue, Hillside Avenue, and the present Hoffman Boulevard, all of which now are totally inadequate? There remains much to be done on the part of the city and borough officials to make the "gateway" easy and safe. Brooklyn motorists are in even a worse plight than are those who claim Manhattan as their place of registration and residence. There is no route even moderately direct from Brooklyn to the great system of roads which embrace Queens Borough and Nassau County. Concert of action, assistance at public hearings, and tireless effort are required to make this modern Appian Way the pleasure spot that it is destined to be and remunerative to its promoters; the financial success of this venture means the construction of others, some longer, some shorter.

The men behind this parkway project—men of affairs,



Lake Ronkonkoma, near which the Automobile Parkway passes



Through Miles of this Sort of Land the new Parkway is to be Laid

of large affairs—having been accustomed to "doing things," may be relied upon to "do this one thing"—build this new Appian Way. The list of directors, all high in the business and financial world, reads like a page from *Who's Who* or the directory of directors; a few of them are William K. Vanderbilt, Sr. and Jr., Harry Payne

Society next October need neither remain up all night nor lose its beauty sleep in order that the start may be witnessed. Racing from mid-morning to late in the afternoon will be possible, there being no general traffic to suffer by interference, incidental to the event or the attending thousands.

Whitney, August Belmont, Colonel Hart, H. R. Hollins, Charles T. Barney, and Frederick G. Bourne. Twenty-six such names complete this, the most remarkable directorate ever gotten together. Their cooperation in a banking, railroad, canal, power-plant, or steamship proposition could hardly be secured, but when the great Appian Way, this motor parkway, was suggested, they were a unit, ready to serve and ready to assist in the financial backing required, all eager to facilitate its completion that they, with the great motoring public, might enjoy to the limit the pleasure of high-speed or more leisurely touring.

The progress now being made is phenomenal. A few months ago, or on October 10, 1907, no steps toward the accomplishment of this great object had been taken. It is expected that by April 1, 1907, work of construction will begin simultaneously at no less than sixty points, and that by October 1, 1907, the parkway will be in a state of completion, making it possible to hold the fourth contest for the Vanderbilt cup on Long Island, but not on Long Island public highways.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE SIX-CYLINDER MOTOR

By DANIEL FERGERSON

THOSE who, from various points of view, watch the automobile development most closely, cannot ignore the latest radical departure, the advent of the six-cylinder motor as applied to road vehicles. Those who had the privilege of observing the European industry, as evidenced at the last Paris show, and more especially at the Olympia show in London, could not fail to be impressed with the seriousness of the European engineers in this particular. Naturally, the maker and the purchasing public give heed to this evidence of a new and somewhat radical advance, and seek to find the significance and the advantages. There are two ways of accounting for this trend—either it is serious and meritorious, or it is for publicity, pure and simple. In this brief article it is the writer's purpose to submit a few thoughts on the first view, and as applied only to touring cars of high power. The users of high-powered fine cars demand many things, and from their view-point are entitled to them. Quietness, flexibility, highest efficiency, endurance, hill-power, and the full gamut of speed—these they naturally expect and demand. They expect, and rightly, too, that the automobile shall accomplish all these things without failure or undue effort, accommodating itself at the driver's will, without undue stress or mechanical strain, to the requirements of the congested city thoroughfare, as well as to the liberty of the secluded country road, and, I may truthfully add, on the highest gear of the mechanism.

Up to this time the four-cylinder motor has been regarded as the fulfillment of this ideal, and that it has done well is not an overstatement. But to the engineer, always seeking conservatively to achieve perfection, the limitations of the four-cylinder motor have been and still are obvious. He is confronted with the limit in the dimensions of a single cylinder, and finds, when he increases the size, new problems arise. The noise increases, flexibility decreases, there are more mechanical shocks, and vibration becomes more pronounced. Hence the only outlet for this thought is to increase the engine volume by additional cylinders. By actual demonstration he finds the six-cylinder motor a distinct advance at least, and incidentally discovers other collateral advantages.

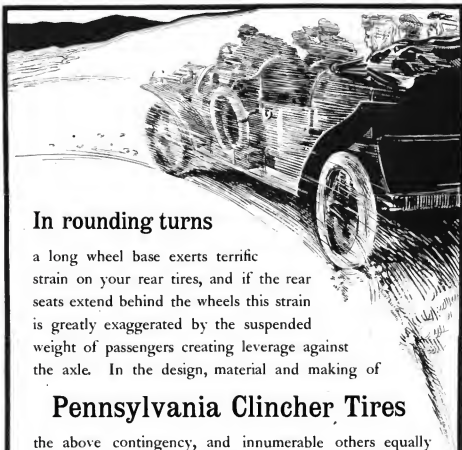
But the six-cylinder motor must have the benefit of the most expert designing, the finest and most durable materials, and the most careful and efficient workmanship. Given all these, he can supply what the public demands in the most satisfactory manner,

producing a car which promises to outlast in duration of service any yet devised. In this connection it is well to consider, also, the possible disadvantages with such intelligence as can be mustered before the new motor has gone into general public use. Naturally, the motor of given dimensions will weigh and cost more than its four-cylinder brother.

Equally, it is obvious that its base must be greater; hence, with prevailing fashions and good engineering, the wheel-base must be increased. Also, that the duplicating of working parts will entail more care and replacements of these parts. But to offset these, the other mechanical parts—clutch, gears, brakes, etc.—should wear longer and be less liable to break from shock, owing to the constant torque obtained. It is the writer's view that the advantages briefly stated are worthy of consideration, and that the six-cylinder motor, in suitable cars, is a distinct advance, and possibly will herald automobile perfection in mechanical design.

I would briefly summarize the advantages of the six-cylinder motor in this wise:

1. Silence, by reason of the rapid sequence of explosions being practically continuous.
2. Flexibility, by reason of the constant torque obtained by the constant impetus by continuous explosions, and the ability to run equally and smoothly at any speed from 150 to 1500 revolutions per minute.
3. Great power for all purposes, enabling the car to be driven at practically all times on the high and silent gear.
4. Absence of vibration on account of the perfect engine balance which can be thus attained.
5. Absence of mechanical shocks due to the foregoing, and thus making for longer use with less liability of breakage.
6. Less effort in starting the engine on account of the more likelihood of a cylinder being full of explosive mixture, which will be fired by switching on the spark from the seat.
7. Easier to operate, owing to less necessity for changing gears or mousing the engine when running slow or climbing hills.
8. Simplification of speed-change gear, there being no desirability for four speeds ahead, three being ample.
9. Possibility of making a car of a given power for touring purposes even lighter than a four-cylinder car of the same power.
10. Less wear and tear on rear tires, owing to more even propelling impulses.



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AN EXAMPLE OF THE EFFICIENCY OF THE MOTOR-CAR IN AMBULANCE AND EMERGENCY WORK WAS FURNISHED AT THE TIME OF THE EARTHQUAKE AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA, WHEN AN AUTOMOBILE CARRIED A NUMBER OF VISITING AMERICAN PHYSICIANS OVER THE DEVASTATED AREA TO AID IN MINISTERING TO THE WOUNDED IN THE RED CROSS CAMPS AND ELSEWHERE

Patents Applied For



An Anti-Skid, Anti-Slip Device Right in the Tire

That's the new, successful "Midgley Tread" fitted to Hartford Dunlap and Hartford Clincher Tires.

Think what it means to dispense with the heavy, cumbersome, unsightly, un-serviceable "Chain Grip."

Think what it means to be able to buy a tire—a tire—mind you, *not* a separate device—that will never slip or skid—even on ice!

Get this fact fixed in your mind and you'll dispense with "chain" grip and any other kind of tire but Hartford Clincher or Hartford Dunlap, fitted with

"MIDGLEY TREAD"

Think of two hundred little "spikes"—like cat's claws—that grip the ground con-

tinuously. Mind you, of the four thousand on every tire, two hundred are always on the ground.

These four thousand "little" "points" are

arranged on four endless spiral steel coils, running right in the tire.

As the tire wears these points become more and more pronounced—the top of the coil always remaining flat on the tread.

Yet this detracts not a whit from the resiliency of the tire.

How and why is this different and better than the chain tread?

Because the Midgley Tread cannot be noticed; it isn't as unsightly as the chain grip; because it never breaks; because it never chafes the tire—it is in the tire; because it never gets too hot from friction; because it never throws mud and never wears the pavement (some states will not allow chain grips to be used); and because exhaustive experiments under every condition prove the Midgley Tread to be far cheaper than the old style chain and tire.

We've just published an interesting, instructive booklet entitled "Helpful Hints on Holding to the Straight and Narrow Road."

We send it free for the asking. Ask for booklet A.

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO., Hartford, Conn.

Meriwether Little, the famous driver, says: "There has never been any device to prevent skidding and side-slipping that was satisfactory until the advent of the Midgley Tread. You can say anything good about it and still be telling the truth."

Patents Applied For



PERFECT TIRE CASE AT LAST!!

Endless—One Piece—Complete



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No straps, no lace, no flaps. Water and dust proof.

EASIEST AND QUICKEST TO ADJUST

All sizes for all makes of tires.

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Also Puttees, Leggings, Lamp and Auto Covers, etc.

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Save the best for-
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cost. 31,000 answers may be secured
as you build boats last year by the Brooks
System of exact size patterns and illustrated in-
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Use the FREE Catalog gives com-
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BROOKS BOAT MFG. CO.
Incorporated in the State of New York
3100 Ship Street, Saginaw, Mich., U.S.A.
(Incorporated in New York, 1914)

A Great Country

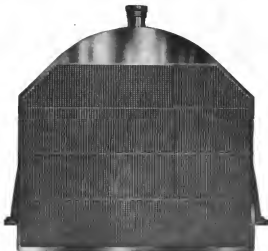
MIKE: "This is a fine country, Maggie."

MAGGIE: "And how's that?"

MIKE: "Sure, th' papers say yes and
buy a five-dollar money order for three
cents."

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BUY, SELL AND EXCHANGE
The largest dealers and brokers in New and second-hand automobiles
in the South. Send for complete bargain sheet No. 125
YULES SQUARE AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
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We manufacture the best radiators made in this country at the present
time. They are high grade in every respect. We make Honeycomb, Cellular
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Manufactured by the
WHITLOCK COIL PIPE CO.
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OVER 40,000 IN DAILY USE



Hotwater Tank

In addition we make cellular coolers, disc radiators of several types, hoods, exhaust and inlet pipes and headers, muffler pipes and bent and brazed work of every description.

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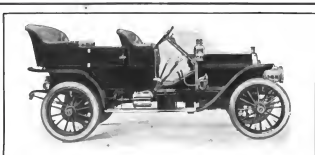
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Grade
Of

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Profits in Motoring?**
Would you eliminate the jar and
shock sustained by the rough
roads upon which you are com-
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Would you save repair bills,
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The **Kligens Frictionless
Shock Eliminator**
is guaranteed to absorb all ex-
cess shock and jar, will consequently
eliminate the danger and discomfort of
rough road travel.
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Ask your dealer about it or write for the descriptive circular.

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Branches: Boston, Mass., 65 Columbia Ave. New York, 2001 Broadway
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**The LINDSAY Combined
Timer
and
Distributor**
Distributes the current
evenly to all cylinders.
Write for full particulars.
A. M. Lindsay, Jr.,
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TO the seeker after a car that is absolutely dependable at all times, the WAYNE must appeal. Easy to operate, silent, strong, run at a low cost, its extreme simplicity giving assurance of immunity from trouble and a minimum expenditure for maintenance, it is essentially a machine for general service.

As a refinement of all that is best in automobile construction it stands in the forefront. No other car on the market contains more features that commend themselves to the discriminating purchaser, none so well equipped to give unflinching satisfaction.

The 1907 WAYNE challenges comparison with any other automobile made, either American or foreign, and stands ready to prove the claim that it is the greatest value ever offered for the money.

\$2,500—Model "M" 30-35 H.P., 5-passenger car. \$3,500—Model "R" 50 H.P., 7-passenger car.
\$2,500—Model "H" 20-25 H.P., Gentleman's Roadster. \$2,500—Model "K" 25 H.P., 3-passenger car.

Descriptive catalogue sent for the asking.

WAYNE AUTOMOBILE CO., Dept. 12, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Wayne

Komet Magnetos and Dow Coils



We wish to call the attention of every one using an ignition apparatus to our full line of ignition equipments.

The "Komet" high-tension magneto is as perfect as can be made in every detail. No coil is used in connection



with it. The timer is so constructed as to always obtain the same good spark, and it is an easy thing to start your engine with this magneto without spinning it. Back kicking of the engine is impossible.

Everything we manufacture is made of the best material and shows the most excellent workmanship. Our motto is, "The best that can be made is just right for our customers."

Ask for special catalogues describing our magnetos, coils, volt-meters, ammeters, volt-ammeters, ball-bearing timers, switches, mica and porcelain spark plugs.

When you have trouble with your ignition, use the "Dow" equipment, and you will be satisfied in every respect.

The Dow Portable Electric Co.

Selling Agents for the
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BRAINTREE, MASS.
U. S. A.

Southwestern Limited — Best Train for Cincinnati and St. Louis — NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

FORD

Two Errors Can't Correct One Mistake

Prompt Deliveries

COLONEL INGERSOLL USED TO SAY "to be a successful liar one must have a good memory; for one lie will only fit another lie made for that express purpose, whereas a truth will fit any other truth in the universe."

WE HEAR A LOT THESE DAYS about "hand-made" motor cars. (It's funny, but the same concerns who, a year ago, prated of "quality, not quantity," as if the two were incompatible, now build 1,000 to 2,000 cars per year and still expect you to believe it is "hand work," "personal supervision," and all that sort of rot.)

FORD CARS ARE MANUFACTURED—have been made in immense quantities and by modern American methods from the first. And the first Ford ever made is still giving excellent service—what of the "cut and try" contraptions made in that same year?

HAND WORK AT BEST is but a series of mechanical inaccuracies, each made to fit, as nearly as may be, another. Ingersoll would call them mechanical fits; and making one mechanical fit to fit another does not cancel the error any more than two lies make a truth. And when you want to place a part, the maker will need a mighty fine "memory" to give you one that will fit—you'll find he forgot. You'll find that wherever the "personal equation" is permitted to enter, uniformity and accuracy are impossible.

SIX-CYLINDER (1907 MODEL K) Ford touring cars are the product of the best brains, the most perfect organization, the ripest experience and the most modern machinery known to the industry. Every pound of steel—several different alloys—is made especially for the Ford Company, from Ford Formulae, under the supervision of Ford experts, and then heat-treated in Ford furnaces. Result—no mistakes—no culls—no waste.

FORD COURTESY in the treatment of customers—replacement, cheerfully, promptly, gratis, of parts that show the slightest defect in material or workmanship—is made possible only by the knowledge on our part that (thanks to quality of materials and careful inspection after machining) the percentage of replacements will be very small.

1907 Ford Model K, Six-cylinder motor, 45 h. p. at the wheels; will climb anything the wheels can hold on the "hump"; six in. clay miles per hour by electric control alone—no need for transmission, except for reversing; two complete and separate systems of ignition—magneto and storage battery—jump work; two sets of plugs, 125° wheel base, 34" x 6" tires; all the latest features and improvements; the absence of an electric fan; the flexibility, the steady pulling power of a "six"; the simplicity and reliability of a—FORD. In quality, performance, and endurance a \$5,000 car.

A Demonstration is a Revelation



\$2,800 With top and full touring equipment **\$3,000**

FORD RUNABOUTS (4-cylinder). Model N, \$600;

Model R, "édition de luxe," \$750

Ford Motor Company, Factory and Main Office, Detroit, Mich.

BRANCH RETAIL STORES: New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, and Kansas City. Canadian trade supplied by Ford Motor Company of Canada, Walkerville, Ont.

The Legislative Needs of the Motorist

(Continued from page 389.)

passed by the present-day locomotive engineers. Every vehicle should be registered, as well as having its driver licensed. In case a chauffeur is found guilty of taking out a car without the owner's permission he should be put in jail for thirty days for the first offense, and locked up six months for the second, with a revocation of his license in addition.

Where drivers are held up on the public highway and charged with a speed violation, I propose that the officer making the charge should serve the accused with a summons on the spot, note his number, and take his license, giving a receipt for the same. The return of the license to be dependent upon the settlement of the case in court. By doing away in this manner with the old form of arrest, the waste of time, the discomfort to the occupants of the car, and quite often the indignities heaped upon them are all avoided. The case could then be decided without the most of personal feeling, and with much better results to the sport, the public, and the police. No conviction for a violation of the law should be made unless the evidence showed conclusively that the defendant knowingly exceeded the speed limit or that the use of speed at which he was driving was excessive or dangerous, having due regard to the use of the highway by others at the time. These suggestions, if adopted, the motorist would be incorporated in a new law controlling the traffic on the public highway, and with a rigid enforcement of the same it is believed a more perfect harmony between them the public and the police would result.

The Development of the Electric Automobile

(Continued from page 382.)

Electric cars of runaway types perfectly meet the requirements of many city and town users, but for this class of service in general the gasoline runabout is more favorably regarded.

Questions pertaining to the advantage and economy of electric delivery wagons and trucks have been widely discussed, and have brought out a great variety of opinions. All investigators are agreed that vehicles of this class yield a greater return of value than have equipments equal to the same amount of work, and many have decided that the return is much greater. At any rate, the great value of the electric vehicle for delivery service can be measured by dollars and cents, which is the thing of first importance to the business man. There are those who go so far as to say that the electric is practically the only system in use for commercial vehicles which fully meet actual service conditions. These vehicles, as turned out by leading manufacturers, are carefully constructed to meet the actual business and physical conditions of the service required of them, and their operation does not require high priced skill. The mechanical parts are simple and readily understood, and the application of the motive power is free from all elements of danger. The weight of the vehicle is reasonably proportioned to the weight of the load it is intended to carry, and all details of the equipment are carefully and substantially made. Delivery wagons and truck bodies, as supplied by leading manufacturers, conform to styles which time and experience have shown to best serve business conditions and wants, and are symmetrical, well proportioned, and as artistically finished as the service required of them permits.

The future success of electric vehicles of the classes mentioned in the previous paragraphs is abundantly insured. There will undoubtedly be improvements, both in general construction and in batteries, but nothing of a sensational nature is anticipated by those who have given the subject the most thorough study. The purchaser of a 1907 electric car of reliable make may rest assured that he will get a vehicle that is completely up to the hour in style, finish, and in mechanical and battery equipment.

Winchester

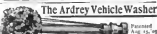
Speedometer

An Instrument of Precision

VAGUENESS plays no part in its operation. Under all conditions of the road, up hill and down, over "bumps" and through mire, from one mile to seventy-five, the hand points, without vibration, to the exact speed, and this condition prevails whether the instrument has been in service for one day or several years. It is known as the one "dependable" indicator.

Let us send you all the interesting details. Write for Catalog B to-day.

Winchester
Speedometer Co.
1557 B'way, New York



The Ardrey Vehicle Washer

Patented Aug. 15, 1910

Will Wash Vehicles Perfectly. Quickly attached to hose. Will eat scratch varnish. No cold, wet hands. Solid frame. Price \$1.00, prepaid. Booklet free.

Ardrey Vehicle Washer Co.,
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BURRITT'S CEDAR CHESTS

For Automobile Fur Coats.

You cannot afford to take chances, and you should not use so-called vapor compounds. Buy a liquid made, water-saturated.

CEDAR CHEST

They are indispensable in apartment, detached painted exterior, with bronze trimmings. Size, 10 x 12 x 18. Add a cushion and they make ideal window seats. The only perfect protection against the moth pest.

Write for booklet "F." It describes, illustrates, and gives prices. You want it. A. W. BURRITT CO., Bridgeport, Conn.

GENTLEMEN
WHO DRESS FOR STYLE
RESISTANCE, AND COMFORT
WEAR THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

THE RECOMMENDED STANDARD
The Name is stamped on every loop—

The *Velvet Grip*
CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP

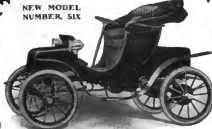
LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER
SLIPS, TEARS OR UNFASTENS

Sample pairs, 25¢ each, sent free
on receipt of 50¢

500 FISHBONE BUILDING
BOSTON, MASS. U. S. A.

ALWAYS EASY

NEW MODEL NUMBER SIX



BABCOCK ELECTRIC VICTORIA PHAETON

Easy to Operate—Easy to get into—Easy to ride in—Easy to keep clean—Easy to get out of—Easy to maintain

PRICE COMPLETE, \$1,600.00. All Necessary Equipment Included

No expense has been spared to bring this new No. 6 car up to the very highest standard of carriage making. While it is built along the lines of the most approved type, it possesses an individual grace, harmonious style, and fine finish that give it a distinguished appearance not found in any other car on the market. Owing to its full speed and long mileage. It is well adapted to both business and pleasure. This carriage will show a speed of twenty miles an hour for short trips. The regular running speed is from thirteen to eighteen miles per hour and when properly equipped, over good level, macadamized roads, it will travel from seventy to eighty-five miles on one charge of the batteries. A mechanical duplicate of this car recently made a run from New York to Philadelphia (one mile) without recharging the batteries.

OTHER DESIRABLE FEATURES

The body is of the "Victoria" type with full "V" curve and equipped with common leather trimmings. It is upholstered in either blue or green tawny cloth, the body being painted to match. Tires are 8 x 6 inches. Special Clutch No. 100. WHEELS 31 inches front and back. DRIVING GEAR. (Shoulder) is constructed so as to be very flexible and capable of throwing and starts smoothly. BRAKES. Forward operating brakes in both front wheels and auxiliary brake on motor counter shaft. RANGE OF SPEED. 6 to 20 miles per hour. WEIGHT. About 1,200 pounds. MOTOR AND CONTROLLER. D.C. P. (overhead) with no gear overhead capacity. It is equipped from chain drive motor. One can choose with four forward speeds and the same reverse, in addition to which there is an accelerator lever which increases each one of these four speeds. You make the switch of driving to purchase any car and you have measured further into the merits of this car. Your name and address on a postal will bring you full information concerning our complete line of Electric Carriages. And you have seen what we offer, you will want to be satisfied with our own use of our cars. They are well adapted for perfectly service.

BABCOCK ELECTRIC CARRIAGE COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

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Standard of Merit

One-Piece Lava Burners

FOR ACETYLENE

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CRESCENT
Highest Efficiency

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER

Hall's Hair Renewer has been sold for over sixty years, yet we have just changed the formula, the style of bottle, and the manner of packing. The new is a vast improvement over the old in every way. As now made, it represents the very latest researches, both at home and abroad. A high-class and thoroughly scientific preparation.

Parting Hair. Promptly checks falling hair. Revives hair that has been cut and lost.

Beardings. Revives all discolored and gray, and gives it the Barber's Emulsion.

Ask for "The new kind"

The kind that does not change the color of the hair.

Formulas: Glycerine, Castor oil, Bay Rum, White Pine, Rosemary, Lavender, Sandalwood, Almond, Vanilla.

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If your correspondent pays you the compliment of preserving your letters, pay him the compliment of writing them upon paper that will stand filing.

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"Look for the Water Mark"

is hard to tear, hard to wear, and lasts and lasts.

That Old Hampshire Bond is good paper for commercial stationery is the testimony of discriminating business men—many of them have told us it is the best. Prove this for yourself—have your printer show you the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens, or better still, write us for a copy. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond. Please write us your present letterhead.

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BY C. F. KING, Jr.

A DIARY COVERING A SIX WEEKS' TRIP OF EUROPE, WRITTEN IN AN EASY, LIGHT, ENTERTAINING STYLE BY A 15-YEAR-OLD SCHOLAR ON HIS FIRST TRIP TO THE OLD WORLD—
"THE BOSTON HERALD" AND OTHER METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPERS BECAUSE THIS AS A BOOK OF TRAVEL IT IS A TRUE REVELATION.

NOT A DULL MOMENT IN THE BOOK

LIFE ON BOARD ENGLISH, ITALIAN AND RUSSIAN STEAMSHIPS, AND ON EUROPEAN TRAINS DESCRIBED IN A GLEETLY, BRILLIANT, YET ALL THE POINTS OF INTEREST AND THE SMOOZES OF EUROPE, MAY BE SEEN AND ENJOYED BY A READER OF THIS UNIQUE BOOK. NOTHING LIKE IT EVER PRINTED BEFORE.

LONDON PARIS LUTERNAE THE ALPS ROME AND CONSTANTINOPLE TAKE ON A NEW COLORED VIVIDNESS IN THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S LATE BOYISH STORY STYLE.

A FIRST READER'S GUIDE is a list of the most important sights to see and young illustrators' hints and simplified pictures reproduced.

FROM SHAPESIDE MADE BY THE AUTHOR

The book is printed upon Irish linen bond paper, double-voiced, bound in red silk, with gold mountings and tipped with gold.

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GET THE BEST

THE OLDEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL MAKERS
OF PIANO-PLAYING DEVICES ANNOUNCE THE

MELODANT A NEW AND EXCLUSIVE FEATURE OF THE ANGELUS

In every composition there runs a vein of melody commonly called the "air," frequently lying wholly in the treble, sometimes interwoven with the accompaniment or wholly covered by ornamentation.

The function of the MELODANT is to automatically pick out and accent the melody notes, even when such note or notes appear in the midst of a full chord, giving to each its proper value as previously determined in an authentic interpretation.

This most desirable and long-sought-for effect is obtained in the MELODANT ANGELUS by the performer simply using the pedals in the ordinary manner. Thus with an ANGELUS equipped with the MELODANT the performer has at his command two methods of accentuation.

He can accent either, automatically by means of the MELODANT, or by his own manipulation of the Melody Buttons, which have been and which still are one of the most valuable features of the ANGELUS.

NO OTHER PIANO-PLAYER CAN OFFER SO MUCH

The addition of the MELODANT does not impair the efficiency nor detract from the value of the simple yet complete expression devices also found upon the ANGELUS. These will still be the means for individual interpretation, which to many persons constitutes the chief and unrivaled charm of our instrument. The ANGELUS is absolutely the only piano-player with whose aid the best artistic results can be obtained.

The ANGELUS in cabinet form, the KNABE-ANGELUS PIANO, the EMERSON-ANGELUS PIANO—are all equipped with the MELODANT.

The introduction of the MELODANT is another step forward in the steady progress of the ANGELUS, which has been continuously developed from the pioneer piano-player—brought out in 1845—to the truly wonderful instrument of to-day.

For sale in all the principal cities.

Descriptive literature upon request.

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.

Established 1826

MERIDEN, CONN.

THE HORSE OF THE FUTURE, AND THE FUTURE OF THE HORSE

(Continued from page 364.)

which tend to bankrupt an automobile-owner, spiritually as well as financially. Too often the material used is fragile. Under the terrible strain to which it is subjected over our American roads something quickly gives way. Hence our manufacturers charge from four hundred to twelve hundred per cent. profit for supplying and attaching a broken part. That the industry, under such a terrible handicap, not only survives, but actually prospers, is conclusive evidence of its wonderful inherent vitality. Again, our motor cars have not been reliable; they could not be depended upon. When a man takes hold of the knob at his office door he knows that, year in and year out, the knob will perform its proper function. When the housewife sits down to her sewing-machine she knows that hardly once in a thousand times will it fail to do its work, and do it well. Unthinkable as an indictment to which our cars must too often plead guilty, in America we have done a lot of foolish things in motor-car building, but we are approaching wiser methods and more correct lines. The car of the future, either for business or pleasure, but not yet born full down. He would be a bold, perhaps a rash, prophet who would undertake any detailed description of this car. Nevertheless, reasoning a priori, there are some features we may prophesize. In the first place, it will be built of better steel than we have been accustomed to use. In the next place, the cars will become standardized, and when standardized they will be built by machinery in enormous quantities at an exceedingly low cost. The wheels will be large, built of wood and of the artillery type. Hard rubber or some enduring substance will take the place of the present high-priced unsatisfactory pneumatic tires. The car will be light, simple, strong, and easily kept in repair. Mr. Edison once said the automobile will never be wholly practical until it is fool-proof and the ordinary repairs can be made on the highway by a dandy with a monkey-wrench. The present highly unsatisfactory system of change-speed gears will be supplanted by a variable-speed device. There are not wanting good judges who believe that the problem will be solved by a system of hydraulic transmission. The fuel of the future will be kerosene or grain alcohol. Thirty-five per cent. of the population of America are farmers. The farmer will be the chief automobile owner and user. The maximum speed of his car may be only twenty miles per hour, but that is twice as fast as his present mode of travel. The car will be an invaluable adjunct to his work on the farm. The adjustment of a belt, the turn of a crank, and the automobile engine furnishes power to thresh his grain, cut his woods, chop his feed, and pump his water. After being in constant use all the day, the car is ready to take the entire family to the social gathering in the village at night or to church services on Sunday morning. The farmer will

use the automobile as will the butcher, the baker, and the store-keeper—when he can in no other way get the same amount of work done at so low a cost; and when the business man can deliver his goods more quickly and more economically than he can by using the horse he will do so.

There will always be motor-cars *de luxe* for the rich, but they will be merely the fringe of the garment of a great industry. The countless millions of tons of freight now slowly and painfully drawn over country roads and through city streets by poor dumb brutes will go spinning along, the motions of the heavily laden trucks answering a tune of rich content, and all the thousand tongues of commerce will sing the praises of the motor-car.

Let me suggest a few practical things that the tireless horse of the future will accomplish:

1. It will solve the problem of the overcongestion of traffic in our city streets.
2. It will free the horse from his burdens. A few years ago, in the city of New Orleans, an old dandy came in from the country and for the first time saw the electric street-car, which had taken the place of the mule-drawn car. The old dandy threw up his hands, and looking up to heaven, said, "Bless de Lord, de white man freed de nigger, now he done freed de mule."
3. The automobile will furnish relief to the tenement-house districts.
4. It will stimulate the good roads movement throughout the United States.
5. It will save time and space and become invaluable to the physician, the fireman, and to many classes of citizens.

It will tend to break down class distinctions, become one touch of automobilism makes the whole world kin.

As to the future of the horse, man's best beloved friend among the dumb animals, as a least of burden, he will be largely replaced by the motor-car. No one who has observed horses in our city streets during the last storm, slipping and falling on the hard pavement, but could wish that they could be emancipated from such work. This emancipation, so devoutly to be desired, will come to pass. The horse will not go out of use, but he will be used only for light work—for riding and for pleasure driving. There may not be so many horses in the world a century hence, but they will be better horses, better bred, and more kindly and humanely treated. The motor-car is to emancipate the horse, and it is to solve many problems that cannot now be enumerated. Is it the automobile to be known as the most tireless and faithful servant of man throughout the world where civilization has a home or freedom a banner. Yesterday it was the pleasure of the few, to-day it is the servant of many, tomorrow it will be the necessity of humanity.

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Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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Wonderful Boat Engines



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Starts without cranking.
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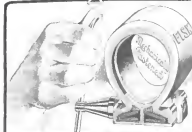
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NOTE THE AIR SPACE
ALL ABOVE THE RIM!

The Fisk Rubber Co.,
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

THE FISK RUBBER CO. - CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

The Base Ingratitude of Mr. Dooley

THE original Mr. Dooley, now gone his way, was a character well known to George Ade, John McVieken, Vance Thompson, and many other Chicago newspaper men, long before Peter Dunne made him a national celebrity. It was Vance Thompson, by the way, who swooped down on the old grub-man in a sleepy hotel, borrowed two dollars from him before he rightly realized it, and vanished again into the outer darkness while he was still rubbing his eyes. The little episode he subsequently referred to as "the hurricane touch."

Similar anecdotes of the old man's wit are cherished as particular possessions. George Ade has one that he calls "Human Gratitude." Late one night he was surprised to find the proprietor asleep behind his own bar. On being roused, that worthy showed a marked disinclination to business and a strong desire to be let alone. Ade pulled down the blinds, started to the cash register, looked the cash register and called a cab. With some difficulty he elicited an address and then, for what seemed hours, they jinked over out-of-the-way streets until at last the cabbie drove up before a ramshackle little box of a frame house with a stairway running up the outside. All this time the passenger had slept soundly.

Out of the cab and up the rickety stairs, puffing and blowing, Ade landed his client on the top step, but his footing and the two of them rolled helplessly piggy-back to the street. The old gentleman sat up, regarded Ade with the utmost indignation, and spoke the first words of the evening.

"Jarge," said he, "ye thipped me."

Automobile Electric Horn

THE electric horn for automobiles, an English device, is an electric buzzer, fitted to a common automobile "horn" horn. A brass cylindrical case contains a steel vibrating disk, held at its periphery by two flanges and two electro-magnets, and the rapid vibration of the disk, caused by the magnetization and demagnetization of the magnets, yields a sound which is magnified in volume and effectiveness by the horn. The current is provided by an electric accumulator. The signal can be maintained as long as is necessary or desired, the blast being louder and more continuous than that of the ordinary whist horn, and with the switch on the steering wheel the driver can give his warning without removing his hand from the wheel.

The Limit

A stout man out in the suburbs who owns a large place has among the many people employed to keep it in shape an Irishman of whom he is particularly fond, on account of his unconscious wit. This Irishman is something of a hard drinker, and as his income is limited, he is more particular as regards the quantity than the quality of his liquors. The other day the employer, who had been availing a good opportunity, remarked in a kind tone, as the closing sentence of a friendly lecture:

"Now, Pat, how long do you think you can keep on drinking this cheap whiskey?"
To which Pat instantly replied:
"All my life if it doesn't kill me."

A Fifty-per-cent. Saving

"Is you find it more economical to do your own cooking?"
"Yes, indeed. My husband doesn't eat half as much now as he did."

The Remedy

TRAMP: "Madam, I am suffering from indigestion."

LADY: "Why, I'm sorry. What can I do to help you?"

TRAMP: "Madame, you can cure me instantly by giving me something to digest."



Capt. John Ericsson

*"One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."*

ERICSSON was precocious in childhood; born in 1803, at a small town in the mining region of Sweden, at the age of ten years he designed a pump to drain the mines, and, before his majority, a machine for engraving and a flame-engine. His younger manhood comprises a whole series of inventions. Among them are surface condensation, as applied to steam, and compressed air for conveying power. In the forties he caused a revolution in naval warfare by the application of the screw propeller to vessels of war, and his naval inventions culminated in the construction of the Monitor of national renown, familiarly known as the "Little Chess-Box on a Raft," which went out to meet the Merrimack and to victory on that memorable March day of 1862. This invention compelled the reconstruction of every great navy of the world, along the lines laid down by Ericsson, and was of such wide-reaching effect as to cast around his name an international fame so great as to eclipse all other useful products of his wonderful genius. Comparatively few

people are, therefore, aware that Ericsson invented the calorific engine, through which hot air successfully takes the place of steam, and at a great saving in expense for all operations requiring moderately low power; as, of course, much less fuel is required to heat air to some expansive power than is needed for the turning of water into steam. *Herein lies the chief economy of the Hot-Air Pump*, which was really Ericsson's pet invention, and in improving which he spent many years of an exceedingly active life. There are various imposing monuments the world over to the memory of the great inventor and patriot; yet those who knew Ericsson best will testify that the kind of memorial which would please him most, were the choice his own, would be every one of his Hot-Air Pumps, which he knew of, as delivering its Domestic Water Supply into the homes of the civilized world. Is it asking too much, then, of every buyer of a Hot-Air Pump to give a thought to the memory of its great inventor and what his life meant to mankind?

Over 40,000 Hot-Air Pumps are now in use.
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or Hot-Air Pump.

CLIMAX ELECTRICAL COMMUTATOR



Does away with all vibrating coils and timer.
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No readjustment necessary.
Prevents uneven running of engine.
Saves gasoline, saves half repair bill, saves your temper.
Can be applied to any engine.

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Just such as you want; not too large and cumbersome, but with a clear dial easy to read, and a pointer that will follow closely and smoothly every change of the speed without tremble or quiver of any kind, whatever the road may be. Cement-ugal in its action for true reliability and with all the mooring parts in perfect balance, as the lack of balance would disturb the hand. The Loring is the ONLY balanced centrifugal speed indicator. Write to-day for circular.



LORING SPEED GAUGE
ONE-HALF ACTUAL SIZE
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BOSTON, MASS.

China's Home-made Railroad

The first railroad in China built by Chinese capital has just been completed and opened to public traffic. The length of the line is thirty miles, and it has four stations between the terminals, Chaochow and Jowatou. The grade of the road is low, with very few curves. Japanese hard-wood ties, and American steel rails, angle bars, and spikes were used in the construction of the line. The road's motive power consists of three fifty-horse-power locomotives of Japanese manufacture. The coach equipment of the company consists of twenty-two cars of Japanese manufacture, built on the corridor plan. They have a seating capacity of fifty passengers to a coach. The first-class cars are fitted with silk seats, and the second-class cars are upholstered in American patterns, and are upholstered in patterned; the second-class carriages have only plain wooden benches. The coaches are of the automatic type used in this country.

A standard train consists of four coaches and a guard's van. The latter is the only car equipped with brakes, the American air-brake on the locomotive being relied on to handle the train with safety. Six freight-cars complete the list of the company's rolling stock.

Prior to the formal opening of this road, trains had been running for eight days, three or four times a day, and the daily average number of passengers carried was 1,000. The fare from Chaochow to Jowatou is sixty-seven cents (gold) each way for first-class accommodation, and twenty-seven cents for second-class. Thirty miles are run in about an hour and a half.

At present the line is continually passed by armed men stationed at intervals of about one mile. The engineers, conductors, and train-dispatchers are all Japanese, but the ticket-collectors on the trains, and all the other employees are Chinese. The train-dispatching is done by telephone.

Our Frugal Soldiers

ALTHOUGH the American soldier is not highly paid, he is not to be considered a thrifty fellow when his savings account comes to light. Last year 54,260 enlisted men saved and deposited with the paymaster's department \$1,410,228. This quite respectable sum represents about twelve per cent. of the total pay of all the enlisted men for that period. There are but few wage-workers who can boast more a ten-per-cent. saving out of their earnings. Had every enlisted man made a deposit, the average saving for the year would have been \$27.50, but that is the least interesting feature of the system. The figures show that the soldier can deposit, under the law of 1872, only sums of \$5 and over, and as the pay is small, the total deposits for the year show that the saving habit is continuous with many enlisted men.

These deposits bear interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum, but they cannot be withdrawn until the soldier receives his discharge. Last year there was paid to ex-soldiers the sum of \$1,164,234; interest was also paid to the amount of \$73,115. The number of men discharged is not ascertainable, but the amount repaid shows that their average saving must have been considerable.

Since the enactment of the law of 1872 the total deposits have amounted to \$27,780,533, and discharged soldiers have received \$1,582,983 in interest on deposits withdrawn. There remains on deposit with the paymaster-general the sum of \$291,737.

Probably Catching

A VOICE from the Baltimore, upon entering her nursery, found her youngest in tears.

"Why, what's the matter with Harry?" she asked the nurse.

"He's mad, mum," explained nurse, "because I wouldn't let him go to the Simpson's' about the strait."

"And why wouldn't you let him go, Nora?"

"Because, mum, they're havin' charades, as he said, an' I wasn't sure whether he'd had him or not."

Zymole Trokeys

PLEASANT ANTISEPTIC THROAT PASTILLES

A NOVEL ANTISEPTIC TREATMENT
FOR AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT & BRONCHIAL TUBES

Such as Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat,
Tonsillitis, Tickling of the Throat, Difficult Breathing,
OF GREAT VALUE TO SINGERS & PUBLIC SPEAKERS.
Partially harmless. Use freely at all times for Even from Necessity
allowing a TROKEY to dissolve slowly
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ZYMOLE TROKEYS are pleasant to the taste, and are free from harmful drugs. They deodorize the breath, and neutralize the odor of tobacco, liquor, onions, etc. To insure throat ease at all times, keep a few in your pocket or your purse.

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ASPEED of 80 miles an hour, unlimited power, the most that the world has ever yet produced in motor-car beauty, comfort, convenience, splendor and luxury—these are a few of the points of the C. G. V. These are a few of the reasons why the C. G. V. is brought from France to this country, to England, to Germany, to St. Petersburg, to Rome, to Castile, to Caracas, to Vienna, to Sydney, to wherever a man has decided he will have that one car, which, beyond all doubt, is the greatest car in the world.

Many other points are embraced in our Catalog No. 30. Send for it it's free.

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Oliver Kahn, Jr.

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Whiteley Reid
W. K. Vanderbilt
Chas. M. Schwab

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The factory in which the Great Arrow is made has been built not only to afford every convenience of arrangement, but also to enable each man to do his best work under the most favorable conditions. We have the factory—the most complete, we are told, in the world. So when we say "The Factory Behind the Car" it means that the Pierce Arrow is an American car built to meet American conditions in a factory designed to accomplish just that thing.

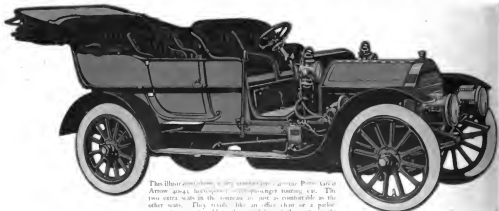
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This illustration shows a very standard Pierce Arrow. The Pierce Arrow 40-44 has a very high standard touring car. The two extra seats in the rear are as comfortable as the other seats. They really like an office chair or a parlor car seat so as to add to the comfort of the party in the touring car.

Price, \$5,000. Cape top extra.

HARPER'S WEEKLY



EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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By WILLIAM INGLIS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN JAPAN FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THE INTERNE

A POWERFUL SHORT STORY

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

THE NEW WORLD QUESTION

By SYDNEY BROOKS

WHAT TO DO IN AUTOMOBILE EMERGENCIES

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
MARCH 23 1907 PRICE 10 CENTS

HARPER'S

APRIL

CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS VOYAGE THROUGH THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

HARPER'S MAGAZINE is the one magazine which makes a point of having its articles on the great achievements in exploration and travel written by the very men who have accomplished these feats of daring—not by some writer getting his facts at second-hand.

In the April HARPER'S, Captain AMUNDSEN tells for the first time of his wonderful and adventurous voyage in the little ship *Gjøa*, the only vessel which has ever come through the Northwest Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, of his discovery of the North magnetic pole, and of his visits among new tribes of Eskimos, who never before had seen white men. Despite the smallness of Captain AMUNDSEN'S vessel, he earned a complete outfit of instruments and made a most elaborate series of scientific observations, the importance of which can scarcely be overestimated. His article is illustrated from his own unique photographs.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE

The author of these delightful letters and recollections is Madame DE BUNSEN, whose husband, Carl de Bunsen, was prominent in the German diplomatic service. Madame DE BUNSEN, an Englishwoman of the well-known Waddington family, went as a bride to Turin, where her husband was Secretary of Legation. She writes with great originality and intimate charm of the social and political events of their life there—of great personages, royal marriages, of her personal meetings with many of those who made the history of the day. Her article is illustrated with many quaint photographs from her private collection.

HOW MEDICINES ARE DISCOVERED

Everybody knows how medicines are prescribed and how they are sold, but few know how chemists are constantly at work experimenting with new medicines for the help of mankind and how these medicines are discovered, tested, and manufactured. This is what Professor ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN tells about in HARPER'S for April. His article is full of intensely interesting revelations.

OTHER NOTABLE FEATURES OF THE APRIL HARPER'S

HAVELOCK ELLIS, the well-known English writer, tells of his visit to the lonely Monastery of Montserrat, the Home of the Holy Grail. His article is illustrated from sketches by WALTER HALE.

CHARLES H. WHITE, the etcher, has made a delightful series of etchings of scenes in Richmond, Virginia, which are accompanied by amusing comment.

HENRY W. OLNEY contributes a nature paper of an uncommon sort on "The Music of Man and Birds." The music of many bird songs is reproduced with his article.

SOME REMARKABLE SHORT STORIES

A romantic and quaintly humorous two-part love-story of the days of the Georges, by JAMES BRANCH CABRELL, begins in the April HARPER'S. Nothing more delightful of this sort has appeared since "Monsieur Bequairen." The story is illustrated in color by HOWARD PYLE. The other short stories of the number are: "Springtime," by HARRISON RHODES, a young love-story, with pictures by ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN; "The Leaving of a Doff," by LAWRENCE MOTT, a strenuous story of life on the Labrador; "The Last Visit to a Scholar," a powerful character-study by MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR; "The Great Squash Syndrome," a deliciously funny child-story by MARIE MARVIN; and "Miss Solide's Title," a sketch of an old maid by LILY YOUNG. Another story of psychological interest is "A Portrait by Collyer," by CLARE BENEDICT.

Shall the Adirondacks be Destroyed?

The resolution now pending at Albany is only one of many perils which threaten the most beautiful public park in America.

READ

SILAS STRONG

By IRVING BACHELLER

and you will know the people and the perils and the value of this wonderful land. You will see the ravages of greed and the thrilling battle of its forces with a sturdy old woodsman. There's a laugh or a smile on every page of this remarkable book by the author of F.B.N. HOLDEN.

"Mr. Bachelier's novel is a healthy sign of reaction against the rampant commercialism of the United States. . . . It is a novel for the American people to digest, and their thanks are due to Mr. Bachelier."—*Edward Garnett in the London Daily News*.

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By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

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IN Wall Street Mr.

Lefèvre has found all that goes to the making of the most exciting kind of a story of love and adventure. There are an American girl and American millions to be won, and the hero makes a daring fight for them.



Illustrated. Price, \$1.50

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

HARPER'S WEEKLY



VOL. LI

New York, Saturday, March 23, 1907

No. 2152

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GOING TO MAKE A GOOD STAGGER AT IT, ANYWAY

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LI.

No. 2622

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THIRTY-SIX PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 23, 1907

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 NEW YORK CITY: FRANKLIN SQUARE
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COMMENT

Mr. Harriman appeals to the Public

IT IS TRUE, OF COURSE, AS SUGGESTED IN THE WEEKLY last week, that Mr. HARRIMAN would be a first-rate man to build the Panama Canal, but since that suggestion was put into type doubts have much increased as to whether he could be spared for that service. He has suddenly taken up a new line of railroad work, one that up to last month he had never meddled with, but which he now considers, and rightly, to be of the first importance to railroad prosperity. He has seen, and proclaims, that unless the people of the country, the government and the railroads, can come to a better understanding and work together in harmony for the good of all, the railroads cannot do the work which is cut out for them for the development of the country. "There has got to be cooperation," said Mr. HARRIMAN, "on the part of the railroads on the one hand and the public and the government on the other. It is the only way in which the matter can be worked out." He went on to say that the railroads had left legislation to their lawyers and explanation to subordinate officials, and that it had not worked, and there was nothing for it now but "to come out in the open [meaning the newspapers] and tell the people the railroads' side of the matter." And he did so to the extent of four or five columns of the New York Times of March 10, going into some of the history of American railroading in the last twenty years, pointing out the great strain that has now come upon the railroads' resources, and discussing various methods of helping them to meet demands that have outrun equipment and the methods both of the roads and their customers. He expressed his belief in the need of a broader gauge than the one in use, and the probable substitution of electricity for steam for traction purposes, pointing out that either of these expedients would cost a vast deal of money, and laying constant stress on the assertion that the railroads must have a fair deal and the cooperation of the interests concerned with them if they are to meet in reasonable measure the demands of the country.

What He Wants

One specific thing Mr. HARRIMAN asked for. Asked if he wanted to have "pooling" legalized, he said, "No"; that he did not believe in railroad pools, and that they accomplished nothing when they were legal. What he does want is to have recognized by Federal statute the making of enforceable agreements between railroads for a distribution of traffic, and to have such agreements binding for a given term of years. He explained in some detail how such a privilege would make for economical railroading, and would put a stop to all such railroad combinations as he had himself been so urgent to bring about.

Too Many Rival Wonder-workers

The leading railroad men of the country seem to be in general agreement with the view that Mr. HARRIMAN has

expressed. Their solicitude to come promptly to an understanding with the government is indicated by the meeting, said to have been arranged by Mr. J. P. MORRIS, and at this writing still in prospect, between the President and the heads of four or five of the leading railroad systems of the country to discuss the business situation, and, if possible, to find means to allay the public anxiety as to the relations between the railroads and the government which now obstructs railroad investments and holds up necessary construction. The most urgent question of all is how to deal with the States and their legislative and railroad commissions, and induce them to give the railroads a chance for life. Here is a despatch from the newspapers of March 9:

BOSTON, MARCH 9.—The Sunset limited of the Southern Pacific was annulled yesterday because it was fifty minutes late, the annulment being due to the recent order of the Texas Railroad Commission, requiring passenger-trains to run within thirty minutes of their schedules. There was a large number of Northern and Eastern tourists aboard the train going to the Pacific Coast, and they were compelled to remain here twelve hours.

That is a good example of what is going on. It does not take a seventh son to foresee what the difficulties of railroad management will be if every State on its own hook shall prescribe in detail to the railroads that traverse its territory what service they shall render in its borders and how, and what they shall charge for it. Irresponsible meddlingness of that sort may quickly put an end to economical and profitable transportation. If carried far enough, it would work its own cure by the bankruptcy of the railroads and the collapse of their service, with consequences that would come home vehemently to the voters, who are finally responsible for all legislation. It is doubtless to avoid a cure so expensive as that that the railroad presidents are taking counsel with President ROOSEVELT. He has had as much as any one to do with letting the anti-railroad genie out of the bottle, and his influence is naturally thought to be the most efficacious force available to get some of it back. Congress, under executive stimulation, has taught the State legislatures how to do things to the railroads. It is like the case of Aunus and his red. He worked wonders with it, and immediately the observing magicians worked similar wonders with theirs. But presently Aunus's superior red swallowed all the other reds. The Interstate Commerce Commission can hardly swallow all the State railroad commissions, but neither can all those commissions go on working independent wonders. Interstate traffic cannot possibly meet the demands of so many rival masters.

Senator Spooner a Poor Man

The other day Senator SPOONER resigned from the Senate because he is too poor to remain there. That this explanation of his resignation is the truth is known to his friends and to many of his acquaintances, both those who agree and those who disagree with him in politics and on economic subjects. Less than a year ago a careless article about Mr. SPOONER was printed in a series of articles entitled "The Treason of the Senate." It was one of the articles of a well-known kind in which passion, prejudice, and demagogic rhetoric prevail over temperance, justice, and truth. It was the fundamental assumption of the writer of this article on Mr. SPOONER that any agreement with what the writer called the "interests," or any defense of any position taken by them, is positive proof that the one who agrees or defends is a member of a band of conspirators whose constant design is to rob the government and the people.

Absurd Charges against Him

In the first place, the writer called Mr. SPOONER the "head spokesman of the interests." This meant that, although a Senator, he was paid counsel on the floor of the Senate for the "interests." He was, therefore, violating his oath. Mr. SPOONER's attitude on the rate bill would sufficiently answer this accusation except to the mind of a man who had promised in an article that would be untainted by a weak fairness. The charge that Senator SPOONER has been the paid attorney of public thieves to speak for them on the floor of the Senate is made in detail in this article. The writer asserts that in his early life Mr. SPOONER became the hired agent of "two bands of thieves engaged in robbing the people." As such agent he served to the "Omaha" railway lands that should have reverted to the government. This crime, strange to say, was consummated by procuring a decision from the Supreme

Court. Having become a member of the State Legislature, it is intimated that as a lawmaker Mr. Spooner was the useful tool of "the thieves." When the people of Wisconsin rose "against railway thieves" he "side-tracked" into the job of solicitor for the Omaha. On the return of a corrupt Legislature a certain "deal" was completed, and, when that "deal" was going on, SPOONER was not only *general solicitor* of the Omaha, and therefore in charge of all its legal business; he was also a *stockholder* and a *director* in the system.¹⁹ (The italics are those of the author of the article in question. Their intention is clear.) Then PHILIPUS SAWYER, who is described as "coarse, rough, a hater of men," made Mr. SPOONER Senator, because he was a "plib fellow, a first-class lawyer, and a plausible 'wind-jammer,' as well." Then the author sustains the charge that Mr. SPOONER's election was bought, by corrupting the Wisconsin Legislature, for \$52,000. Mr. SPOONER's denial is laughed at, although the author confesses that he has no evidence to sustain the charge except the discredited confession of a bribe-giver who had become hostile to Mr. SPOONER. Various instances of robbery by the United States Senate, participated in or led by Mr. SPOONER, are given. He is charged with helping to rob the Northern Pacific and with other crimes unnecessary to mention. He is, of course, accused of receiving enormous fees, and of having acquired from one to two million dollars of the plunder for himself.

Why He leaves the Senate

All this is worthy of notice because it indicates a recklessness in bringing accusations against public men which have sometimes resulted to the benefit of overcautious men, and of some who are really bad. We all recollect Mr. Roosevelt's remarks about "muck-rakers," remarks which were inspired by articles like this on Mr. SPOONER. The truth is that Mr. SPOONER was very particular, as he has glibly explained, to refuse fees for business which in some form might come before the Senate. He has never been a rich man. When he entered the Senate he possessed a small competency, not so large an amount as a lawyer with his practice should have had, for unfortunately it is true that Mr. SPOONER has speculated in stocks, and he has speculated unwisely. It seems strange, if he were really the slave of the railway and lumber "thieves" whom he was aiding to rob the people and the government, that they should not have "put him into good things." It is the usual theory that rich and predatory clients do this for servicable lawmakers, such as Mr. SPOONER is described as being. But Mr. SPOONER was left to invest his money on his own judgment, and he put it into bad things. When his second term was expiring, Mr. SPOONER announced that he would not accept a reelection in 1903. He did this because he was, as he is now, poor; because he had nothing to leave to those for whom he felt that he ought to provide. But the Republicans of the State wanted him so much that he felt obliged to accept a reelection, and Mr. LA FOLLETTE could not defeat him. Now he is as poor as ever; the necessity for him to earn something for his old age and to leave behind him is the greater, and in going out of the Senate because of his poverty he not only does his duty by himself and those dependent upon him, but he meets and answers the bitter and cruel attack upon him. The case suggests that one who in a public print assails the character of any one ought at least to offer sufficient evidence to make *prima facie* case. It is not often the case that an episode of his life can prove that a reckless charge against a man is defamatory.

Municipal Socialism in London

The municipal elections in London resulted in a popular verdict against municipal socialism. This result is due to a general dissatisfaction with the extravagant municipal trading experiments which have been made by the London County Council, and notably by the Battersea Borough Council. The Progressive party, which favored the municipal ownership and operation of "public utilities," had been able to maintain its majority in the County Council by the abstention of voters from the polls. This year the voters turned out, and the vote of women was especially strong in opposition to the socialist schemes which have been tried by the advocates of municipal trading. Those who are unfamiliar with the London County Council's attempts and with the

plans of the Progressives for the future will be astonished to learn how far these people were desirous of going in their efforts to drive private individuals and corporations out of business and to establish a municipal communism not only in transportation and in communication, but in the business of production, of entertainment, and of providing homes for people at the public expense. The latest proposition was that billiard-rooms should be provided at the public expense.

Extravagance and Loss

Municipal socialism has not only been greatly injurious to individual effort; has not only resulted in the defective service to the community which always, or always after a propitious beginning, marks municipal effort, but it has enormously increased the London debt and London taxes. Last year, for example, the County Council started the ill-starred Thames steamboats. Some of the councillors estimated that the city would make a profit of \$450,000 a year on the enterprise. Mr. JOHN BRAY, although greatly in favor of establishing the line, modestly estimated that the boats might lose to the city the first year a small sum, not more than \$50,000 or \$65,000. As a matter of fact, the capital required was \$1,500,000, which was much in excess of the estimates. During the first nine months of the running of the boats the city lost about \$250,000; for the current year the loss is estimated at \$265,000. This sum of \$515,000 must be made up by the ratepayers. In purchasing the water-works of the private companies the city expended \$187,000,000, and the water furnished by the city costs more to the consumers than when it was furnished by the companies. The cost of the electric plants to the city was three times more than the estimates. The investments of London in trading will soon reach the sum of \$97,000,000, water-works excepted, and thus far all of these enterprises have been mismanaged. Individuals have been driven out of business, and the public has not been benefited; on the contrary, it has not been served so well by the city's tramways, for example, as the American public is served by private companies. We may judge of the expense of municipal trading in Great Britain if we compare the local indebtedness of the United Kingdom with the local indebtedness of the United States. If the cities of this country should undertake to do what British cities have done in the way of owning and operating public utilities, our local indebtedness would be more than doubled. It is no wonder that the conservative citizens of London, including the women, should turn out of power by a vast majority those who have made the metropolis known to economists as "The World's Greatest Spendthrift."

Judgment against a State not Enforceable

An interesting condition arising from a suit between South Dakota and North Carolina shows that the law and the Supreme Court continue to recognize the sovereignty of States within their proper sphere. South Dakota came properly into possession of some North Carolina repudiated bonds. An action to recover was brought by the creditor State against the debtor State in the Supreme Court. The decision was in favor of South Dakota, but the court could not find a way to enforce the judgment. The other day some one in New York offered to present South Dakota with \$1,000,000 more of the repudiated bonds, but South Dakota had had enough of the poor little game and refused to accept them. In effect the court holds that in such a case the debtor State can get all the judgments and all the decisions it asks for, but a sovereign debtor, whether it be North Carolina or the United States, cannot be made to pay against its will under the law. It may be compelled by war, but in case of war, such is a qualification of a State's sovereignty, the United States must defend it, while, such is another qualification, the Constitution forbids one State—South Dakota, for example—to make war on another State, or, indeed, to make war at all.

To Neutralize the Philippines

An interesting proposition has appeared in one of two newspapers, one of which is very near the administration. It comes from Washington and, with much forthrightness, has been cabled to London, where the idea has been immediately received. The proposition is said to be the invention of "one of the ablest members of the United States Senate on the Republican side." It is, in brief, that the Philippine Islands

should be neutralized. This means that this government remains charged with the cost of governing them, but that we should be relieved of the cost of defending them, by an agreement between all countries that any one of them should leave them untouched in case of war between it and the United States. The reason for our strongly desiring this is explained to be that the islands have turned out worthless commercially, while they are officially recognized as a cause of weakness in time of war. In effect, if the plan should go through, we might continue our experiment in Americanizing the brown man without the fear of possible humiliation at the hands of Germany, Japan, Siam, or Coochin-China. Apropos of this, the Pacific coast says that we have no battle-ships that we can spare for the Philippines; they are all wanted on the home side of the Pacific.

Mr. Perkins Makes Good

MR. GEORGE W. PERKINS has satisfied the supposed claims of the policy-holders of the New York Life Insurance Company by paying to the company \$54,919 16. This sum is made up of \$48,500 principal and \$5,519 16 interest. Mr. PERKINS paid the original sum at the request of the officers of the New York Life Insurance Company to the Republican campaign fund of 1904. Subsequently, according to agreement, the New York Life Insurance Company reimbursed Mr. PERKINS, so that the money was really taken from the funds belonging to the company's policy-holders. Mr. PERKINS was indicted, but the courts have held that in taking the money from the policy-holders the persons concerned, including, of course, the receivers, had not committed a crime according to the statutes of the State of New York. It seems to have been a close question, and even the favorable decision alluded to the taking of the money as immoral and its use for campaign purposes as "foreign to the chartered purposes of the corporation." Mr. PERKINS felt his position so keenly that he properly made restitution. If he should have done so, which cannot be successfully disputed, what ought his fellow officials and the recipients of the check to do? But that is a question that may be left to Mr. PERKINS'S associates and the Republican campaign committee.

Governor Hughes

Governor HUGHES is rapidly becoming a national figure because he is doing the executive work of the State for its benefit. He is doing the work in the presence of the people, and is actually showing them that he has excellent reasons for his conduct—not party reasons, but public reasons. He has taken his job not as a Republican job, but as a State job, and there have been very few Governors of New York like him; so few that it would be inconsiderate to undertake to mention them. In Mr. KELSOY'S case he forced, by an official examination, an officer who had asserted his own competency to prove himself incompetent. The people of the State thus learned that the Governor was right in demanding KELSOY'S resignation, and learned, too, that his intended removal was for the public good, and not part of a game of personal or party politics. It will be of great advantage to the State to feel that it has a Governor who is not a party leader or an intriguer for his own advancement, but who is devoted only to these public interests with which he is intrusted.

Name the Rascals

So many people who are, or have been, so placed as to have special opportunities to know whereof they speak, have said that the police of this city are, and have long been, protecting criminals for pay, that further neglect to furnish names and proof will look like a serious failure of good citizenship.

Mr. Murphy's Argument in Print

The very able and exhaustive argument of Mr. EDWIN GARDNER MURPHY, of Alabama, against Federal intervention in the child-labor question, and especially against the plan advocated by Senator BRANNON in the last Congress, was published in full in the New York Evening Post of March 9. Mr. MURPHY was one of the first organizers of the fight against child labor, and he knows his subject thoroughly. He is the best-qualified person we know of to set forth the reasons why the protection of children is a matter best left to the charge of the States.

Baseless Charges by Mr. John Burroughs

A letter printed on another page has to do with certain drastic criticisms made by Mr. JOHN BURROUGHS in a published article on two "nature-pieces" recently published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Mr. BURROUGHS charged that the facts recorded in these pieces were not observed but imagined; that the pieces were "fake natural history," and that the writer of them had imposed both upon HARPER'S MAGAZINE and upon the general public. We believe our correspondent has made it sufficiently clear that not one of these injurious charges has any basis outside of Mr. BURROUGHS'S imagination.

Japan's Credit

It may be that London's reception of Japan's recent attempt to borrow \$115,000,000 suggests why the Japanese representatives at Portsmouth should have been eager to make peace with Russia. London declared that it did not fancy the securities which Japan offered, and the Morning Post predicted that "Japan will have a very heavy task in establishing its finances on a sound basis."

Mr. Olney Sustained

Recently, HAYASHI, Japan's Foreign Minister, in a reply to an interpellation, showed that he agrees with Mr. OLNEY'S interpretation of the treaty of 1894. In speaking of the second article of the treaty he declared that it was inserted in order to secure ratification by the United States Senate. It was this article which Mr. OLNEY said did not grant the right of Japanese children to admission to the schools, but left the whole question to the States or to the nation.

Bad Days in Wall Street

The first nine days in March were painful days in Wall Street. Stocks went down, and then went lower, to be still further depressed the next day. It made the people who had to sell them feel bad. But on other people it had no perceptibly depressing effect, but rather the contrary. The natural man is not depressed at seeing his fellows lose money in stocks. He rather likes it. What makes him feel bad is to see them win, and not without some reason, because poverty and riches are relative, and the more superfluous riches one's acquaintances and neighbors and fellow beings acquire, the less comfortable it is to lack a corresponding superfluity. So times of great rises in Wall Street in which some people get rich make for uneasiness in the minds of the rest of the people, and times of falling stocks and bear markets make for resignation and contentment in those who have taken no chances. Indeed there is no better preparation for general retrenchment and the philosophical endurance of restricted means than the knowledge that folks who had money to lose have lost some of it. It is the being poor and continuing poor while other folks are getting suddenly rich that tries philosophy and makes folks restless and jealous.

The Last of Dowse

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWSE is no more; Mrs. DOWSE is infirm, and seems to hold her sceptre in a very shaky hand and rule by proxies who control her. But DOWSE'S cult and works survive him, and it cannot be doubted that Christian Science will survive Mrs. DOWSE, with modifications in some particulars, but without any vital disturbance. DOWSE'S extraordinary rise and long-maintained ascendancy over his thousands of followers is a remarkable illustration of the human propensity to follow a leader. DOWSE had in him a great deal of leadership. He was shrewd, practical in details, building over with simplicity and energy, and had doubtless the great advantage of believing himself in the delusions which he preached. He dealt with two subjects, cure and religion, which are both of surpassing interest to the human mind, and both of which are bounded by a borderland in which faith and credulity dispute for dominion. It is not easy even for instructed minds to know where true religion ends and false teaching begins, or to know precisely the point where medical knowledge stops and empiricism finds its opportunity. DOWSE worked in the borderland between things ascertained and things imagined or hoped for, and found there very substantial returns for his curious labors. Such a career as his reminds us once more how large a proportion of mankind have rings ready fixed in their noses by which they can be led by whoever can see the rings and tie the proper strings to them.

The Prospect of Woman Suffrage in Great Britain

THE friends of woman suffrage on both sides of the Atlantic need not be discouraged by the unfavorable outcome of the debate on the subject in the House of Commons on March 8, owing to the Speaker's refusal to apply the clause, the DICKINSON bill, providing that women shall have the Parliamentary franchise on the same terms as if it were granted to men, did not come to a vote on the day allotted to it, and was thus practically killed for the present session. It will come up again a year hence, however, and is then almost certain to be passed by the present House of Commons. Meanwhile it is worth while to dispel some misconceptions concerning the scope of the present bill, and to note the singular weakness of the arguments with which it was opposed.

In order to appreciate just what the DICKINSON bill, if it becomes a law, will do for women, we should bear in mind that manhood suffrage does not exist in England, and that the exercise of the Parliamentary franchise depends on the possession of certain qualifications which the majority of married women, and also of unmarried women dwelling under their parents' roof, do not have. A married woman possessing property of her own, and self-supporting widows or spinsters, separately domiciled, would be enfranchised, but they would constitute only a minority of the women over twenty-one years of age. What women really want in England is what they enjoy in four of the United States, namely, adult suffrage, that knows no distinction of sex. A member of Parliament who earnestly advocated the bill on March 8 admitted that it would not enfranchise more than a million and a quarter of women, but of these, eighty-two per cent, he said, would be of the working class. Its limited scope is, of course, no argument against the bill, but, on the contrary, an argument for it, considered on a stepping-stone to something better. It should, by the way, be kept in view that in the United Kingdom women already possess the municipal suffrage in the sense that their sex does not debar them from voting at elections of county and borough councils, provided they have the other qualifications. They took no active part in the recent County Council election for the British metropolis, and are credited with contributing to the defeat of the Progressives, which, perhaps, accounts for the fact that most of the speakers who opposed the DICKINSON bill on March 8 were Liberals. It is obvious that Great Britain, having heretofore conceded to women the right to vote for all public officers except members of Parliament, cannot logically stop at that point. That the United Kingdom has already done more for women than any other nation in the world is shown when we recall the fact that only in Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho, and Utah do they possess suffrage on equal terms with men at all elections. In nineteen States, including Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, and Illinois, women possess school suffrage, and in Kansas, municipal suffrage as well. Two States, Montana and Iowa, permit women to vote upon the issuance of municipal bonds; Louisiana gives all women who are taxpayers the suffrage upon all questions submitted to taxpayers; and New York has a law providing that a woman possessing the qualifications to vote for village or for town officers, except the qualification of sex, and who is the owner of property in the village assessed upon the last preceding assessment roll, is entitled to vote upon a proposal to raise money by tax or assessments. In about half of our States, however, women do not possess even partial suffrage. In Australia and New Zealand, on the other hand, and also in the Isle of Man, women have full suffrage, and in Cape Colony, Canada, and parts of Indiana they are, on various conditions, allowed to vote for municipal or school officers.

It is amusing to note how during the debate in the House of Commons the long-expected arguments against woman suffrage revisited the glimpses of the moon. Thus one Liberal member opposed the enfranchisement of women because of their physical inferiority. They could not fight, he said; were not fitted to be soldiers. Well, the same thing may be said of those men who have passed beyond the limit of military age, and yet those are the very men who in ancient and modern times have been deemed "best for counsel." Another liberal member stated the opinion alleged to have been wide-spread among Orientals, that the British are a mighty race with a disposition toward lunacy. He asked whether the House were prepared to confirm that opinion by passing the DICKINSON bill. We wonder whether this member realized that, by implication, he was accusing such British colonies as Australia and New Zealand of a tendency to lunacy because they have adopted woman suffrage. Still another Liberal member made a more serious plea against the bill, declaring that there was no public demand for it, and that, in fact, no good young women were known to be opposed to it. On March 8, indeed, a petition against the bill, signed by 21,000 women, was presented. Mr. JOHN F. REMOND, the leader of the Irish Nationalists, retorted that "you can always get people to hug their clains." Touching this point, upon which the opponents of woman suffrage are always disposed to dwell, JOHN NICHOLAS MUIR may be said to have spoken the final word many years ago. He rounded us

that the concessions of the privileged to the unprivileged are as seldom brought about by any other motive than the power of the unprivileged to extort them, that any arguments against the political prerogatives of the masculine sex are likely to be little attended to by the generality as long as they are able to say to themselves that women, as a sex, do not complain of them. Exactly the same thing may be said of the women in the harem of an Oriental—they do not complain of not being allowed the freedom of European women. A like phenomenon is observed in all other cases of servitude, at least in the beginning of the emancipatory movement. In Russia the serfs did not at first complain of the power of their lords, but only of their tyranny. In England the Commons began by claiming a few municipal privileges; they next asked an exemption for themselves from being taxed without their consent; but they would not at that time have thought it a great presumption to claim any share in the King's sovereign authority. If the slaves of the United States could have been polled on the question in the spring of 1860, it is probable that a large majority of these would have voted to remain in servitude, under the masters whom they knew. The case of women is now the only case in which to rebel against established rules is still looked upon by many of their own sex with the same eyes as was formerly a subject's claim to the right of rebelling against his king. Then, again, a woman who joins any movement which her husband disapproves, makes herself a martyr without any assurance of being able to be an apostle, for in one way or another the husband can generally manage to put a stop to her apostleship. Women, in fine, are expected to devote themselves as a sex to the emancipation of women until men in considerable number are prepared to join with them in the undertaking.

In the present House of Commons not only a considerable number, but an actual majority, are believed to favor woman suffrage. It is certain that the leaders of the four political parties in this body are enlisted on behalf of the movement. The Prime Minister, Sir H. J. CAMPBELL-BANMANN, advocated the DICKINSON bill, and, although Mr. J. A. BALFOUR, the head of the Unionist Opposition, did not speak on March 8, he had previously expressed sympathy for the same cause. We have seen where the Nationalist chief, Mr. JOHN E. REMOND, stood, and we may add that Mr. KENNEDY, the leader of the Laborites, introduced a measure similar to the DICKINSON bill last year. It would be strange if the avowed enemies of these four men should not avail soon or late to sway the decision of the House of Commons.

But, it may be asked, admitting that woman suffrage may be ultimately sanctioned by the Commons, will it not encounter inevitable resistance from the Lords? This question is answered by most persons in the affirmative, but there are two reasons why the Upper House might now acquiesce in the proposal. No doubt the Lords would oppose adult suffrage that recognized an distinction of sex, just as they have set their faces like flint against manhood suffrage. The DICKINSON bill, however, as we have pointed out, enfranchises only a fraction of the women over twenty-one years old, and experience has shown in the case of the London County Council election, that this restriction is more apt to be for Moderate or Fabianist candidates than for their Progressive or Liberal competitors. We do not mean, of course, to say that Moderates and Fabianists are absolutely equitable terms, but in practice they are acceptably so. There is another ground on which the Lords might accept the DICKINSON bill. If that measure became a law and thus made a great addition to the electorate, precedent would compel the Liberal government to appeal both to the constituencies, which, in view of the reaction against it attended in recent municipal elections and by-elections, is the very last thing it desires to do.

The Jamestown Exposition

EXPOSITIONS, like mill-stones, mark the world's progress, each showing the distance, not from the starting-point, but from the most recent predecessor. The Jamestown Exposition is, however, unique in that it has a double function—to show the progress from absolutely savage beginnings of one of the greatest nations on earth, and as a minor function to show what progress has been made since the expositions in St. Louis and Chicago.

We are to celebrate the founding of the first English-speaking settlement in this country. The exposition is held in sight of the place where, in May, 1607, three small bark-like anchored just off the peninsula which jutted into the James River thirty miles from its mouth. Besides the crews of the vessels there were a hundred and five Englishmen, all on adventure and possession bent. There then lay a vast virgin forest where are now trening cities, towns, farm lands, as high and as complete a civilization as there is on the globe of the globe.

Founded as this civilization is, upon two great wars, the war for national independence and the war for national principles, it is entirely natural that there should be as a side issue a display of the world's navies and armaments. If we are among the

foremost nations in moral progress and social ameliorations, this has not been accomplished without being prepared with proper means of defence. "The full military powers of our country," Admiral HAMBROTON says, "will not be displayed, but the national guard of the several States and the army and navy will be modestly represented, and the officers and men will be there in a spirit of friendliness to all our visitors from foreign lands. It is understood that upon the opening of the exposition by the President of the United States and upon the arrival of any military representatives or naval vessels of friendly nations, there will be present such of our national military and naval forces as may be assembled without detriment to the public service in the course of their regular employments. The ceremonies will be on the exposition grounds, and they will be chiefly of a civil character. The scene will be splendid in its civil nature, and it is intended that the battalions or companies of the army, navy, and national guards shall fill their proper place in an imposing event commemorative of the history of the nation. Subsequently there will remain at the exposition a detachment of each arm of the military service and a division of naval vessels for the purpose of exhibiting to the citizens of the United States."

The exposition is to be opened on the 26th of April by the President of the United States. The site upon which it takes place contains four hundred acres of land, enclosing a forty-acre water-lake and one hundred and sixty square miles of water surface of Hampton Roads. The grounds are enclosed by a pine and wire fence heavily overgrown with locust-wood, crimson maple, rose and trumpet-tree. The buildings are pure Colonial in style, forming a great pale red and white city, shaded by great live-oaks, magnolias, and other native trees. There are groves of fruit trees, fragrant bay-hedges, and innumerable beds of flowers and decorative plants. The greatest credit is due to the skill with which the landscape gardener has handled the wealth of native flowers and plants.

The most interesting exhibits will be the historic exhibit, including very full and detailed social-economy and educational exhibits.

Naturally and logically education and social economy are housed in spacious buildings to the left and the right of the Auditorium which marks the physical centre of the exposition plan.

At the Lige Exposition, in 1903, the United States exhibit in social economy ranked third, Belgium coming first and France second. In this important branch St. Louis not only did not emulate and rival former exhibits, but even failed to hold its own. So far the Lige Exposition has made the best showing, but it is to be hoped that the Jamestown Exposition may surpass any that have yet been.

If the period since the last great world's fair in the United States has been notable for commercial and industrial combinations and the huge organizations and activities resulting, if we have been shocked by distressing evidence of commercialism and greed invading every department of life, we have at the same time been cheered by seeing, on all sides, the greatest civic interest displayed. The patriot, the altruist, the philanthropist, are joining forces to uphold the weak against the oppressor. Never before have there been so many such effective organizations for the betterment of those who have not yet reached the plane where they can help themselves.

And the exhibit of these organizations is to be a very full and complete one. The civic, the improved tenement house, the juvenile courts, safety devices, the bureau of labor, the hygiene and Jewish charity exhibits have all been granted ample space. The life-saving-devices exhibit is an especially important and valuable one.

That there is to be any especial stress laid upon the naval program and the war exhibit seems a rather anomalous anti-social move. So long as men read history, politics, or literature, the knowledge of warfare will be spread, and that we should see the navies of the world riding at peace together in this beautiful harbor will be anything but a brutalizing or unworthy spectacle.

Personal and Pertinent

GROVER CLEVELAND tribute his friends to make public demonstration on his seventieth birthday, which came on March 18, so they contented themselves by pouring upon him a heavy shower of letters of congratulation. JOSEPH CHAPIN had done his part at the Service memorial meeting when he introduced Mr. CLEVELAND as the "first citizen of the nation."

The papers say that MARSHALL FIELD's two little preposterously rich grandsons have been entered by their mother at the school at Rugby, England. It is a good school; as good, possibly, for those boys, as any in America. Some very respectable, and even useful, Americans have been educated at English public schools. We believe the Lieutenant Governor of New York had that experience, though an English public school training does not neces-

sarily lead to the particular line of usefulness that Mr. CHAMBER affects.

HENRY VAN DYKE's resignation from Princeton suggests something about professors. In Oxford and Cambridge not much teaching is required of professors. These have grown famous, or at least notorious, in their several subjects, and it is expected as then, after their serious and hard experiences as tutors and lecturers, that they shall especially add to the glory and distinction of their universities by writing books and by otherwise illuminating the intellectual world. When Mr. VAN DYKE went to Princeton he had become enough for his literary work, and it is with that work that he is especially concerned. But has he sufficient leisure now? The new system established by WOODROW WILSON keeps the professors, as well as the young preceptors, on tap pretty nearly all the time. It is a great promoter of education, but how has Mr. VAN DYKE found it for professors who have in them large capacity for work that will cheer, amuse, entertain, and help the world? He liked the preceptorial system a year ago, and used to tell his friends how much he enjoyed sitting by his study fire with a group of students and talking with them about literature. But has he found the consumption of time caused by an increase in the number of his groups too exacting for a man who wants to write, and who ought to write? His experiences would be of use and they ought to be narrated.

A statement has been made by a Mr. BERNALL, one of the Congressmen from Iowa, that Mr. ROOSEVELT is the "one really great man who was actually born in the great city of New York." That may be; and it is to be regretted that this Mr. BERNALL did not proceed, and further illustrate his knowledge of the "great city" by showing that even THOMAS ROOSEVELT did not get the good that is in him from his birthplace, but that he was raised and toughened on Long Island, educated in Massachusetts, and farther raised and toughened in the far West. It is to be regretted that the foreigners who were born in other States, and who have moved here to a cave heaped full of riches, that have grown great in the city, and Mr. BERNALL may safely deny as to name these, for we are not prone to invite his swift denial. MARY BOOTH, who used to be editor of HARPER'S BAZAR, and who wrote an accurate history of the city of New York as far as it had gone, used to say that no one was ever born in New York. Once, at one of her Saturday evenings in Madison Square, there was present a man who had been born in New York, and who, in his young manhood, had won an enviable reputation as a writer of editorials and news articles for a country weekly in the northern peninsula of Michigan. He had returned to take the place that he felt was yawning for him in New York journalism; but an Ohioan, named RICH, was editor, and the New-Yorker was obliged to carry back his soul and pen to Michigan. On this Saturday night he was congratulated by Miss BOOTH, NICHOLAS SMITH, OLIVER JOHNSON, STEADMAN, STODARD, HAWELLA, and other allies, on being the New-Yorker who had won the highest literary distinction, and, farther, on having escaped as young. It is to be noted that the way you look at a town lies in your frame of mind.

Mr. LITTAUER, of New York—"up State"—retires from public life. He has been a Congressman a good while and has lived a wholesome enough life in Washington. He had some difficulty with the War Department and an investigating committee, and with some of his constituents, about gloves and guantlets, which he was charged with selling to the government contrary to law, which denies to Congressmen the privilege of selling goods or services to the United States. However much or little may have been the merit of the accusation, Mr. LITTAUER has apparently lived it down and passed by it, and his pleasing reticence has maintained itself in influential places. Once Mr. ROOSEVELT announced in a public speech that Mr. LITTAUER was the politician upon whose judgment he most depended and whose advice he most sought. The President has broadened his scope, widened his horizon, and met other men since then, but the public does not know that he has lost faith in LITTAUER. LITTAUER is a persistent as well as an agreeable man, and often his views have coincided with Mr. ROOSEVELT'S. In Philadelphia, in 1900, Mr. LITTAUER was one of the foremost supporters of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S desire not to be nominated for Vice-President in order that he might continue to be Governor of New York. This sympathy led him into an error of judgment which was painful to cooler observers. When, one evening, Mr. ROOSEVELT preferred Senator PLATT from presenting his name as the candidate, or successor, offered by New York and rejoined with joy in the privacy of his apartment, Mr. LITTAUER rejoined with him. When Mr. ROOSEVELT announced that he had driven PLATT to take TIM WOODWORTH, LITTAUER smiled with him, for he thought that ROOSEVELT had won. But the late Mr. HOLLS—"Old Holls," as he has been called by some—knows better, for he judged more wisely. "Well, Governor," he said, "if New York has decided to name TIM WOODWORTH, that nominates you, for the convention will know that New York is not serious in making such a ridiculous suggestion. It is the same as saying that they want you or nobody." And then HOLLS'S judgment seemed bigger than LITTAUER'S.

Correspondence

MR. JOHN BURROUGHS AND FAKE NATURAL HISTORY

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Stu.—In the February *Outing*, Mr. John Huthrough, under the title "Fake Natural History," has an article three-fourths of which is devoted to comments upon his version of the contents of two "Hibernian Sketches" which appeared in HARRIS'S MAGAZINE for October, 1865, and May, 1866. After characterizing them as "a tissue of lies," "a tissue of imposture," "entirely false as 'natural history,'" and "blundering caricatures of the wild life they assume to describe," he says: "In fact, I have never seen so much fake natural history crowded into two magazine articles as these thirteen pages show. . . . I have never before in my life glimpsed upon so much fantastic natural history in so brief a space." The article is signed "J. H." and is a very good illustration of the following up of "clips and hints, and skilful suppression of the spirit of the real matter student."

St. Augustine's sweeping and unrestrained denunciation of moral iniquity requires a helpful justification that the presumed good intentions of the person making the accusation. If a naturalist reading one of Mr. Burroughs's dogmatic statements as to what certain animals never do should fly into print with the assertion that Mr. Burroughs had "invented" his facts and, to use his own expression, was carrying "gold bricks to editors," it is probable that Mr. Burroughs would feel righteous indignation that his honesty was impugned. Courtesy and fair dealing are not necessarily inconsistent with objectivity, as a naturalist.

Every chipmunk family is a family of nuts in underground burrows, but every now and then one can find their storehouses in pecks, or in hollows some little distance up a tree, and very often in fallen trees and stumps with underground communications. Every now and then, as a chipmunk may be seen running from some hole in the ground, or from a tree trunk, or from a stump, these simple, intelligent creatures are referred to by the Shroveton writer in these words: "A family of chipmunks were more friendly. They hunked in a cavity in the cedar wall [the sole specimen of what was a claret-barked tree] and a few minutes later they were out, and the biggest maple near by." In another place he says, "A chipmunk was peeping from his knothole in a maple trunk near the woodpecker. Mr. Thurnage says, contemptuously, 'He makes his chipmunks store their nuts in hollow trees, and live in hollow trees.' I don't know whether he is right or not, but I don't like the kind, the dogmatic generalization that all chipmunks do this, and then with a fine display of dogmatism but very fallible conscience on his own part, adds, 'This ground-squirrel is a ground-dweller, and a ground-dweller lives in the ground.' The chipmunk is not an earthworm, Mr. Thurnage."

Again, in the marshes along the shore, home the red-shouldered blackbirds, called locally cowbirds, make their nests by hundreds and hundreds. You can readily find numbers of these nests so near together in the close-growing bushes that they seem almost in the same bush. Yet Mr. Burroughs denies this commonness of facts without the slightest hesitation, and, in the interest of "truth," as opposed to "falsely" natural history, says, emphatically: "He [the Brantown writer] should be told that red-shouldered blackbirds do not nest in the marshes, but make their nests in one locality." Such unwarranted dogmatism could seem impossible if one did not read it here in cold print.

The Brierton crowd tells us that "Cruse"—or so he was observing—had a rugged spot in the primaries of his right wing. Surely it was no surprising matter for one who had a pair of keen eyes and was used to watching and identifying birds to recognize a crow when it came strutting eye-to-eye with him. Furthermore, how can a witness observe for an hour with Mr. Cruse, and then free air of heaven and know that he has always got the same crow? . . . Every crow looks like every other crow, and even if one had a bell upon some particular individual or some conspicuous mark, how could he follow him and learn his secret and then tell it to the crowd? . . . The only way to tell the truth is to say that Cruse had any distinguishing or identifying mark.

The reader will search the *Hibernian Sketches* in vain to discover where "Brierton" is situated. I have suspected that it was in New England. Mr. Burroughs, in his comments upon these sketches, does not scruple to invent a location. He begins his comments by saying that "the editor of *Harper's* has been recently fooled by two sham 'nature sketches' from Brierton, New Jersey." And later he speaks of the flora of *New Jersey* as if it were Brierton. It is a fact that I have been in *New Jersey* that a contributor to *Birds and Flowers* found hummers building a nest in *late July*. In unparadoxical ignorance of one of Mr. Burroughs's laws of nature.

Words so full Mr. Harringtons to express his contempt of the shocking ignorance that can speak of the wild grape as blossoming when wood-lilies and meadow-lilies are in bloom that he has recourse to exclamation points. Yet in the region with which I am familiar it is a matter of common observation that the blooming seasons of the lily and the grape overlap.

One of the things that interests Mr. Hetherington is what the British writer says of king birds. King birds are very numerous in the United States, especially in the South. They sing at all hours of every day, full of the spirit of mischief and, in his observation are ready for a fight whether near or far from their nest. After their nesting season, the American writer says, "the king bird is like a king." The British writer remarks about the report, "as a matter of fact, the kingbird only attacks its enemies when they appear in the vicinity of its nest."

But what interested me in Mr. Hetherington's comment was his assertion that the American writer made a pair of kingbirds "attracted to each other by mutual dislike," while the British writer said: "The aggressive lawgiver who merely, without provocation, attacked."

blue heron chose to shift his hunting-grounds and capture a few frogs in the neighborhood of their nest." Even with Mr. Burroughs's sanction the king-birds under those circumstances might have "attacked" the heron without doing violence to their bird nature, and perhaps they did, but the *Illustrated* writer does not report any attack, and yet Mr. Burroughs says that he does so report.

Since Mr. Huxslo's savage attack upon the "Brierton Sketches" I have read them with care, and I find in them no dramatic generalizations on the habits of birds or beasts, no posing as a "scientific naturalist," no arrogant assumption of superior knowledge, much less any assumption of all knowledge. They read as the reports of actual observations. The writer may have misobserved, but so may Mr. Huxslo, so we have seen.

There is not an observation reported in the "Hicktown Sketches" that any intelligent person might not have made if equipped with a pair of keen, well-trained eyes, and willing patiently to watch.

When, for example, he says he saw a crow perched on the head of a shrike, he holds a bright piece of tin and flits off with it, and he saw the crow drop the tin, then search for it again, find it and fly off with it again, these statements, if he is a man of good character, necessarily outweigh all the clamorous shrieking of a chorus of bird experts that he didn't see what he says he saw. So, if he saw humming-birds do something, and reports what he saw, the fact that a bird expert finds it different from anything he ever saw may make what he saw more likely to be true than his own bird expert's report, and certainly does not prove him an intentional falsifier.

Out of the myriad of bird nests, the Brierton server inspected upon, he saw one so placed as not to drain as freely as it should. This is a most unusual occurrence. He reported it, it was, through a vast. The finding is important, for it may be that, possibly, some common, or irrelevant, platitudes as to the well-firming character of bird nests, and says, "Not from the mud-lined nest of the robin" will hold water. But it will, if not placed so as to drain properly, and the bird will not be able to do so. The bird, in fact, the nest is found. It was just because this summer's nest was so placed that it did not drain as it should, and in consequence the eggs in it were chilled and lifeless, that the phenomenon was worth

The Hometown writer saw a pair of humming-birds build a nest in late June and early July. He was not writing a treatise on natural history or making sweeping generalizations. It interested him to find a pair of hummers nesting at this season. He reports the fact. Says Burroughs, "No humming-bird builds a nest later than early in June." And so on interminably.

The Heferton writer observed a male hamster help his mate build a nest, and later actually sitting upon the nest. He reports the facts. He doesn't say that all male hamsters do these things, but that he saw this male hamster do them. He doesn't generalize at all or degenerate. He only reports what he saw. Mr. Heferton's observations are not at all different from all the other observations of male hamsters displaying at the nesting season; therefore the Heferton observer never saw this male hamster in the neighborhood of the nest, much less assisting his mate, and his alleged observations are pure inventions. True who, after reading Mr. Heferton's savage attack, turns to the Heferton sketches themselves and finds that they are not at all different from the observations of Mr. Heferton's own perversion of the Heferton writer's statements and the wonderful laws of nature which Mr. Heferton promulgates. The more one studies this Heferton article, the more one is amazed alike at its infernal tone, its unwarmed expressions of another writer's good faith, and its reckless display of the grossest and most unbecoming and of transient temper, which is not only bad style, it is absolutely repulsive.

¹⁰⁰ *CONSTRUCTIVE*.¹⁰⁰

CURRENT NEEDS AT TUSKEGEE

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

[illegible]

Our needs are in two directions: first, fifty dollar scholarships with which to pay the tuition of students through school; and, second, money with which to increase our endowment fund so it will not be necessary to spend so much of my time away from the school collecting money for its current expenses.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON,
Principal

OUR REAL WAR WITH JAPAN

THE IMPENDING STRUGGLE FOR COMMERCIAL DOMINANCE IN THE ORIENT WHICH WILL TEST TO THE UTMOST OUR RESOURCES AND OUR INGENUITY

By WILLIAM INGLIS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

YOKOHAMA, February 9, 1907.

THERE is a form of conflict in which the United States must forthwith meet Japan—the warfare of commerce. Although there are many elements in which each nation is helping, and must continue to help, the other, there is no doubt that these two must contend for the carrying trade of the Pacific, and ultimately for the business of supplying food, petroleum, and other staples to the vast population of China and other Far-Eastern countries.

The struggle for commercial supremacy will be exceedingly interesting to political economists as well as to the parties engaged, for the government of Japan, by taking over an active partnership in the chief manufacturing and trading companies, is virtually incorporating itself into the greatest trust in the world. The wise politicians who have been active in this policy are clearly how much every nation in the world is gaining or losing in the struggle for life, probably will furnish most entertaining reports of the coming conflict between the trust nation and the trust-worshipping nation.

The war itself has long been imminent in the eyes of men familiar with conditions in this part of the world; but, curiously enough, a formal declaration of it was made only a few days ago, by Viscount Hayashi, Minister for Foreign Affairs, in reply to interpretations in the Diet. After declaring that the Japanese government relies entirely upon the assistance of the American government as to the San Francisco sugar affair, and reiterating that Japan is not increasing her armament with a view to fighting Russia or seeking more territory, Viscount Hayashi boldly proclaimed Japan's intention to wage another kind of war.

"In matters of navigation, commerce, and trade," he declared, "we are bound to expand ourselves in foreign countries, and will take necessary measures in the encouragement of the same. This strife is that of peace and virtue. No nation or people is without this heavenly endowed right."

So far as the navigation of the Pacific is concerned, the Japanese have already made great advance. Aided by subsidies and other government favors, the Japanese steamship companies have taken and are taking much of the Pacific carrying trade away from American ships. Unless the Japanese extend their business in navigation, declare that unless American lines are aided by subsidies they must go to the wall, an American who is not interested in any shipping line, but who has had for years vast experience in the Pacific trade, told me yesterday that the case is nearly hopeless.

"I don't see how we can take control of the carrying trade of the Pacific," he said. "The Japanese are crowding us out. They can build and equip ships more cheaply than we can, and their cost of maintenance is much lower than ours—to say nothing of the direct help given by the government. Unless Congress shall grant generous subsidies our days on the Pacific are numbered. And if Japan should go to war at any time, and draw off her ships in the Pacific trade for use as transports, etc., our Far-Eastern commerce would be badly crippled."

This American took a most cheerful view of our trade prospects in Manchuria and Korea.

"Japan will be our good customer rather than a competitor," he said. "In the first place, it is settled that Japan is not going to try for exclusive trade rights in Manchuria or Korea. She cannot, dare not, violate her treaty obligations to maintain the open door in those countries. It is true, however, that the method of distribution of American-made goods is going to be changed. There are already many thousands of Japanese shops and stores in Manchuria and Korea. The Japanese evidently became familiar with the language and business customs, and so in the actual distribution of goods they have a big advantage. But they will buy more from us than from any one else, because we can deliver to them machinery, flour, cotton, etc., cheaper and better than any one else."

"The only difference will be that heretofore the American middleman is eliminated. His place will be taken by the Japanese. Nevertheless, I know that if American firms, desirous of selling goods in the newly opened country, should send responsible men to New-Chang and Chongking they will find a big demand for their stuff. But it will be useless to send ordinary commercial travelers—mere drummers. The natives look down on them and won't do business with them. They want to deal with members of firms, with the big men. And, of course, it would be useless for us to see they must do business in our way. They are bound to have their own way, and if we want to sell goods to them we must humor them."

So the open door in the East is a real, strong enough open door, and the outlook for American producers is most excellent—at least until such time as it is settled whether or not Japan is to become a great manufacturing country.

And the working out of that problem will afford for the next ten years one of the most fascinating studies in the world. In-

deed, it is not beyond possibility that if the Japanese paternalistic trust system of carrying on manufacture and commerce is a success, then all other governments must change their methods and take an active part in trade, under penalty of dire distress if they should fail to do so.

It is hard for the foreign visitor to grasp the idea that Japan is not a mere nation—it is one family of fifty million souls. That fact has to be reckoned with in every valuation as to this people's future. The organization is really very simple. The Mikado is the direct descendant in unbroken line from Minno Terao, the Son of Heaven; also, he is the Father of his Country. From every human being in the empire he expects—and receives—implicit obedience and affectionate trust. To each individual and the people at large the Mikado owes protection and anxious care. Their Emperor is their father, and they are his children. They are, therefore, criticizing error, praising worthy deeds. How beautifully this system of organization works in time of war was illustrated by the Japanese in the late conflicts with China and Russia. The army and navy were marvelously efficient, full of such burning enthusiasm for the Emperor that men counted it a pleasure to lay down their lives for him (spirits of ancestors hovering, meanwhile, over battles and smiling approval); and, most remarkable of all, the army and navy were absolutely free from any taint of graft. The Spirit of Japan, the Bushido, or chivalrous devotion of sovereignty to people and of people to sovereignty, secured an unquestionable success in war. Can it be adapted to the needs of the nation in time of peace, in the struggle for commercial supremacy in which all the nations of the earth are engaged?

For many countries the Japanese have been profitably engaged in fighting, fishing, and agriculture. Can they safely change themselves into a manufacturing and trading nation? Will Bushido endure? Will competition with Caucasian peoples, and their methods of high finance and the many intricate meanings of "business as business," including the Japanese people with the world-wide money-hunger and money worship? Thus far the graffer has not become indigenous to Japanese soil. There is no reference in these lines to the many allegations of too great shrewdness and overreaching which have been made against Japanese financiers. The question of the Japanese people with the world-wide money-hunger and money worship? Thus far the graffer has not become indigenous to Japanese soil. There is no reference in these lines to the many allegations of too great shrewdness and overreaching which have been made against Japanese financiers. The question of the Japanese people with the world-wide money-hunger and money worship? Thus far the graffer has not become indigenous to Japanese soil. There is no reference in these lines to the many allegations of too great shrewdness and overreaching which have been made against Japanese financiers. The question of the Japanese people with the world-wide money-hunger and money worship? Thus far the graffer has not become indigenous to Japanese soil.

Thus far Bushido has endured the contact with the West. The great American Togo receives hardly as much salary as a New York captain of police, and lives in a style of far less luxury. Zeal for the welfare of the country and a contempt for wealth are taught in the schools from the highest to the lowest. Here, for example, is an announcement in one of this morning's newspapers:

"General Baron Nogi has been made President of the Nobles School. This appointment is much welcomed by the Tokio press. General Nogi was last year appointed by the Emperor to be an official of the school, and it came to be known that he would resign his military duties on account of age, his purpose being to live with the students and set them an example of frugality and diligence. The Emperor has now decided that, while carrying out that purpose, he shall retain his military position."

As for the activities of the Japanese government in business, they are so vast and so varied that one hardly knows where to begin to enumerate them. The government ownership of railway, telegraph, and telephone lines and the salt and tobacco monopolies is already well known. Most of us, however, do not know that the Japanese government is an active partner in the business of manufacturing and exporting iron, beer, sugar, and cotton goods, and is presently going to take part in the refining of oil and other industries.

The great Mitsui company, the richest in Japan, made up of gentlemen who serve the Emperor by earning profits as zealously as their ancestors supported his ancestors with their swords, has been by imperial decree appointed as the selling agency for Japanese manufactures. The government has ordered its banking-house, the Yokohama Specie Bank, to advance, at 4½ per cent, interest, the money required by manufacturers and exporters of cotton yarn, cotton goods, etc., to the extent of 6,000,000 yen, equal to \$1,000,000 in American gold. When the value of exports rises above a certain amount the rate of interest is reduced to 4 per cent. In the same way many millions of dollars have been lent by the government to companies which loan beer and other goods for export. The government is a silent, but none the less active, partner.

American firms have been busy for months installing flour-mills in this country. The government fosters the milling industry in this way: the import tariff on wheat is 25½ cents gold per measure of 135 pounds, while the tariff on flour is 7½ cents for the same amount. With a difference of 44 cents tariff per 135

pounds in his favor, the Japanese miller will be able to make many mistakes and still earn a profit while learning the art of flour-making.

The import tariff on kerosene oil is about half a cent, gold, per gallon, while crude petroleum is admitted free. A Japanese company is being formed to obtain crude petroleum from the independent California fields. Whether or not the Japanese can master the art of oil-refining remains to be seen.

Should the flour-milling and oil-refining industries prove a success, the Japanese people will gain the further profit of importing the raw material and exporting the manufactured product in their own ships. And in every step of the journey, from wheat or oil field to consumer, the government is working with the miller and the merchant.

No matter how able they may become as manufacturers, of course, the Japanese will still need our raw cotton, wheat, and oil, for their country produces none.

It is by no means certain that all Japanese manufactures, even with government aid, are bound to be successful. The government iron foundry at Wakamatsu is running at a great loss. In the fiscal year 1906-7 the excess of outlay over income was \$1,531,000, gold. In the budget for 1907-8 it is estimated that the excess of outlay over income for this year will be \$2,103,000, gold. During the nine years in which the government has operated this foundry the total loss has been \$9,400,000, gold. The government is now seriously considering the question of turning over the foundry to a joint stock company, itself holding a majority of the stock in return for the \$10,000,000, gold, already paid out by the national treasury.

It is possible that even under this plan the foundry may still be a failure; but the Japanese are as hopeful as ever of making it a success. The South-Machurama Railway, for which, by the way, the rails, cars, and locomotives are bought in America, has been organized on this basis—the government owning the majority of the stock, and the people individually owning the rest.

Enough has been told here to indicate in how many industries the Japanese government is investing. If the present plan is followed out the Japanese government will soon be at the head of the richest, most powerful trust in the world—a trust based upon the labor and the soil of 50,000,000 frugal, industrious, temperate people. The government is conducting the greatest industrial experiment of the age. If successful it will inaugurate a new adjustment of the industries of mankind. If the Japanese trust proves profitable it will inevitably crush out all competing individuals or firms or corporations in every part of the world. The outlook, therefore, the most interesting speculation. Must our government ultimately become a great trust, too? For without

some such orderly union of our industrial forces how can we compete with the Japanese trust?

Political economists, of course, declare that the industrial scheme contemplated by Japan destroys the hope of individual profit, and therefore destroys the incentive to individual effort. Again we must remember the vital difference between this race and all other races. In this family of 50,000,000 members it is still accounted the greatest honor in the world to work with success for the common good. Take the policemen, for example, whom one finds so uniformly polite and efficient in every Japanese city, town, and village. These men are the very pick of the youth of the country—strong, alert, intelligent, active, industrious—yet they serve as policemen for much lower wages than they could earn in other callings, simply because the honor of working for the Emperor more than makes up for the smaller pay. At this juncture I can see the cynical smile of the American reader, who wonders what the graft is worth to the Japanese police.

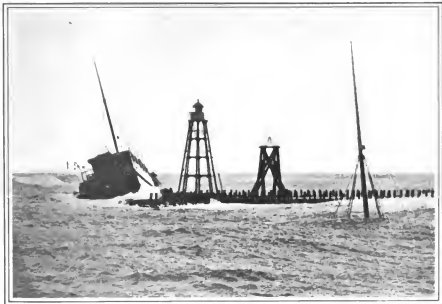
"I'd as soon think of holding an American resident responsible as a Japanese policeman," a veteran American resident remarked the other day.

And from the lowest to the highest the same spirit of devotion animates the Japanese officials. This statement is not intended as a platitude of praise, but as a mere clinical record of fact, just as one might assume that the Japanese have black hair; for they have defects as pronounced as their excellences. The effort here is to present to the American people some sort of idea of the industrial-commercial army with which we have to compete for daily bread.

Of course the great trust experiment is not going to be carried out without some severe bumps. The land of Japan is now in the throes of a fever of speculation which recalls the history of the South Sea Bubble. Trade on the stock exchanges is booming as never before. The Jap is as fond of gambling as an Apache chief or a Pittsburg street-king, and the present boom in industries seems to be helped along by the gambling spirit rather than a calm appreciation of values. In the last ten months Japanese industrial corporations have been organized to the extent of \$600,000,000, gold. Wise men say that a financial crash is bound to come within a year—some even say it will happen within four months. But even when the speculative conditions have been eliminated there will still remain the actual working structure of the industrial corporations.

It is certain that the Empire of Japan must make a success of its industries or collapse. The nation has proven its ability in the art of war, but as army or navy, however powerful, can make it great unless it rests upon a basis of financial prosperity. The Japanese have made success a habit. Are they going to teach us the right way to regulate the trusts?

THE TRAGIC LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "BERLIN" OFF THE HOOK OF HOLLAND



THE BRITISH STEAMSHIP "BERLIN" STRANDED ON THE NORTH PIER OF THE HOOK OF HOLLAND, ON FEBRUARY 21, IN A BADLY BLIZZARD. MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED OF HER PASSENGERS AND CREW WERE SWEEP OVERBOARD AND DROWNED.

WHAT TO DO IN AUTOMOBILE EMERGENCIES

By WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY

THE automobilist is born into trouble as the sparks fly backward. Yet that need not worry him if only he keeps his wits awake. No matter how thick and fast emergencies may flock around the car, a quick eye and a cool head will always carry him through.

All of which is very true, says some impatient amateur, but how am I to acquire the quick eye and the cool head? To a certain extent these come by nature, like Deberry's reading and writing; to a greater or less degree they exist in every man. And it is a most cheering fact that, no matter how meagre these gifts may be in the beginning, they can soon be greatly developed by sedulous practice. All that is needed at the beginning is the spirit of fair play and a medium of common sense. Practically all the automobile accidents we hear of and read about in the newspapers are due to carelessness resulting from overconfidence or to a selfish, selfish disregard of the rights of mankind. For every case of this sort there are thousands of instances of careful driving that one never hears about. And if some enemy of the most delightful sport of motoring should say that there are many men driving automobiles who are unfit to be trusted with the responsibility, one may reply yes, and there are thousands of rash, overbearing, reckless men driving horses and trolley-cars and sailing boats who are unfit for it at large in any sort of vehicle. Indeed, it is not impossible for a keen observer in Prospect Park to find certain reckless postures running great risks with high-speed baby-carriages. Yet there is no public clamor to abolish any of these forms of locomotion.

Not that the writer would be understood for one moment to defend or even excuse the foolish motorists who seek a cheap and nasty notoriety by driving madly through crowded streets, or along thoroughfares in which at any turn a collision may occur. It is a pleasure to know that the men who are guilty of this sort of conduct form a very small minority of the army of automobilists. And in view of the lives they take, the bones they break, and the other damage they do, by so saying of the odium they cast upon all the rest of us, it would not be amiss to consider them as the first great emergency before the automobile world today.

How to be rid of them? An excellent plan has been suggested—imposed for a certain number of days or weeks the motorist car that has been used for over-speeding. The selfish, reckless scoundrel always does his worst in his favorite—and therefore hated—car. Deprive him of his top tier for thirty or sixty days, and his vicious habit will break more effectively than by any fine, no matter how great.

It is hardly worth while to give advice about the minor accidents that bother beginners in motoring, the little rills within the lute that oftentimes make the sufferer mope. These difficulties, chiefly relating to falling back or ignition of the gasoline, are soon overcome by a few months' experience; besides, the liability to hazards of this sort has been almost done away with by improvements in construction. I shall assume, then, that the reader has begun by learning to manage a runabout or some other small car, and has gradually worked up to the point at which he can run a big touring-car with a reasonable amount of confidence.

What is the most valuable asset a motorist can have? Judgment of time and distance, I should say. To give an exact definition of this complex quality is rather difficult. His perception may help somewhat. Every champion swordsman or boxer, every champion at billiards, tennis, racquets or polo, is a keen judge of time and distance. He always knows exactly how fast he is moving, the precise point and moment of time at which he will strike the antagonist or avoid him.

So with the skilled motorist. His perception of the movement of his car and of everything that may possibly get in its way is as accurate as if his brain contained a chronometer of perfect balance, a range-finder of perfect certainty, and a quick-calculating apparatus that never fails. It is marvellous to note what great improvement every driver of a motorcar makes in these respects. And to watch a really expert performer threading his rapid way through a crowded thoroughfare is a great pleasure.

Herei Fournier, for example, will dash down the Champs Elysees at a rate of speed terrifying to a novice, yet with such exquisite judgment as to when to start ahead, just how many inches to turn to right or left, precisely which vehicle will have moved out of his way and what others will have failed to come near to him, that his performance seems like magic. Of course, he cultivated his judgment in the beginning by riding a motor-cycle, so that he not only knows time and distance to a nicety, but can whirl even a big car around as quickly as a bird turns in mid-air.

It was this remarkable quickness of thought and action that saved the lives of Fournier and his three companions in the accident near Mincio not long ago. They ran at a fair rate of speed up to a blind railroad-crossing of whose existence they knew nothing. As he neared the track Fournier saw a Long Island

locomotive charging swiftly down upon him less than ten rods away. His car speed was too great to permit the stoppage of the automobile this side of the railroad track, and still not fast enough to carry the auto across the track in time to avoid the locomotive.

Fournier saw these things in the twinkling of an eye. Remember, he was completely taken by surprise. Yet in one-tenth of a second he saw, planned, and acted. With a swift turn of the steering-wheel he spun his automobile around to the right, so that it ran almost parallel with the track. The locomotive barely hit one of the rear wheels and spilled Fournier and his party. They were pretty badly hurt, it is true; but if Fournier had not acted precisely as he did the machine would have been crushed at right angles by the locomotive, pushed along the track and ground under the train. That would have meant death, without doubt. The quick eye and cool head of Fournier saved them by the very narrowest margin.

Yet such extreme skill as this is dangerous unless the temptation to take chances is always curbed by unlimited common sense. Poor Tom Cooper, who was killed in Central Park a few weeks ago, was one of the most experienced and skilful drivers in America. A few days before his last ride he remarked to a friend: "You'll never catch me speeding on the road. On the track I'll go as fast as any one, but in a city I wouldn't think of it."

Nevertheless, after dining with some friends Cooper took them down the dark West Drive at high speed. Suddenly confronted by a carriage, he overrode to the right, only to discover that a dead car was lying directly in his way. He whirled his car to the left. The whole movement was as if the car were running around the curves of a letter S. It happened, inevitably, for the fore wheels were twisted under the chassis, and as the machine tumbled over and over, the steering wheel crashed to Cooper. If he had not been overconfident of his ability to spin his car out of any possible difficulty the accident could not have happened.

It is a curious psychological fact that in the mind of any man we shall find sooner or later what for want of a better name I may call his "blind spot." I refer not to the habitually underestimated individual, but to the careful, accurate man who has done some delicate and dangerous bit of work thousands of times with complete safety, yet on one particular occasion will make a fatal error that no type would ever commit. A most cautious and veteran locomotive engineer, for example, will run out a red flag and cause an accident. Why? Because some nerve center in his brain has failed for the moment to act, failed to notify the controlling intelligence that the danger-signal is waving before him.

In many of these cases it is found that the careful man's perceptive faculties, usually so precise, have been benumbed by too long continued strain of work or lack of sleep, or some such abnormal condition. And for this reason I would urge every automobilist to be certain before going for a drive that he is in his best mental condition. And if one can manage somehow to refresh his sense of caution very often, to recall frequently that no one is quite so apt to make a gross error of judgment as the veteran expert, much will have been done to avoid danger.

The recent fatal accident on the Brooklyn Bridge is another illustration of this quality that must be paid for too great skill in driving, as well as by sufficient prudence. The expert chauffeur evidently saw a chance to slip past a slow, heavy truck, tried it, and suddenly had to stop. The motorman of the trolley-car close behind had no apprehension that the brisk progress of the automobile would be checked, so he was unable to stop his car. There was a collision that threw a passenger out of the auto and she was run over and killed.

While it would be manifestly unfair at this time to lay the blame on any individual, it is still proper to point out that the accident was due to a lack of caution resulting from long and successful experience. And here we come to a most perplexing problem: How can the driver of an automobile exercise due caution without lagging and losing time on the drive? It seems to me that the only safe rule is, in case of doubt, slacken speed. There will be plenty of chances to speed. The old proverb, "It is sure you're right, then go ahead," sounds very true, and it is vexatious to lose a minute here and five minutes there when on a journey.

But one must always expect to lose time when motoring in a city street or in any other crowded thoroughfare. Not that I would for a moment suggest that safety can be achieved by dawdling about at a snail's pace; for it is an indisputable fact that there is more danger in a motor car skidding at six miles an hour than in one carefully driven at twenty-six.

The great Frenchman who declared that the ruling spirit of a general should be *l'audace, l'audace, et toujours l'audace* would, I am sure, with equal positiveness insist that the motto for the chauffeur must be *prudence, prudence, et toujours la prudence*.



TOP SPEED AND 40-CUPID POWER

DRAWN BY ALDEN DAWSON

THE INTERNE



BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM HURD LAWRENCE

ILLINGWORTH stood staring through the closed window of the operating room. His grand fascinated, charmed as it had been by a serpent's eye, at what lay before him. All his faculties were concentrated in vision. The dull roar outside, punctuated by the deeper detonations of the dynamite, fell unresponsive upon his ear. Aliter was he unconscious of the subdued noise from the wards behind him, not less conscious in its infrequency than the hideous diapason of portentous sound that came to him from the city beyond.

The patients in these wards usually said nothing. Many of them were beyond speech, and others saved their energies to meet the favorable demands of anguish in silence; but today a confused murmur came from them, with now and then a muffled cry—a shriek, if there had been back of it the power for such a sound, one would have said.

Duty the most terrible ever laid upon the soul of man called Illingworth back to the wards of the great hospital; a duty he had realized from the beginning, although its demand had burst upon him with the suddenness of the catastrophe itself. This duty he meant to perform—ay, though it killed him; though his heart broke under the strain; though he damned his soul in the doing of it. It was to be done. It should be done. Yet he lingered. To the reluctance inevitable from the horror of what lay before was superadded a strained attractiveness, ghastly yet real, in the present situation. It was as if from some point of impersonal detachment he were witnessing the end of the world. Indeed, in the hushed still faces of the dawn of the day before that same idea had been lightly written. The time was at hand. Everything had conspired to bring about the destruction—the earthquake shock, the strong wind, the total lack of water, the seething sea of fire.

And now, as of old to the prophet, after these things there spoke to him a "still, small voice." He was not quite sure whether it was God's voice or some other that pierced his inner consciousness with stern prelection. The habit of the age, the world-wide desire to cure and not to destroy, the physician's training in the art to heal, cried clamorously against his conclusion. There was strife in his soul. He had made his decision promptly enough, for he knew that it was the only determination to which he could come. Illingworth told him at which he had arrived was a righteous conclusion. And yet, every voice of heart and life and day spoke against it.

The trembling of the earth had ceased. The air was vibrant, but it was with the fire. Yet the man shook and quivered as if the very foundations of his being were uprooted. The noise in the nearest ward grew louder. What he was to do, he must do quickly. He tore himself desperately away from the window and put his hands up to his face—not pale, but red and flaming with the heat.

As he moved toward the door of the room, it was suddenly flung back, with a crash. In the way stood a helpless figure, a woman. Blood streaked the white robe she wore; her eyes were blazing with fever. Her voice, thin and shrill with terror, cut sharply athwart the dash of his hesitancy like a scolding blade. It pierced to the core of his decision.

"What are you going to do?" cried the woman, bearing at her breast with both hands. "The fire's all around us. We can't get out. My God!—the old, old appeal that comes to human lips, alas! when all else has been tried, without an appeal of despair, without trust, without faith, without hope, and yet an appeal which somewhere had somehow invariably meet with a response. "Lord, here am I," said the old prophet, whose lips, like Illingworth's, were torned as with coals of fire, "and me."

Illingworth stepped swiftly forward. The woman sank in a cramped mass. She collapsed at his feet, her face whiter than the gown she wore. He bent over her quickly, laid his hand upon her heart, and rose with a sigh of relief. There was one disposed of, and by that wait the problem less complicated. The woman

had been a hopeless invalid two days before, dying of an incurable disease, the nature of which had been revealed by a major operation undertaken in the desperate hope of saving her life. The sad terror of the hour had roused her to her feet and brought her there. With superhuman force, she had thrust aside the detaining hands of the frightened nurse.

Leaving her where she lay, for he realized that he had no time to waste upon the dead, he stepped across her lifeless body and entered the ward. A faint, feeble cry coming from lips and hearts to whom only the extremest terror lent strength to give a sound, burst upon his ear.

"Doctor, for God's sake . . ."

"For the love of Christ . . ."

"Don't let us burn!"

"Pity!"

"Mercy!" rose the cries, dying away in dull murmurs of hopeless expectancy.

As he faced them, stern, unsmiling, his voice broke harshly—and he was a tender-hearted man—across their futile murmur.

"The fire," he said, "is all around us. It has come with a swift—undreamed of. There is no water, dynamite has failed to check it. We can't get you out of the hospital."

A woman in the nearest bed shrieked pitifully in a way that set his teeth on edge. He went on, controlling himself by a great effort, clenching his jaws and shaking the words out as if each cost him a blood pang, a birth throes.

"We can't take you out. There's nowhere to take you if we could. There's nobody to carry you out, if there was a place."

He stopped.

"Blessed Mother of Heaven," cried one, "have pity on us and help us!"

"What will you do?" asked another.

"I . . . we . . . there's . . . chloroform," he gasped out. "I can give . . . I can put you to . . . sleep. . . . You . . . won't suffer."

"Then it's that or burn," whispered one woman faintly—it was singular how the sounds of these low, sibilant whispers were heard by every one in that long room. "Give me the chloroform," she added.

"And me."

"And me," came from the different beds.

He was practically alone in the hospital. There were three or four faithful nurses in the other wards, but no other physician.

"In a moment," he said, starting toward the door that led to the dispensary.

There he met Alden, grimy with smoke, singed with fire, ghastly, with bloodshot eyes.

"I came down to help," he said, "through the fire. What must I do?"

"There's only one thing," returned Illingworth. "Get the chloroform."

"My God! You don't mean . . ."

"Yes. We'll take the women's ward first, and then the children, and then the men."

"Are there any nurses in the building?"

"Three . . . I believe."

"And the rest?"

"Time with such patients as we could get out this morning."

Alden hung in the air, as it were. He had not had time to realize the necessity. The only thing present to him was the danger.

"The head nurse might make cure of the children," he said, finally.

"No, we must do it, Alden. This is no woman's work. They can help, none."

The two turned and went swiftly along the corridor. In a moment—which seemed like an age to the waiting patients in the ward—they were back again. There is a kind of courage which



He bent over her quickly

Drawn by Helen Frank Lawrence

comes to the most timid when the inevitable is at hand. It was a land of heroes that lay stretched out upon the narrow beds before Illingworth and his young assistant.

"The weakest first, doctor," cried one woman.

The doctor nodded and stepped to a bedside. He lifted his hands up before he did a thing.

"May God," he cried hoarsely, "have mercy on your souls—and on mine!"

"Amen! Good-by!" whispered the pale-lipped woman nearest him.

"Good-by," returned the doctor, simply, administering the chloroform.

Back and forth through that ward nurses and doctors went. Then up-stairs to the little children, and finally down-stairs to the men. The little folk, realizing little, whimpered pitifully, but they were small, and with them it was the sooner over. Thank God for that!

The men patients, less accustomed to the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," fought hard, but the flame was around them now like a wall; the hospital itself was on fire. Illingworth paused at last.

"You must go now, Alden. I can do the rest."

"I can't leave you, I won't."

"These women here," returned Illingworth, pointing to the nurses, who, with heroism as great as his own, had remained faithful to the solemn obligations of their calling—"they must be taken care of. You have time yet to escape."

He glanced out of the main door, fortuitously opening away from the heart of the fire, although to escape, if hardly that were possible, the fugitives would have to run a furious gauntlet of leaping flame.

"You have time. For God's sake, go!"

"And you?"

"My duty is here."

"But I . . ."

"Your duty is to the women."

Alden turned. There was no question as to his renouveau, but what Illingworth had said was plain.

"We'll stay with the women."

"We'll stay with the women."

"We'll stay with the women."

"We'll stay with the women."

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"We'll stay with the women."

lorry, cried a feeble voice from the nearest bed. "We'll be burned in death while you stand there talking!"

Illingworth stretched out his hand and Alden wrung it, a great sob choking his throat. The three women approached him. The tall white-capped head-nurse, old enough to be his mother, kissed him on the forehead. The others clung to his hands.

"If we are to go at all," said Alden, hoarsely, "we must go now."

They turned and went out of the door. For a few seconds Illingworth watched their blanket-threaded figures stumbling blindly through the wall of flame. Whether they made it or not, he could not tell. It was a last chance, as he had said. No other could pass that barrier of fire now. Above his head, the upper wards were blazing; the glass in the windows had cracked and broken; tongues of flame were licking at the wooden sashes. The room was filled with blinding heat and blinding smoke which choked and tore him. Feeble cries, pitiful appeals, came from the few who still remained alive.

He groped his way from bed to bed and did his office. The last man whispered to him.

"You've left some for yourself, doctor, after you've finished me?"

Illingworth nodded. And presently he alone was alive in that great building. There was some left for himself. He lifted it in devotion to his face, and then tore it away and dashed it down and trampled it upon the floor. He stood upright with his hands uplifted, his face to the flame, a man erect and free, made in the image of his God. Life had been given to him for his Creator, and he would keep it until it were required of him, in whatsoever way and shape and form it might be. He could take it, but he would not. He had no ministered to those poor people under his care that they had died easily, painlessly, peacefully—if death can ever be any of those things. He had faced and he had conquered the heaviest problem that could have fallen to mortal men, and in that great moment of self-sacrifice, when he put his life behind him and chose agony and death, it seemed to him that if he had



Drawn by William H. Lawrence

Back and forth through that ward the doctors went

St. Nicholas, Jan. 1911

THE NEXT WORLD-QUESTION

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON, February 24, 1907.

There could not be a more complex of European politics one could not do better than study the Bagdad Railway question. There is perhaps no enterprise that focuses so many and such divergent ambitions. There is certainly none that so well describes the best thought England can give to it. It touches Macedonia and all that Macedonia implies on the one hand and the vast possibilities of the Near East on the other. It directly affects British trade in a region where British trade has hitherto predominated, and it must, as time goes on, exercise a profound influence on the relations between Germany, Russia, and England. The great diplomatic struggle of the future, now that the Far-Eastern crisis has been temporarily settled, will centre round the Tigris and Euphrates. Those lands have still an enormous part to play in the world's history. Mesopotamia may be reconquered again the granary of the East, and cities more magnificent than they may yet cover the sites of Babylon and Nineveh. A quarter of a century hence Anatolia and Syria, Mesopotamia and Persia, may be as insistent in their problems and as familiar to the students of international politics as Manchuria and Korea are to-day. Before very long the Bosphorus will be linked by rail to the Persian Gulf, and branch lines will be ramifying to the Caucasus and the Caspian in one direction, and towards Mecca and the Suez Canal in another. In this network of railways, commanding the cross-roads of three continents, Russia long ago secured independent rights of construction for the northern section. Who is to control the southern section? Who is to own and operate the line from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf? It has been built by German money and under German auspices so far as the foot of the Taurus. To swing it across that formidable mountain-barrier and carry it a thousand miles onward to its objective, more money is needed. The Germans require from Turkey a state guarantee of \$6,000,000 a year. This is a sum which the Porte is unable to raise without the consent of the Powers to an increase in the customs-duties. The present tariff is eight per cent. The Sultan wishes it to be raised to eleven per cent. The efforts of Germany to secure the money are being, and for the past four or five years have been, directed towards inducing the Powers to agree to the increase. Negotiations, said Sir Edward Grey a few days ago, are now in an advanced stage. One way or the other the question will soon be settled.

Let us see roughly how the Powers stand in the matter. Germany so far has had little success with her trans-Asian colonies. If she is ever to found a veritable tierceur Germany, one that will spread German thought and the German tongue, revolve the surplus population of the Fatherland and become an integral part of the Empire, it can only be in Asia Minor. Her influence is already predominant in Constantinople. With a German line running thence to the Persian Gulf, with through rates arranged for her traffic from the heart of Germany to the Middle East, and with her subjects gratified by excursions and preferences all along the route, Asia Minor would become in time a vast German colony. The Wilhelmstrasse wishes therefore either to construct the line by German money eked out by a Turkish guarantee or, if English, French, and Russian capital is found necessary, to retain a dominant interest, commercial and strategic, in the undertaking. When efforts were made a few years ago to raise the required funds in St. Petersburg, Count Witte took the unique course of publicly requesting Russian capitalists to leave the matter alone. His reasons are worth summarizing. Russia objects to the railway because it will open up the wheat-fields of Mesopotamia and so increase the agricultural distress in Russia; because it will compete with the Siberian and Trans-Caspian railways; and because the claim for the state guarantee will interfere with the already irregular and backward payments of the Russian war indemnity. These of course are not the only grounds of Russian hostility to the scheme, but they are the only ones that can be publicly and officially avowed. Behind them all lies that intense suspicion of the growing influence of Germany in Asia Minor, which is likely at some time or other to jeopardize the power of Europe.

The Sultan, for his part, is swayed between the dread of admitting Western influences on so vast a scale and his hope that the railroad, when completed, will ennobles his realm and enable him, if necessary, to dominate effectively in the most important corner of "The Turkish Empire." It has been said, "provided with the modern machinery of transport; able for the first time to concentrate all its forces towards the Balkans, the Caucasus, Egypt or Persia indifferently; with plans of mobilization worked out in peace by German officers who would provide over their execution in time of war—would become once more one of the most formidably military factors in the world." England, France, and Russia would be deterred if they were induced to finance such a scheme without better guarantees than any mere community of construction could provide. Germany, especially, deeply suspicious of the Germans and not least when they come bearing gifts, and in

flexibly resolved to maintain her preponderance in the Persian Gulf is coming to feel the stretch of railway between Baghdad and the Gulf must be under her own control. France again, as the builder of the present line from Smyrna, is interested financially and commercially in the question, which moreover is complicated by the natural and notorious desire of Russia to have free access to the Persian Gulf.

For the moment these manifold interests are grouped round the question of the increase in the Turkish customs duties. Are they to be raised from eight to eleven per cent? The proposal touches us in England more than any one else because over sixty per cent. of the increased duties will fall on British trade. They are expected to yield \$3,750,000 a year. Of this sum twenty-five per cent. must be applied to the reduction of the Turkish debt. The remainder, or \$2,800,000 a year, then becomes available for any purpose that may be agreed upon between Turkey and the Powers, or, in the absence of any such agreement, for any purpose to which the Turkish government chooses to apply it. These sums moreover will virtually be increased if their collection is vested in the Council of Public Debt, the one honest and efficient department in the Turkish government; and it is over the question of how and through whom they are to be disposed of that considerations of the first moment arise. All the Powers have agreed that the revenue raised from the new duties shall be applied to making good the Macedonian deficit. Here a new complication comes in. Why is there a Macedonian deficit? The principal reason is that Turkey is maintaining in Macedonia an army of nearly 80,000, and that the military expenditure on the vilayets is nearly double that of the civil. The second reason is that the scheme of reforms devised by the Powers has proved nothing but an elaborate international hoax. If the military expenditure were reduced to proportions that bore some relation to the needs of Macedonia, and if the Porte were to accept a genuine measure of reform, there would be a good chance of converting the deficit into a surplus. At present that deficit amounts to some \$1,500,000 a year. This is almost certainly the sum that the Powers, that the Council of Public Debt, and the Council of Public Debt; and the Powers who, by forcing the appointment of an International Commission of Finance upon the Porte, have made themselves peculiarly responsible for Macedonian finances, and feel themselves bound not to wreck their own scheme of reforms by withdrawing the funds to work it, have therefore resolved to devote the proceeds of the three per cent. increase to balancing the Macedonian budget.

This may be an inevitable, but it is at least the less a most curious, proceeding. Consider what is implied in it. The Powers have apparently agreed that the proper way to introduce reforms in the Turkish Empire is to make any one and every one but the Turks pay for them. They are, it would seem, of the unanimous opinion that even a fraction of the Turkish Empire can only be helped towards a more stable civilization at Europe's, and particularly at England's, expense. They have therefore launched themselves on a policy that rests on the assumption that the money needed to Macedonia for the dubious prosecution of strangulated reforms cannot be forthcoming either from Salonica or from Constantinople, unless the military funds already furnished are increased by a deduction from them, and that the administration of the Turkish customs-house is honest and efficient to the last dollar. On what terms is the British government ready to concur in this arrangement? A few months ago they were fully stated in the House of Lords. They included a stipulation that the revenue from the increased duties should be collected by the Council of Public Debt, and that the duties themselves should only come into operation after fair notice and should be limited to seven years. They also included some improvement in the machinery of the Turkish customs-house—the methods of levying duties and classifying goods—and a reform of the Turkish mining laws. But they did not include—that clearly is at the root of the matter—any guarantee for the reduction of military expenditure in the three vilayets. Unless these guarantees are forthcoming there is nothing to prevent Turkey from increasing her army in Macedonia in exact proportion to the increase of revenue. But the paramount objection to the whole proposal is that by adding some \$3,000,000 a year to Turkey's revenue, the Powers liberate an equivalent sum that may, and may not, be applied to the maintenance of the Bagdad railway. For the Bagdad railway, Turkey no doubt has other claims upon her exchequer, but that would not necessarily stop the Sultan from diverting that the Bagdad railway was the most important of them all.

In England at any rate this is felt to be a real danger. English opinion has averred round to the conclusion that the Bagdad Railway question is now to be settled not with Turkey but with Germany, and that to agree to an increase of the Turkish customs duties before terms have been come to with the Wilhelmstrasse is to throw away the strongest card that British diplomacy at present holds.

THE SEARCH FOR AN INTERNATIONAL TONGUE IN COMMERCE

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD

NOT a day passes without our consuls reporting to Washington the utility of our merchants sending out thousands of price-lists, catalogues, and letters in English to lands where our language, as well as our weights and measures, are utterly unknown; and for that reason all communications, however artistic and laboriously produced, are promptly thrown away.

Beyond doubt the commercial world, trade associations, tourist clubs, seafaring bodies, and other organizations have been seeking a universal language for many years, but hitherto all attempts at the ideal Volapük have for one reason or another been unsuccessful. Whenever an international congress—social or scientific—is held, the need for such a language is recognized and freely discussed.

At this moment an international committee is being formed in Berlin with the view of selecting a universal auxiliary language subject to certain generally accepted limitations. This, it must be able to serve the needs of daily life, as well as the demands of trade and commerce, and the leading purposes of science. Also it must be easy for persons of average education to learn, but it must not be one of the living national tongues.

Now, if this committee adopts a language, it is almost certain to be the ingenious hybrid Esperanto. This is a language with few rules and no exceptions. It has an irregular verb, and its pronunciation, accent, and spelling may be learned by any person of ordinary intelligence in one lesson. The vocabulary is small, and many of the words the pupil already knows or can guess. It is, moreover, a clear, flexible, and serious language. Our consuls abroad are already recommending that manufacturers and dealers should make use of this medium in their campaigns for trade with foreign countries. Chambers of commerce and trade organizations are everywhere giving it careful consideration.

Our big exporters are astonished to find how readily this new universal tongue may be acquired, and their managers, clerks, and travelling salesmen are acquiring the language with extraordinary facility. There are in Germany twenty-four great cities in which

Esperanto is thoroughly well understood by the business people, and new groups of adherents are being formed every day in other cities of the German Empire.

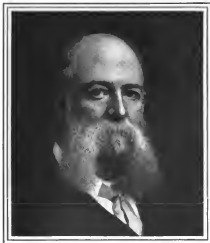
Throughout the world there must be nearly four hundred and fifty important towns, as well as sixty or seventy great trade and scientific organizations, conversant with the new tongue. Their members are all Esperantists, or else use the language when writing to a member in another nation. Fourteen periodicals are printed wholly in Esperanto, seventeen partly so printed, and twenty or thirty other well-known journals devote more or less space to the subject of the new Volapük.

Within the past two years at least eight international business and professional congresses have recommended or actually adopted Esperanto as the international medium of communication. It is curious for the globe-trotter to come across, in South America, India, and many other more or less remote nations, European and American salesmen glibly talking Esperanto to one another and their prospective customers.

The language is already being taught in Japanese schools, and even far-off Peru publishes a journal printed wholly in the new international tongue. In cases where an Esperanto correspondent thinks the addressee in another country may not be able to read his letter he has only to put in a key in the addressee's own language, or refer him to the nearest Esperanto group, which will translate for him free of charge. This key is published in all national languages, and weighs but a very small fraction of an ounce.

By its use any letter may be easily read, and the advantage of communication of this kind is fast being realized not only by our own traders and exporters, but also by the whole business world, literally from China to Peru. For an international language, a tongue common to every man of affairs the world over has long been the dream of commerce. Many more or less uncouth languages have been invented, but the latest of all, instead of falling like its predecessors, has now thoroughly taken root and spread the world over, to the great advantage of the business world.

TWO DISTINGUISHED CONSULS-GENERAL WHO ARE LEAVING NEW YORK



Sir Percy Sanderson

BRITISH CONSUL-GENERAL AT NEW YORK



M. Alcide Ebey

FRANCE'S CONSUL-GENERAL REPRESENTATIVE IN NEW YORK

SIR PERCY SANDERSON has become so well known during his twelve years' residence in New York as Consul-General of Great Britain, that his departure next month—not to return—is deeply regrettable. Sir Percy, having reached the age limit, is retiring on a pension, after nearly fifty years spent in the service of the crown: first as an officer of artillery out in India, and after that in the diplomatic field. He represented England as *chargé d'affaires* in Roumania, and as British delegate on the International Commission controlling the navigation of the Danube, before coming to America. He is younger brother of Lord Sanderson, so long the permanent chief of the Foreign Office, and is, like him, a grandson of the first Viscount Canterbury. Sir Percy is a

Knight of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. His French colleague, Consul-General Alcide Ebey, is likewise leaving New York, on his promotion to the rank of Minister, and his transfer to the diplomatic service, in recognition of the excellent work which he has done for his country during his two years' stay in America. As foreign editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and a member of the staff of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, he was regarded as one of the leading French writers on international politics, until his appointment to the post of Consul-General in New York, which is considered the blue ribbon of France's consular service. In Paris, up to the time of his appointment, he was known as the right-hand man of M. Delcassé, then Minister of Foreign Affairs.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

TWO ARR

DRAWN BY JAM

EEKLY



ARRIVALS

GREGORY FLAGG

AN AVERTED "WAR FOR HUMANITY"

By THOMAS SPEED MOSBY

ONE of the few great Indian tribes which were never formally at war with the United States was that of the Pawnee, which, at the time of the occurrence presently to be detailed, was the dominant tribe of the great Western plains. During the early part of the last century it was the friendly attitude of this tribe which made possible the very profitable trading expeditions to the Northwest in that early day. By allying themselves with the hostile tribes adjoining them they could for years have seriously impeded the onward march of those pioneer trading and trapping expeditions which were then paving the way for the settlement and civilization of the West.

How these peaceful relations were nearly severed and how narrowly a great Indian war was averted, and all because of an Indian child, is known only to the few who delight to delve into the obscure and forgotten nooks and crannies of American history.

It was in the month of August, 1824, a year before the famous Santa Fe Trail was opened, when a company of one hundred and sixteen Americans, under the command of Captain Sylvester Pattie, halted at the village of the Pawnee Loups, on the Platte River, in what is now the State of Nebraska. The majority of the company had served under the command of Pattie as a lieutenant of the Rangers, in the war of 1812. The present expedition had been fitted out by a son of General Bernard Pattie, a partner in the American Fur Company, and they were bound for Santa Fe, New Mexico.

At this village of the Pawnee Loups resided the head chief of the Pawnee, and by him the Americans were hospitably received.

While the Americans were in camp a Pawnee war party came in, bearing with them as trophies a number of scalps, and a little Indian child. After due preparation, the braves having subjected themselves to the utmost degree of personal adornment according to the barbaric ideals, and the scalp having been erected upon a pole in accordance with the custom in such cases, the warriors gave full rein, for the next three days, to their dancing and screaming propensities. These ceremonies having been appropriately concluded, the captive child was taken into the medicine-lodge, where the medicine-men proceeded to pronounce the prescribed mummery incident to the dedication of the little sufferer to the Great Spirit.

It became at once apparent to the Americans that the Indians proposed to burn the little one at the stake. Horrified at the contemplation of such fiendish barbarity, and moved to pity for the helpless and innocent victim, the whole company of Americans appealed to the chief to spare the child. They first offered to purchase it. The chief seemed offended at the proposition. The Americans continued to press their objections to the sacrifice, and with such vehemence that the chief was astonished.

"What?" said he: "if you found a young rattlesnake in your path would you spare it because it was too young to bite?"

When he was called upon to observe the difference between a snake and a human being, and told that the infant, if allowed to grow up among them, would so yield to its environment that it would be as one of his own tribe, the chief sagely shook his head.

"No, no," he rejoined: "It would be like hatching the egg of a partridge. You may bring the young fowl up in a cage ever so tenderly, but when you release it the bird will show its nature, not only by flying away, but by bringing back other partridges to eat your corn. By raising the egg at once, you would not only provide food for yourself, but you would avoid future trouble. We have tried the experiment with our captives, and have raised them and spared them only to bring us into difficulties."

Nothing daunted by the obstinacy of the savage, the Americans then exhibited a roll of red cloth, which pleased the chief and seemed to tempt his cupidity. They then asked to see the child, and were taken into the medicine-lodge.

They found the little creature, an infant scarcely four years of age, so tightly bound with thongs of rawhide that the leather

strings had sunken out of sight beneath its tender and swollen flesh. They learned that it had been tortured by starvation and thirst for four days. Although it hardly seemed to breathe, it appeared to revive somewhat when the rawhide thongs were severed.

The chief was then offered ten yards of the cloth for his captive. He at once stood erect and began to expatiate grandiloquently upon the perils his warriors had dared and the privations they had endured in capturing the child, and commended his address by demanding a greater price. Perceiving that the wily savage designed to seize upon the humane spirit of the Americans as an opportunity for extortion, Captain Pattie turned toward his men, and in a terse and manner that electrified the camp, exclaimed:

"My boys, will you allow these unnatural devils to burn this poor child, or practise extortion on us as the price of its ransom?" And the immediate response was a thunderous "No!"

All this in the depths of the wild prairie, and in the midst of the Pawnee, whose numbers were then more than ten thousand!

Captain Pattie again offered the cloth, which was again refused. The American Captain then assumed that it was his intention to take the child, "with or without ransom."

The child was then hurried to the American camp and the Americans ordered to prepare for immediate battle—a battle, too, which meant certain death to them all.

The old chief regarded Captain Pattie with an air of profound astonishment.

"Do you think you are strong enough to keep the child by force?" he asked.

"We will do it," answered the veteran pioneer, "or every man of us will die in the attempt: in which case our countrymen will come, gather up our bones, and destroy your nation."

This statement was effective; effective, because it was true. Although he could not understand the sentimentality that moved the hardy pioneer as it has frequently inspired his posterity since that day, the savage knew that these rough, kindhearted men were speaking the truth; that they would die for the friendless child, and that their deaths would be avenged by the extermination of his tribe. Besides, this chief had been to Washington, where (to use his own words) he had seen "guns as big as logs of wood, and bullets as big as human heads." He agreed to accept the ten yards of red cloth, provided Captain Pattie would kindly add a paper of vermilion, to all which assent was readily given and the bargain closed.

The chief then started with Captain Pattie toward the American camp, but was startled when he found that the Americans had made breastworks of their baggage, behind which they were resting on their arms, awaiting the command to fire. After hesitating a while he entered the camp, and, noting the warlike preparations, asked Captain Pattie with some eagerness:

"Did you think I would fight my friends, the white people, for that little child?"

"We were ready for you, if you meant to do so," was the reply. The chief smiled as he shook hands with Captain Pattie and bade him good-by, saying:

"Me good friend. Save powder and lead to kill buffaloes and our enemies."

And they fared forth on their march to Santa Fe—these one hundred and sixteen Americans who had agreed to lay down their lives for the infant captive—happy, as we may well believe, in the knowledge that they had nobly obtained in a trying hour that noblest attribute of American character, a chivalrous regard for the helpless, the persecuted, and the innocent. And the reader will be pleased to know that, a month later, while travelling among another tribe, the humane interest of these dauntless souls was rewarded by the unexpected finding of the father of the Indian child, and the surviving members of this Indian family were thus happily reunited.



High · Low · Jack · and the · Game

PERFECTING THE TREATMENT OF CANCER

By C. W. SALEEBY, M.D., F.R.S. (Edin.)

In this article Dr. Saleeby, who first gave to the world through the pages of "Harper's Weekly" the news of Dr. Beard's remarkable discoveries touching the cure of cancer, outlines several important steps which need to be taken in order that the curative properties of "trypsin" may be rendered unflinchingly effective

RATHER more than a year has elapsed since my first announcement of Dr. Beard's work regarding the nature of cancer and its treatment appeared in this place, but despite all the difficulties, some of which I am about to discuss, the time has been long enough for us to ascertain whether or not we are face to face with something real at last, and the answer is an unqualified affirmative. In my last article, as the reader will remember, I drew attention to some of the positive results which have already been obtained: these are now being rapidly added to, both in America and in Great Britain, but my immediate purpose in the present case is not merely to announce additions to their number, but to discuss a most important matter which bears vitally upon the whole possibility of treatment and upon the length of time that must elapse before the potential life of Dr. Beard's work is realised for suffering humanity. The work which we are now to consider has only just been completed and the results have not yet been published anywhere. I hasten to announce them with all possible speed because of their profound humanitarian importance. Furthermore, I do so in this place because experience has proved its fitness for my purpose, and because I know that there are not a few men and women now living, and even enjoying life, who would be under the sad but for these articles.

In critically preparing all the results that have hitherto been obtained, we have found ourselves compelled to observe certain anomalies, the explanation of which was not forthcoming. It might quite well be expected that certain kinds of cancer—those, for instance, which are known to grow more slowly—would yield more quickly than others to treatment by the pancreatic ferments. But no such general rule could be ascertained. The response to the treatment bore no particular correspondence to the type or the previous history of the growth. Indeed, it was found that when the treatment, apparently unaltered in details, was applied in various cases which, so far as could be ascertained, were precisely similar, the results obtained were quite discrepant; whilst in one case the tumor responded at once and most satisfactorily, in another the injections might have consisted of salt solution and nothing more so far as any observable results were concerned. All kinds of malignant tumors, at one time or another, showed response to the treatment—a point which is evidently of the greatest importance. But they have by no means always shown the same response; nor, indeed, always any response at all. Furthermore, whilst one observer has obtained results within a few weeks, another observer, working upon cases apparently identical, and giving doses that purported to be the same, has had to wait many months.

There were and are, of course, certain details, already noted, which would go a long way to explain these anomalies. There were, first of all, the practitioners who did their work in what, not to put too fine a point on it, must be called a dirty fashion; whether by ill luck, such as may sometimes attend any one, or by carelessness, their injections were followed by local symptoms which would suggest that Puscher and Lister had never been born. Nothing more could be expected as to the production of abscesses by the injections, for the experiences already published abundantly proved that these should and need never occur.

Then, again, there were the practitioners who, quite consciously ignorant of the delicate nature of the ferment, subjected to each the hypodermic needle after boiling it, or failed to wait for the cooling of the water with which the injections are diluted, and which of course must first be boiled so as to render it sterile. If the ferments be heated above only 60° Centigrade, they are rendered absolutely inert.

Nevertheless, when all these sources of failure were excluded, the anomalies to which I have referred still remained. It became necessary, therefore, to begin at the very beginning, and to discover the facts of ferment solutions in general.

These facts have been startling enough. The various firms of chemists who now supply these ferments in the form of injections for the treatment of cancer are quite above suspicion as to their probity. They doubtless all use the best methods known to them and use them with the most scrupulous care. Nevertheless, the results which they obtain are in some cases singularly unfortunate, as we shall see. Furthermore, let us note that if such results are obtained by firms of the highest repute, we need not look far ahead in order to prophesy that very soon, when firms all and sundry enter into competition in this matter, the market will be flooded with preparations that are simply worthless. Quite sufficient harm has already been wrought in this way. In the first place, many patients have failed to find relief because, as we shall see, they were undergoing the pancreatic treatment only in name—perhaps along with the "domestic" remedies of soap and Chlor-

turpentine. More serious still, because of its wider results, is the fact that these failures and abortive experiments are in some cases recorded, with the result of gravely discrediting the treatment and delaying its general acceptance. It is for this very sufficient reason that I write at the earliest possible moment. It is absolutely necessary, as we shall see, that we should demand and insist upon a quite new series of requirements before undertaking the prosecution of this work.

For some months past in London there has been conducted a long series of chemical experiments with the pancreatic gland, and to the mode by which its ferments may be best extracted from it. At the same time there have been in process a very long series of observations upon the actual digestive activity of the various preparations that are already upon the market in Great Britain. Lastly, a great deal of work has been done in the attempt to ascertain how long these various preparations will retain their activity, assuming that they possessed any to begin with.

In the first place, then, we have found that various preparations stated to contain ferments of considerable strength and such a percentage of trypsin or amylase or both, may differ in their activity in ratios actually so high as that of one to five hundred. This is to say that two injections, supposed to be identical, may actually differ so much that five hundred drops of the one will be required to digest the same amount of milk as will be digested by one drop of the other. Now this is a very easy fact to state, but let any reader consider for himself what it signifies in practice. It means that if the dose of the more active preparation be adequate, that of the other is only one five-hundredth part of what it ought to be. This is as good as to say that the use of the second preparation is an expensive, painful, and fatal farce. Ferment injections of which no more may be said are being employed at this moment, I cannot doubt, here and there, in all parts of the world. Plainly, in the interests of humanity and of science we must put a stop to this.

It is not yet quite clear how it is that in the course of making their preparations certain European manufacturers, even though they use fresh pancreas gland, and extract the ferments from it with glycerine in a perfectly correct fashion, manage somehow to reduce their work to uselessness by the time the injections are sealed up in the little glass phials in which they are dispensed. There the fact remains, however. The same remark applies to preparations made from trypsin in powder. Some of these will be found to be highly active; others, even in concentration, will effect no change in dead milk in an hour. Evidently it is a sorry business attempting to cure cancer with such.

We must find in the first place, then, some accurate and certain means—simple, if possible, but at any rate accurate—of determining the activity of any given injection. This is now being done, as I shall show. I am anticipating the publication of this work in the scientific journals, but I have been doing an all along with the full consent of the original workers and for the best and most shorts of all possible reasons.

There has been some discussion amongst the papers presented to the Royal Society, one by the late Sir William Roberts, of Manchester, who, until his death a few years ago, was the greatest living authority on digestion. Roberts showed that of the various means which may be employed for estimating the activity of the digestive ferments, one of the best is what he called the "metanasein test." At the time when his work was done not even the wisest could guess the importance which it would afterwards assume, but there is no sterile knowledge in the whole realm of things, and this is now bearing fruit. The test in question depends upon certain observable changes wrought by the digestive ferments in the chief protein of milk, which is known as casein. For purposes of accuracy it is necessary in the first place to obtain a standard milk, and that which has been employed is what we may call "London County Council milk," which contains the four per cent. of protein demanded by that body. To a fixed quantity of this milk under fixed conditions of temperature, there is added a fixed quantity of the ferment preparation that is to be tested, and the time it takes to change the milk completely is then precisely noted in minutes and seconds. Whereas our preparation, diluted ten times, would produce the metanasein reaction in perhaps forty-five seconds, another, undiluted, will effect nothing that can be observed in an hour.

William Roberts, as was his fashion, went thoroughly into this matter. He provided a convenient form whereby the result of such experiments can be expressed in units of digestive activity. The mode of construction of the formula is immaterial here. It is comparable to the formula employed, as many readers will know, for estimating the activity of the diaphoretic antiseptic. In that

case it was soon found impossible to make any progress so long as the strength of injections was expressed in terms of what was put into them. In a case like this you must express the strength of an injection not by what you put into it but by what it does. The business of the diphtheria antitoxin is to neutralize the toxin or poison of diphtheria, and so the dose is now expressed in units of neutralizing power. Similarly the business of the digestive ferments trypsin and amylopsin is to digest, and therefore the proper mode of expressing the quantities employed would evidently be in units of digestive capacity. This digestive capacity is "D" in the formula of Sir William Roberts, and this mode of nomenclature is as superior to that at present employed as science to vulgar opinion. Observe a proof of this superiority. Two injections, both honestly prepared, may purport to be identical. Subject them to this new mode of description, and whereas the value "D" of one is found to be 200, the value of the other is found to be 8.7—these figures referring to digestive capacity, which is of course the vital matter and the only vital matter in this connection.

Very plainly, then, we must make a new demand of the chemists, and this is simply that just as they have standardized their preparations of other drugs, so they must standardize their preparations of these ferments. When a doctor prescribes five drops of tincture of aloe vomica, he knows that this will always contain a certain definite quantity of stychnine, and so in other cases; but I know of no other case in which the importance of this principle of standardization can be compared with that of the case we are now considering. The chemist must standardize his ferments, and when that is done, the public and the profession must absolutely ignore all preparations which, whilst professing to contain this and that proportion of the ferments, are not standardized. The stated proportions of the ferments may very well have been put into the preparations, but if they are now incapable of digesting milk in months, it is not well to expect them to cure cancer.

When this most necessary advance has been achieved, we can begin to attach some significance to the reports of those workers who fail to obtain the results they desire and may reasonably expect—if such reports are forthcoming. Furthermore, we shall then be able to attack the question of dosage, which has hitherto been in a state of chaos. Obviously you cannot come to any agreement if you imagine that twenty drops of a five per cent. solution of trypsin always means one and the same thing, whereas twenty drops in one case may really be equal to ten thousand in another.

Now let us turn to another question which is, at any rate, of considerable interest for the patient. The injection of trypsin in a plain salt solution would cause no pain whatever beyond the mere prick of the needle. The trouble is that the glycerine necessary for the preservation of the trypsin may cause pain. Worse than this, free acetic acid has actually been found in some of the injections—and that, as every student of drugs well knows, is one of the most painful and harmful of local irritants. The addition of a very little alkali in the solution will neutralize the acid, but hitherto we have had to dilute the glycerine injections with water in order to lessen the pain which the glycerine sometimes causes. As we have seen, this dilution entails requirements as to sterilization and asepsis which have not been met. There seems to be little doubt, however, that before long these who have been working at the subject in London, and also the great American firm which has done so much for the treatment, will overcome all these difficulties. Some means will be found of preserving the trypsin in its active state without the use of glycerine or any other irritant substance.

The importance of all these small points can no longer be questioned. The accumulation of positive results during the last year is now far too great. Those who are acquainted with cancer are

able to appreciate such results in duly afflicted cases at their due worth, and of course every case in which the pancreatic treatment does not come up to expectations is a disaster—both for the patient in question and for others. That is why I make this formal demand for the standardization of the preparations that are put upon the market. That requirement can already be completed in a few days. Before very long, I do not doubt, the chemists will also be able to do the work that still remains, so that before long we may have upon the market preparations which are sterile, will keep for considerable periods, contain no irritating substance whatever, require no dilution, and do just so much work as they profess to do, neither more nor less.

Meanwhile, in the face of many difficulties, some of which almost must be attributed to human nature as well as to chemistry, the new treatment pursues its course. Let me add a point which is of considerable interest, and which is worthy of the attention of the many medical practitioners who, as I know, read these pages. There is now obtainable in Ascarin an active preparation of the second pancreatic ferment, amylopsin, the utility of which in cancer Dr. Beard predicted last April. Now it is part of the wonderful story which Dr. Beard has elaborated that there is a fundamental identity between the irritable trophoblast of a cancer and the normal trophoblast which plays its early part in the cycle of our lives, and which, when its work is done, is killed, as Dr. Beard asserts, by trypsin. Now Dr. Beard is led to believe that not only do the symptoms of the terrible disease known as ectoplasia resemble those which often appear in the course of the treatment of cancer if trypsin alone be employed, but that the symptoms in both cases are due to the same cause—poisoning by the chemical products of the degeneration of the trophoblast—normal trophoblast in the case of ectoplasia, or trophoblast in the other. Dr. Beard therefore predicts that the injection of active amylopsin—known to relieve these symptoms in the treatment of cancer—will prove of value in the treatment of ectoplasia—a disease for which, as for cancer itself, until the other day, no kind of specific remedy was known. I mention this revelation in connection to the consideration of the medical reader. Certainly the utility of amylopsin in cases of ectoplasia will have to be tested sooner or later, and why not sooner?

Let us now also, in concluding, that the various preparations of amylopsin that have been put upon the market differ as widely in their powers as those of trypsin. The test of activity in this case is a very simple one, depending upon the application of the familiar iodine test for the presence of unabsorbed starch. In this case, also, the activity of the preparation can be expressed in units of digestive power, and hence a double preparation of this ferment also must be standardized before very long.

Meanwhile, however, for the matter is serious, let me at least make this most necessary demand: every one who employs these ferments, until they are standardized, must at least make some rough test of their activity as he goes along; if only by adding specimens of trypsin to milk, and observing the time required to develop the bitter taste which is produced by its digestion at 100° Fahrenheit, and in the case of amylopsin by the easy and striking test with starch and iodine. Furthermore, let me add that to one who has any acquaintance at all with the facts of these ferments can possibly pay any attention whatever to any negative results that may hereafter be published in which the activity of the ferments employed was not formally demonstrated. The time may come, I repeat, when this question to the contrary of the results will itself be regarded as quite sufficient proof of the ineffectiveness of the ferments employed. Meanwhile I send this article forth in the earnest hope and belief that it will be of no less service than his predecessors.

A JAPANESE GUIDE IN PLAIN ENGLISH

IT is not often in this dry and dusty world that one finds in the preface pages of a guide-book a bubbling spring of poetic fantasies most daintily expressed. What seeker of literary beauty has ever lost himself in the volumes of Murray, or Baedeker? It has been reserved for Mr. C. J. Tsuchiya, of Mishima, Japan, to create, in the little monograph entitled "A Guide on Hakone," a work whose chapters will be read with the keenest delight.

The author declares that Mr. T. Matsui, the master of Yenshoya, earnestly requested him to write it. With too much modesty he adds:

"Not consenting to my apology in regard to imperfect knowledge of English, he forced me to write even an abbreviated outline which I have just sketched. I was afraid that the actual beauty of the place should be left out of my pages."

Most readily, Mr. Tsuchiya begins:

"A GENERAL REPORT ON BAKHOE."

"For the most part, the celebrated places and the famous ruins preserve mostly in steep and unapproachable points, as in precipices or valleys. Here, the most steep and precipitous point in Tokaido is Hakone Mountain to whose summit we can reach after ascending about ten miles from its eastern base. Owing to toll-rose ascent, many difficulties must be endured by travelers. The result of toleration is pleasure. There the Imperial palace (Palace stands) Hakone Gogen, a Shinto temple, adorns itself with per-

petual unchanging dress of forest; the Ashi lake spreads the face of glowing glass reflected upside down the shadow of Fuji which is the highest, noblest and most glorious mountain in Japan, and the mineral hot-spring naturally entertain the guests almost yearly to visit them during summer vacation. The purity of air, the coolness of summer days, and the fine view of landscape are agreeable to all visitors; for these facts they do not know how is the summer heat and where is the epidemic prevailing."

Komatsudake, a peak of Hakone, used to be a fierce volcano: "but lately," Mr. Tsuchiya assures us, "its activity became quite absent."

Think of the pleasure to be derived from visiting such a place as this:

"H. INABAHEAVEN.—Although the valley has not so much population, the degree of hilliness of the inhabitants is comparatively excellent. Their natural disposition is gentle and honest, and their mutual friendship is so harmonious as that of a family."

"H. A.—Brought of quite air so-pure no poisonous mixture and always changes the deliriousness of our spirit. During the winter days the coldness picks up all persons from our hands, but at the summer months they are set free."

Myth, words, these, and well worth pondering. But let us proceed:

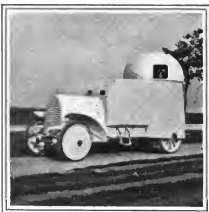
"H. YAMATO.—Whenever we visit the place, the first pleasure to be enjoyed, is the view of Fuji Mountain and its summit is (Continued on page 499.)



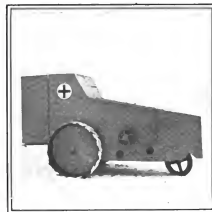
An English armored Electric Motor equipped with the quick-firing Maxim "Pom-pom" Gun



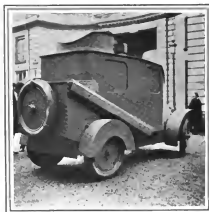
The new "Pedrail," or "Walking" Traction-engine, hauling Military Stores across Country



A Type of Motor "Mitrailleuse," or rapid-fire Engine, adopted for Use by the Austrian Army



An armored Red Cross Motor car, adopted by the French, German, and British Armies



Another Type of rapid-fire Motor Fort, protected by heavy Armor

THE MOTOR-CAR AS AN ENGINE OF WAR

THE SEASON'S PLAYS

SYMBOLISM AND WAR

By "I"

IT was almost as interesting as the performance itself to note the comments which were made by the audience as it trooped out of the New Amsterdam Theatre during the first of the performances of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" by Richard Mansfield and his company. One woman said, "It's just like the Hippodrome; you never know what is coming next." This is an adequate example of the impression received by any number of persons during the presentation of the drama. And yet, the unfolding of the drama did not arouse so much curiosity as to what was coming next, although it is not likely that many persons in the audience had read it, as to what Mr. Mansfield would elect to do in his delineation of the strange character of the hero and how many of his previous and well-known characteristics he would employ.



Richard Mansfield as "Peer Gynt" in Ibsen's Play

to this is the impost that the lines are metrical—a fact which Mr. Mansfield unfortunately makes very prominent—and his lack, aside from that of interesting his audience, must be appreciated.

Ibsen's poem is phantasmagoric; it relates in its more or less unfortunate details the life of a wilful, beautiful, dashing, liar of a man, the heedless sensuality of his desires, and thetribution which overtakes him. It is something to read, it is more, much more, to be heard in the music of living, but it is not suited in any way to serious stage production. It might be utilized by an extravaganza company with a great show of scenery, lights, and costumes in such treatment as is given to fairy tales. But even then it would have to be expurgated most carefully and scientifically, as has been the case with many of the stories in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Mr. Mansfield goes back to his Prince Karl in his representation of the happy-go-lucky exposition of the youthful and libidinous Peer Gynt. Toward the end he reverts to Ibsen's *Character*, and this is by far the best part of the performance. But there is entirely too much of the whole thing. It becomes dreadfully tiresome long before it is time for the curtain to fall. To be sure, Mr. Mansfield has seen to it with a careful eye that there shall be an obvious abundance of stage management, re-enforced by a series of stage pictures which are fairly unconvincing. The scene aboard Peer Gynt's ship in a storm is amusing, although this is probably not what it was intended to be.

The dominating impression produced by the play is, that Mr. Mansfield has attempted too much both for the capacity of the actor and the forbearance of the audience. It is asking much that a theatre full of people shall sit for three hours and listen to the exposition of a drama which does not, in it is hoped, com-

home to them in many ways. This is not intended to indicate fault-finding with symbolic drama, but with "Peer Gynt" itself, which could never have been intended for stage production. That it contains nothing pleasant is not an argument against it; it fails to appeal. And if one may hazard the guess, Mr. Mansfield will not play it long.

In "On Parole," a new four-act play by Mr. Louis Evan Shipman, now on view at the Majestic, we are presented with the agreeably disappointing spectacle of a wartime drama which does not depend for its appeal upon a more or less continuous fusillade of melodrama; but it has been absurdly taken to task for this very reason. For many years it has seemed as if a wartime play—especially one dealing with our Civil War period—must inevitably be loaded down with trills of the obvious and external sort. Mr. Shipman, in "On Parole," has shown that this need not necessarily be the case. His play does not lack excitement—in deed, it is often moving and virile. But its conflicts are interior—matters of character passion—rather than external and fortuitous. One does not miss the war-time atmosphere—the feeling of great events impending or in progress; but these things are not insisted upon—we find ourselves, as it were, in a place a little removed from the center of the stage where that tremendous drama was enacted, and the sensation of being there is both novel and pleasant.

The story concerns a comely young woman, an *Estimatee* Finckney, a Virginia maiden and, of course, a Confederate sympathizer, whose self-assumed role is that of a secret despatcher, and who occupies her time in carrying important information through the lines to General Lee. Major Francis Dale, a Yankee officer and a member of the Intelligence Staff of the Union army, is on the trail of the mysterious rider, when he meets Miss *Estimatee* and, at first ignorant of her identity, falls promptly and quite excusably in love with her. What happens when he discovers who she is is simply a variation played upon the antique theme of the conflict between love and duty—a conflict which Mr. Shipman sets forth simply, sincerely, without extravagance, yet, on the whole, very effectively. The tangle is, of course, straightened out in the end without either sacrifice of duty or remuneration of love.

The play is very well acted by a company presented by Mr. Miller. Miss Charlotte Walker of the Madams line countenance gives an appealing and delicately restrained portrayal of the *Estimatee*, without extravagance, and Mr. Vincent Serrano is manly and gallant in bearing as the stern though enamored Major Dale. Those who have sensed Miss Walker and Mr. Serrano of overacting did these two players an incomprehensible injustice; for that is the last thing in the world that may, in this case, be charged against them—on the contrary, their action at times lacks point and emphasis, though it is excellent on the whole. Mr. Frank E. Allen as the venerable and sweet-spirited General Finckney, Mr. Francis N. Conlan as Tom Greer, and Mr. Robert Cummings as a Confederate soldier, do some exceedingly good work, and Miss Helen Graham, as Lucy Green, contributes a dexterous and vigorous character study.



Charlotte Walker as "Constance Finckney" in "On Parole"



"Portrait of Miss A.," by W. T. Smalley



"The Princess," by William Cotton



"The Nancot," by H. W. Watrous



"An Interlude," by Sergeant Kendall

NOTABLE PAINTINGS AT THE CURRENT EXHIBITION OF THE
ACADEMY OF DESIGN

MUSIC AND THE OPERA

DEBUSSY'S "THE SEA"

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

Boston, March 3, 1909.

FOR a certain small but (let us hope) honorable minority in the world of music, the emergence of a new work by the Frenchman Claude Debussy is an article of prime importance. Within a few years this singular tempo-pret has impressed himself upon the minds of those who are more concerned with music as a living voice than as a completed record, as one of the three most interesting living musicians—and the word is used here in its important, its creative sense. We have already discussed in this paper, at some length, the art of Debussy in its general aspects, so it would be superfluous to advert now to its characteristics. It may be as well to recall, however, that until the present season Debussy has been known to the musical public of this country as the composer of but two works for orchestra: the "Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune" (after the poem of Mallarmé); and the three "Nocturnes." We had not heard his "Danse Sacrée" and "Danse Profane" (for chromatic harp or piano with orchestra), or his newest and most imposing instrumental utterance: the "Trois Esquisses Symphoniques"—as he calls them—"La Mer." These "sketches," published in 1905, were produced at a Lamoureux concert in Paris, on October 13 of that year, under M. Camille Chevillard's direction. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conducting, performed them last night at Symphony Hall for the first time in America. The performance would have delighted the fastidious and hyper-sensitive Debussy, for it was in the last degree revealing and eloquent. Stridens has this astonishing orchestra so covered itself with glory as in its exposition of this fantastic, perturbing, whimsical, and most startling score—one of the most unconfined and unrepentant essays in orchestral writing that have ever been put upon paper. Dr. Muck's reading was exquisitely lucid, yet admirably plastic and imaginative.

It is doubtful if the music made a very definite impression upon many of those who heard it; for it is nothing if not elusive, and it wears none of the hall-marks which long conversation has associated with music which assumes to express the sea. It has none of the expected furies and obvious raptures of the traditional seascapes—how well we know the precise orchestral methods by which the average music-maker will depict his waves and tempests, his moderating winds, and the long roll and swell of his waves! There are prescriptions—do we not all know them!—for denoting exactly the shriek of the gale (chromatic runs in the wood wind); the swirl and roar of the storm (pompeian figures in the horns under string tremolos); recovered gladness and serenity (an evenly rhythmical and gliding passage for the horns). These things are as unvarying as inevitable, as painfully cliché, as the close and muted strings of the pastoral, the diatonic tremulous harmonies of the chorale. Debussy, unostentatiously and without affectation, has subverted them. He has contemplated his theme from a wholly novel standpoint, a standpoint unobscured by tradition or preconception. To begin with, he has chosen for expressive phases of the subject whose freshness and novelty of suggestion strike one at once. His "three sketches" are thus entitled: (1) "Le Faute à midi sur la mer"; (2) "Jeux de vagues"; (3) "Dialogue du vent et de la mer." They are scored for a full, though not an unusual, orchestra; in the second movement

("Jeux de vagues"), a celesta is used as an alternative for the glockenspiel, and the former and more delicate instrument was used last night with delicious effect. One's first impression of this music, as has been said, is of the manner in which it diverges from the too-familiar seascapes of orchestral tradition. We are not reminded, in listening to "La Mer," of the sea as it appeared to the imagination of Rimsky-Korsakoff, of Wagner, of Rubinstein, of Mendelevich, of Macdowell. Nor is it the sea as Swinburne knew it—a sea which, as the echo of it lives in his verse, said W. E. Blissley, contains one of "its vastness and vehemence, the rapture of its inspiration, the palpitating, many-thinking miracle of its light." Nor is it the thunderous and surging sea of Whitman—"the sea / of brooding swell and mark, of mellow hurricanes"—that has quickened his spirit. The sea does not speak to him "with bulky, hangly lips," as it did to that musician who intended supremely his models of elation and terrible beauty, its majesty no less than its awe, its exhilaration no less than its allurements. For Debussy the sea is wholly a thing of dreams, a thing vaguely, yet rapidly perceived, a bodiless thing, a thing of shapes that are gaunt or lovely, wayward or exuberant; vague that are full of bodiment, or pitiful, or passionately insistent; but that always pertain to a supermundane world, a region altogether of the spirit. It is a sea which has its shifting and lucent surfaces, which even shimmer and traditionally mock, but it is a sea that is shut away from (unconsciously or involuntarily) whose murmurs or imperious commands few have needed to pay heed; a sea whose eternal secretaries and imitable enchantments are hidden behind veils that open to few, and to none who attend without, it may be, a certain apt and curious egotism.

From an exclusively musical point of view, "La Mer" is not in a mood that differs either strikingly from that which shaped the inspiration of Debussy's earlier orchestral writing. At the risk of being misunderstood, one is moved to say of it that it is more vigorous, more emphatic in accent, more dynamically various. It is less fluid in movement, less shadowy in profile, than the Mallarmé piece or the "Nocturnes"; it has, manifestly, a more obvious body. One does not mean to imply by this that it owes more admirable traits than its predecessors; we are not exalting mere energy, mere dynamic effectiveness, as the expense of a static beauty and eloquence—indeed, this music seems, because of its greater palpability, less characteristically a product of Debussy's brain than those much earlier writings of his as the "Nocturnes" or "Pelléas et Mélisande." Yet it is manifestly his; it is full of his rich flavor, and it grips and engages the imagination in an exceeding degree. Strangely, it is crowded with exquisite and ingenious detail, and it is put upon the orchestra with a surety, a freshness, a variety and fertility of invention, a sensibleness, a restraint, a mastery of effect, both later and external, that compel fervent praise.

As Mr. Philip Hale has remarked, to those who have anxiously charged Debussy with a lack of "virility" this music is a complete answer; yet it was an answer that need not have been made, at least as a rejoinder; for such a thing as his earlier "Nocturnes," evanescent and shadowy as it is, is not less truly "virile" because it is less firmly articulated. There is a virility of the spirit which rather avoids than seeks emphatic utterance.



A characteristic Portrait of Dr. Karl Muck
CONDUCTOR OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

A Japanese Guide in Plain English

(Continued from page 57.)

covered with permanent undulating snow, and its regular configuration hanging down the sky like an aproned white fan, may be looked upon as equal shape from several regions surrounding it. Every one who saw it ever has nothing but applause. It casts the shadow in a contrary direction on still glassy fave of lake as I have just described. Buildings of Imperial Military Palace, severity of Gorges, all are spontaneous pictures. Wind proper in quantity, suits to our heat to slip by sail, and the sun still shining on the sky shivers quartz faster over ripples of the lake. The cuckoo singing near by our hotel, plays on a harp, and the gulls flying about to and fro seek their food in the waves. All these panoramas may be gathered only in this place.

What, then? Stations all! Up anchor! Hunt in your jib-sail! Stand by bow and main sheet! We're off for glorious quartz Japan to hear the cuckoo playing on his harp.

The "Jamestown" Postage-stamps

ALTHOUGH the designs were decided on only a few days ago, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington is already at work upon plates from which the stamps will be issued in commemoration of the Jamestown celebration, and there is need of haste, if the idea of the Post-office Department, to place the stamps on sale upon the opening day of the celebration, April 26, is to be carried out.

This series—if series it may be called—is to consist of but two denominations, one and two cents. A strong effort was made by many persons connected with the collection and stamp-collectors to have the series include a five-cent denomination, but this the department declined to do, the first intention having been to issue only a two-cent stamp.

The Jamestown stamps will be rectangular in form, about the size of the Pan-American series, longer horizontally than vertically, and printed in one color—emerald green for the one-cent, and the two-cent stamps carmine. The one-cent stamps will bear a vignette of Captain John Smith, and the dates of his birth and death—1580 and 1634. In the upper left-hand corner will be a profile of the Princess Pocahontas, and in the upper right-hand corner a profile of Pocahontas.

For some time it was thought that the stamps in commemoration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Jamestown would be possessed of a very small negative feature, in that they would bear neither the likeness of the brave Captain Smith nor the Indian maiden who had saved his life. As soon as it was definitely decided to issue the series, a search was immediately instituted by the Post-office Department for authentic pictures of these two celebrated personages, with the result that it soon developed that but few were in existence, the few of the Indian princess being either of a nature to preclude their circulation in a civilized country, or, being and legend to the contrary notwithstanding, simply too ugly for consideration. A fairly good portrait of Captain John Smith was finally secured, however, and a compromise was effected with those who insisted that it would be incongruous to picture the settlement of Jamestown, by placing the profile of Pocahontas upon the upper left-hand corner of the one-cent stamp, while the picture of Captain Smith occupies the center.

The design for the two-cent stamp gave less trouble, though provoking some little discussion. It was intended from the first that it should be a representation of some historical event in connection with the settlement of Jamestown, and many urged that it picture the first church of the colony. As this church, however, consisted merely of four upright poles, over which was stretched a ship's sail for a roof, the

artistic results obtainable with such a subject were obviously limited. The stamp as it will be issued will be a fine engraving of the landing of the first Jamestown settlers, rescuing somewhat the two-cent stamp of the Columbian issue, which represented the landing of Columbus.

The Jamestown stamps will be the fifth commemorative series issued by the United States government. First came the Columbian stamps in 1893, comprising sixteen denominations, from one cent to five dollars, and these are generally regarded as among the most beautiful postage-stamps ever issued. The Omaha, or Trans-Mississippi, followed in 1898, with nine denominations; next the Buffalo, or Pan-American, of six denominations, famous because of their two colors and "errors" with the central picture upside down, of which a copy of the two-cent denomination is valued at about \$200. The next series was the Louisiana Purchase Exposition stamps, of five denominations.

Jamestown stamps will be on sale only during the continuance of the celebration, although, of course, they will be good for postage at any time. Being a special issue, it is not probable that they will be on sale at all post-offices, as the department will furnish them to postmasters only on special requisitions. Some little profit always accrues to the government from the issuing of a special series of stamps of this nature, as there are some million-million stamp-collectors in the country who purchase stamps which will never be used to pay postage, to say nothing of the several million which will be bought by foreign collectors. A few years back, the frequent changing of their stamps was regarded by several minor South-American republics and European states as a legitimate source of revenue, and was often resorted to, to the expense and intense disgust of stamp-collectors desiring complete collections.

The wish for a five-cent denomination of the Jamestown stamps was mainly on account of foreign mail-matter—with but the two denominations, three stamps, will be required for an ordinary letter, and a package requiring sixteen cents postage must have at least eight stamps upon it.

Proceedings

A FELLOW meets a "sudden fair,"

He offers her a rose.

At once a something in the air

Pocahontas he will propose.

"Oh! know, I guess—

4th year!—

And thus upon acquaintance short.

Ye modern knight proceeds to court!

II

The marriage state, despite its aims,

Proves but a singular pill:

She cannot stand his "ways"; she claims

That she has "shame" ill!

And then, of course,

Divorce!

And so to make the marriage night

Ye moderns make proceeds to court!

WALTER PUTNER.

Lobsters

LAST year a professor in one of the Paris universities resolved to study the habits of lobsters in his laboratory. As they live in salt water, the first race of the professor was, of course, to procure a supply of this medium. The common mortal will probably consider it a most simple task—to provide a few barrels of sea water. This, however, is not so in France. Sea water contains salt, and the production of salt is a source of revenue. This made it necessary for the professor to first obtain the permission of the Minister of Finance before he could travel and transport the water. When his application reached the ministry a subliminal official was directed to inquire into the standing of the petitioner. This involved considerable correspondence, which passed through numerous channels and finally reached the chief of the department, who now initiated another investigation before order to ascertain why a Parisian professor

should be so anxious to lower the level of the Atlantic Ocean. After several weeks the inspector made favorable report. Some days later the petitioner was notified of the favorable consideration of his request in the usual elaborate official language, accompanied by circulars giving extracts from the penal code relative to infringements of the salt monopoly.

Finally, after months of waiting, the professor was enabled to have some casks filled with salt water, at a designated point on the seashore, of course under the supervision of another official, who duly issued a permit for the transportation of the liquid into the interior.

On Time

A New-Yorker, who travels much in the South on business, says that one day not long ago, while in a Virginia town, he was desirous of catching the 11:15 train for the North.

When he arrived at the station he was much surprised to find that the 11:15 started promptly on time. "Well," said he to the conductor, "they like you North, where they say your trains are never on time, either coming or going."

"The Northerners are right," was the unexpected response of the conductor, "We never got a train off in time in our lives."

"Why, this train got off on time. It's the 11:15, isn't it?"

"Yes, my friend, it's the 11:15, but it's last Tuesday's 11:15. To-day's 11:15 won't start much later Monday, I reckon."

What Did She Mean?

PROFESSOR GRANGER SHAKESPEARE indulged with an anecdote a Shakespeare-Bacon discussion at the Players' Club in New York.

"A literary wag," remarked Professor Matthews, "said one night to her husband:

'When I get to heaven I am going to ask Shakespeare whether or not he wrote those plays.'

"The husband chuckled.

"Maybe he won't be there," he said.

"Then you ask him," calmly replied the wife."

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"For almost ten years I suffered from poor health, which was plainly the result of improper food."

"I was always drowsy, had headache, stomach trouble, was getting a little complexion—was short, was simply miserable."

"Yet I did not realize the real cause of my trouble until recently. I have given Grape-Nuts and the exercise in the little book, 'The Road to Wellville' (which I found in the pig), a thorough trial, and they have worked wonders for me."

"I noticed a change from the beginning. My headache disappeared, and at the end of the first week my stomach did not trouble me so much."

"Now, in less than a month, my nerves are strong, and I begin to have some ambition to do things. I have gained six pounds, and feel full of life."

"Grape-Nuts food, with cream, makes a delicious drink, and I never grow tired of it. I consider 'The Road to Wellville' one of the most valuable books ever printed, for I owe my present good health to it and Grape-Nuts." N. S. Smith, Boston Co., Boston, Mich. Get the book, follow your pig. "There's a reason."



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King Alfonso of Spain discovers the Game of Golf



King Haakon Queen Maud The Royal Dog Queen Maud's Girl

The whole Norwegian Royal Family, including the Dog, goes Skiing

WINTER DIVERSIONS OF ROYALTY

The Interne

(Continued from page 427.)

done wrong, there was a sort of dim expiation in it all.

He knelt down in the long still ward, murmuring: "Christ have pity! Lord have mercy!" By and by he fell prone upon his face, his hands outstretched, a stark cross upon the white sheet, and lay there as still and as quiet as the dead. The flames roared about him, the smoke blew over him, he moved not nor stirred. Christ had heard that prayer, and there was peace in his heart that passed all understanding.

The flames lit into him, the smoke enshrouded him, the walls overwhelmed him. In days to come they found not one vestige that looked him, but the memory of his dead lived and will live. Alas knew, the women knew, the world knew, tied knew, and he himself realized it in the light of another country—a heavenly one.

The Pulse of Change

Tar old order change, yielding place to new.

Especially with us.
The sugar crowns that "Paradise" once drew.

"Salome" now disarms,
"Dorrie" usurps the place of "Nancy Brown."

Change upon change we see.
The chorus cry, "No way back and sit down."

Is had in "Twenty-three,"
So from the first eternal order run.

From Pige is Clere to the Age of Ann.
The poet finds the compass out of Bar.

Another guide never true,
"True as the gyroscope my heart to thine,"

Such is his figure crew.
And loathed swains of "plant creations" speak.

That Barback did decree.
"Soft as a cat's in the smacking cheek,"

The modern lover sighs.
From indeed is gone with all its name,
Late balloon sleeves. And other ghores, who knows?

From shops where once rhyme valentines
we bought.

The picture post-card stanzas;
Little boy dogs, with roset and patios fraught.

Give way to Teddy bears.
And so we see how rolls this mundane ball.

Why, for a purpose quest?
How dumb that this will soon become of all.

Possible worlds the best,
When very children broaden slowly down
From little Fantasy to Buster Brown?
P. L. A.

What He Could Do

In 1892, the late principal of Glasgow University, while taking a holiday in the country, was met by the minister of the district, who requested:

"Hello, Principal! You here? Why, you must come down and relieve me for a day."

The Society replied:
"I don't promise to relieve you, but I will relieve your congregation."

In a Manner of Speaking

A female witness was being examined as to the sobriety of the defendant and, in his anxiety not to express an unfavorable opinion, had made so many evasive answers that both judge and counsel became exasperated.

"Now, sir," cried the judge, "answer the question. Was he or was he not intoxicated?"

"No!" said Sandy, "I wouldn't deny that he was intoxicated in a manner o' speakin'."

"And pray, sir, what do you mean by that?" roared the justice.

"I mean," Sandy replied, very calmly, "that he could walk straight, but he couldn't talk straight."

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A CHARACTERISTIC SCENE IN A GOLDFIELD, NEVADA, DANCE HALL, WHERE THE QUEST FOR GOLD IS INTERMITTENTLY LIGHTENED

THREE PERSONALITIES IN THE WEEK'S NEWS



Count Udo of Stolberg-Wernigerode
THE RECENTLY Elected PRESIDENT OF THE
GERMAN REPRESENTATIVE



John Alexander Dowie
THE LATE "PROPHET" WHO PROCLAIMED
HIMSELF A REBORN ELIJAH



Admiral Ito, of the Japanese Navy
COMMANDING THE SQUADRON WHICH WILL
VISIT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

Big Baggage-trucks Run by Push-buttons

THESE have been placed in use on the Broad Street Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Philadelphia. Baggage and mail trucks which are in themselves miniature automobiles. These in use now are, in a sense, experimental, but the satisfaction which they have given points clearly to the fact that they will ultimately take the place of the old hand-pulled trucks in the larger stations.

Every passenger is vitally interested in his own baggage, and particularly in having it go on the same train that he does, and reach his destination with him, rather than one or two trains afterward. This is one of the conditions which led to the development of these new automobile trucks. It does happen that a passenger doesn't deliver his trunk in the baggage-room until five minutes or less before train time, and yet he expects to have it in the baggage-car before the train leaves. What this means in the great Broad Street Station may be readily realized, for there are in the neighborhood of six hundred trains a day entering and leaving the station, each carrying its share of baggage which must be promptly cared for.

It is not an uncommon thing to see several baggage porters pushing and tugging at one ordinary loaded hand-truck in their effort to deliver its burden within the allotted time. Today one may be attracted by a heavily loaded truck running along at a good speed and controlled wholly by a man who holds the tongue and guides it simply by pushing a button as easily as he would if he were actually pulling the load.

Of course this improvement makes easy work for the men who handle the trucks and they very thoroughly appreciate it, for it enables them to accomplish so much more in a day, without danger of overstraining themselves, or of being routinely sworn out at night. The general appearance of the trucks is similar to that of the old hand-pulled affairs, but beneath the platform are boxes containing a storage battery and one electric motor.

In order to do work satisfactorily these trucks must be safe. They must neither run away nor get away and control is accidentally left for a minute. In this respect they have proved highly satisfactory, for their speed is controlled from a small lever on the tongue by which they are slowed, and it is further arranged so that if this tongue is dropped or let down, the current is shut off and the brakes are put on. A catch is also provided, so that the tongue can be fastened up against the front of the truck, in which position the current is also shut off and the brakes are on the same as when it is on the ground.

Quite So

"WHERE is it, of course a platitude to say that a wise teacher learns by instructing others," recently observed an instructor in a preparatory school in Brooklyn, "it is permissible to remark that he frequently picks up some curious information in this way."

I once asked a boy to explain, if he could, the difference between animal instinct and human intelligence. It was a pretty hard question, but the lad was equal to it.

"If we had instinct," he said, "we should know everything we needed to know without learning it; but we've got reason, and so we have to study ourselves 'till blind, or be a fool."

The Usual Place

MRS. MILLAR: "I saw your auto standing in front of Brown's drug-store, but I didn't get a glimpse of you."

MR. MILLAR: "I was right there, on the front seat."

MRS. MILLAR: "I fear not! I never thought of looking anywhere but underneath."

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A CHARACTERISTIC SCENE IN A GOLFIE, NEVADA, DANCE HALL, WHERE THE QUEST FOR GOLD IS INTERMITTENTLY LIGHTENED

THREE PERSONALITIES IN THE WEEK'S NEWS



Count Udo of Stolberg-Wernigerode
THE RECENTLY ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE
GERMAN REICHTAG



John Alexander Dowie
THE LATE "PROPHET" WHO PROCLAIMED
HIMSELF A REINCARNATED ELIJAH



Admiral Ijima, of the Japanese Navy
COMMANDING THE SQUADRON WHICH WILL
VISIT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

Big Baggage-trucks Run by Push-buttons

There have been placed in use in the Broad Street Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Philadelphia, baggage and mail trucks which are in themselves miniature automobiles. These in use now are, in a sense, experimental, but the satisfaction which they have given points clearly to the fact that they will ultimately take the place of the old hand-pulled trucks in the larger stations.

Every passenger is vitally interested in his own baggage, and particularly in having it go on the same train that he does, and track its destination with him, rather than one or two trains afterward. This is one of the conditions which led to the development of these new automobile trucks. It often happens that a passenger doesn't deliver his trunk in the baggage room until five minutes or less before train time, and yet he expects to have it in the baggage car before the train leaves. What this means in the great Broad Street Station may be readily realized, for there are in the neighborhood of six hundred trains a day entering and leaving the station, each carrying its share of baggage which must be promptly loaded.

It is not an uncommon thing to see several baggage porters pushing and tugging at one ordinary heavily loaded hand-truck in their effort to deliver its burden within the allotted time. Today one may be attracted by a heavily loaded truck, running along at a good speed and controlled wholly by a man who holds the tongue and guide—it simply by pushing a button as readily as he would if he were actually pulling the load.

If course this improvement makes easy work for the men who handle the trucks and they very thoroughly appreciate it, for it enables them to accomplish as much work in a day, without danger of overexerting themselves, or of being entirely worn out at night. The general appearance of the trucks is similar to that of the old hand-pulled affairs, but beneath the platform are boxes containing a storage-battery and one electric motor.

In order to do work satisfactorily these trucks must be safe. They must neither run away nor get beyond control if accidentally left for a minute. In this respect they have proved highly satisfactory, for their speed is controlled from a small lever on the tongue by which they are steered, and it is further arranged so that if this tongue is dropped or let down, the current is shut off and the brakes are put on. A catch is also provided so that the tongue can be fastened up against the front of the truck, in which position the current is also shut off and the brakes are on the same as when it is on the ground.

Quite So

"WITHIN it is, of course, a platitude to say that a wise teacher learns by instructing others," recently observed an instructor in a preparatory school in Brooklyn. It is permissible to remark that he frequently picks up some curious information in this way.

"I once asked a boy to explain, if he could, the difference between animal instinct and human intelligence. It was a pretty hard question, but the lad was equal to it."

"If we had instinct," he said, "we should know everything we needed to know without learning it; but we've got reason, and so we have to study ourselves 'most kind, or be a fool."

The Usual Place

MRS. MILLAR: "I saw your son standing in front of Brown's drug-store, but I didn't get a glimpse of you."

MR. BROWN: "I was right there, on the last seat."

MRS. MILLAR: "Dear me! I never thought of looking anywhere but underneath."

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MARK TWAIN

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The reader will like the way Mark Twain goes vigorously into details, writes plain English, and gets to the bottom of things. He is equally frank with praise or censure, as the case demands. And while his book must be ranked as the most serious and extended criticism of the subject that has yet been made, it is not without repeated tinges of humor which make it, while instructive, also deeply entertaining.

Illustrated. Crown 8vo. Price, \$1.75

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MARK TWAIN

DIVIDEND PAYING INVESTMENT IS NOT SPECULATION

Cecil Rhodes, the Maker of the British South African Empire, said in a speech made in London:

"Of course you can lose your money in mining if you put your money in a mine that is worthless, that has no mineral in it, and in the same way you can lose it if you invest in a share which contains no merchandise, or is a bank which contains no money. Investigate your mining company as you would any other business. This is easily done, and you will then make no mistake."

"So, in answer to your question, I would say, that I believe investing money in good mining stock is the most profitable of investments and very, very much the safest."

THE MODERN BUSINESS OF MINING, properly and conservatively conducted, is as safe and legitimate a business enterprise as is banking, manufacturing or railroading, and so conducted is a science and not a gamble. Having these facts in mind, the Directors of the Bagdad-Chase Gold Mining Company (the owner of the well-known Camp Rochester Mines in California, which have produced in the past two years over \$700,000) decided to take up the exploration and development of mines and to devote to that business the same careful, thorough and energetic attention which they had given to the conduct of their own business in other lines.

The result is the examination of over five hundred mining properties, the careful investigation of about one hundred of those offered and the final purchase of three only, which have been proved by actual development to contain ore bodies capable of producing annual dividends of at least 3% on the entire capital stock of the Company.

Mr. Wayne Darlington, one of the most successful and experienced mining engineers in America, and who was for five years in charge of Mr. John W. Mackay's mining properties, is the General Manager of the Company, and his judgment has been followed in the selection of these properties, which are:

THE SOULSHY MINE (on the mother lode, at Soulsbyville, Tuolumne County, Cal., equipped with a 50-ton milling plant. Has produced \$1,000,000 in gold above the 400-foot level. The company is developing the property to the 800-foot level. Planned to be in full operation by March 1911, and producing net returns of not less than \$40,000 per month.

THE PETTIT MINE, in the Atlanta district, Idaho. Developed to the 600-foot level. One blocked out to the value of at least \$1,200,000. Planned to be in full operation by July 1911, and producing net returns of not less than \$8,000 per month.

THE SOUTH MOUNTAIN MINE, in Owyhee County, Idaho. Robert N. Bell, State Mining Inspector, estimates that this contains 1,000,000 tons of ore, averaging \$30 a ton. Planned to be in full operation by December 1911, and producing net returns of not less than \$75,000 per month.

The estimated net return from the three properties aggregate \$95,000 per month, or \$1,140,000 annually. These earnings would give a dividend rate of over 3% on the preferred stock.

The stockholders of the Bagdad-Chase Company have unanimously voted to make their issued \$2,000,000 of stock all common stock, and to sell so much as may be necessary of an authorized issue of \$1,000,000 of 8% cumulative preferred stock for the purpose of completing the purchase price of the three properties, for further development and the erection of the necessary reduction works thereon.

That is to say, these holders of the \$2,000,000 of stock, originally issued, have put \$1,000,000 preferred ahead of their own stock so far as dividends and ownership of all property are concerned, and have agreed that 8% per annum in dividends shall be paid upon it before the common shareholders receive a penny in dividends. Furthermore, they have provided that after all stock has received 8% in dividends the remaining earnings shall be equally divided among all the shares, so that the holders of this preferred stock will, in addition to their protection as preferred stockholders, receive equally as much in dividends as those who are not protected by preference.

THE BAGDAD-CHASE GOLD MINING CO. owns, free from all liens and encumbrances, besides the well-known Bagdad-Chase Mines and the three new properties described above, the Ludlow & Southern Railway, the Barstow Reduction Works, the town of Camp Rochester (Stedman P. O.), Cal., and accumulated tailings of 50,000 tons, worth \$150,000.00.

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THE QUIET LIFE AT ALBANY

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COMMENT

The Decline in Stocks

WHATEVER else may be said of the recent serious and threatening conditions in the stock-market, the long-continued decline in the value of securities has been accompanied by strange phenomena. The special property that is now of much less worth to its owners than it was a year ago is railroad property. It may be said that this property is actually worth as much to-day as it was before, both as tangible property and as a running business. Of course we realize fully that people who want to fix rates on the scrap-value of railroads are not very willing to consider the good-will and possibilities of a going concern; but all economists must differ with them unless, indeed, they are ready to sink their economic principles in the turbid waters of socialistic politics. The unfortunate people who own railroad securities find their property greatly reduced in value, and they have the right to demand a possible, even probable, loss of income. If this great decline had followed the usual course of like financial depressions, the country long before this would have experienced the distress and the ruin which accompany panics. That it is true that in a large way panics are perished phenomena has been demonstrated now as seldom before; and it is perfectly clear to every observant man that all intelligent conservative forces of the country have been put forth to avert such a gradual decline that the country would be spared the frightened mind that makes a panic epidemic. How much the Treasury has aided is still a question. Certainly Secretary CLEVELAND has tried. But this time, unlike 1893, there has been little loss of confidence because of a scarcity of money. Therefore, while Treasury aid may retard, it cannot prevent. In the mean time the equanimity with which bankers and investors have sustained their great losses is admirable.

Effects of Attacks on Railroads

There is a reason for the peculiar situation which is patent. The general attack upon the railroads has resulted in a loss of confidence in that kind of securities. It is explained that a principal reason for the decline is a general liquidation; that, so far as the railroads are concerned, a good many people have been getting rid of their bonds and shares. The profits of the railroad business are threatened, and railroad extension has been checked at a time when the business of the country demands that it should be greater than ever before since railroads began. New securities for new work could not now be sold in our market. The Transvaal road has been able to borrow in France, but in the money-markets of this country the roads have been obliged to borrow of the banks on three-year notes and to pay very large rates of interest. The Federal government has led in the attacks, which we will not now criticize, and the States have followed. These may have been stimulated by Mr. Doer's so-called warning that if the States do not perform their duty as the administration sees

it, the Federal government will usurp their powers by construction of the Constitution. The result of this stimulation by the administration has been a mass of State legislation, actual and pending, much of which, if carried into effect, will tend to bankrupt many of the roads in those parts of the country which are most in need of railroads. That railroad presidents and managers say this may cause it to be questioned; it is, nevertheless, true. If this Federal-inspired State legislation is persisted in, there is a black future for railroads and for those whose business is dependent on the service of the roads.

Disastrous Possibilities

The roads themselves, if they are wise, will not decrease their service because of adverse legislation; indeed, pure business considerations require that they maintain their trains and all their activities as long as they can; but it must be plain to the simplest, railroad enemy though he may be, that if the present war goes on, the railroad business and all business served by it must suffer disaster. In the mean time danger to other and smaller businesses hides in the fact that so much of the money of the banks has been lent to the railroads. The time may not be distant when the small business man, or the large, will find that there is no money in the banks for his necessary accommodation. Then we must look for squalls. The assumption of folly in that behind every movement, or even suggestion, of the railroads is a predatory motive, and this, unless abandoned, must eventually bring disaster.

Exactions of the San Francisco Labor-Unions

It would make appreciably for joy in the hearts of the American public if the labor-unions of San Francisco could be so enclosed in one physical frame that they could be drawn firmly across a pair of competent knees and spanked by a hand of due left and application until they gave convincing evidence of a fervent yearning to be good. They doubtless include many decent men, but the impression prevails, and seems to be amply founded, that they are controlled and their policies shaped by the most coarsening brand of irresponsible monopolists that anywhere occupies a position of equal power. Of their ability to regulate the relations of the United States with Asia we have lately had an impressive illustration. They do not look so handsome sitting on the neck of the fallen San Francisco that is struggling to her knees. That is in effect the posture in which they are exhibited by a writer in the *Argonaut*, who tells some particulars of the means used to make it as difficult and as costly as possible to rebuild San Francisco. This writer does not complain that wages in San Francisco are excessively high, for everything else is dear there at present. It is the more wanton exactions and hindrances that he dwells upon. The unions have not only succeeded in exacting an extremely high rate of pay for themselves, but they refuse to use building material brought in from outside the city unless it has been prepared or manufactured by union men paid at the current San Francisco rate. Boards must be "surfaced," not at lumber-mills where normal wages are paid, but at San Francisco rates; stone must be cut and dressed, not at the quarries, but at local yards. Metal sash and door frames must be either of San Francisco make, or manufactured by labor paid at San Francisco rates. Masons fight inch by inch against the concrete walls needed for anti-earthquake construction. Skilled workmen from out of the city cannot get employment, because the unions refuse to admit them to membership. Finally, builders say that the prevailing spirit among the workmen is bad, and that they do not get the service they get when wages were a third lower. Mischiefs like these mean not only delay and infinite vexation of spirit, but that the new San Francisco will be worse built than she should be, and at far greater cost.

Useful Immigrants for Southern States

The question whether or not the Southern States can afford to expend money for the importation of useful immigrants is economic, and its solution ought to be left to the States themselves. It may be that such a use of public money is neither proper nor profitable, but each State ought to decide this for itself. Any attempt by the Federal government, through Congress or otherwise, to prevent the States from deciding this matter each for itself is paternalism of an exasperating kind. If this action is dictated to Congress by

labor-unions, then the Federal government manifests a weakness which is ominous. We have seen more than once the power of labor-unions over the Federal government. The exercise of it has more than once determined Federal action, which has affected all the States, for the supposed benefit of an important body of voters in one State or in one section. The question is now whether the Federal government ought, out of consideration for the labor vote of the North and West, to interfere with the South's effort to increase its foreign population.

Japanese Immigration Restricted

The Japanese-San Francisco incident seems to be closed with the proclamation of the President putting into effect the law restricting immigration of Japanese and Korean laborers to this country. This is the manner in which the Federal government has settled the peculiar controversy between the nation and a city school board. It has not yet been determined, and it will not be in this case, whether or not the nation can enforce a foreign subject's treaty rights against the laws of a State. The State of California, indeed, may still complicate matters, notwithstanding its early yielding to President ROOSEVELT's request, by passing new laws, and the question is still open: "Why did the administration admit that the Japanese had these rights?"

Useful Exercise of Kingly Influence

In his book on the English Constitution, Mr. BAGEHOT shows very clearly that the great usefulness of a king comes from his influence over the political powers. He is speaking, of course, of a king of England. In the matter of foreign relations, for example, the king's intimate knowledge of what is going on through his relation with the crowned heads of Europe is of immense value to the Foreign Office. Mr. ROOSEVELT exercised such influence as King ELEANOR exercises when he prevailed upon the State of California to refrain from any further anti-Japanese legislation; an important difference is that EDWARD's influence is not exercised through the medium of the Associated Press, and, therefore, *per se*, cannot excite opposition. It is fair to add that for any neither has Mr. ROOSEVELT's.

The Amended Subsidy Bill

It ought to be pointed out, now that Congress has adjourned and the question is out of the way for the moment, that the defeated subsidy bill of the session was favored by a good many anti-subsidy men, and that it was not liked by the subsidy advocates. The reason for this support was that when the bill came out of committee and reached the House of Representatives, it had become merely a bill for the establishment of a few mail-routes between this country and South America. These mail-routes would give to us a nine day's mail-route to certain of the South-American ports with which we now communicate through Europe, by routes which are several weeks in length. The subsidy men did not like the bill because, they said, it was not in the least such a measure as they wanted; it would not benefit freight-carriers or ship-builders; and it would prevent future legislation such as they desired. Granting that the anti-subsidy men who favored the bill were right, the episode shows how the long agitation for subsidy has tainted a measure which has merely the appearance of granting money gifts to shipping and ship-building. Mr. McCALL was one of the friends of the bill because it did not grant subsidy; but the name, and not the substance, killed the measure.

Insubordinate Police Inspectors

The performances of the New York police inspectors at Albany this winter ought to be a warning. It is charged that the chief subordinates of the police force have sought, by the expenditure of a large corruption fund, to prevent the passage of bills desired by their superior officer, the head of the force. The purpose of the bills was to make the inspectors and all the men of the force really subordinate to the commissioner. The opposition to the bills, even if unattended by corruption, would alone be evidence of their necessity. Subordination is as essential in a police force as in a military force. Without it a corrupt body of men may safely laugh at the efforts of a good commissioner who wants to bring about reform. If the district attorney's office is correctly

informed, there is a regular partnership between New York policemen and thieves which renders thieving a safe business, profitable to both parties. It is hard on a community like New York that men who are paid to defend citizens and their property should be interested in robbing them. If this be true of the New York police, it is probably true of the police of other cities, and such abominable and criminal conditions, if they exist, must be promoted by a system which Mr. HANCOCK has sought to destroy, and which the inspectors and other policemen have done their utmost to perpetuate.

Reasonableness of the new Duma

It is now clear, as the WEEKLY surmised, that the new Duma has all along been willing to accept any reform which will mean the beginning of a progress towards the establishment of a constitutional government, even though it involve the adoption at first of the German system, which does not provide for ministerial responsibility, but for communication with the imperial government through the chancellery. The Russians, liberals of all shades of opinion, desire an ultimate responsible government, and when a people untried in the art of government express a willingness to move slowly to their end, they show that there is much more to be expected from them than the dismal cries of the Russian people used to predict not long ago.

Jamestown Militarism

It is not disputed, that we know of, that the present-day world is annually wasting an enormous sum of money on warships and standing armies. Everybody—except possibly Captain HANCOCK—believes that the money thus spent could be put to much better use, and might to great advantage be left in the pockets of the world's taxpayers. It would be left there if this was the millennium, but while the millennium continues to hang back and other nations continue to feed away vast sums annually in the maintenance of armaments which they cannot afford, it is the judgment of a large majority of our people that the United States must stay in the game and keep up such a navy as its international relations and obligations require. To preach disarmament is a useful service if the preaching is effective, but disarmament must come by agreement of all the nations concerned. No great power can safely undertake it on its own hook. It seems to us that the bishops, preachers, legislators, editors, and others who are making what hubbub they can about the coming military and naval show at Jamestown show a curious inability or disinclination to face the real facts of the case. They talk about "the Jamestown militarism" as a glorification of war, and consider the display as something insidiously contrived to turn the heads of the American people and make them want more soldiers and more warships. The truth is, we believe, that the Jamestown naval review was contrived chiefly in the interests of economy. It was the cheapest conceivable thing the government could do to help the exposition. Hampton Roads is an ideal place for a show of warships. A good many ships will be there; a good many people will see them and will know more about navies than they did before. The gathering of ships and soldiers will provide entertainment, but it will also diffuse knowledge. The taxpayers who see the ships will see what they are paying for, and will surely be by so much the better qualified to judge whether they want to spend money for warships or not. If our friends who oppose spending money for warships think they help their case by keeping the taxpayers as ignorant as possible of what a warship is, one can understand their opposition to the Jamestown naval review; but if the diffusion of knowledge helps their case, then the review will work for them and their side.

The Opposition to Intercollegiate Athletics

There is one reason which leads to opposition to intercollegiate athletics that is not thoroughly understood by laymen, but which must always be in the mind of so sincere and thoughtful an educator as President ELWELL. It is too much the habit of earnest friends of these athletic contests to deal with all critics of them as if they were enemies of athletics, and perhaps it is the truth that those who favor physical temperance are driven further towards extremes than they wish to go. But the truth is that whatever opposition there is in reality directed against a strong disposition on the part of

undergraduates so to magnify athletic contests between colleges as to make them the dominant interest of our institutions of learning. Not only are the studies of the courses put in the background, but those who devote themselves to them become objects of commiseration and even of a certain kind of contempt. To the minds of many students, perhaps of the majority in some institutions, the real men, the heroes, are those whose achievements are physical, and those who possess the real college spirit are those who spend four years on the bleachers cheering the heroes. The men whose achievements are merely intellectual, and their work, are negligible. It is against this dominance of athletics, with its commercial accompaniments, that opposition is felt, and it is only because the athletes and their friends have created and maintained this false perspective that the hostility seems to be directed against all intercollegiate athletics. The remedy resides with the students. When their sport ceases to be business and becomes sport, and especially when contests between colleges are subordinated to athletics within the college, no one will make a pretension such as Mr. ELIOT has made in his annual report; for there is no friend of youth, such as a teacher must be to be successful, who is opposed to true sport—sport for all, and not for a selected few.

Mr. Cleveland's Birthday

The flags were up on the City Hall staffs in New York on March 18 in honor of GROVER CLEVELAND's seventieth birthday. Many other flags were shaken out hereabouts in honor of the same distinguished son of New York. Mr. CLEVELAND paid no attention to the day thus marked by his admirers, but being in Florida, he stayed there and went fishing. He shows a notable willingness to let other, and disinterested, persons do whatever may be necessary to keep his memory green. But very little is necessary to be done. Mr. CLEVELAND's reputation is taking wonderfully good care of itself. His remarkable qualities and memorable public services were never so heartily appreciated as now.

Head-line Improperities

One aspect of the TITUS trial, as it is reported, is a subject for proper comment and for serious consideration. For several weeks the trial has been in progress. It has been, or it ought to have been, a solemn judicial inquiry for the purpose of doing justice, in order to vindicate the laws of the State if they have been violated, to do justice, in a word, between the accusers—the people of the State of New York—and one charged with crime against them. Theoretically the proceeding has had for its purpose the ascertainment, as far as the human mind may be able, of the truth. As the case has been reported, however, it has been mainly a contest between two lawyers, a trial of wits that has been talked of as men talk of a battle between pugilists. "JEROME scores," "DELMAS draws blood," "The District Attorney gives a Staggering Blow to the Counsel for the Defence," have been some of the published impressions which, used by the newspapers, have given to a judicial hearing in which a man's life has been involved the appearance of a prize-fight. This kind of reporting of what should be so high and dignified is not conducive to civilization or supportive of it.

A Club for Women

A woman's club has been opened in New York in a beautiful house that has been built for it, and with a carefully selected membership. There is a good deal of discussion whether it will succeed. Most of the successful clubs in New York are maintained largely by the contributions of men who very seldom use them. It is argued that women are more thrifty than men, and will not loathe go on paying for the maintenance of anything that they do not use; that they will not use their club much; and that presently they will let it fail. But how much will they use it? The men's clubs are most valuable to the unmarried men and to men who stay in town in summer and work while their families go out of town. These men are the chief patrons of the club restaurants. A woman's club would hardly get patronage comparable to what these unattached men furnish to the men's clubs. Women are not at all likely to crowd a club dining-room in the evening at any time in the year. They would be much more likely to lunch in their club sometimes, and the membership of such an organization as this new Colony Club must include many ladies who live within easy

reach of town in summer, and who will find a club a convenient place to go to at midday when they come into town in summer when their town houses are closed. That sort of patronage is the mainstay of a very successful ladies' club in Philadelphia which has long since passed the experimental stage and has come to be a substantial institution. We do not think the new Colony Club will fail. There is plenty of money back of it and uses enough for it to warrant its maintenance. But it will have to be kept up, like most of the other clubs, chiefly by the dues of persons who very seldom use it.

An Amended Thrill

Ex-Senator SPOONER says that he resigned without the promise of a single client, but we doubt if he will feel the same thrill that the young lawyer feels when he hears the step of his first client on the stairs.—*Chicago News.*

Not quite the same. The thrill is now produced in these parts by the stopping of the elevator. Do stairs still survive in Chicago!

Mr. Sinclair is Burned Out

Mr. URBIN SINCLAIR's experiment in community life got a grand advertisement on the morning of March 16 by the burning up of Hollicon Hall, the edifice at Englewood, New Jersey, which had sheltered his hopes of bettering the plan of life. The material loss was considerable, and it remains to be seen how far it was offset by the value of the advertisement and of the sympathy excited by misfortune. Five of the colonists were injured in getting out and a workman lost his life, but the rest escaped with no worse harm than loss of their effects. Mr. SINCLAIR saved a valuable practical experience in the regulation of cooperative human life, and possibly he will have another try at cooperative living. The desire to live happily for less than the prevailing rates is exceedingly earnest in these parts at this time, and a plan that made its practitioners even a little happier than they were before might win ample patronage even though it fell considerably short of perfection.

Forests, Watersheds, and Floods

Chief-Forester GIFFORD PINCHOT declares that the great flood which has devastated the upper Ohio Valley is due fundamentally to the cutting away of the forests on the watersheds of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. Commenting upon Mr. PINCHOT's statement the *Sax* says that he is fundamentally right, but that Congress will not be ready to transact business again until next January, and then the lesson will have been forgotten. Yes, by most of us; but will Pittsburgh have forgotten it? She has had the worst flood in her record, has barely got her head above water, and, as we write, is threatened with a fresh submersion. Surely Pittsburgh's memory of her losses will still be lively enough ten months hence to make her stir up Congress to do what can be done for her future protection. Maybe the flood-taught people will back up Mr. PINCHOT.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

The returning spring will miss Mr. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, whose office it has been, like that of spring itself, to add new charms to creation and new pleasures to human life. It was only the other day that he reached his seventieth birthday, and seemed as young as all good men ought to be at that age. His life, while not in actual years prolonged beyond the ordinary term, embraced an unusually protracted enjoyment of literary celebrity. The volume of verse which he published at nineteen made him a poet of national reputation at twenty, and the distinction won at that early age he maintained unimpaired during half a century of literary work. That is a remarkable record, and implies not only a very notable and genuine talent, but a scrupulous literary conscience, and persistent adherence to high and exacting standards. His place in American literature is secure. Certain of his books continue to add to the happiness of each generation of young readers as it comes along, and certain of his verses are sure to be included in the anthologies to come. Writers of his quality were never common nor ever will be, and are rare, if anything, in our American world of letters to-day than they were when Mr. ALDRICH began to write. A charming poet, an admirable story-teller, one of the best of editors, and one of the best and most delightful of men; it is a treasure to part with so old and so little a friend.

Railways and State Legislation

Most people seem to have forgotten that Mr. CLEVELAND during his second term said in an annual message that, because of the absence of adequate powers delegated to Congress, the Federal government could not deal efficiently with monopoly within the borders of a State. He went on to show that, in order to qualify the Federal government to deal with inter-state monopoly, the powers delegated to it by the Constitution must be enlarged, either by a new constitutional amendment or by decisions of the United States Supreme Court which should stretch the definition of "regulate" and of "commerce among the States," where these words are used in the Federal organic law. Mr. CLEVELAND was alive to the difficulty of getting a constitutional amendment passed, and he by no means advocated the surreptitious stretching of the Constitution by the highest Federal tribunal. What he did recommend was recourse to a lawful and practicable expedient. He urged that the States, in their separate capacities, should voluntarily congregate with Congress in the suppression of corporation monopolies. Little or no heed was paid to his advice at the time, or during the eight or ten years that followed. Since, however, the Federal government, by the railway rate act, asserted a determination to regulate interstate railways, and since Secretary Root declared at the Pennsylvania dinner in New York that if the States neglected to use their powers of regulating corporation monopolies within their borders, the Federal government, in one way or another, would have to assume them, the States have begun to better themselves with a vengeance. A review of the extraordinary amount of interference with rail-ways accomplished or threatened by States during the last twelve months, and especially during the last three months, fully accounts for a change in the attitude of railway managers, who are beginning to evince a decided preference for Federal over State control.

Let us glance at the recent record of some twenty or thirty States and Territories, and note the extent to which they have undertaken to prescribe passenger or freight rates, or both, or to interfere in other ways with the management of railway business. We take them in alphabetical order. The Alabama Legislature has cut down passenger fares from three to two and one-half cents per mile, and has fixed railroad freight rates on more than one hundred articles, reducing the charges almost one-half in some instances. It has also provided for reciprocal demurrage in the matter of delay in providing transportation facilities for freight, or in unloading cars. In Illinois, the Lower House of the Legislature has passed a two-cent-per-mile passenger-fare bill applicable to all roads in the State, and the Senate has also advanced a two-cent-fare bill on the calendar. A measure relating to car shortage is also likely to be passed. The Indiana General Assembly has likewise enacted a two-cent-passenger-fare bill, and, as regards freight rates, has given the Indiana Railroad Commission powers almost equal to those conferred by Federal statute on the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Iowa Legislature has passed, and the Governor has signed, a bill requiring railroads carrying annually \$4000 a mile to sell passenger tickets at the rate of two cents a mile, those carrying less, but over \$2000, to sell them at the rate of two and one-half cents, and those earning less than \$2000, to sell them at the rate of three cents. In the Maine Legislature a bill is pending to compel the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, 482 miles in length, and the Washington County Road, which has 133 miles of track, to adopt a passenger rate of two cents per mile. The Maryland Legislature has enacted a law that any railroad in the State which charges a flat passenger rate of more than two cents a mile shall be required to sell mileage-books for trips of a thousand miles or more at two cents a mile. In the Minnesota Legislature a two-cent passenger-fare bill is pending, and is deemed certain to become a law. Another bill makes more rigorous the existing statute that forbids railway companies to issue new stock without the consent of the State Railroad Commission, which must be informed of the purpose to which the stock is to be applied. In Missouri a two-cent-fare bill and a bill requiring railroads to equip all cars with air-brakes and automatic couplers have been passed, and a maximum freight-rate bill is pending. The Nebraska Legislature has reduced passenger fare from three to two cents a mile, and a bill clothing an elective railway commission with a power to make freight rates will undoubtedly become a law. Nevada has created a railroad commission with which railways must file schedules of freight rates that must not be changed without thirty days' notice. The law forces connecting lines to make joint rates, and prescribes a maximum freight charge of about half the present rate. Another bill which has passed the House fixes the maximum charge for carrying passengers at five cents a mile, which is about half the present rate in Nevada. In the New Jersey Legislature bills are pending for a two-cent passenger fare, and for the creation of a State railroad commission to exercise absolute control over the roads of the State. Another bill provides that freight-rates must be furnished for all shippers when demand for the same is made. In the Territory of New Mexico, the legislative House has passed

a three-cent-per-mile passenger-rate bill, which the Council is expected to ratify. The bill also provides that children under six years shall be carried free. Both Houses have passed an anti-trust law forbidding combinations in restraint of trade, as well as discrimination in freight rates. In New York, aside from the public utilities legislation recommended by Governor HUGHES, a bill providing a passenger fare of two cents per mile on all steam railroads and several freight-damage bills are pending. The North Carolina Legislature has passed a bill making the railway passenger fare two and a quarter cents a mile on all roads more than sixty miles in length, and empowering the Corporation Commission to prescribe the same fare on lesser lines. The North Dakota Legislature has passed bills providing for a two-and-a-half-cent fare, with thousand-mile books at a flat rate of two cents, and providing also for reciprocal demurrage. In Ohio a two-cent-fare measure has been operative for nearly nine months, and for six months a railroad commission has been authorized to regulate freight rates and traffic abuses. The Oregon Legislature in the session just closed enacted a law patterned after that of Wisconsin, providing for reciprocal demurrage in the event of delay in getting cars or in unloading them, and also conferring on a railroad commission power to regulate both passenger and freight rates. In Tennessee a bill providing for a maximum passenger rate of two and a half cents a mile is expected to be passed, and in South Dakota the State Railroad Commission has been authorized to fix just such a rate. Another law in South Dakota prohibits railroads from making campaign contributions, and this law defines the amount of damages to be paid by road agents or shippers for delay in furnishing or unloading cars. In West Virginia a two-cent passenger-rate bill has become a law, with the result that already the passenger service is being cut down by the trunk lines. Finally, we observe that in the Texas Legislature more than eighty anti-railroad measures are pending, among which a two-cent-fare bill and a reciprocal demurrage bill are likely to be enacted.

Now, if we examine the newspaper reports of the debates in the legislatures of the States by which the above-mentioned laws have been passed or advanced, we shall find them swarming with arguments of the anti-railway type based on two assumptions, each of which is, to say the least, disputable. The opponents of the railroads assume, first, that the railroads can afford to carry passengers for much less than the rates usually charged; and, secondly, that the railroads could afford to transport freight at rates much lower than those now levied if they were not over-capitalized, and only needed to earn reasonable dividends on their actual cost. As a matter of fact, men thoroughly conversant with railway statistics know that in the case of most steam railroads the passenger business can be conducted with but a relatively small part of the net earnings, and that in the case of some steam roads it is already transacted at a loss. If the reduction of passenger rates to two cents per mile were to be enforced in all of the States and Territories, it is doubtful whether a single steam road could be named which would not, on the whole, lose money by its passenger traffic. If we turn to the question of over-capitalization, we shall find that the steam railways of the United States are by no means deserving of indiscriminate criticism on this score. What may be true, for example, of the Chicago and Alton Railroad is certainly not true of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad. If, again, we take American railroads as a whole and compare them with European railways, we must recognize that the former are comparatively free from over-capitalization. Black-glaring misrepresentation of the facts is current. For instance, Governor Hogg Suttin, of Georgia, speaking the other day to the Cincinnati Dealers and Shippers Association, said that, whereas the railroad properties of the United States are capitalized at over thirteen billions of dollars, "careful estimates" of their actual values show them to be worth less than six billion dollars. We do not know where the Governor got his "careful estimates," but these certainly do not agree with the computation made in 1904 by the statisticians of the Interstate Commerce Commission, who then computed the aggregate actual value of American railroads at eleven billions. If he was right then, and we take into account the money since invested and the general rise of values during the three subsequent years, the railroads should now be worth intrinsically about two billions more, or, in other words, almost exactly their present capitalization. It is, indeed, the belief of most engineers who have considered the subject that, in view of the increase in the cost of terminals and rights of way, American railroads could not be reproduced for the sum of the securities outstanding issued them.

Let us look at the matter from still another point of view. Our railways are capitalized at \$57,000 per mile; those of Great Britain at four times as much; and those of Continental Europe at twice as much. The 178,000 miles of railway in Europe are capitalized at twenty billions, while our 216,000 miles are capitalized at about thirteen billions. On the other hand, the gross earnings of the two systems are about the same, ours being \$2,100,000,000 against \$2,200,000,000 a year. In a word, while our gross

earnings are but five per cent. less, our capitalization is less by some forty per cent. than that of European railroads. It would, obviously, be much easier to bring home the significance of these facts and figures to President ROOSEVELT and the Interstate Commerce Commission than to the Governors and legislatures of forty-five separate States. That is why some railway managers are beginning to evince a preference for Federal over State regulation of railways.

Easter

It cannot be by chance that the festival of the resurrection falls together with the springing of the year and the rebirth of the earth. The strange fitness of times and events only strikes us now and then when we stop to reflect; but this side of life, the beautiful, undulating order of the universe, is what gives man his sense of security: it is the root of all the gaiety and the buoyancy with which we tread the appointed paths. What! shall the orbit of the star be snipped out, and the hip-point of the leon's leg be set so that he can make mule through the hot and sunny nights, and the blows that fall upon the yearning soul of man be meaningless and hapless? Only when we are too tired to think do we fail to feel the necessity of the existent order of the universe.

It is not to detract from the value of a symbol, therefore, to realize that it is in its essence of the intrinsic nature of the human heart, the result of that inevitable preoccupation of man, and that in all ages, all climes, he has reacted in some way or other against the seeming conclusion of a possible ending. In the lowest tribes and the farthest days some cure was taken to provide the dead with solace on the long journey, dark and mysterious, upon which they were supposed to go. Who can look unmoved to-day upon this relic of a past age, in a negro cemetery, and see the toys laid about a little child's grave, the photographs and favorite possessions about those of the older human child, without being touched by this groping of the mind into the darkness beyond which it cannot yet see clear. In its own way this is a reaffirming of the unity of all life; it, too, is a realization that it is the same universal life showing a new face. Man himself, myriad-minded, confused by feeling one thing at one time and a wholly new one at another, yet holds ever in some dark chamber of his thought the conviction that all things are one, and that noniformity is but a way of looking, by turns, at the paradoxical figures of the universe. It is as in the child's song of a new poet:

"What does it take to make a rose,
Mother mine?"
"The God that died to make it, knows,
It takes the world's eternal ways,
It takes the moon and all the stars,
It takes the night of Heaven and Hell,
And the everlasting Love as well,
Little child."

No atom of dust, no star-burst nor trailing comet, must fail to the making of the whole perfection which is the thinking body of divinity. All the snows and the storms, the short, cold winter days, go to the making of the sweet and watchful hours of the long twilight. It is just this faint hint and premonition in the air of what is to come which makes spring the season of deepest gladness: it is a foretaste of desolvent wanderings through a warm-breathing earth when the unexpected visitations of the best thoughts fall, such thoughts as can only dawn in come in blessed likeness to the power mind. And who at such a moment, in the presence and renewal of all life, could recklessly hazard a doubt of lasting bliss? How often, in looking upon Greek vases, we see the flowerlike white figure of Persephone falling lay in the arms of the fiery chariot-driver, Adonis. And who can forget—who at any rate, that has ever looked upon the green-verdant pillars sorrow of the wandering Demeter of Calais, in the British Museum, can forget the grief of the desolate mother and the resultant sterility of the earth, the sad news handed on by Hecate, who heard the ravished maiden's cry, and by Hecate, who saw the theft. Then Zeus, taking pity upon the earth, sent Iris with a message to Hades ordering the redressance of Persephone to her mother, that the grief of death might not be devastating and overpowering.

No, it has always been in the mind of man, this strange anguish and despair at the glowing human life which seemed to suffer and then relieve in death, and its reaction, till, from the annual rebirth of the year, he fashioned himself a hope and a consolation, securing himself that even as the seed falls into the earth and darkness, only to come forth in the sun when in more glorified aspect, so the soul of man suffers momentary and partial eclipse to be born more gloriously; but alas! not within the scope of our vision.

The festivals of Demeter were held in the spring and autumn. The 7th of April was the day set apart for the games of Ceres. Demeter corresponds to Helios in Hecate and to Ananias in Zoroastrian mythology. Ananias, too, wanders in sorrow from

place to place. She caused all growth and pervaded the whole material world, even being said to dwell in the hearts of men, and fruitfully there into fair activities and noble pursuits.

How intimate and familiar, how strangely modern and near, seems the last great fact of resurrection, as we turn to it from the more ancient aspects! How *summons* and *living* are the words of the medieval ritual:

Die nobis, Maria, quid cibetis in riu?

And the detailed verification of the antiphonal chant:

Sepulchrum Christi cunctis et gloriam ride resurgit.

To know One risen from the dead, to feel the life once reaching only a handful of folk on a strip of land by the Mediterranean, now filling the world and looking men everywhere, is to know that as surely as the spring follows winter, so surely does life follow death, and how little it matters what the form of that life be, since at least we know that nothing is lost.

Personal and Pertinent

MR. HERBERT THAYER, in the Philadelphia journal of insurgent humanity called the *Commoner*, is having an inordinate amount of fun with Professor BLISS PERRY. Dr. PERRY wrote a life of WALT WHITMAN in which he made statements about WALT's financial responsibility in his earlier years which were very displeasing to Mr. THAYER. Mr. THAYER, who was a disciple and familiar of WALT's, thereupon summoned Dr. PERRY to appear and give his authority for what he had said. But Dr. PERRY has not appeared to Mr. THAYER's satisfaction, and has not been willing to disclose his authorities, so Mr. THAYER, being lacking of other satisfaction, has had to take what he could get out of Dr. PERRY's hide. He has helped himself liberally, and must be experiencing all the joys of repletion. As for WALT, he has arrived, and no early details of his record can affect his standing. As a whole it is a good record. Careless sometimes in some particulars we have always supposed him to have been, and Dr. PERRY says nothing worse of him than that, while he finds a thousand admirable traits, actions, and talents with which to credit him.

There is a lesson to be pondered on about municipal government, a lesson that is furnished by Birmingham, England, and by Mr. SMITH. Mr. SMITH is town clerk of Birmingham. He is not of that sort; he is not "advising" his present post because his fellow townsmen hoped to honor him, or because his fellow townsmen thought of him as a possible distributor of patronage to their profit. Birmingham is his client, and he is running its business as he would manage the affairs of any client. Mr. SMITH was a London solicitor, earning at his profession £2000 a year, and those who possessed authority in Birmingham became enamored of his intelligence, his energy, his ability in the management of corporate affairs, and they asked him if they could hire him for town clerk. He said that they could if they would give him enough, and so they paid him the equivalent of what he had been earning at his profession. He became, then, nominally the town clerk, and really the tyrannus of Birmingham. He was the boss, not the boss of a hall or a party, not the organization, but the boss of the town. He carried on the business of Birmingham, and while the Mayor and Common Council supervised him, they generally did what Mr. SMITH advised. He has brought water to the city from Wales, spending millions of pounds, unthought by the politicians and unopposed by the citizens. One of the Aldermen of the town, who sold Chicago beef in his butcher shop, remarked: "What we want for a government of a borough, such as this, is a 'big-priced' one with a 'iron' and a 'solid' glove."

It was published in the newspapers the other day that HARRY GARFIELD was likely to be elected president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. There is not much basis for this, unless it may be said that every man who has been sentenced for the place by persons who have a vote is likely to be chosen. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology is feeling one of the effects of the failure to merge with Harvard. Most men who are big enough to be president of the institution realize that the failure was a misfortune, and that the institute is going to have very hard experiences because of its ensuing competition with the rich new school of engineering which is to be established at Cambridge. As for Mr. GARFIELD, who is perhaps the ablest of the sons of the ex-President, he is pretty sure to be the next president of Williams College. He would have been president now if he had not refused it - not because he would not have liked the office, but because he was under business obligations that prevented him accepting. Mr. GARFIELD has enough education to possess scholarly tastes. He went to Oxford after he was graduated from Williams, and is now, after a useful life as a lawyer and a good citizen, a very busy professor at Princeton. It is expected that he will do a good deal for Williams College, for which he has a great affection. It is the GARFIELD college. The President and his four sons were graduated there.

Correspondence

LOCAL VERSUS FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

NEW YORK, February 21, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir.—I have read Mr. Michael O'Sullivan's letter headed "Local versus Federal Government" in your issue dated February 23, 1907. I have also read your comment on the letter.

Just now in this country the picture presents only one side, that of centralization. This has been the trend of the party in power at the present time in this country, and is in keeping with the principles which have fostered and fed what have become known as "trusts." A trust is no more, no less, than centralization of power. The condition presents a curious phase when one comes to examine it.

This country appears to be gliding along contrary to the current of affairs in every other country in the world. Founded on individual rights and the rights of individual States, the central government was, if one might so style it in corporation parlance, the advisory committee of the individual States, with powers limited by agreement; in other words, the system of government was founded on decentralization of power. The persons who framed this system were born in other countries or were descended from those who had emigrated from foreign countries, and as the scheme itself shows, the founders of the United States government were bitterly opposed to the system then in vogue in Great Britain.

Today we find ourselves drifting towards monarchical principles, putting greater power into the hands of our central government, while monarchical countries are gradually stripping their central governments of many of the attributes which the accident of birth conferred on the rulers.

It is quite true that autocratic power can more quickly deal with affairs than limited power; but the use of autocratic power is only justified by the existence of extraordinary circumstances, and has no place in the general run of business. Besides, it is very costly for autocratic power to become despotic. We would do well to keep our eyes on our neighbors, and see how the increase in individual rights works out, and take care that the word freedom does not lose any of the reputation it acquired by travelling in company with liberty.

I am, sir,

B. SMITH.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR CENTRALIZATION

KNOXVILLE, TENN., January 31, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir.—In the editor's article on "The President and the Constitution" in the issue of the *North American Review* for January 18, there occurs a statement of opinion which I beg to submit, is hardly to be justified. In commenting upon Secretary Root's remarks on a "tendency" toward an extension of Federal powers to include various functions of government at present manifestly discharged by the States, the editor is of the opinion that these remarks give evidence that the Secretary's manners have been corrupted by Presidential communications. He says:

"It was the apparent effect of association and environment upon the main aim of the foremost administrative statesman. In our opinion, now living that seemed to us so startling to demand full exposition and due reprobation. The real question relates to the responsibility for the 'tendency' towards centralization. Upon this point we differ from the Secretary of State. He endeavors to fix it upon the people. We charge it directly upon the President."

It is scarcely just, I think, to lay all the responsibility for this "tendency" upon the President. *Ubi forte citat ante Theodori*. Other persons, much less conspicuous, to be sure, but of sufficient importance to have their proposals discussed by writers on political science, have given utterances to views very much like these prophesies of the Secretary,—even if he did prophesy in the name of Roosevelt and not in his own. In that admirable book, *The State*, by President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, there is a passage (see, 116-117) in which this "tendency" is seen to be antedated, by an appreciable period, the present administration. Having called attention (in sec. 118) to the disadvantages attendant on "the plan of leaving to the States the regulation of all that portion of the law which . . . in effect determines the whole organic action of industry and business . . . disadvantages which make themselves more and more expensively felt as modern trademarks of social and political development" (the italics are mine) "more and more prevail over the old conservative forces," he goes on to discuss proposals of reform. "Various extensions of the sphere of Federal government have been proposed," he says, "by sanguine reformers, who would have all interests which need for their advancement uniform rates of law given over to the care of Congress by constitutional amendment." This book was copyrighted in 1888. It may be that an examination of the writings of Theodore Roosevelt will yield evidence warranting his inclusion in the list of these "sanguine reformers" of that time, but it is obviously out of the question to charge the whole thing "directly upon the President."

Further, President Wilson points out (see, 116) that "with the regulation of interstate commerce Congress has always been charged. It was to give Congress this power, indeed, that the great constitutional convention was called; interstate commerce was one of the chief sources of friction between the States which marked that time of crisis." That is to say, it was for the extension, or rather creation, of Federal control over functions of government, then inadequately discharged by the States, that the convention to which we owe our present system of government was brought together. But the most significant language, in this connection, is that of sec. 118, in which President Wilson—not President Roosevelt, or any one speaking for him—says, "Of course, too,

this is a jurisdiction which must necessarily advance with lengthening strides as the movements of our already vast commerce become yearly even wider still and more rapid." That language may fully be compared for certainty of tone with the language of Secretary Root. Both deliverances are properly predictions rather than "threats." The only language, it seems to me, that can fairly be construed as despotic or arbitrary in its suggestion is that of the famous sentence which speaks of the extension of Federal powers by judicial interpretation, and judicial interpretation has long been recognized by political writers as one of the chief means by which Federal powers have historically been extended. Now, for instance, an article in the *Athletic Monthly* for October, 1905, on "Our Changing Constitution," I quote the closing sentence of that part of the essay which deals with this subject: "The great corporation is the most potent force in our economic life of today. These great artificial beings, the creatures of State law, have entered the control of their creators. It is inevitable that the nation should take hold where State control has broken down. A hundred years ago the only media of interstate communication were cowhide sailing-vessels and the occasional stage-coach that lumbered across State lines. But to-day steam and electricity are welding the States together, commercially and industrially. With the destruction of the States as industrial entities will follow, in the fullness of time, their destruction as political entities. Historically, federalism is like the grave: It takes, but it does not give."

It will be clear from this that the idea of a tendency in centralization, President Roosevelt is not mentioned at all. He can fairly plead *non mea culpa, et temporis*.

I am, sir,

BERNARD SPENCER.

SUFFRAGISTS AND ANTIS

NEW YORK, March 4, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir.—As a suffragist I desire to thank you for the gratifying cartoon which appeared in your February 23 number, "O Save Us, Senators, From Themselves!"

We suffragists have an fear of the antisuffragists, but we do pity them—these laboring women whose desire for the very political activity they pretend to oppose leads them to deny themselves, along with the rest of their sex, and to stand against a reform whose need they do not feel, because they have never come into competition with men, nor have they taken pains to find out what it means to those who do. Many of these antisuffragists pride themselves on their charities for working women, yet they oppose the suffrage which might enable the working women to rise above charity. Their position is pitiful and unphilosophical.

We are always glad to find among men those who, like HARRISON WELSH and Mr. W. A. ROGERS, are at least so far with us as not to be against us.

I am, sir,

KATHARINE ELLENWORTH COOK,

Secretary Equity League of Self-supporting Women.

A CURIOUS COMPLAINT ABOUT SOME INTERESTING PICTURES

PHILADELPHIA, PA., February 26, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir.—I have been waiting since the latter part of January to see in your paper some acknowledgment or apology for the publication of the pictures headed, "When the President Makes a Speech." It seems to me that this is a publication that your good sense should have taught you to avoid. You say, in answer to the enclosed clipping of January 31, that there has not been a grain of personal malice in your criticism of the President. While the President is, of course, a public personage, I do not think you have any more right to publish photographs of him in ridiculous positions than I may have the right to publish those of a private person, and even if you have the right, it strikes me as very bad taste, and I for one want you to know that one of the common people is not with you in such an effort.

I am, sir,

W. B. S.

We are surprised at the impression the pictures have made on our correspondent. To our mind they are not ridiculous, and, of course, were not printed with malicious intent. The President in action is a very interesting object.—EDITOR.

"ANGLO-SAXONS"

St. LOUIS, Mo., February 23, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir.—Will you kindly favor an admirer of your excellent journal with your explanation of the term "Anglo-Saxon" as used when referring to the American people. Does the term embrace only those of English descent, or does the term also include those of German descent? because the original home of the Angles and Saxons was in Germany.

I am, sir,

A. T. J.

It was chiefly in England that the Angles and the Saxons were intermingled and became a composite race, therefore "Anglo-Saxon" commonly suggests England. The term may properly include, however, the descendants of the Angles and Saxons who stayed at home as well as those who migrated to England.—EDITOR.

BULLYING THE WOMAN-WORKER

HOW FEMALE LABOR IN THE SHOPS AND FACTORIES IS OBTAINED BY MEANS OF RUTHLESS OPPRESSION AND VIOLATION OF THE LAW ON THE PART OF UNSCRUPULOUS EMPLOYERS

By RHETTA CHILDE DORR

AT half-past three o'clock on a winter morning, a year ago, two young women hurried through dark streets in the neighborhood of Lincoln Bridge—streets deserted save for night prowlers and an occasional policeman who looked suspiciously after the girls as they passed. At that hour few cars were running, and the young women walked the entire distance across town to the Hoboken ferry. They were just in time to catch the four o'clock boat. Hoboken was reached five minutes after a car had left the ferry, and the selected passengers knew that they must wait an hour and a half for the next one. That is the way the street-car service "serves" in Hoboken. After ten minutes past one the cars run at intervals of an hour and a half. The girls sat down to wait in the ferry-house, but not for long. The man in charge leaned out of his window and gruffly ordered them to move on. "This ain't no place for all-night loafs," he bellowed.

"But we have to wait for the car," cried the girls in dismay. "Can't help that," returned the man. "Ain't nobody allowed to sit in here after midnight."

The women fled from the place and stood outside in the cold all the early morning. They dared not walk the mile that lay between them and home. Across the street a hallway offered shelter, and there they sat and waited in silent terror until a car finally came. It was just dawn when they reached their home.

Am I writing a melodrama? Not at all. I am relating a commonplace incident in the lives of respectable working women in New York city. But women don't work until three o'clock in the morning, you say. The State law prohibits any woman working after nine o'clock at night. So indeed it does. Nevertheless, women do work after nine o'clock at night, not one or two here and there, but thousands and thousands of them in many industries. They work until ten and eleven o'clock in most of the department stores, not only during the Christmas season, when the law is suspended, but all through January, February, and into March. I worked in a department store myself once, and the head of my department told me when he hired me that I should have to look forward to working from eight o'clock in the morning until ten at night, from December 15 until the middle of March. Should I receive overtime pay? No, but the firm would give me my supper. My wages were eight dollars a week, the head of the firm who is a great philanthropist, would not ask a girl to buy her supper out of eight dollars a week. He only forces her to give him four hours' work after supper.

The auditing and accounts departments of the great stores are out of sight, and the Consumers' League and other agencies which have done so much to ameliorate the hard lives of the salaried and cash children, know not much of conditions there. Slugs high up on the "White List" are just as hardened offenders against the labor law, so far as night work of women is concerned, as the shops which are under the list.

In the busy season of millinery and dressmaking nobody knows how many girls are obliged to toil until midnight and after, often until two o'clock in the morning, that fashionable women may have their finery on the moment. Talk about sweatshops! Some of the dressmaking establishments in the Fifth Avenue district are so much worse than the average sweatshop, in their heartless and cynical attitude towards their slaves of the needle, that comparisons are unfair. It is a common thing for girls to be kept at work for eighteen hours, with three-quarters of an hour off for the noon meal and a cup of tea and bread and butter handed around for supper. Few, if any, dressmakers pay their girls for overtime. The girls work far into the night to finish rush orders, and are laid off for a day or two to recover. They are not paid anything for the days when they do not work, of course. How could they expect it?

Down-town in the big factories it is more difficult to keep people working at night. There an inspector did find a group of women in a box-factory after midnight, but it was explained to him that they were not there to work. They were having a tea party. The inspector was quite satisfied with the explanation. However, if the factories must close at nine o'clock, it is not difficult to induce the workers to take home bundles of hats to prepare for trimming, needles to finish garments to sew on until early dawn. It is not difficult, because the workers know they must consent or lose their jobs. The rush season in any trade, especially in the sewing trade, is the workers' harvest time, and if they are not busy then, they face starvation the rest of the year.

Just now it is the rush season in the millinery trade. The millinery trade that I refer to has nothing to do with those beautiful hats that adorn rich belles on Fifth Avenue. This is another kind of millinery, in which models are turned out by the thousands for the medium and low priced trade. Most of the hats are the so-

called "ready to wear" affairs, very simple in design, little trimmed and usually cheap in material. It requires small skill to handle these hats. Most of the women in the trade are known as preparers. They do what little the machines have left them to do in the way of making the hats, lining their brims, and getting them ready for the trimmers. They do everything, in fact, except put on the bow or the quill or the flower which decorates the hat.

Millinery is supposed to be a very "gentle" trade, and the workers imagine that they are on a pretty high social level when they make hats. It would be better to say, "I am a milliner," than to admit, "I work in a hat factory." For this, and one or two other good reasons, the trade is overcrowded, and even in the rush season about fifteen per cent. of the workers fail to find steady employment. It is a condition of things which the manufacturers are not slow to take advantage of. The girls are exploited in every possible way. Wages are low, and are based on a piece-work basis. It is customary to take in many learners each season, rather than to employ girls who already know the trade. The learner, you see, signs a contract to work from two to four weeks for nothing, and the rest of the season for from \$1 to \$1.50 a week. Sometimes the boss finds an excuse for turning off these girls after they have worked for nothing while learning. He can then take on a new set of girls who want to be milliners. As a girl of average intelligence masters her task in about a week, the boss gets a great deal of his work done by learners, and doesn't cost him a dollar. Such a state of affairs in a trade makes it quite easy for the manufacturers, even the best of them, to force the workers to take work home after the shop closes. And they do it. Women are timid, they are weak, they are unorganized; they think they are needed in industry, and they are not. They are not organized. They accept conditions as they find them, and cheerfully waste the frame of their lives for a pittance. This is what the manufacturers mean when they say they employ women because women are more easily handled than men.

Go down to the corner of Grand Street and the Bowery any evening in February or March, watch that amazing procession of women and children pouring out of the factories, hurrying to their homes after a day of toil. Note that many of them carry bundles under their arms. Ask them what they carry.

The factories are not the only places from which girls are forced to take work to be completed before they can seek their beds. A girl friend of mine pointed to a picture of a famous actress in one of her most popular characters. "That gown," said the girl, "was finished in my kitchen at three o'clock in the morning. My sister brought it home from ———," naming a palatial store in whose dress-making department many stage wardrobes are made.

It is the book-binders, rather than the shops and factories, that are the worst offenders in the matter of night work for women. A month or two ago a big firm down-town was actually advertising in the daily papers for girls to work from eight o'clock at night until four in the morning. Until very recently two well-known magazines (one of them a celebrated "novelizer") had a system in their binderies by which two weeks in the month, the girls worked seventy-eight hours a week, the other two weeks being slack. State law is the legal work, one night, and sometimes two, some of the girls worked all night. A representative of the Consumers' League went to one of these magazines and labored with the millionaire owner. He admitted that he broke the law, but he added that in his opinion the law was a nuisance, and that he sometimes thought of having it declared unconstitutional. However, he disliked lawsuits and preferred that some one else should bring the test case. He agreed to change the system in his bindery until the law was made over in suit him.

I knew a girl who is employed in a bindery in the West Thirties. She works at the wiring machine. There is only one wiring machine in the shop, and it happens that in the middle of the week there is a great deal of wiring to be done in order to get a magazine ready for the next process. So this girl works all day Wednesday, all Wednesday night, and until ten o'clock Thursday morning. She sleeps all day Thursday and goes back to work Friday morning. She does this every week.

I know another girl who, until lately, worked every Friday twenty-four hours at a stretch. She spoke of it frankly to me, and asserted that she was not strong enough to continue the long hours. Both of these girls belong to the union, and they receive the usual time and a half allowance for their extra hours of work. They are not forced to work at night, the foreman will tell you. Are they not? Even under union conditions the average skilled woman in the binding trades makes little more than \$2 a week. The men in the binderies average \$13, but they have so hypnotized the women that the men are able to monopolize all the highly skilled parts of the trade, leaving the simpler operations to the

women. No woman is allowed to go higher than the sewing together of the sheets. The girls at the sewing machines make from \$7 to \$8 a week. The work requires intelligence and a fair amount of skill, and if it were a "man's job" it would command twice the wages. However, the women except the half-bred are better than so broad at all. When a chance offers to double her wages by working a night or two in the week, is it any wonder that an energetic girl jumps at it? Most of the binders agreed, when we talked it over, that it wasn't so bad, if they only wouldn't ask you to leave the shop before daylight. That was the worst, the going home in the dark, when the cars and ferries are running at such wide intervals, and such terrible people are hanging around the streets. One girl said that in her shop they let the night shift lie down on the floor and sleep until six o'clock. Her foreman was too kind-hearted to turn a girl out. Another said she used to wait for daylight in an all night restaurant on the corner.

Accidents? Oh yes, accidents do happen sometimes, when a girl gets too tired and sleepy to be careful. Usually they manage to keep their wits about them, but not always. Catherine used to work as a painter, and as she was a very quick worker she made as much as \$12 a week. Big wages for a woman. But Catherine wasn't satisfied with that. She was bright and ambitious, and when the boss offered her \$25 a week to work at the cover machine all night she was delighted. Twenty-five dollars a week is a princely income for a working girl. It opens up possibilities of dazzling luxury to the entire household, for few girls have only themselves to provide for. So Catherine went to work at the cover machine, all night long feeding magazines to a great hungry steel and iron mouth. One night she was unusually weary. Perhaps she had not slept enough during the day. Even working girls like to have a good time, and sometimes they are so foolish as to sacrifice their sleeping hours to pleasure. Of course no one defends such nonsense. A working girl should work. On this particular night the girl at the cover machine was tired and sleepy. The cover didn't run smoothly between the jaws of the monster. Several times they got all wrinkled up and ruined. So, when the very last cover she ever fed it began to wrinkle she forgot caution and retained her hold on it a fraction of a second too long. The great jaws snapped at her hand. She shrieked—and shrieked. They stopped the machine, but not before the jaws had devoured her arm just below the shoulder.

What became of her? Oh, she stayed in the hospital quite a while, and the shop got up an entertainment for her, and made \$1000. She bought a cork shoe, which makes her look all right, and the firm took her back and gave her a job as copyholder at \$7

a week. The other copyholders get \$8 a week, but the boss said she was lucky to get any job at all, with only one arm.

Did the firm do anything for her while she was in the hospital? Well, they bought some tickets for the entertainment. Of course they were not responsible for the accident. The girl was working at night voluntarily, and was getting well paid for it. She knew the machine was dangerous. Anyhow, she couldn't sue the firm, because she was breaking the law just as much as they were.

There are people whose minds are so logical that they cannot see why if women will get into the trades they should expect the trades to adapt themselves to feminine necessities. If a trade needs people to work at night why should not the women as well as the men do the night tasks? I can think of several answers to that. I can think of two or three ways in which the night itself menaces women as it does not menace men. Only the other day the press despatches from Lincoln, Nebraska, told a horrible story about a girl of fifteen being assaulted on her way home from her night-work in a telephone exchange. Every once in a while the working world hears tales of girls running for more than their lives to reach the shelter of their doors. No, not down on the East Side among the foreign population. East Side streets are as safe as any drawing-room. Most of the girls live in Jersey City, Hoboken, Brooklyn, or far up in Harlem, where rents are comparatively cheap. It is hard on the parents of these girls when they don't get home until late.

I was thinking of Jeanne. Jeanne was a young French girl, one of a prosperous Jewish family, where it was never intended that the daughters should work. The father had a little cigar store down on lower Broadway, and all the children were to be school. The Trust noticed the little store one day, and naturally ate it up. They gave the father a job, but the salary was small, and the two eldest girls had to find work. Jeanne got a job in the modeling department of a big store and worked until almost any hour of the night. When she stayed out after ten the father used to go down to the corner where she got out of the car and wait for her. One December night he waited there in a furious storm, waited a long time. Jeanne was very late that night, and all the way up in the car her little heart was depressed with anguish, for she thought of her father standing there in the snow. When she found him he was speechless with cold, and when they got home he lay down on his bed exhausted and ill. He died about ten days later.

There are lots of girls who wouldn't dream of entering the dark door of a saloon in the daytime, but on the way home in the dark hours, when there are few to see and none at all to care, and

(Continued on page 373.)

THE COMMISSION WHICH IS INVESTIGATING CHARGES OF GRAFT IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF PENNSYLVANIA'S STATE CAPITOL



THE COST OF THIS STRUCTURE WAS OUTGOING TO BE \$1,000,000, BUT THE AMOUNT EXCEEDED \$1,300,000. THE ITEM OF \$300,000 FOR "FURNITURE" ENDED \$2,000,000 FOR ELECTRICIANS, WHICH WERE CONTRACTED FOR "BY THE PHASE." AN ARTICLE DEALING IN DETAIL WITH THE EXPENSIVENESS FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE BUILDING ENTITLED "IN PENNSYLVANIA'S NEW CAPITOL, A PALLIAT MONUMENT OF PRATITY" WAS PUBLISHED IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY" FOR DECEMBER 3, 1904. A REPLY TO THIS ARTICLE, "A BIRK FOR PENNSYLVANIA'S CAPITOL AND ITS BUILDERS," BY ISAAC A. PENNAPPAH, WAS PUBLISHED IN THE ISSUE FOR DECEMBER 29, 1904.

THE SHADOWS OF PARIS

By ROWLAND STRONG

PARIS CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

"AND above all be careful of your planet!" This was, according to M. Félix Bracquemond, a pupil of a pupil of Ingres, the supreme dictum of the great classical French painter. Braving taught Ingres, is merely an indication of the luminous and sombre masses, and of the light, which determine the values of the objects to be represented.

The luminous and sombre masses, the shadows of this great capital, whose history covers so many hundreds of years, are instinct with delicate suggestions, with subtle lessons. Every city has the shadows that it deserves, the shadows that it makes for itself, just as the deeds of men and women color and model their lives. The Old World and the New have each their characteristic shadows—shadow-marks as full of significance if not as tangible as landmarks. In respect of its shadows London differs no less from New York than Bruges from Pilsborg, though the contrast may not be so striking. New shadows, varying in sharpness and intensity, are cast by new events, new people, new buildings; and the old shadows linger even when that which gave them birth has long passed away, enveloping in a ghostly atmosphere the impalpable spirit-world in which we live with our ancestors. Not even the levelling of a house or a street can banish the old shadows altogether, can exorcise them wholly. Their immaterial presence still clings to the sites of razed cities and abandoned temples. They are, as it were, "earth-bound" for generations; and when at last they take their leave, Time has indeed made a complete revolution, and so troubling have been their reposedful or merely reminiscent whisperings, their evocative note becomes so penetrating and acute by its mere attention, as change follows change, that our coarsest natures not infrequently hail their departure with something like a feeling of relief. Shadows are the letter-half of History.

Modern Paris is stately, she poses; a magnificent statue of stone, and, generally speaking, her shadow is soft and blue, of great depth under an appearance of lightness. Her features are classical, her look and bearing imperial, but wars and revolutions, the passions of love and hate, have left deep lines upon her face and furrows upon her brow, which, if examined singly, may appear harshly sceptical, cruelly ironical, bitter, or sad, but they do not destroy the antique nobility or the intellectual serenity of the expression as a whole. The mask of Napoleon with the smile of Voltaire! The beauty of the bust is heightened, not marred, by its "patina."

The old shadows commingle and contrast with the new. The sharply cut, new-shown shadows of tall twentieth-century mansions seem all the harsher and colder when they come in contact with the warm if dingy tones of some such quaint relic of pre-Revolutionary days as that little old patched and red-tiled wine-shop on the Quai de Passy, with its ragged windows of ancient ivy still clinging to its roof, and all around it the stone-faced apartment-houses of the wealthy—a company of modern millionaires gazing in horror at a mummified *sans-colotte*. Then to go

back to almost prehistoric times, to the brick and marble period of the Roman occupation, we have mystical shadows such as fall in deep amber and russet folds from the broken walls which now surround the Cluny Museum, and which at different epochs have enshrouded a Roman bath and a Carolingian abbey. The Middle Ages still contribute their share to the shadows of Paris, notably on the



The Shadow of the Law—the ancient peaked Turrets of the Palais de Justice recalling the Steel Caps of the feudal Guardians

quays, where the cross-hatching of the long fishing-rods bending over the swirling Seine from the embankments and the river-shore give to the black and white of city, Seine, and sky a quality and tone which you may look for in vain outside of a Gaillon etching. And with their medieval dignity unimpaired by inheritance, the successors—themselves centuries—of those ancient trees, whose roots ages ago were bathed by the Seine waters, turn aside from the surging life behind them, indifferent to the human hustle, as if nothing worthy of the notice of a tall and noble poplar had been or ever could be going on. The river breeze with its song and capdery, its eternal caress, is still their one play-fellow—*but not enough!* And their deep greens and sluggish masses of branch and foliage are those of the old French "verMORE" tapestries, spun in lonely and by high-roofed maidens and leather-jerkined youths long before the Gobelins looms, with their silk and gold threads, were set up in rivalry. Also of medieval shadow, though the reconstruction be more recent, are the pointed roofs and sugar-loaf turrets of the Palais de Justice which overlook those same Seine banks, recalling the steel-peaked caps and spiked armor of the feudal *garde de la paix*, grim and iron-handed sentinels over virtue. Here, indeed, is the antique shadow of the law. And hard by at Notre Dame, in deep shadows of serene obscurity, tremulous with divine harmonies and perfumed with immemorial incense, from hundreds of saint-bordered niches, from the intricate tracery of the great rose-windows with their swirling kaleidoscopes of painted glass, from the dated pillars rising in pure jets of stone to dimmer and dimmer heights, from the roof of the vast nave poised like a moth on wings of Gothic lark, from the two slighly towers lifting their shivering arms to heaven, falls the shadow of the church. From nowhere can the shadows of Paris be better observed than from the North Tower of Notre Dame on a sunlit afternoon, with, for preference, big billowing white clouds driving across the blue sky—immidiatly beneath you the myriad convolutions of the old Island City, through whose cobble streets, as through a brain (to quote the subtle poet of "The City of the Soul"),

... "men creep like thoughts";

farther away, the varied ranks of those closest groves, lit up in spring by their sampler cones of bloom, which Napoleon I. planted as a guard to the ancient splendors of the Luxembourg; farther to the left, the "blossoming know" of the Pantheon, the seventeenth-century magnificence of the two round towers of Saint-Stulpis, crowning the classical and reposed lines of the great Louis-Quatorze pile like the curls of a monumental peruke of the period;



The little old Wine-shop on the Quai de Passy—a mummified "Sana-colotte"

then along the white Seine with its score of sparkling bridges like so many rings on the white fingers of a queen, to the blue and black and gray of succeeding divisions of the city, blue as the eye reaches the more distant and modern quarters, to the Paris as yet unlit that lies bare and formless—*terrena cupra*—outside the fortifications, and beyond to the misty purple horizon and the washed eminence of Bellevue, Montreuil, Saint-Ouen, and Versailles. From laughing youth to extreme old age, in all its moods grave and gay, the life-story of the great city lies before you; and at your side, the "Penseur," that sphinx-bearded gargoyle of Notre Dame, which for ten centuries has gazed out upon the slowly changing scene, and watched its multitudinous and multicolored shadows with the same prophetic mystery in its eyes and grim humor on its lips, thinks your thoughts and dreams your dreams, for in the direct line of its vision rises up the Eiffel Tower, menacing symbol of a world yet to be born, monstrous finger-post of progress.

Not less suggestive than the shadows of the Paris that dreams are the shadows of the Paris that thinks and works, and of the Paris that plays.

In the Luxembourg quarter, where the aristocracy of intellect expands the edifying influence of its grave presence, the shadows have a quality of their own, born of their environment, and determining it. Take any of its old streets, say the rue Cassette. Owing to the solemn companionship of Saint-Sulpice, a stone's throw away, and the aristocratic survival in its midst of the Hôtel d'Alençon, now the Catholic Institute, but until recently the town mansion of one of those great French families that have preserved intact their religious and social traditions, the rue Cassette wears an outward air of pious contemplation, a mask of spiritual decorum, the estate ferry, as it were, of a domestic life of the upper clergy. Mainly composed of old-fashioned printing houses, including that of the Archbishop of Paris, no family hideaway is very bound in more mournful black or raven. Across the strait-laced facades of its white-leaved walls the shadows fall narrow like black stoles. Two moribund monarchist and clerical organs issue daily from its presses. Look at these high-pointed cobblestones which constitute its "pavé," its "metal"—resembling too like metal to the horse's hoofs and the wheels of passing vehicles. Note the delicate dark-gray shadows which surround them at their base, growing less as the road gradually sinks to the curbstones on either side. By their constant ripple they suggest a babbling brook. The brightening of the dark-gray shadows of these old-fashioned cobbles teaches you the meaning of that idiomatic expression "*le haut du pavé*." That part of the old Paris thoroughfare, before the introduction of "trédars," or paved sidewalks, which was farthest away from the gutter, and, therefore, at the highest level, was the "*haut du pavé*," a favored position, to hold which was the privilege of wealth and rank. In those days the gutters ran through the middle of the street, and the "*haut du pavé*" was nearest to the wall, where the sidewalks now are. A few old thoroughfares paved in this way are still to be seen in Paris, notably the rue Bertin in the sixteenth arrondissement, and the *cour du Dragon* at the corner of the rue de Rennes. And though it is no longer permitted to the insolent lackeys of great nobles to push more citizens into the gutters of these narrow streets, a certain aristocratic air still pertains to them by reason of these humble stones which yielded every prerogative to the "carriage-folk" and nothing to the pedestrian. In the rue Cassette the "*haut du pavé*" is now in the middle, two little strips of sidewalk having been added on either side, but the cobbles are of the ancient shape which for three centuries has not been modified, and their shadows are the same. Shaded in summer by trees, the tops only of which are visible above high walls that once surrounded extensive gardens, streets



The Clerical Street, Rue Cassette, "sedate, erudite, and contemplative," where the Shadows fall Narrow like Black Stoles

of the type of the rue Cassette, equally sedate, erudite, and contemplative, are common enough on the left bank, in the neighborhood of Saint-Sulpice, and in the university quarter. At most times of the day, a subdued and harmonious illumination fills them, spending over their surface a kind of rich atmospheric varnish, such as was used by the old masters, banishing all crudities of light and shade: the very asphaltes seem to reach these solemn alleys through a patina or veil, which exists perhaps only in our imaginations, but is suggested by the elderly spirit of the place, its almost alienated echoes. In any case, the impression is there, and if so many of the dealers in old furniture and large-bear have opened shop in the rue de Rennes, which is a kind of highway through this old-world quarter, but yet so far from the track beaten by most American tourists, it must be that here are constant atmospheric qualities peculiarly precious to them, and that the background, or rather the circumstance of gray-green wall, with the aërial lengths of chestnut-trees floating above, and the rich stippling of the cobbled roads, is just what is needed to show off their faded treasures to the fullest advantage. Certainly the exorbitant prices which they charge would simply justify this supposition.

Here, also, the shadows of the human face tend to accentuate particular lines and develop typical expressions. In both look and dress the Parisians who belong, as a native, to these regions, would present an unusual, if not eccentric, appearance in any other part of the world. He is both graver and grayer than the inhabitant of the right bank of the Seine. It is here that the pier-head, the "stereotype" hat with the flat and somewhat downward-sloping brim, forms part of the local dress, and the "trémoulin" or blunderbuss of half a century ago, that wholly revolutionary infant of the Imperial heaver, is still to be seen, though its proportions, becoming with succeeding generations, only just earlier to indicate a true but diminutive descendant of the giants. Fashion moves slowly in this neighborhood, where shoddy work and imitations comfort, proud characteristics of a highly cultivated bourgeoisie, are the order of the day. The frock coat is constantly worn, and is long and ample in the skirts; trousers disdain the pressed median line; the brown boot is rare; patent-leather and the pointed toe are rarer still; the elegancies are subdued, though real. The swallowtail coat, together with an elaborately patterned white shirt-front, is still de rigueur at marriages, at funerals, and on all occasions of official ceremony; and these old-fashioned plantings seem to be imitated or repeated in the thousands of white-slatted shutters enfaming the windows of all but the most modern houses, and giving to them a fresh and dignified air of being always in clean linen. There is a provincialism too in this well-haunted look which has its charm. There are streets in this working and thinking quarter of Paris which have all the appearance of respectable public notaries, such for instance the rue de Fleurus, with the Luxembourg gardens as its vernal background. The older and smaller and darker streets take us back to earlier epochs of fashion before Brunel had invented the clean collar, to the days of laced ruffles of such delicate casimir that they slumped a too frequent staring and remained beautiful but yellow; and there are quite poor streets where Paris and students live, whose dilapidated shutters are nearly black.

That the left bank of the Seine monopolizes all that is treasurable in the ancient harmonies of line and shadow that enfold the heart and history of Paris is a popular error, but that the right bank is, on the whole, kinder to the eye is constantly denied, though with eternity before us the past is in a sense apocryphal. As Bürger says, "Hilf ist Hülfe!" But that the right bank is entirely distinguished from the left by the diversity of its shadows is perfectly true. In the note of the comparatively new houses of which the opera is the centre, the shadows, owing to the prevalence of fresh stucco, are harder and bluer, the wide streets, the broader



The Shadow of the Church—Notre Dame's famous Gargoyle, the "Penseur," gazing toward the Eiffel Tower



The Government Buildings, with their hard, cold Shadow of ministerial and diplomatic justice

pavements, leave a free inlet to air and sun, the planes are lower, and the backgrounds have a relative absence of chiaroscuro. Where a bright and burning sun can play with unbroken rays upon such massive walls as those of the Madeleine and the Bourse, with their colonnades in pure Greek style, we have shadows so violent cut and of such a rich deep blue as to transport us in imagination to those rugged and stony landscapes of the Midi and the Mediterranean, where, to quote a recent outburst of M. Jules Janais, the sun shines with such force upon the bare rocks that the birds as they wing past "se débâillent"—"double themselves"—as in a mirror. There are no such luminous effects as these on the left bank, where the bluest shadows are in the unlovely and artisan quarters, but are as hard, dreary, and cold as the lives of the toiling folk who dwell there. The Chamber of Deputies, and the official buildings that are in line with it, the palace of the President of the Chamber, and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, forming an architectural sequence to the Bridge and the Place de la Concorde, the Madeleine, and the rue Royale, although actually on the left bank, belong by the nature of their shadows and planes, to the right bank. They speak its language and obey its customs. The zone of the right bank extends as far as the Faubourg St. Germain to the south, and to the Pont des Arts on the west. Its line of demarcation literally cuts in two the Chamber of Deputies, of which the facade opposite the Seine is a Parliamentary inscription upon the more ancient town residence of the Marquise de Bourbon, the real front of which looks towards the Faubourg St. Germain, and is of the left bank proper. Such overlapping is inevitable in a city where centralising tendencies are constantly on the increase, whose administrative mass is ever opening wider, but in all other respects the left bank remains intact, without any influence from the right in seriously affecting its insular spirit, and the right continues its development towards the west and north, multiplying

streets of classic line, white with their tree-bark, are sleek green and white in summer, or white and gray-black in winter, until a prolonged stroll brings us to the nineteenth century upheaval, the real if somewhat inept beauty of that vast avenue leading to the Bois de Boulogne, with its plethora of floral bed, and decorated stone, and lime slate, recalling the rigid domestic propriety, the flowered crinolines and staid silk of the mid-Victorian era, and which was once named, and in point of shadow and scenery still is, the Avenue of the Empress. We have passed through the ministerial and ambassadorial suburbs, rest and pateted with gilt like a diplomatic uniform; we have left behind us that other section of Paris that thinks and works.

To the west, but farther to the north, lies a vital and swelling quarter, of all periods and of none, whose streets are populous and tranquil, or so solitary and silent as to appear to be heaving up a crime, but they have this in common that their shadows are, as it were, deaf and dumb, without receptivity or power of expression, being indeed merely shadows of shadows—shadows of scenes which are dormant during the day, and whose echoes are for the moment mute. This is the so-called European quarter, and it is here that Paris plays its quarter that gets up very late in the morning, in a state of somnolent gracefulness, pallid, and not overtly, the depiction of "mal aux cheveux" or "katz-en-jammer" visible upon its tired face, in its awful desolitude. Those eyes of a street which are its windows remain in the European quarter, or at least with respect to most of its dwelling townships, sleepily closed all day, and in some cases for the whole of the day, only opening at supper



The Shadows that play along the Balconies of the Rue de Clichy at Dawn



Rustic Shadows in a Montrouge Courtyard in the Heart of Paris

time, when the rattle of cabs and carriages and automobiles on the cobble pavements below announce that the nocturnal Pandemonium of Montmartre and Clichy and Rochefort, of the Place Blanche, the Place Pigalle, and the rue Notre Dame de la Lorette is once more in full swing. Then the Paris that plays heuristics and lemmetries itself in vast masses of shadow, the depth and correlative powers of which are intrusted and aided to by the brilliance of the illumination which streams from cafes and restaurants and the bacules of music-halls and dancing-salons, from a thousand and one dens of delirium and doubtful delight. Draped in these fantastic shadows the circular Place Clichy and Place Pigalle, with their flaring all-night houses, the Abbaye de Thelene, the Bat Vert, or Dead Rat, the Nouvelle Athene, or New Athens (with the mark), resemble huge merry-go-rounds, loaded by madmen and madwomen, the whole European quarter turns itself into a roaring Vanity Fair, and when at last the frantic scene is over, its black masses of shadow, of which the blazing sails of the Red Mill are perhaps the most notable luminous flyer, gradually fade into relative nothingness, inapt to hide the red-headed "Apple" of thyme from the belated traveller, his unsuspecting prey, having lost all character or reason after as shadows of Paris that plays, as shadows of evil, or shadows of death, fleeing the daylight, what time a pale sunbeam creeps along the balconies of the rue de Clichy like some shambling yellow cat climbing furtively home at dawn after a night's drench upon the tiles.



Fifty Thousand of San Francisco's Business Men turned out recently and cleaned up the Streets of the City with Vigor and Efficiency



An incidental Detail undertaken by the Citizens' Street cleaning Brigade—putting up a Lamp-post that was wrecked during the Earthquake

AMATEUR "WHITE-WINGS" DAY IN SAN FRANCISCO

HANDS ACROSS THE COUNTER

HOW THE THRIFTY ENGLISH IN JAPAN ARE UTILIZING THE SAN FRANCISCO AFFAIR TO PROMOTE TRADE WITH THEIR ORIENTAL ALLY

By WILLIAM INGLIS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

Yokohama, February 26, 1905.

WITH the venture San Francisco school question settled, or at least held to sleep for a while, the American observer cannot shut his eyes to the fact that England is trying hard to elbow us out of Japanese trade; also that our government must sooner or later come to grips with Japan on the question of exotic immigration. The labor problem really underlies the school incident, for it was the eagerness of the San Francisco laborers to throw a sop to the feverishly anti-Japanese labor organizations that precipitated the awkward mess over the exclusion of Japanese from the schools.

The present indications are that Uncle Sam will have to pay pretty high for the Californians' fun. He may or he may not compel Californians to admit Japanese children to the white schools. That matter lies in the hands of the Supreme Court of the United States. But for the sport of jap-baiting, the favorite amusement of less than one per cent. of his citizens, Uncle Sam has already begun to suffer. Only a few days ago a cheerful English editor remarked in a column of his Yokohama newspaper, not without certain appearance of joy, that "since the action of the United States in the California incident the Japanese government has taken a firmer attitude vis-à-vis Russian aggressiveness in Manchuria."

That utterance looks innocent enough at first sight; but let us take a second look. Ever since the Peace of Portsmouth, Russia has been obstructing the Japanese in Manchuria, and there have been many complaints that Russia was trying to lank Japan of the fruits of her victory as she did after her triumph in the Chinese war. For many months there have been almost daily conflicts in Manchuria between Japanese enterprise and Russian inertia. It was not until a fortnight ago that Russia suddenly announced the immediate withdrawal of her troops, and at the same time began to move them out of the territory. Now who knows the Far East better than the Russians? They are impressed by the profound respect paid by the American government to Japan's sharp protest against the exclusion of her school children. And it is noteworthy, too, that Russian interference with and sagging at Japan have suddenly ceased. It may or may not be true that the Japanese have used America's defense as a whip to snap out the head of Russia; but when the English editor of a pro-Japanese journal chuckles in public over Japan's "firmer attitude vis-à-vis Russian aggressiveness" the coincidence is striking. If Japan should reap no other substantial benefit from the San Francisco incident than this sudden ending of Russian from Manchuria, she would still be a great gainer. As to how cheap Americans must feel at this being used as a handy Japanese implement, it is not the province of this writer to say.

Agencies to the chuckling of the English editor it may be well to draw attention to a significant matter—the tone of the English press in Japan during the whole California campaign. Americans have had the pleasure of reading day after day such charming trifles as this:

"London—Later.

"Notwithstanding the rabid intemperance of certain American politicians and the wild imaginations of the American sensational press, there is no longer any doubt that the firmness and wisdom of Japanese diplomacy will arrive at a satisfactory settlement of the troublesome school affair."

Now reading, is it not? If the Japanese were not allowed they might, after absorbing enough of this stuff, believe that they have "cornered" all the wisdom of the world and so can spare enough to manage the affairs of the rabid and sensational Americans. It is hardly necessary to point out that the native Japanese are not moved by such flattery. And the funny thing is that the editors who publish it are just as full as ever of "hands across the sea." "Blood is thicker than water," "our dear country we are the pond," and all the other pretty sentiments with which we are so often regaled.

But the fact is that Great Britain and America are rivals for the trade of Japan and the Far East, and that these chuckling editors, with an eye toward using every honest effort to eliminate the Japanese from us—purely as a matter of business—never fail to make the most of each opportunity. They love as much as ever, but they need more Japanese business. An American friend lately asked me this question:

"Of course, it is right their love to disavow, but why do they kick as down-stairs?"

Still, one is apt to feel less resentful upon considering the powerful incentive there is for this sort of conduct. Philosopher agree that the warfare of the future will be the struggle for the survival of the fittest, carried out in the form of commercial combat. And competent students of present-day history who have scrutinized events in Japan for years assure me that the desire to get more trade was Great Britain's principal motive in forming her recent offen-

sive and defensive alliance with Japan. Thus for the British traders have obtained the lion's share of commerce with Japan.

But to return to the subject of exotic immigration. There is not enough room in already overcrowded Japan for her 50,000,000 of people, who are increasing at the rate of 100,000 a year. Many men still living have witnessed the transformation of the Japanese from a simple feudal people, whose occupation was fishing, farming and fighting, to a modern first-class world-power who must subsist by manufacture and commerce rather than by agriculture. Only one-twelfth of the soil of Japan is available for cultivation, so that a large and constantly increasing proportion of the nation's food must be brought in from abroad. To earn this food the people of Japan must find work somewhere, anywhere—at home or in the most profitable market the world affords.

It is fascinating to study the swift transformation of Japan from feudalism to the most advanced phase of modern high-pressure living, to observe these hardy, industrious, persistent people, guided and governed by a ruler of the highest intelligence, trying to achieve in one generation the growth which in the case of the most advanced European nations required ten generations. The Japanese have made many blunders, but they have always been corrected, and they are learning with great rapidity.

But with the nation's advance in manufacture and commerce there has come a corresponding increase in the cost at living. It costs nearly twice as much to live in Japan to-day as it did one generation ago. So the Japanese people and government are being constantly pressed by the problem of how to find work for the hands and food for the mouths so rapidly increasing in their land. So long as they still live, they nevertheless find the struggle for life growing harder each day. Manufacture and commerce have not increased fast enough to keep pace with the growing needs of the people.

Therefore they must look abroad for the means of living. But where? Manchuria, Korea, Formosa? I have heard so many opinions as to the possibility of the Japanese doing well in these territories that it would be confusing to set them down here. The gist of the matter is that, on the whole, they probably will thrive in these new fields, while it is certain that in the future north of Manchuria as well as in the tropical island of Formosa the Japanese laborer quickly deteriorates. He is the product of ages of living in a climate like that of England. He cannot endure the extremes of heat and cold; and if he can find in our country a climate like that of home he will go to that country and thrive.

The Pacific coast of the United States fulfills that condition. Moreover, the standard of wages is higher in America than anywhere else in the world. This golden land is no haven of rest for the Japanese laborer, but a well-established business. The Japanese laborer can live in comfort on the Pacific slope, work no harder than he does at home, earn more than twice as much pay, eat better food, enjoy more luxury, and save a great deal of money. That is why the Japanese have been rushing to America in such mighty throngs since the close of the war with Russia.

Prohibited by imperial edict from going directly into the United States, the Japanese cheap laborer has found a simple means of eluding the letter of the law. He uses the Hawaiian Islands as a stepping-stone, as a take-off for his leap into the rich, hazy fields of America. Incidentally the Hawaiian Territorial government collects \$5 poll-tax from every immigrant. There is an prohibition upon the emigration of Japanese laborers to Hawaii. They have only to show good health and the ability to support themselves. Having once established themselves in Hawaii, the newest Territory of the United States, the laborer finds it an easy matter to take the next ship to the United States. So there is now going on a brisk trade in exotic-carrying across the Pacific. Nearly every ship that leaves Yokohama for Honolulu carries from one hundred to three hundred Japanese coolies. These men remain in Honolulu for a few weeks, then sail for San Francisco. The progress of this roundabout immigration is as well ordered as the advance of a billiard ball that escapes of another and rolls to its destination. The pressure of these coolies is one of the most serious problems on the Pacific coast to-day.

How is the cheap exotic to be kept out? That he must be kept out is the opinion of Americans in Japan—not on account of any feared inferiority in an ethnological way, but purely for economic reasons. A political economist who has given much thought to the subject presents it in a temperate way that carries conviction.

Americans cannot stand the influx of cheap labor," he said the other day. "It does not matter whether the coolies come from Japan, or China, or England, or any other part of the world. The American laboring man, whose standard wage is more than twice as great as the Japanese standard, cannot and will not tolerate the

(Continued on page 377.)



The Road-train starting on its Run to Aldershot under the Observation of War Department Officials



The Hill-climbing Abilities of the Train being Tested near Aldershot

AN AUTO-TRAIN THAT RUNS WITHOUT RAILS

ONE OF THE MOST ENGINDED PRODUCTS OF THE MODERN DEVELOPMENT OF THE AUTOMOBILE IS THE "MOTOR TRAIN," A COMPLETED EXAMPLE OF WHICH HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY TRIED OUT IN ENGLAND. THIS ROAD TRAIN CONSISTS OF A SERIES OF SIX WHIPPED VEHICLES COMPRISING A TRACTOR, A FIRST-CLASS COACH, A SECOND-CLASS COACH, AND A LUGGAGE VAN; THE POWER IS APPLIED BY A SEVENTY-FIVE HORSE-POWER FOUR CYLINDER MOTOR. ALTHOUGH THE MOST THRIFTY ECONOMY WAS PURSUED BY THE TRAIN, THE REAR WHEELS OF THE LAST TRUCK FOLLOWED WITHIN AN INCH OR TWO OF THE SAME TRACKS MADE BY THE MOTOR WHEELS.



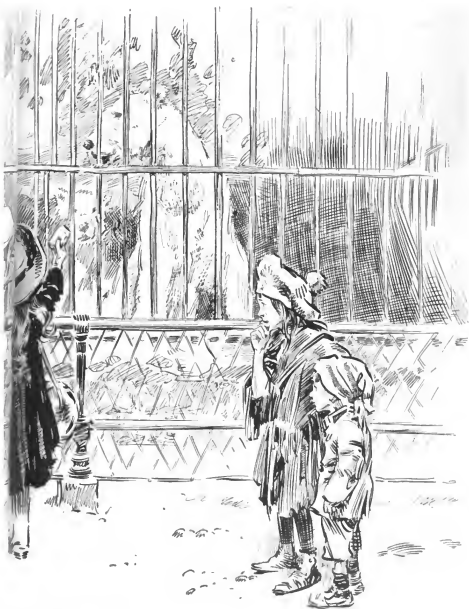
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

OUR DUMB FR

DRAWN BY JAMES M.

Illustrated by Google

WEEKLY



3 FRIENDS

MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THE WILD DOGS OF SAN MIGUELITO



BY NEILL SHERIDAN

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GIBBS

PEJOL was a shepherd of the Hucayan breed, and as honest a dog in the beginning as ever was born. Alas, he loved the little José with a dog's singleness of devotion. Pajol was snarly, as shepherd-dogs sometimes are, but as gentle as the mother ewe with lambs. Lambskins are gentle, and gentleness brings forth after its kind. It was wonderful, when the little José began to creep about the dirt floor of the herder's adobe hut on the San Miguelito mesa, to see how patiently the surly dog endured the petty tyranny of the infant. José would fasten his little fat brown fingers in Pajol's long hair and wool him with such baby might that tears would come into the great brown eyes, but there would be no resentment. The dog would merely sigh patiently, and would go away when the pain became too great to be borne. Moreover, Pajol was a dignified dog, and it did not become him to be wooed—which made the thing all the more remarkable. The herder's wife, Anita, respecting the dog's dignity, would take the child, frequently, to save Pajol, whereat the dog would thank her with his eyes, and with two thumps of his great tail on the dirt floor—and presently would go off to sleep in the sun, and the child, creeping to him, would sleep also, with his little black head on the red dog's shaggy breast. Not the south wind of summer breathed more gently than Pajol, that the slumber of the little José might not be disturbed.

As the child grew in strength and in waywardness, the dog took him in particular charge—and the mother, going to gossip with her friends at the Mission, knew that the boy was in safe care. Pajol was of the Hucayan breed, and could be trusted. The boy and the dog were inseparable—so far, at least, as Pajol could spare time from the care of the sheep. Later, when José was big enough to go with his father to the high hills, the sheep were still not neglected, though the boy and the dog hunted the cottontails from the cañons and chased the ground-squirrels in panic flight

across the breezy uplands. Always the dog felt the responsibility of the sheep, but was careless, as dogs even to be, and always, also, he found time to play with the boy. It was perfect companionship because it was perfect equality.

Then, when the dark days came, Pajol was faithful. That is the distinction in favor of a dog friend. It was in the rains, when the sky wept into the sea that rolls forever at the foot of the mesa, that the smother came to the little adobe hut and left the herder and his wife dead on the dirt floor. Little José, a boy of ten then, sat in the doorway with the still rain beating ceaselessly upon his bare head—and an old red dog laid its head in the boy's lap,

pressed close in his legs, and looked up whining as the lad's tears fell.

Neighbors came from the Mission, presently, missing the herder, and then the priest came also, and there were muttered prayers and smoking candles, and the dead were taken away. But nobody minded the little José. The priest, it is true, put a kindly hand upon the black head, plying the boy, and spoke to some of the women. But the good Padre was old, and a priest has so many cares.

A woman took José home with her that night; a loud-voiced, shrewish woman, but she had no use for Pajol, and told him so, driving him off with gestures and coarse words and thrown sticks. He was an old dog, and his strength and his steadfastness of foot were going. The new shepherd, who came with the hounding party, had young dogs of his own, and these fell upon Pajol, driving him from the sheep and tending him. The dog's world and the boy's world had gone to pieces under their feet. And so Pajol streaked away toward the Mission, tall and ears down, following José, but at a distance, to avoid the tongue of the shrew. He became, after a little time, a hunted vagabond of the Indian ranchería, but every day he managed to keep the little José in sight.

José was set to keeping swine. The shrew was no drone,



Then, when the dark days came, Pajol was faithful

Drawn by George Gibbs

and tolerated no drones about her. There were more cubs than carcasses in the boy's life, of course. It was not that the woman was actually unkind. But she knew little of childhood, and José grieved for the love that is childhood's right. More than ever his little heart swelled almost to bursting under his calico shirt, and more than ever he was sent to keep the swine without his dinner, deprived for some petty fault.

Upon such a day, hurt and hungry, he threw himself upon the sand in the river-bed, while the swine wallowed among the willows, and wept for that he was so alone and so desolate. And as he wept a cold muzzle was thrust against his cheek. Pujol had understood. Looking up quickly, José saw the brown eyes in which faith lay like an inspiration. With one long wail, he threw his arms about Pujol's shaggy neck. Pujol whined, and the great tail wagged, but the dog stood still otherwise until the storm had spent itself.

José arose from the sand, and in his eyes was the light of a new resolution. His mother had told him once, long ago, that far above the hills that towered over the mesa of San Miguelito, there were other hills, golden and glorious, where dwelt a Man who loved children, and took them to Him when they sorrowed and were weary and friendless. How the sight of Pujol's honest face brought it all back, that day when she told him the story and pointed to the far hills of the Santa Ynez, where the snow lay white and still in winter! He had not seen the Man. But he had told the tale to Pujol, in turn, and he had remembered. Surely he was sorrowed enough now, and he had no friends. Even the Mission Indian children looked down upon and despised the swineherd, and the Padre had forgotten him altogether. Now he would seek the Man. Who knows? Perhaps Pujol had remembered also, and would lead him. Pujol knew all the hills. The dog must have reached the Golden Mountains in his wanderings with the sheep.

And so, in the hot afternoon sunshine, the boy abandoned the swine in the river-bed and toiled across the mesa, Pujol at his heels, and on up the steep peaks where the grass lies only in those spots sheltered from the sea wind. They reached the summit at last, and José saw before him other hills, rolling away to the northward infinitely, and the highest of them above white in the sun. Behind him the mesa ran into the broad valley of the river, going down to meet the white line of the surf, and out in the sea blue islands gleamed. But José looked not backward. There, on the high white hills, reaching into the sky, must be where the Man lived—the compassionate Man. It was in December, the soft winter of that land, and snow lay on the mountain tops, but snow was in no part of José's small life. He pressed onward toward the white hills, crossing deep ravines and climbing many high ridges. Pujol, faithful always, kept at his heels. But the dog would look at the boy and whine, now and again, Pujol had forgotten the Man long ago, in the press of more immediate duties, and did not understand this quest.

For three days the boy climbed, the white hills gleaming distant as ever, and Pujol followed on. Once, in obedience to an order but against his better instinct, the dog crouched close behind a clump of sage-brush, lest a shepherd on a distant hill should sight the fugitives and chase them back. Still they went on, and still the white hills seemed farther away. Pujol, guided by instinct, led past all the water-holes, but neither boy nor dog had eaten since leaving the Mission. On the fourth day Pujol caught first a rabbit and then a ground-squirrel, and laid them at the boy's feet. José did not know that the dog sought to have him eat, and the game was untouched by either. On the fourth day, at sunset, as the boy sank, utterly exhausted, at the foot of a great live-oak, the dog lay at his feet for a moment and, looking up, seemed to stroke the child's face tenderly. Presently José slept, the sleep of exhaustion, and then Pujol arose and galloped swiftly back over the hills toward the adobe hut on the mesa. When José awoke in the gray of the morning, shivering, a little lamb lay dead at his feet, and there was blood on Pujol's muzzle. The dog looked and felt guilty—yet was strangely self-complacent. It had passed in the dog's heart to murder one of the lambs he had reared for, and the necessity of the master salved conscience. Yet the sacrifice of



Drawn by George Chiles

For days the dog watched beside the boy's body, scaring away the vultures and fighting vagrant coyotes

Pujol's honor was without avail. The boy was faint with hunger, too faint to care whether he lived or not. Also, the sight of the blood sickened him, and he lay aslepsy. He arose, staggered a few paces from the dead lamb, and fell down fainting. Pujol dragged the dead lamb to where the boy lay and licked his hand. José, revived, drew his hand away quickly. He arose again, and again staggered a little distance before falling.

"Wicked Pujol," he said, "you have killed the lamb. There is blood upon you."

The dog looked at him and whined. It crept closer, but the boy motioned it away. Then Pujol lay down also, at a little distance, and with the body of the murdered lamb between them, these two, who had been friends, abandoned themselves each to bitter grief.

As the sun went down, and the long shadows crept across the canyons, Pujol arose, sniffed at the dead lamb, and ventured a step toward his master. There was a faint repelling gesture, but the dog crept closer. Closer and closer, and his cold muzzle touched a colder hand—and if Pujol had remembered the Man he would have known that José's quest was ended. The dog did not remember, and it filled the season with bitter howling.

For days the dog watched beside the boy's body, scaring away the vultures and fighting vagrant coyotes. Then, one day, Indians came and bore the body away to the Mission, driving off the dog with stones when it would have stopped them. For days after that the dog mourned alone under the live-oak. Then one day the old wild blood that is in all the Illescan breed, away back, rushed to Pujol's head, and that night the shepherd in the adobe hut on the mesa heard dogs fighting among the sheep. In the morning he found that six sheep had been killed, and their throats torn for blood. His two dogs were badly crippled by the marauder. Pujol was a powerful brute, although in his twelfth year.

That was the first of the wild dogs of the San Miguelito. Pujol grew more cunning as he grew older, but also he grew weaker, and, after a time, feeling that the day would come when he could not hold his own with the sheep-dogs, he went down into the Mission and enticed from his home a foolish puppy into the wild life of the hills. The old dog was seen to do this. That was the second of the wild dogs. It was easy with one recruit to get others, and so there came to be a band. For many years Pujol led them. Afterwards the other dogs nursed for him. A shepherd on San Miguelito, searching in the hills for stray lambs, once saw two young dogs apparently leading an old one, nearly blind, to the carcasses of a sheep just slain. He drove them away, but that night the dogs broke into the corral again, and in the morning he found the body of an old red dog upon his door-step. Pujol had come home to die. The shepherd did not know that at the last the old dog had turned, in defence of the sheep, upon the wild companions he had led so long.

SPEED MANIA AND HOW TO CURE IT

By HENRY UNDERWOOD

All the world loves a racer. It is only when the man in the motor-car endangers life and limb that we clamor for his suppression. Yet no one can ride in an automobile without waiting to go fast. The desire for speed is as natural as the desire for breath. We are all subject to it. Neither age nor sex exempts any one. A charming old lady was taken for a ride on her one-hundredth birthday. She smiled all the way.

"Weren't you frightened, grandma?" they asked her when she alighted at home.

"Why, no," she replied. "I was a little scared at first, but that soon passed and I found it rather slow toward the last."

And there is the experience of all of us who go down the road in motor-cars. There is an exhilaration in flying through the air at forty miles an hour or faster that no other sport can give. On a smooth road one has no consciousness of jarring or any other suggestion of coming in contact with the ground. The asphalted or oiled loose track is level as a billiard-table. The wheels are running on thick, cushiony air. The perfectly inside, well-oiled machinery moves without any trace of friction. Even the flight of a bird is not so swift and effortless as this. A subtle intoxication creeps into the veins of the automobilist as all the world seems past him in swift, silent, glorious panorama. He is conscious of only one wish—to go faster.

There is only one thing to prevent the realization of the wish—the fact that the roads are used by other people, afoot and on wheels, and that it is little short of homicide to hard through this army of waylayers a great steel projectile that weighs a ton and flies at the rate of a rifle bullet. A decent regard for the safety of mankind will always preserve the normal man from giving way to speed mania. The police power of the State, if force of public opinion is insufficient, must prevent the outbreaks of the speed maniacs.

If we carefully examine the criminalists who are given to dashing madly along the roads in motor-cars we shall find that in every case their mania arises from an overbearing sense of their own importance, accompanied by very slight capacity for self-restraint. The type of man who motors at dangerous speed is the same type that speculates in mere stocks that he is able to carry, cats and drinks more than he can assimilate, covers himself with gaudy jewels, makes an objectionable exhibition of himself on every possible occasion. The strong arm of the law is the only effective curb for this sport; for it is a notorious fact that the logical conclusion of such disordered lives as these is in State's prison or the electric chair.

Yet most of the motorizing accidents, especially about large cities, are due not so much to criminalists owners of cars as to reckless hired chauffeurs. A curious state of things has arisen. Saboteurs have sprung up in the neighborhood of all the big garages, and they are often too well patronized for the safety of the public. Chauffeurs after a hard day's run drop in and take a drink or two.

Now, it is a fact well known to physiologists that a man who has been whirling along the roads for hours with the lives of a car-load of people in his care in a depleted and irritable condition at the end of the run. Alcoholic drinks act upon him with much more potency than on a normal person. It often happens that he seeks an alcoholic stimulant to restore balance to his overwrought nervous system. He meets friends. Drink succeeds drink. The chauffeur quickly reacts from a state of depression to one of extreme exaltation. He lungers for a dash through the cool night air; also for a chance to show some girl what a really marvellous driver Dick of a chauffeur he is. Away they fly through the Park on a ride that ends in the hospital or in the morgue.

A friend of mine employs a man when he proudly describes as the best chauffeur in America. As a measure of his admiration, it may be remarked that he pays the chauffeur \$250 a month. A few days ago this very same man was driving my friend and his family at a rate of fifty miles an hour. They had traveled in safety at this speed hundreds of times. There was nothing to fear.

But suddenly they were confronted by a new and appalling prospect of death. Rushing to meet them they saw an automobile on the left side of the road—with the certainty of a horrible crash if both cars held their course. You can't swing aside a mile-a-minute automobile suddenly without running a spill. My friend's chauffeur swerved the car very gently to the left and steered safely between a telegraph pole and the advancing car by a safe margin of less than twelve inches.

Arrived at home a few minutes later, my friend said: "That will be all for to-day, Antoine." And Antoine, the best chauffeur in America—stately, wiry, sober, powerful in mind and body—fell back in the car and went to sleep. The natural reaction from the nervous strain he had just come through, you see. That sort of thing, perhaps in less degree, is encountered often by every chauffeur. And that is why I say that a great source of danger to life and limb is the tired motorist who drinks.

There is a certain gloomy satisfaction in noting that this type of chauffeur, although numerous in the last few months, is beginning to disappear. He is glacially silent, and Nature has a shrewd way of making the glacially until the agent of his own elimination.

We find, then, that speed mania attacks two classes of subjects, each clearly defined, and the latter beginning to disappear with gratifying rapidity. How shall the first class be dealt with—the overbearing, reckless, springing individuals who think that, because they see it to risk their own necks, all other necks must be risked with them? Obviously when a man has grown to full age without learning to submit himself to restraint out of consideration for others, there is little hope of curing him by appealing to his better nature. He must be repressed by the strong arm of the law.

But before discussing the remedy let us for a few moments consider what reckless and dangerous speed really is. Up to this time unfortunately neither the Legislature nor the police nor the courts seem to consider the question in a broad, comprehensive sense that will best conserve the rights of the general public without oppressing automobilists. They have no regard for the common danger, but concentrate all their attention on the question of so many miles per hour speed. How many miles per hour has become a fetish. The attention of the police is focused upon preparing traps for the highway so that if they exceed the strict letter of the law they shall be fined and the policeman shall have one more arrest to his credit on the record. It is sad to relate, but undeniably true, that no motorist is arrested for driving to the common danger while practically none of the motorists failed to coast at a speed of violating speed laws have done so to the common danger of the public.

All of which is a startling commentary on the speed laws as they are framed and enforced; yet the experience of the average motorist will prove his criticism. Only a few days ago a friend of mine was stopped by a New Jersey constable.

"I wasn't going too fast," he protested.

"Yes, you were," said the constable. "You were going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. I timed you."

"But the law allows me to run twenty-five," my friend insisted.

"Sure, it does," cried the constable triumphantly; "but not when any other vehicle is coming toward you."

"But there wasn't—"

"Oh, yes, there was," the constable chuckled.

"Didn't you see that Jew-wagon? Well, just as you came near it the driver said 'Giddap' and the horses began to move."

And my friend was duly fined for violating the speed law.

How much better the safety of the public would be guarded if this piece of the speed law of the State of New York were really carried out:

"No person shall operate a motor vehicle on a public highway at a rate of speed greater than is reasonable and proper, having regard to the traffic and use of the highway, or so as to endanger the life or limb of any person or the safety of any property."

The italics are mine. Every decent motorist wishes that this statute could be burned into the consciousness of every official who has control of automobile traffic. Then, perhaps, we should have fewer instances of policemen lying in wait for motorists on a down grade where a car he apt to run faster, so that they can "make a case" against some unlucky man, rather than undertake the arduous task of capturing a really dangerous scorcher.

And as an absolute speed limit the standard proposed by the Automobile Club of America is excellent.

"If a person runs a motor vehicle at a rate of speed exceeding twenty-five miles an hour outside of a city, town or village, or at a rate exceeding fifteen miles an hour within the limits of any city, town or village, it shall be prima facie evidence that the vehicle was run at an unreasonable and improper speed."

The automobile has been so developed, and still among motorists is so general, that out on the open road a speed even of forty miles an hour is safe for practically all occasions. A thirty horse-power car which answers perfectly to helm and throttle is only juggling when it moves at thirty miles an hour. But, some one may object, a horse trotting at that rate is a dangerous thing on the road, if therefore why exempt the automobile? But a horse at a two-minute clip ran hardly be stopped in less than two hundred yards; whereas an automobile at the same pace can be stopped in less than thirty yards. But the twenty-five miles an hour limit would make the roads absolutely safe.

And the best punishment for the reckless motorist? Take away his license. Then, if he is caught driving a car in the period of his suspension, put him in jail. The State should revoke the license of any driver who is so careless as to render the license of a dangerous locomotive engineer or steamboat pilot. And your speed mania who laughs at a fine and boasts of it among his fellow maniacs would tremble with fear at the prospect of having his license revoked for a month, or six months, or a year.



The Encroachment of the Waters on Liberty Avenue, three Blocks distant from the Allegheny River



Various kinds of adventurous Street Traffic on Sixth Street while the Flood was at its Height

PITTSBURG'S FIFTY-MILLION-DOLLAR FLOOD

IN THE SECOND WEEK OF MARCH THE OHIO RIVER, SWOLLEN BY THE SPRING FRESHETS, ROSE TO UNPRECEDENTED HEIGHTS AT PITTSBURG. PROPERTY TO THE AMOUNT OF \$50,000,000 WAS DAMAGED, AND A SCORE OF LIVES WERE LOST. TO ADD TO THE CITY'S FLIGHT, FIRES BROKE OUT WHILE THE MUNICIPAL WATER PLANT WAS SHUT DOWN BY THE FLOOD, AND IT WAS NECESSARY TO RESORT TO THE USE OF DYNAMITE TO CHECK THE SPREAD OF THE FLAMES. MANY CITIZENS WERE MARINED WITHOUT FOOD; THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, TELEPHONE, AND STREET-CAR SERVICES WERE PUT OUT OF BUSINESS, AND EMBRY RAILROADS ENTERING THE CITY, MAKE THE PENNSYLVANIA, WAS TEMPORARILY CRIPPLED. THE WATERS REACHED THEIR CREST ON MARCH 15; TWO DAYS LATER, PRACTICALLY ALL TRACES OF THE FLOOD HAD BEEN REMOVED, AND BUSINESS WAS BEING RESUMED; ALTHOUGH 10,000 PERSONS WERE DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES

THE SEASON'S PLAYS

"MRS. WARREN," AND THE KLONDIKE

By "I"

RELIEVED of the burden of police espionage, "Mrs. Warren's Profession" returned to New York in the hope of alluring to the Manhattan Theatre the countless thousands who are supposed to have weiled and gasped their teeth when a New York Police Commissioner thwarted them by forbidding its production. There has been such a hullabaloo over this play of Bernard Shaw's that the new management at the Manhattan was prepared to erect collision look-ho to meet the onrush of the eager legions. But, behold! Instead of the cohorts charging the entrance and the great roar of expectancy one is conscious

only of the raucous-voiced ticket-speculator crying out his wares with all the despondency of "no takers."

All of which goes to prove the efficacy of the proper kind of advertisement.

Mrs. Warren's Profession had this kind when it first came to New York. It was heralded as a most dreadful presentation of affairs, so somebody read it and the discovery was made.

Then the Police Commissioner dropped in, and that ended Mrs. Warren until the courts took her up and said that she was not so bad as she was painted.

That the play is moneywise there is not the slightest doubt in the world. It deals with a phase of commercial life which no one cares to contemplate. There are innumerable sparkling lines in it, because it is a Shaw play, but it is not a thing which looks well upon the stage.

By this time almost every one has read the play, and knows its plot, its action, and its brilliancy.

Not evidently not many persons in New York are anxious to see it performed, that is, not at the Manhattan.

When one considers the theme of the play, it must be recognized that it does not deal with a subject which is any newer than the oldest Babylonian brick, but it is not one which deserves dramatic presentation.

A great deal might be said of the strength of the play, but it leaves for too unpleasant a taste in one's mouth at the fall of the final curtain. (Of the company at the Manhattan only one person deserves mention for ability. This is Miss Mary Shaw, who plays Mrs. Warren. She is excellent. Mr. E. J. Ratelle, who plays Sir George Grafton, gives a bad imitation of Bob Hilliard. Mr. Walter Thomas, as Frank Gardner, would have been delighted had he been Arnold Daly. Miss Catherine Condon strong in the best of her abilities to do the work of her part, but she tumbled the high places at rare intervals. That excellent character-actor, Mr. John Findlay, as the Rev. Samuel Gardner, was a keen disappointment.)

As the Manhattan is under new management, a delightful little amusement appears in the programme. It says that "Mrs. Warren's Profession" will be presented at the playhouse "until such time as it may pass into the hands of the Venuskyanda Tunnel." The question arises very naturally as to which is meant, the play or the house. The ticket-speculators would probably say both.



Mary Shaw as "Mrs. Warren" in Bernard Shaw's "unpleasant" Play

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suggested the above inquiry. The fact that the play under discussion is a melodrama, pure and simple, would seem to be obvious to any even moderately intelligent observer; and it is, so far as the authors are concerned, admittedly so; yet these gentlemen have been foolishly taken to task because their play, while it may be good melodrama, is of indifferent quality as a study of manners or a drama of character. Nothing could be more absurd.

The authors are frankly, obviously, and indisputably a melodrama; to force it into another class of play and then judge it by the rules which apply to that class, is as unjust as it is disingenuous. "The Spoilers," then, is a melodrama, and very effective melodrama. The scenes are arranged as follows:

The prologue is pictorial, it is a landscape—an atmospheric drop designed to convey the sense of "a land of purple distances." Act 1 transports us in "the door of the golden north," on board the steamship *Seneca*; Act 2 shows the interior of the law offices of Thurston & Street; Act 3 passes in the Northern House Ball at Nurem; Act 4 is in two scenes—the first at the Sign of the Shod Road House, the second at the Midway Mine.

For those who are familiar with Mr. Beach's novel (and it may be imagined that those who are not are few and far between), this will convey as idea of the manner in which Mr. MacArthur and Mr. Beach have compressed the action of the novel into a play which is neither too long nor too short, and which is full of movement and suspense, as every well-ordered melodrama should be. The work of the adapters has been ingeniously done; but,

if I may be permitted to note an important exception, would not the physical struggle between McNamara and Glenister be more effectively placed if, instead of occurring in the second act, it were made to occur in the fourth act, where, tumultuously and logically, it belongs? As it stands at present, this last act is the weakest of the four, and is distinctly an anti-climax.

It is greatly to be deplored that the effect of the play is impaired by the activities of an unseasonably weak cast. Much of the acting is so crude and amateurish that it would, one may venture, elicit the derision of the gallery gods in a region of Manhattan much nearer the East River than is the New York Theatre, Campbell Gellies, as McNamara, does the most intelligent and able piece of work in the entire production, although George Olschansky, as *Dezire*, and Edmund Elton as the libelous *Street*, stand forth conspicuously against a background of general incompetency. It is a pity that Ralph Stuart were fit to play *Glenister*, the hero, in a style as impressively stung and unconventional; the part is capable of a very different and far more lifelike treatment, and Mr. Stuart, with an altered method, seems capable of achieving it. It would serve no useful purpose to discuss in detail the weak points of the act; it can only be repeated that Mr. Daniel Frohman, who produces the play, has done very ably by it; had he had the foresight to secure the services of a few first-class actors, the effect of the play would be augmented a hundredfold. There is no earthly reason why, with a little revision of the structure of the drama itself and a side cast of just rivals, "The Spoilers" should not secure a very conspicuous success.



Ralph Stuart as "Glenister" in a Dramatization of "The Spoilers"

BULLYING THE WOMAN-WORKER

(Continued from page 518.)

you are aching with cold and weariness—I know the whole thing from experience. I have felt that gummy exhalation, so different from the weariness that follows a day of work. Now the backroom of a saloon is not exactly a good place for a man, but it is a much worse place for a girl. You see, after all, the night has its own special aspect for women.

All this time I have been talking, not about a few exceptional cases, culled here and there from among thousands of workers, but about things as they are with them all. A little over a year ago Commissioner of Labor Sherman gave it as his opinion that there were between 5000 and 10,000 employers in New York city alone who were openly violating the sixty-hour law. In his report dated January 3, 1906, Mr. Sherman says: "The provision prohibiting night work is openly violated, especially in the employment of women over twenty-one, and the department has feared to test this particular prohibition because it is so closely joined with the prohibition of male and female minors, that in case of an adverse decision both prohibitions might be held to fall together." In this report is a record of prosecutions during the year 1905 for illegal employment of women and minors after 9 P.M. Here it is:

Total number of cases.....	2
Acquitted or discharged.....	1
Convicted, sentence suspended.....	1
Convicted and fined.....	1

Total number of cases known to exist, between 5000 and 10,000.

Perhaps you would like to hear more of the case "convicted and sentence suspended." The report of that particular hinkery as it went to the Department of Labor is as follows:

"They work overtime all the year round. They begin work at eight o'clock in the morning. They do not stop work until eleven or twelve o'clock at night. On Saturday they work until 9:30. They have a half-hour for lunch and a half-hour for supper. They work overtime four days in the week—stopping at five thirty-two days. They would be discharged if they refused to work overtime. They are going to work next Friday until 4 A.M."

In the spring of 1906 it was decided to test the law. Two cases of all-night employment of women in book binderies were brought before the Court of Special Sessions. The employers were convicted, but they promptly appealed on the ground that the law was unconstitutional. The case of *The People ex. Williams and O'Rourke* came up before the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court the day after election. It was to have been heard in October, and arrangements for a public session with oral arguments were

made by the Women's Trade Union League, the Consumer's League, and other organizations. Those interested waited from day to day, anxiously expecting to be notified that the case was ready to be heard. The most extraordinary reticence was maintained about the whole affair, and one November day it was announced that the case had been decided, without oral arguments, without the presence of the attorney-general, without even the presence of a representative from the attorney-general's office. Briefs were submitted on both sides. It is somewhat significant that the verdict was a divided one, two of the judges dissenting. If oral arguments had been heard it seems altogether possible that the decision might have been a different one.

The attorney-general was appealed to, to take the case to the highest court, and after some hesitation he decided to do so. The *People ex. Williams and O'Rourke* is to have just one more chance, in the Court of Appeals, where it will be decided quite definitely whether women and girls shall be forced to work all night. That is what it amounts to, for if the learned judges hold that they may work all night it is perfectly certain that they will have to.

It is not alone the women of New York State who are concerned in this decision. In Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and half a dozen other manufacturing States agitation for better protective laws for women workers is very active at the present time. It is stated on exceedingly good authority that eight States are waiting to hear whether it is safe for such laws to be passed. If it is not safe, if the highest court in the largest manufacturing State in the Union declares that it is unconstitutional even to protect women and girls from actual physical danger, what is the use of any legislation in behalf of women workers? What is the use of Pennsylvania forbidding their employment in coal mines, Illinois, Nebraska, and Missouri in the slaughter pens of the packing houses? Eleven years ago Illinois set the example of declaring the prohibition of night-work for women unconstitutional. One of the results of that action was that certain New York corporations established branch factories in Illinois that they might force more women to work at night than the local manufacturers needed. Just as New England capital has gone into Georgia and South Carolina that it may take advantage of child labor. If the *People* lose their case *ex. Williams and O'Rourke*, Massachusetts, Indiana, Nebraska, and New Jersey will remain the only States where women are protected against night work. How long will they keep their protective laws? Seven States in the Union have no laws at all for the protection of women workers, and at least seven more have only laws forbidding women to tend bar or to work in mines. What hope is there for the women of these States?

A LIVE KING RENDERS HOMAGE TO A DEAD STATESMAN



King Alfonso XIII and Queen Victoria

IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS QUEEN AND THE MEMBERS OF THE SPANISH ROYAL FAMILY, KING ALFONSO XIII, RECENTLY UNVEILED AT MADRID AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE TO THE SPANISH GENERAL AND STATESMAN, MARTINEZ CAMPOS, WHO, IN 1874, WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN RESTORING THE DEPOSED BOURBONS TO THE THRONE OF SPAIN



MUSIC AND THE OPERA

MR. S Scriabine's "DIVINE POEM"

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

MR. ALEXANDER S Scriabine, the young Russian composer, has held a somewhat conspicuous place of late in New York's musical activities. We have recently been privileged to hear from him a piano concerto, a symphony, and numerous small pieces for piano, all of them more or less innocuous—indeed, we understand that Mr. Scriabine purposely offered the musical public of New York a highly polished quality of musical fare out of regard for what he believed to be the rudimentary nature of its aesthetic constitution. At the last of this season's concerts of the Russian Symphony Society, however, Mr. Scriabine gave evidence of an altered point of view regarding our musical capabilities, for he set before us an offering of very formidable character indeed: it may, therefore, take heart, since it is now apparent that we have been abused; in Mr. Scriabine's estimation, of the accusations of musical barbarism which our amiable visitor had doubtless been reluctant to accept as reasonable and true.



Claudio Campanini
CONDUCTOR AT THE MANHATTAN
OPERA HOUSE

Tanyeff, Aronnik, and Raloff. Graduating with the gold medal for compositions in 1904, he taught for a few years, but for the past five years he has been traveling through Europe, playing only his own compositions. The December 20, 1908, Scriabine was presented to this public at a concert of the Russian Symphony Society, appearing as soloist in a performance of his first piano concerto.

Now that we have, as it were, oriented Mr. Scriabine in his personal being, we may venture to consider in some detail the remarkable composition which was disclosed to us by the Russian Symphony Orchestra on the evening of March 14. It is said to be the composer's third symphony, and is entitled "Le Divin Poème"—which, being interpreted, is, of course, "The Divine Poem." It was produced in Paris in May, 1905, by Mr. Arthur Nikisch, and it has been heard in St. Petersburg. It is comprised in three divisions, which are performed without pause. We cannot do better just here than to quote the exposition of the symphony which has been made public, presumably with his sanction, since it was printed on the programme of the concert. "The composer of 'Le Divin Poème,'" we are told, "has sought to express therein something of the emotional (and therefore musically commensurable) side of his philosophy of life. Mr. Scriabine is neither a Pantheist nor a Theosophist, yet his creed includes ideas somewhat related to each of these schools of thought. The three divisions of this symphony (they are joined without pause) are entitled *Luttes* (struggles), *Éclats* (ecstasies), and *Jeux Divins* (creative forces rationally exercised). The first and third parts are marked allegro; the second is a slow movement. The slow introduction pervades the opening theme, which to the composer means the affirmation of conscious existence, of the coexistence of matter

and spirit in the Ego. This theme, begun by the bassoon and basses, ends with a militant ascending interval in the trumpet (that may be the equivalent of *Je suis* (I am)). The spirit that affirms is afflicted at the audacity of its thought, and sinks into an abyss of mysticism. A struggle begins between two forms of the new allegro theme of the first movement, as in a soul now confident, now obscured by doubt and fear. The slow movement, *Éclats*, is built upon two contrasting themes. The first, published by the flutes, denotes to the composer the soul's affirmation of the sublime; the second, given out by a solo violin, the desire of the soul for the ecstatic joy of self-annihilation, of the merging of the spirit into nature. . . . The final allegro, *Jeux Divins*, brings up in cultured and triumphant form the theme of affirmation, of the introduction."

Now it will be conceded, doubtless, that a composer who sets out to embody in music such concepts as these, must needs possess a rather marked capacity for eloquent and varied utterance. Mr. Scriabine has been criticised, first, for attempting such a scheme, and secondly, because of the large orchestral apparatus which he demands (his score calls for four flutes, three oboes and English horn, three clarinets and bass clarinet, three bassoons and contrabassoon, eight horns, five trumpets, three trombones and tuba, tympani, cymbals, bells, two harps and the usual strings). Such criticism is as impertinent as it is short-sighted and fatuous. There lies at the basis of the philosophic scheme which Mr. Scriabine has elected to illustrate in his music a subject of large poetic significance, and one eminently suited to a total exposition. The official censure has not an ideal lucidity, and it is not precisely animated by the Spirit of Comedy; yet it is perfectly evident that the theme is a large and momentous one. As to the criticism that has been directed toward the composer's employment of a large and elaborate orchestra, that, as we have said, is sheer impertinence; there is an valid reason whatsoever why a music-maker should not call to his aid whatever expressional apparatus he deems best suited for the setting forth of his ideas, whether it be a string quartet or an orchestra of two hundred, with singers and choirs of thousands—provided always, of course, that the character and quality of his ideas justify the particular means he selects. To object to an expressional vehicle merely on the score of its complexity and extent is both a waste of time and a means of darkening counsel. "The Divine Poem" falls (and we think it does fall) not because of the character of its subject-matter or the instrumental means which have been invoked to exhibit it, but simply because Mr. Scriabine does not command the scope and fertility and eloquence of inspiration which are needed for the adequate musical realization of such a subject. He has essayed a theme which would have taxed the genius of Wagner or of Richard Strauss, and he has, quite naturally, met defeat. His symphony suffers by its monotony of mood, its lack of variety and contrast, its amorphous structure, and, above all, as we have said, by the weakness of its fundamental ideas. It has some moments of splendor; passages that are impressive through their harmonic richness and poignancy and their orchestral plangency. But they are too infrequent to produce much effect upon the texture of the music as a whole; and, most lamentable of all, they are interspersed with passages that afflict by their remoteness or the unadmitted sentimentality.

Let it be said, in conclusion, that Mr. Altshuler and the augmented orchestra played the symphony admirably—with accuracy, precision and sonority.



Miss Katharine Goodson
THE RUSSIAN PIANIST WHO HAS
BEEN VISITING THIS COUNTRY

Some Record-breaking Tusks

THE New York Zoological Society has recently received from London the longest tusks ever known to have come from a living species of elephant. Until their arrival at the Zoological Park, their reported length seemed almost unbelievable. The longest tusk had the astonishing length of 11 feet 3½ inches, while the other measures exactly 11 feet. One measures 18 inches in circumference, the other 16½ inches, and the combined weight of the two is 293 pounds. The next longest tusk on record is only 10 feet 4 inches in length, or more than one foot shorter. These tusks are from an African elephant, evidently of enormous size.

They were purchased by cable of Mr. Rowland Ward, the well-known naturalist



One of the Lords of Creation and the 32500 Tusks

of London. The tusks are the gift from Mr. Charles T. Harney. The price paid in London was \$2500.

It has been stated that three huge tusks were formerly owned by King Menelik of Abyssinia, and by him were presented to an official of the French government. Both the tusks are quite perfect in every respect. They originally set into the skull about twenty-six inches. It is evident from their shape that after leaving the skull they curved inward slightly, then outward and spread in graceful lines. They will be exhibited for a short time in the album of the Lion House, and eventually will be placed in the national collection of heads, horns, and game records which the department of America will shortly form for the society, for permanent exhibition in the Zoological Park.

What It Costs

By J. E. Jenks

THE Treasury Department has a great system of accounts. It goes into details with an inspiring industry of research resulting in a perfect labyrinth of averages and percentages. The Treasury Department is one huge staff-hill of "figures," and succeeding generations of borrowing accountants have wrought some wonderful things with the mass of mathematical records. As might be expected, there are some interesting conclusions and comparisons, and not the least is the series of books—they constitute a veritable library every year—in which is

kept the tally of the receipts of this great and growing government through its one hundred and fifty-eight custom-houses. The aggregate of the receipts last year was nearly \$305,000,000, while the cost of collection amounted to within \$2400 of being an even \$10,000,000. This means that it costs the United States two and nine-tenths cents to collect one dollar of customs revenue.

A dissection of the returns from the various customs districts and ports shows how this is accomplished with a widely varying result, and the comparison of cost cannot fail to be enlightening as well as of interesting to people who do not have to be under the strain of governmental statistics to appreciate it.

The port of New York, which, of course, yields the most in the way of customs revenue, cost the government one and eight-tenths cents for every dollar taken in last year, a rate which was beaten by the record of Springfield, Massachusetts, where the expense was one and four-tenths cents, which was the most favorable rate in the whole list.

The star record in the opposite direction was made by Little Egg Harbor (Tuckerton), New Jersey, where the sole business of the single employee of the institution in the course of a year was the issue of some forty documents to vessels, the aggregate receipts for this service amounting to the meager sum of forty cents, while the outlay was \$365 31; so the cost of collecting one dollar, if such a revenue had been possible at Tuckerton, is reported in the fully accurate decimals of \$1263.273. That is an achievement which stands practically by itself, for the next best record is that of Paducah, Kentucky, where two employees issued fifty documents to vessels and such is a dollar and seventy cents the cost to collect one dollar being \$278.735. There comes Elizabeth City, North Carolina, with its three employees and its annual revenue of ten dollars, requiring the expenditure of \$246.645 to collect one dollar.

The one other notable case of cost is Annapolis, Maryland, \$203.944 being the rate of maintaining two employees who took in \$4 50 in twelve months. Places where the cost to collect a single dollar is greater than that amount are Alexandria, Virginia, \$1.043; Barnstable, Massachusetts, \$4.45; Beaufort, South Carolina, \$2.853; Burlington, New Jersey, \$2.505; Burlington, New Jersey, \$1.0479; Castine, Maine, \$1.056; Crisfield, Maryland, \$42.118; Ellsworth, Maine, \$8.384; Great Egg Harbor, New Jersey, \$1.663; La Crosse, Wisconsin, \$2.722; Grand Haven, Michigan, \$1.472; Norfolk, Virginia, \$1.979; Rock Island, Illinois, \$29.084; Sag Harbor, New York, \$3.415; Salem, Massachusetts, \$1.992; Uxas, Bay, Oregon, \$59.473; Waldoboro, Maine, \$1.265; York, Maine, \$28.270; Apalachicola, Florida, \$2.788; Beaufort, North Carolina, \$1.048; Brownsville, Texas, \$7.17; Burlington, Iowa, \$4.894; Cairo, Illinois, \$6.881; Chattanooga, Tennessee, \$16.182; Edgartown, Massachusetts, \$5.374; Georgetown, North Carolina, \$21.009; Humboldt, California, \$1.768; Machias, Maine, \$4.217; New London, Connecticut, \$1.338; Portsmouth, New Hampshire, \$2.631; Sauc, Maine, \$4.033; St. Mary's, Georgia, \$20.348; Sandusky, Ohio, \$1.325; Bradstreet, Indiana, \$2.492; Wheeling, West Virginia, \$8.310; and Wisconsin, Maine, \$3.375.

But, as the final cost, consisting the aggregate revenue expenses, was only two and nine-tenths cents to obtain one dollar of the customs receipts of the country, the situation on the whole is not discouraging and the investment may be said to have been a profitable one.

Supersutious

A WELL-KNOWN New-Yorker, while doing at his risk one evening recently, observed that his order of oysters on the shell was not complete, there being only eleven oysters, instead of the dozen it was his custom to order. On reflecting that his waiter, an Irishman, was a new-comer, he decided to let the matter pass; but when on the next evening the same thing occurred, to become a trifle impatient.

"See here!" exclaimed he to the waiter, "what do you mean by bringing me eleven oysters when I order twelve? This is the second time that this thing has happened!"

"Sure, sir," quietly responded the Cell, "I didn't think you would want to risk being thirteen at table, sir."

"How?" said Alice

TEACHER. "A mole eats daily twice as much as it weighs."

PETIT. "But how does it know how much it weighs?"

The Dumbwaiter

Is a restaurant once a dumbwaiter

Breaks away on his waiter the top;
And while dimly the waiters all waited,
The dumbwaiter came to a stop.

"Get some weights, you dumb waiters!"
Then shouted

The waiting head waiter below;
"The waiter fix up a dumbwaiter
Is to waiter, as all waiters know."

IVY KILLERMAN.

Garrick's Little Joke

SCENE: The Star and Garter.

DAVID GARRICK and the usual galaxy assembled.

GARRICK. "Nelly, can you tell me why Dr. Johnson and Boswell are like thunder and lightning?"

GOSWORTHY. "Tell us the answer, Davy, I'll not spoil your fun by trying to guess it."

GARRICK. "Why, it should be plain to all who know them that whenever the one flashes the other claps and roars."

INFANT AND ADULT.

For the expulsion of the infant and retaining the adult, with its essential, and to be withdrawn upon its part. See also the East & West Coast, and the Eastern States. See also the Eastern States. See also the Eastern States. See also the Eastern States.

THE BEST WORM EXPELLERS FOR CHILDREN AND BROWN'S VERMIFUG COMPS. 25 cents a box. "A."

ADVERTISEMENTS

Pears'

My grandmother used Pears' Soap; perhaps yours did, too. We owe them gratitude for that.

Use Pears' for the children; they soon acquire the habit.

Established in 1789



The Motor-car Show at "Olympia," London, where the Year's new Models have attracted much attention



Fast Motor-boats being groomed at Palm Beach, Florida, in preparation for a recent Speed Test

THE MOTORS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

Hands Across the Counter

(Continued from page 463.)

competition of his low-paid rival. The reason is as old and as well established as the law of evolution.

"Rightly or wrongly, we Americans have developed socially and industrially until we live on a plane of far greater comfort and luxury than the Japanese. We eat better food, wear better clothes, live in better houses. In order to do these things we must have more money than the Japanese. We have raised our standard of living and wages; therefore we must, as a mere matter of self-preservation, keep out ruinous cheap labor, no matter whether it comes. For it is well known that the effect of an influx of cheap laborers among high-priced laborers is to bring down the price. The admittance lowers the high a great deal more than it raises the low.

"The same rule prevails in the vegetable and animal kingdoms. By selection and cultivation we have brought wheat up to a plump, heavy grain five times as useful as the wild grain. But if we relax our vigilance, introduce the wild grain in our wheat-field and let it grow at will, the whole field will soon be overrun with the less valuable wild wheat. So with apples, or peaches, or any other fruit. Mix among the finest trees the old wild stock and let it increase unchecked, and the orchard soon produces the aboriginal, inferior fruit. Or let a herd of thoroughbred horses roam among the wild, and after a few generations we shall find that their descendants have deteriorated to the wild type. The rule is clear—when by selection and cultivation a species of vegetable or animal or man has been brought up to a high grade of excellence, that species must be thoroughly guarded from the intrusion of any less valuable species or it will retrograde.

"And under this rule it is absolutely certain that highly paid American labor must be protected from all invasions of cheap labor, whether from Japan or from any other country; whether the cheap laborers are subjects of a most favored nation or of a nation without favors."

"If one may judge from the American news that filters through to this side of the world, steps are already being taken in the United States to arrange in a friendly way for the exclusion of Japanese coolies from our country. Whether the arrangement will be by treaty or in the form of a diplomatic agreement cannot be guessed here; for the allies in Tokyo has as much chance of discerning the purposes of the Japanese government as if he were down in a diving-bell at the bottom of the sea. Two things appear to be fairly certain: 1. Japanese cheap labor will be excluded from the United States. 2. The exclusion will rest upon a friendly basis.

The present restriction of emigration from Japan to America doesn't seem to restrict quite perfectly. Under the terms of the Imperial edict no more than one thousand laborers are allowed to leave Japan each month for the Hawaiian Islands. No Japanese subject is allowed to leave home without a passport, and each one of the one thousand coolies who leaves Yokohama in the month bears a passport permitting him to go to Hawaii, and ordering him to return to Japan at the end of three years. But there is nothing in the passport that binds the emigrant to remain in Hawaii. He is a matter of fact, very free of them to remain there, and at least one thousand Japanese leave Honolulu every month for the United States, the land of golden opportunity. Whether or not this system is the fruit of a private agreement between the two nations is not generally known; but that it will soon be remedied appears certain.

What Cared She?

MISTRESS. "I am very nervous about burglars. Be sure to lock up carefully at night."

NEW MAID. "Have no fear, mum. I brought nothin' wid me worth takin'."



Just a little on

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is delicious. It adds zest to Welsh Rarebit, Macaroni with Cheese, Cheese Toast and Chafing Dish Cooking.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

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WHO DESIRE FOR STYLE
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THE RECOMMENDED STANDARD
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The *Victrol Garter*
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LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—KEEPS
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the WELL-KNOWN DRESSMAKER,
3 Rue de la Paix, Paris, begs
to inform his clients that
his trade-mark having been
EXTENSIVELY COUNTERFEITED
he has decided to alter it
this season; his waistbands
will henceforth be of
WHITE CORD
—WITH RED LETTERS

READ

Sampson Rock of Wall Street

Rules One Should Follow Nowadays

AFTER the repeated shocks which have been dealt to the nerves of the public at large, the following few simple hygienic maxims have been carefully prepared for the public and domestic guidance.

ON SMOKING IN THE HOUSE

Rule first. Don't smoke or take a bath unless you are sure the water has been properly distilled; treated with barium chloride and permanganate of potassium, and redistilled over K. H. S. oil, to fix any ammonia. If the housekeeper does not possess this elementary chemical knowledge, decline to wash at all, and take an air-bath.

Second. Use a new tooth-brush, or else have a fresh set of false teeth each day—whichever you think less dangerous.

Third. Do your hair with your fingers; brushes and combs are deadly bacillus traps.

Fourth. Keep your soap, sponge, and shaving material under an air-tight, to choke off the microbes.

Fifth. If impossible to follow above rules stay in bed.

AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE

Rule first. Don't read the morning paper or open letters until they have been baked, saturated with a disinfectant, and put through the mangle. The postal officials are most careless with mail.

Second. All bills should be promptly sent into unlimited quarantine.

Third. Refrain from eating any bacon, fish, kidneys, etc., over which an inquest has not been held, or eggs that have not been set upon by a coroner's jury.

Fourth. Keep your mouth closed throughout the meal.

ON GOING TO BUSINESS

Rule first. Refuse all change that may be offered you by street-car conductors, etc. If you do not care to lose such sum, insist on having newly minted coins handed you, wrapped up in sterilized cotton.

Second. If you are compelled to go to a refreshment-stand, take your own filter, glassware, and crockery with you, also assorted repartees to any comments made by the barkeeper.

Third. Stay, if possible, at home.

BEFORE LEAVING A CAFE

Rule first. Demand an interview with the proprietor, and inquire if he has a clean bill of health.

Second. Request to be shown over the kitchen (using, of course, an aseptic respirator), and satisfy yourself that nothing not fresh is to be found in the establishment.

Third. Having thus filled up the luncheon hour, if necessary at various restaurants, postpone your report until you return to your aseptic dinner-table, by which time you will have lost such appetite as you may have had.

ON TAKING A HOLIDAY

Rule first. See that the district you select is thoroughly disinherited, dethroned, and de-aud of germs before your arrival.

Second. Travel lightly by balloon, having previously sent your ordinary attire to the papers and town officials.

Third. Drop into the sea or the nearest body of water.

Fourth. If, after following the above rules, you should contract any germ disease, consider yourself an unlucky dog.

Yes, Sir

A BARBER who recently established himself in New Mexico has learned that it is not considered good form in that Territory to ask a stranger what his name or calling may have been "back East" or "up North."

One day a gentleman of the plains entered his shop and called for a shave.

The inevitable conversational en-

quiry "By the way, Smith," asked the inquisitive barber, finally, as he made a few deft finishing touches, "what was your name back in York State?"

"Mr. Smith," was the reply.

FOR THOSE THAT WALK IN DARKNESS

IT will be hard for any man with good eyes to imagine the peculiar joy with which thousands of sightless ones will welcome the arrival and greet with gladness of all the periodicals—the *Matilda Ziegler Magazine for the Blind*. The first number is now being distributed among 7000 blind men and women in America, and the publisher is eager to find more readers.

The most impressive thing about the new monthly is the tone of cheerfulness that pervades every one of its fifty deep, broad pages as which the letters stand forth in shapes which at first glance resemble Sanscrit characters done in bas-relief. Every line breathes the spirit of optimism. Here is the periodical that appeals peculiarly to the pathetic army of those that walk in endless darkness, yet, there is in it no sign of gloom, but every indication of that serenity of spirit which is far more valuable than riches.

"The blind are not specialists interested only in blindness," Miss Helen Keller writes to the founder of the magazine; and a glance through the contents shows not only that this is true, but that the tastes and interests of the blind run through every department of human activity. The casual observer cannot imagine any influence better calculated to spread good cheer and ambition among the sightless. Here is part of the publisher's announcement.

"We will have short stories, a continued story, the news of the month condensed, a department of poetry and one of letters from successful blind people, telling of the line of work in which they are engaged. This will stimulate others to take up similar lines of work. There may be a page devoted to games in which the blind can engage, and suggestions of such games will be gladly received from our readers. A page will be devoted to short humorous paragraphs, and a prize will be given each month for the one who sends in the best joke; but as space must be economized, it will be required that the jokes be sent on a postal card, for brevity you know is the soul of wit. A musical column will be added later, and prizes be given for the best musical composition furnished by a blind reader. If a sufficient number of our readers can read music, a piece of music may be published each month, and to find out how many can read music in Point or Braille, it is requested that all such notify us on a postal card."

No magazine was ever begun with more good wishes or from more illustrious sources. Witness these letters from President Roosevelt and ex-President Cleveland:

THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

December 17, 1906.

MY DEAR MR. HOLMES.—I thank you for calling to my attention the fine work that Mrs. Ziegler has undertaken in behalf of

the blind. I have been interested in and am pleased with what you tell me about it. Wishing you good luck, I am,

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY, December 12, 1906.

MY DEAR SIR.—You are quite right in supposing that I am interested in all that pertains to the welfare and advancement of the blind; and it seems to me that the project in which you are engaged, to furnish them with a magazine which they can read and which is adjusted to their tastes and desires, is in every way a most praiseworthy work. I believe that the plan which you outline as to the contents of the forthcoming magazine is on the right line.

Yours very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

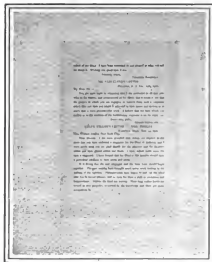
Every edition of the magazine is to be printed both in New York Point and in Braille type, so that the reader may have his choice. Blind persons—not those in schools, however—who wish to subscribe are invited to send their names and addresses and the kind of type they read to the manager, Walter G. Holmes, at No. 1031 Broadway, New York. In order to mail the magazine more cheaply a nominal charge of ten cents a year is made, though it costs more than \$3 a year for each volume sent out.

The managers ask as a special favor that persons receiving copies of the periodical which they do not need shall notify them, also that those who know blind persons not receiving the monthly shall forward their addresses.

One of the most interesting features in the magazine is a full-page map showing Florida, the Bahamas, Cuba, Jamaica, Panama, and the adjacent land and sea. This map, more vividly perhaps than any other item, exemplifies the sentiments written by Helen Keller:

"I know many a blind man who has sat for weary hours in the dark, feeling the drag of time weigh on his life hands, until his brain throbs, and I can fancy the joy on the face of such a man when he is told that there is to be a periodical which shall command his liveliest attention, and be worthy of his intelligence, that instead of listening to what others read aloud, at their discretion, he can choose from a good variety of articles what interests him. He will be borne back again out of his isolation into the stream of life. As his capacity for usefulness increases, his interest in things outside his experience will gain keener edge. A stimulated interest means courage against hardship."

The magazine is the gift to the blind of Mrs. Matilda Ziegler, widow of the late William Ziegler, of New York.



Two Specimen Pages from the new "Matilda Ziegler Magazine for the Blind"

ON THE LEFT-HAND PAGE IS A TRANSLATION INTO ORDINARY PRINT OF LETTERS FROM PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, GROVER CLEVELAND, AND HELEN KELLER, WHICH APPEAR IN BRAILLE TYPE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE. THE FIRST EDITION OF THIS MAGAZINE, WHICH IS ISSUED MONTHLY, WAS 7000 COPIES. THE PRICE CHARGED IS TEN CENTS A YEAR

International Danger Signals

The Imperial Automobile Club, of Berlin, has introduced throughout Germany seven international danger signals for the benefit of automobilists. The signals are made of the plates and are forty-seven by fifty-seven centimeters in size, and are erected five hundred meters from the dangerous points in question, and run as follows: 1, dangerous turn to left; 2, dangerous turn to right; 3, water channel, gutter or gully, hollow; 4, hooll or elevation; 5, cross-roads; 6, railway crossing; and 7, double curve.

Similar danger signals are already in use in France, Belgium, and Italy, and the action of the Imperial Automobile Club will contribute greatly to the comfort and safety of automobilists who visit Germany. This signal work is under the direct supervision of Count Adalbert Sierstorff, chairman of the Technical Commission of the club.

It is expected that the patron of the automobile sport in the United States will follow the example of patrons of the sport in other countries, thereby lessening the danger to themselves and the public in general. Such action would tend to greatly reduce the well-founded prejudice which exists in America against the use of the automobile on the public highways.

Tale of a Name

Not long ago, says a member of the bar in Mobile, Alabama, a man named Richard L. Delmandinger, a native of Germany, applied to a court in the State named for permission to change his name to Richard L. Delmand.

It so happened that not long thereafter a gentleman of the name of Smith—plain John J.—made like petition to the court. After reciting a catalogue of the ills to which he was subject, owing to his unfortunately common name, Mr. Smith said, in conclusion:

"And whereas I have noted that the honorable court has curtailed the name of Richard L. Delmandinger, and has not disposed of the 'inger,' which seems to be lying around loose, I respectfully request that the name may be added to my name."

Mr. Smith got the "inger."

North Carolina Wit

Some years ago, while the writer was returning from Raleigh, North Carolina, on an excursion train over the Seaboard Air Line, he was accosted by the conductor of the train, one who had evidently spent his youth in keeping away from anything that pertained to education, and who proceeded to unfold the following example of "Down-home" wit:

"I declare some people can ask the most foolishest questions I ever see. What do you suppose some woman asked me just now?"

I replied that I was unable to guess, and requested him to enlighten me. He then proceeded to tell his story, which ran as follows:

"While I was passing through a crotch just now some women stopped me and asked me how far we were from Weldon. I replied that we were about fifty-five miles from Weldon. She then asked, 'This side or the other side?'"

Playwrights and Presidents

It is said that when George Ade attended Purdue College in Indiana the height of his ambition was to become a League baseball pitcher, because he understood that baseball pitchers received more salary than a bush president. Three years ago Mr. Ade condensed the story of his life in college into a three-act play and called it "The College Wagon." That year Henry W. Savage paid him in royalties three times as much as any baseball pitcher ever received in one year, and the past two years Mr. Ade's royalties have exceeded the salary of President Roosevelt.



1907 Pope-Hartford Model L

Here is an unusually efficient 25-30 H. P. car, remarkable for its hill-climbing and smooth-running qualities, and fully demonstrated by actual use on thousands of miles of our country roads. In its construction have been successfully solved all the problems that are essential to the production of a modern gasoline engine of the greatest efficiency.

The four-cylinder, vertical, water-cooled 25-30 H. P. MOTOR is equipped with mechanical valves and pump-spark ignition, with provision for magneto. Sliding GEAR transmission, three speeds forward and reverse. Thorough LUBRICATION system. Especially efficient BRAKES operated by foot pedals and side lever. Perfection of CONTROL by levers on steering wheel, but not revolving with it. All parts easily ACCESSIBLE. EVERY DETAIL of construction and equipment up to date.

Price, Fully Equipped, \$2750.00

EXTENSION TOP, \$100.00 EXTRA



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READ "The Princess"

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Near Frankfurt O/M.

HEART DISEASE, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, FEMALE DISEASES, SCROFULA, NEURALGIA

Prospectus gratis by Dr. Kerpelmann.

Spring Water shipped by "Staatslieferungsverband"

BAD NAUHEIM

SALT AND MOTHER-LYKE SHIPPED BY DR. SALINERSTANT

As a test case we recommend the chemically filtered, carefully and quickly ground, Bad Nauheimer, near Nidda (H. R. Station) Pilsener Beer, Bottled in Welsch through Carls, Nidda, Spinn, Pure Air.

Bottle labels in 1905, 1906, 1907, 1912. Sample of Goods in 1906, 1912

Side-Lights on Astronomy

By
SIMON NEWCOMB

General readers who are interested in astronomy but not in its technicalities will find in Professor Newcomb's volume interesting chapters on the problems that astronomers are facing to-day: How large is the universe? Has it definite bounds? How long will it endure? These and kindred questions are discussed in the light of the most recent knowledge.

Illustrated. Price, net, \$2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, N. Y.



The newest Parsian experiment—one of the women cab-drivers who are enlivening the boulevards. They will soon adopt masculine attire, "with a view," says the official notice, "to the possibility of falls."



The new Shah of Persia, Mohammed Ali Mirza, and his son. This potentate is the sixth of the dynasty of the Kajars who have reigned in Persia since 1794.

Educating the British Palate

By M. L. Andrews

THE fact that all fruits and vegetables (with the exception of the contemptible gooseberry, cauliflower, and cabbage) are less abundant and more expensive in England than in America is not of great consequence to the tourist; but towards the end of a summer's sojourn the visitor begins to think longingly of sweet-potatoes, green corn, and unlimited peaches.

Peaches are abundant enough for the price. Once, for a special occasion, we paid eightpence (sixteen cents) each, but that was an extravagance of which we were never again guilty. Our usual price was sixpence each, small ones not being bought for fourpence, but ordinarily are quite flavorless. One peach eaten slowly with Devonshire cream is a very satisfactory dessert, and while they were in the market at this price we included them in our daily menu. In September, however, the London peaches were one shilling each, while really fine ones were two shillings or more, so we disinterestedly left them to those who must have unnecessary luxuries.

Outside of London, green corn and sweet-potatoes are practically unknown, and their London acquaintances may be fairly judged from our experience.

We had come up to London in early September and taken lodgings. Our landlady in a previous condition of servitude had been cook to Lord B.—for twenty years, and assured us in her own words, "His hundredweight London cooking from the beginning, and Hampshire cooking is no secret to me!"

Exploring the Hanover Square neighborhood one day, the commissary nearly fainted with delight at the sight of real green corn displayed in the fruiterer's window. Regardless of consequence she demanded two cobs to be wrapped up, paid her righteously, and bore them away to surprise our Sunday dinner.

Our Sunday dinner-hour came, and Sunday dinner-cloth was spread, the small maid

arranged and rearranged the serving-dishes and flower-jars, but no dinner came. Fortunately before our patience reached the vanishing-point, our landlady herself appeared, flushed and perspiring, a steaming platter in her hand, despite upon her countenance. On the platter lay our two cobs of corn in full dress of husks and silk, accompanied by an experimental fork. With a gesture indicating this tell-tale implement, the cook to Lord B.—for twenty years said: "Indeed, miss, I have boiled them this half-hour and more, but I can't get them done; they are very hard yet!"

I never met any sweet-potatoes in England, but I was told by an English lady that a friend of hers once lunched at a London hotel on a day when "American" potatoes were served as a compliment to the American guests of the house. Especially was the sympathy of our friend from the South aroused at the thought that our good friends must live and die in ignorance of the delectable sweet-potato, and plans were then and there laid to do some missionary work upon our next visit, even if we had to carry our potatoes off the steamer in our arms, as a compatriot did his specimen watermelon some years ago. Nor did we forget. Soon after our return to America a favorable opportunity presenting itself, we had packed a basket of the finest sweet-potatoes procurable and forwarded them to some English friends, then resident in Wales. The basket reached them in good time, but, alas! the explanatory letter was delayed.

Our friends immediately acknowledged the receipt of the basket and its contents with a charming graciousness which almost covered their very natural misgivings.

"We received on Saturday," so ran the letter, "a very pretty surprise—basket of the best. The wrappings show that it was forwarded from London, but had crossed the ocean to make that point. We should be so very glad to know that you and Miss R.—arrived with it, but suppose from your last letter that that is hardly possible. We are greatly pleased to be so remembered, and the yams have been placed in a proper place

to be kept safely until it is time for the gardener to plant them."

We despatched a second letter of explanation at once, but I fear that before it reached Wales those potatoes were past hope of redemption.

But a most amazingly tragic story is that of two dear old ladies down in Surrey, who lived in the house of their ancestors and fed their imagination upon the London Times. Shocking tales had come to them of rioting, of bombs and infernal machines, and of mysterious assassinations.

At a time when such horrors were receiving unusual prominence in the daily press, the sisters received, by parcel post, a bulky package well wrapped in coarse paper and securely tied with stout cord. The unusual weight of the parcel caused them to view it with uneasiness, which grew into fear as they discussed its unexpected arrival with the ancient housekeeper and her maids.

Finally it was a matter demanding the experience of a man. The gardener was called in.

With a few shows of bravery he removed the wrappings and gently pried off the cover of the tin can thus revealed. One look at the contents was sufficient; the tin was full to the brim of a gritty dark substance, the like of which they had never seen. Not one doubted but that a deadly engine was hidden in its depths. Horror and dismay filled their souls, but the faithful gardeners did not shrink from a hazardous attempt to secure their safety. Grasping the iniquitous can firmly in his hands, yet withal bearing it with the gentleness possibly bestowed upon eggs, he carried it to the furthestmost corner of the garden and buried it deep. When a week or more had passed and the earth remained undisturbed, the household began to breathe more freely, although that garden plot still cast its shadow over its serenity. So harrowing indeed was the experience to these gentle ladies that when, a few weeks later, a letter from America explained the mystery, they could not bring themselves to touch the maple sugar which the young maids had sent with such good intention and such understanding of consequences.



AUTOMOBILES ARE A COMMON SIGHT IN GOLCONDA, NEVADA, WHERE THEY FORM PART OF THE REGULAR EQUIPMENT OF THOSE WHO ARE SEEKING RICHES IN THEIR NEWEST OF AMERICAN EL DORADOS

New Post-card Regulations

The Universal Postal Congress which met in the city of Rome last year provided for universal admission to the mails on and after October 1, 1908, of post-cards bearing written messages upon the left half of the front of the cards—the right half of the face of the card being reserved for the address under the postage-stamp.

The post-card came struck Europe and spread all over the Old World before it reached America, and, being a little backward in postal affairs, the American postal authorities did not so readily as other countries see the inevitable result of greatly increased postal revenues by entering to the fact and granting the privilege of writing on one-half of the face of the card. The privilege enabled the manufacturers of cards to print a picture all over the reverse, and at the same time gave users space for a message on the face. Under the Universal Postal Convention's agreement many millions of cards which otherwise would not have been used found their way into the mails and proportionately increased the postal revenues of such countries as admitted them.

In publishing the action of the Rome convention the Postmaster-General also issued an order which provided that "On and after March 1, 1907, such cards bearing a written message upon the left half of the front, the right half being reserved for the address and postmark, when fully prepaid by postage-stamps at the rate applicable to post-cards, shall be admitted both to the domestic and international mails of this country and treated as post-cards."

In view of the fact that the postal revenues show a deficit of many millions the wisdom of the action of the Post-office Department is seriously questioned, especially as since the order was promulgated in October, 1906, the United States has transmitted without extra cost all cards which came in from foreign countries with messages written on the left half of the face.

But the printed words on post-cards—

"This side for the address only"—has been inoperative since twelve o'clock on the night of February 28; from now on the converse post-card industry will be on the increase.

What Chance Had He?

A BUFFALO physician tells of two young friends in that city who entered simultaneously upon their respective careers of physician and lawyer.

Late one afternoon the newly made surgeon dashed into the room of his legal friend, exclaiming:

"Great luck, old man! Congratulate me! Got a patient at last! On my way to see him now!"

Whereupon the legal light-to-be clapped his friend on the back, saying, "Delighted, old chap!" Then, after a slight pause, he added, with a sly grin:

"Say, let me go with you. Perhaps he hasn't made his will!"

Nearly Stung

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, the comedian, while in New Orleans a few months ago, took the opportunity of going to the races. During the afternoon he cashed several tickets, the result of good guesses. He was feeling happy after the last race, and started for the automobile which was to convey him back to his hotel. As he was about to climb into the machine he felt a hand on his arm, and a man shouted in his ear:

"Hello, Hitchcock, how are you? Hear you put a crimp in the bookies to-day?"

Hitchcock blinked and shook his head sheepishly, not recognizing the man and not wishing to show it.

"Say, I want to speak to you confidentially," said the stranger.

"All right; what is it?" asked the comedian.

"Well, I am up against some hard luck

to-day. They cleaned me and I want to get home. Now, don't let any one of these people see you, but 'slip me' enough for car fare, will you?"

"Sure," said Hitchcock, placing his hand in his pocket. Then he paused and queried: "Where do you live?"

"Vanover," was the answer.

Hitchcock took a flying leap for his machine, and unless the visitors at New Orleans are more glibbie, the inquisitive one is still looking for car fare.

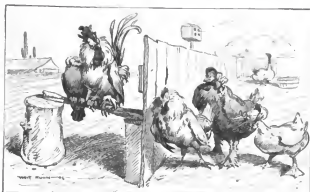
Dewey's "Olympia" a Training-ship

THE *Olympia*, the flagship of Admiral Dewey during the memorable battle of Manila Bay, on the morning of May 1, 1898, is now at the Norfolk Navy-yard being fitted out for use as a training-ship for midshipmen at the Naval Academy. In naval vernacular the *Olympia* is termed an "old fish" in the navy, and it has been deemed advisable to convert her into a training-ship, and she will be turned over to the Naval Academy in time for this summer's annual cruise. The ship is being fitted with quarters for 250 midshipmen, at a total cost to the government of \$50,000. One of the small boats formerly carried by the Spanish cruiser *Cristobal Colon* has been brought to this country, and will be permanently placed on the *Olympia* as a constant reminder to the midshipmen of the gallant fight of the American navy in the historical action off Santiago.

On Your Way

RICH OLD FOLK. "And remember, dear, that when I die all that I have goes to you."

NED. "Thank you, uncle. Do let me give you some more mine pie."



A GAY LOTHARIO.

The Eavesdropper: "The only one he ever loved!" The idea! Why, he has five wives already, and every one of them setting!"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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UPON AN ANALYSIS OF
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COMMENT

Woodrow Wilson on Class Legislation

MR. WOODROW WILSON'S speech at the dinner of the South Carolina Society in New York has attracted wide attention. It seems that the country is in the mood to listen to sane and statesmanlike utterances, and of late we have heard few such wise and thoughtful speeches as that of Mr. Wilson. His poise and balance, his calmness and its judicial quality, commend it; it is, in fact, a commanding word carrying such conviction that it is clearly heard notwithstanding the noisy confusion of tongues by which the country has been bewildered and thought excluded. Mr. Wilson's appeal to the thoughts of men reveals the day of a better statesmanship. He points out to us that the men who are now so vigorously assailed that we are unwilling to listen to any defense or to take into consideration any mitigating circumstance have simply done what the country, through its laws and its government, have invited them to do. "We have stimulated material progress," says Mr. Wilson, "in every way we can think of." By the tariff, which he calls the "chief instrument of stimulation," and by other legislation and unopposed legislation, we have created favored classes which we have aided to acquire a wealth of the effects of which we now complain. Our own laws have granted to their own favorites the opportunities of which they have availed themselves. If the country has been oppressed by these favorites, the people must blame themselves even more than they blame those who have taken advantage of the legislation by which they have been invited to grow rich at the expense of the taxpayers and consumers. The people, through the laws of Congress and by the efforts of sympathetic administrators of the laws, have built up favored classes, and now when they are face to face with the evils that have naturally followed their own conduct, and logically flowed out of their own policy, a cry is raised and a movement is started which would not only punish past wrongdoing and prevent future evils, but would impair or destroy the usefulness of public services that are essential to the prosperity of the country and of every one of its citizens who is dependent upon its business.

No Deal, Square or Otherwise

It is difficult to believe that any one who will carefully read and consider Mr. Wilson's speech can fail to recognize not only its soundness and soundness, but its essential Americanism. The proposition that there should be no class, or classes, in this country favored by our laws is fundamental democratic truth; and Mr. Wilson clearly points out that we have departed from this general principle; that we have built up whatever law-sustained special privileges we possess; and that a strong sentiment, perhaps a prevailing sentiment, among us favors the punishment of our erstwhile favorites while we retain the vicious principle that has created and fostered them. Mr. ROOSEVELT'S own refusal to consider

tariff reduction, his belief that it is comparatively immaterial, are evidences of the prevalence of this sentiment. His loyal advocacy of the evils of trade-unionism, of its monopolistic features, of its demands for the recognition in law of unionists as composing a favored class, although they are a minority of labor, is another evidence. Mr. Wilson is opposed to all class legislation, and it is this view which we have in mind when we say that his statesmanship is not only sound, but is essentially American because it is essentially democratic. The difference between this statesmanship and another which has captivated some minds by its seeming fairness is illustrated by the following extract from Mr. Wilson's speech:

If we are to restore the purity of our law and the freedom of our life we must see to it—in all moderation and all fairness—that no class whatever is given artificial privileges or advantages, and that our life moves free again of fear or favor from whatever quarter or whatever class. What we need is not a square deal, but no deal at all—old-fashioned equity and harmony of condition, a purged business and a purged law.

How much nobler and higher than the other is the ideal of Mr. Wilson will be seen at once by all who have not forgotten or rejected this republic's own ideals of individual liberty and equality. It is one of the hopeful signs of a doubtful time that Mr. Wilson's speech is greeted sympathetically and cordially by the independent and Democratic press throughout the country.

Cleveland on Current Delirium

A notable endorsement of Mr. WILSON'S contention is found in an interview with GROVER CLEVELAND, published in the *New York Times*. No one can question Mr. CLEVELAND'S hostility to whatever evils and wrongs have resulted from the partnership between government and wealth; but he, too, utters a word of caution, and his tone is familiar to all of us who recall the fact that calm judgment and perfect fairness have always been the characteristics of our great statesmen. This is part of what Mr. CLEVELAND said:

"There is much of the nature of delirium in the popular outcry against railroad corporations, for instance. We shall all be ashamed of it by and by. I dare say I have some reason to know of the real iniquities of corporations, and do know them, but there is much that is not only groundless, but wrong, in the off-hand attacks made on the railroads by the thoughtless people on all hands. What is well founded in them will be cured, but the error of denunciation will soon pass. We shall reflect that railroads are vitally related to our prosperity, and that to attack them needlessly is to attack ourselves. It is not the stock of soulless millionaires, but the property of citizens, of widows, and orphans, whose savings are invested in railroads, that is being damaged. We shall recall what railroads have been and are still to be in the development of our country, and this cry will pass. "Of course there must be some form of governmental supervision, but it should be planned in a quiet hour, not in one of angry excitement."

Mr. CLEVELAND, too, believes that the tariff is the root of our evils, for by it classes have been built up—classes whose profit has been found in controlling the government, while the class legislation which favored these beneficiaries has bred a desire for more of the same kind, to the end of enabling other classes to enrich themselves by law. Like Mr. Wilson, Mr. CLEVELAND thinks that the evil principle should be destroyed. He sees no great principle in the measures for reducing railroad fares to two or three cents a mile. There are broader and deeper questions, and especially the question, "Shall we maintain our 'barbarous superintention of industrial isolation'; shall we continue to fatten favorites by legislation only to turn upon and destroy them after they have prospered on our own gifts, and because of evils the seeds of which we ourselves have sown?" It is important to note among the chief endorses of the doctrine of the two *New Jersey* statements is the *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Important Truths About the Railroads

A good deal of evidence is being offered to us of several very important truths. The first is that the railroads are essential to the proper transaction of the business of the country; the second is that some of the railroads, especially those that were operated for a long time at a loss on account of the character of the country through which they were started, have themselves built up much of the business which our demands their service; the third is that charges have been fair, and that, as President HAMLIN predicts, any fair

valuation of the roads by the Interstate Commerce Commission or by any other authority will show this; the fourth is that the present business of the country is so great that enormous railroad expansion is absolutely necessary. Given all these factors of the problem, it is evident that the railroads cannot be put out of business, or limited, or crippled, without great material injury to the whole country. It is gratifying to learn, therefore, that the President has taken counsel of men who are in the business of railroading, but it is greatly to be feared that he is thinking out some way of giving the roads a "square deal," when he ought to be seriously pondering upon WOODROW WILSON's wise observation that what we need is no deal. There should be the proper enforcement in the courts, on the initiative and motion of the administrative authorities, of laws which provide punishment for evil practices, but the effort to place experts who know railroading under the supervision of laymen who know politics is precisely wrong, while it has had most to do with bringing about such injurious conditions that the President is now resorting to consultation and to thoughtfulness. The country and the railroads are not so much in need of new restrictions and paternal laws as of reasonable freedom, and of this reasonable freedom the untroubled and waiting parts of the country are chiefly in need.

Secretary Taft's Boom

In almost every issue of the daily newspapers we read something about Mr. Taft's "boom," one day being informed that the President is supporting it, and on another day that he is not. Whether or not would be interesting if we could only know which, but of this we may be certain: that if Mr. ROOSEVELT should name a successor as ANDREW JACKSON did, and that successor should be elected, his experiences would be as unhappy as VAN BUREN'S. It may be added that Mr. Taft would prefer to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court for life, rather than for four years to be the MARTIN VAN BUREN of the twentieth century. It is also true that no one who is opposed to a severely paternal government, and no one who is opposed to increasing Federal powers or to the usurpation of State powers, contrary to the fundamental law, by constructions of the Constitution, ought to want Mr. Taft to be President. By the same token, Chief-Justice FLETCHER owes it to the country and to his own convictions to remain in his present office to the last moment.

The People's Mind

It is primarily the President and the Supreme Court who speak the people's inmost mind and who express, in spoken and written word, in administrative act and in judicial decision the highest will of the whole people.—President Butler of Columbia College.

Whose mind do the lawmakers speak—the President's or the Supreme Court's? Is the "mastered" law an edict or a construction?

Senator Lodge on State Rights

Senator LODGE recently addressed the Massachusetts Legislature. A Senator who does this sort of thing, and it is very often done in Massachusetts, ought to, and sometimes does, have something of moment to impart to these immediate constituents of his. Mr. LODGE desired to allay fears that have been somewhat forcibly expressed as to the "usurpations" of the Federal government upon the powers of the State which, in these very words, have been approved by Governor THURMOND of Iowa. Notwithstanding this endorsement of the Federal anti-State movement, it has been felt that the representatives of the States in the Senate would feel impelled to resist it. If any Senator could be expected to side against the States, it would naturally be Mr. LODGE, but Massachusetts has again had influence with its Senator. He told the Legislature that he believed in the "dual form of government," and assured them that the "men who represent the States in Washington have no desire in themselves to encroach on the power of the State." Once more there is reason to be grateful that the Senate, as now organized, has not been destroyed in answer to hasty criticism.

Mr. Bryce and Canada

Mr. BRYCE has come to this country with some very interesting instructions. He hopes to be able to make a treaty with the United States which will put a peaceful end to

all the fifteen questions which mutually worry us and our neighbor on the north. It is said that he is practically in agreement with Secretary ROOSEVELT, and this means, if it means anything, that the British Foreign Office and our own State Department are in agreement. The more important of the questions which require settlement are these: (1) tariff reciprocity, the difficulty here being that Mr. ROOSEVELT desires Canada to adopt our tariff laws against Great Britain and free trade with us; (2) the preservation of Niagara Falls, it being hoped to take the subject from State jurisdiction by treaty; (3) preservation of the seal herd in Bering Sea; (4) fisheries in the Great Lakes and off the Atlantic and Pacific coasts; (5) naval vessels on the lakes. It may well be that the British government and the State Department will arrive at an agreement; but that is not all. The Senate must ratify on the part of this government, while we know by experience that the British government will not definitively conclude any treaty affecting Canada to which the Dominion government objects. It is necessary for Mr. ROOSEVELT and Mr. BRYCE to agree before we have a draft; but the consent of the Senate and of Canada is necessary before we have a treaty.

Forbidden stuff

Bad men at times raise considerable hob and do serious harm, but they are hardly in the competition as mischief-makers with good men who for one reason or another take the wrong side. Good men are expected to be right, and people are prone to judge of the soundness of their judgment by their walk and conversation. Character procures influence and ill repute promotes distrust, but sagacity and wisdom sometimes go with vulnerable morals, and sometimes—sad to say—the upright man has marvelously bad judgment. Governor PENNAPACKER of Pennsylvania is universally credited with personal integrity, yet because he was a simple-minded old fogg he was easily made the tool of the unconscionable rascals who got upwards of nine million dollars out of the State of Pennsylvania for furnishing a three-and-a-half-million-dollar court-house. So the late CONVENTANT PENNAPACKER DUMFRIESSTAFF, who had a fair title during a good part of his long life to be considered the most mischievous man in Europe, was a man of austere morals and deep piety, learned, sincere in his convictions and fearless in living up to them. He was a good man with his head turned the wrong way. He saw backwards, but could not see forwards. He believed in the absolute authority and divine right of the Czar, and of the Russian Church of which he was himself the lay dictator. He disbelieved profoundly and from deep conviction in free speech, publicity, and individual liberty, and opposed all three with every weapon he could wield as long as he had power. He lived to be eighty years old, and died in his bed at least two centuries later than he should have died.

The Wonderful Deal at Harrisburg

After all, there are some pretty greedy bad men in the country besides those who are trying to manage the railroads. A very interesting group of such persons are under scrutiny in San Francisco, where there is good hope of bringing them off justice and possibly to contrition. Another group is under investigation by a commission sitting at Harrisburg. This latter squad is composed of the individuals who got the contract for furnishing the Pennsylvania State Capitol. As mentioned above, the Capitol building cost less than four millions, but the expense of decorating and furnishing it ran the bill up to a total of \$13,154,422 18. The story of the expenditure of the nine millions that went for "furnishings" is one of the most unseemly tales of rascality that ever has come to the attention of the American people. Pennsylvania is a big and rich State, and can stand being robbed of four or five million dollars at any time without any great distress. In this matter of the Capitol it is not the loss of the money that need hurt so much as the humiliation of having such a gang go through the State's pockets in such a way. All the details of the story have not yet come out, but enough of them are known to make the story of TWIDEN's court-house and of the Albany Capitol seem like commonplace pilfering. The public has heard how, apparently by collusion with the architect, J. M. HENRY, and others, an ambitious contractor, JOHN H. SAWYER, of Philadelphia, got the contract for

providing the new Capitol with preposterous embellishments at incredible prices. We have heard about the bronze chandeliers and standards, charged and paid for at \$4 85 a pound, costing altogether \$2,225,955 98, made of solid bronze so as to weigh more, and of such enormous size and weight that those that hang from the ceilings are unsafe. We have heard, too, of the gigantic mahogany furniture paid for by the cubic foot. We know about the "mahogany" rostrum that cost to make \$2000, and for which the State paid the contractor \$10,748 90. For painting and decorating certain walls Saxenon received \$79,473 16. A first-class firm of decorators had offered to do the work at \$161,473 58, and first-class decorators do not work cheap. These figures give some idea of the methods by which the taxpayers of Pennsylvania, in return for their good money, have been provided with an unrivalled monument to their own impotence, the corruption of their late State government, and the ambition of contractor SAXENON. A great State has been made ridiculous. That ought to hurt it more than being robbed.

The Brownsville Raid Again

Major PENROSE, tried by court martial at Fort Sam Houston in Texas for neglect of duty in connection with the shooting up of Brownsville, has been acquitted. It appears that the written findings in the case, not yet published, will go into the question whether the negro troops of the Twenty-fifth Infantry were guilty of the Brownsville raid. The opinion of the court on this point will be received with lively interest. When the President dismissed the negro companies for concealing the identity of the men who raided Brownsville, the prevailing opinion was that his action was unjust, because it had not been proved that the soldiers were guilty of conspiring to protect their guilty comrades. But few persons doubted that some members of the company had done the shooting, and that others must have known about it. Major PENROSE and other officers were blamed for not knowing what was going on and taking measures to discover who was guilty. Now a court martial finds Major PENROSE not to blame, and the testimony given before the Senate's investigating committee, while deepening the mystery that clouds the whole affair, has made it seem reasonably probable that the great majority of the discharged soldiers knew nothing at all about the shooting, and had nothing to tell. It is not even clear as yet that any of the colored soldiers took part in the shooting, and it has been made less incredible than at first that some of them had a hand in it.

Good Results of the Atlanta Riots

In the April number of the *American Magazine* there is an informing and encouraging review of the Atlanta riots by RAY STANFORD BAKER, which students of race problems will do well to read. He tells what started the riots, what negroes suffer from the propensity to pronounce snap judgments on them when accused or suspected of crime, what class of men did the rioting at Atlanta, what kind of negroes were killed, what was the effect on the credit and prosperity of the city, and what has been done to prevent such happenings in future and to promote better and safer relations between whites and blacks. Our recollection is that TILLYMAN and other disturbers of peace hastened to say on getting news of the Atlanta outbreak that it was only the first of many similar race clashes that were sure to come in other Southern cities. Mr. HAYES's piece goes a good way to upset that opinion. He shows that the Atlanta riot, far from being a necessary and inevitable clash of outraged whites and threatening blacks, was an utterly scandalous and unwarranted performance, growing out of conditions that should have been remedied, and conducted by a scoundrel white mob, egged on by newspaper agitation. It did Atlanta no great a material injury as to be a warning to other cities not to let such things happen. What is encouraging is that it woke Atlanta up, scandalized all the sane people in the town, impelled them to find out and publish the truth about the riots, and to consult, formally, for the first time, with representative and leading negroes as to what measures were needed to secure due protection for all citizens. This public conference of white citizens with black as to measures necessary for the good of both was an exceedingly important and encouraging step, and worth, probably, all, and more than all, the Atlanta riots cost.

How Women Get Things Done

It is interesting to note the public activities of women in government, and to compare the trouble they take and the sacrifices they make with the conduct of those who have the monopoly (or almost) of voting and of filling offices. When we wasted clean streets in New York we had attained a point of such civic usefulness that even the men voters were contemplating the necessity of "doing something." But the women actually did something, and enormously expedited the establishment of better conditions. They formed an active association, and so woke up the voting fathers, husbands, and sons that these took intelligent action. The other day in London, when the city found itself loaded with a debt approaching \$100,000,000 for municipal trailing enterprises, the women voters rose and drove to the polls the men who, by abstaining from voting, had permitted the continuance of a municipal government which, at the expense of the overburdened taxpayers, had embarked in all sorts of expensive experiments in city socialism. And now it is a woman who, for the moment at least, has prevented the further pollution of the Hudson River and New York Harbor by securing an injunction which prohibits the building of the obnoxious Bronx sewer. Mrs. HUGHES—this is the name of the engineer—has performed the duty of a taxpayer, and no voting man apparently has thought it worth his while to vindicate his right to the suffrage by taking so much trouble for the city of which he is one of the rulers. The task has been left to one of the ruled. The *New York Times* hopes that there is some woman in New Jersey who will follow Mrs. HUGHES's example and enjoy the scenery of the Passaic Valley.

Personal and Pertinent

Does anybody like that portrait of President ROOSEVELT (late) exhibited in the window of a Fifth Avenue picture-shop) that is destined to hang in the hall of the Peace Congress at the Hague? To our mind it falls by a great space to do our NOBEL prize winner justice.

The twenty-five-hundredth performance of "Ben-Hur" was given on April 2 at the Academy of Music in New York. The dramatized version of General WALLACE's story was first produced at the Broadway Theatre in New York on November 26, 1899. Since then it is estimated 6,000,000 people have seen it played in various theatres in the United States, including about a million people who have seen it in New York, where it has been played about 450 times. This is a remarkable record of vitality, comparable with that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Old Homestead." No doubt the secret of the lasting popularity of all three of these very dissimilar plays is that they all appeal to associations or traditions that are inherent in the American consciousness. A generation of city-dwelling and largely city-born people likes to be reminded that their fathers were farmers and farmers' boys, and were red swollen sufferers and cowards in winter; a generation that was born after slavery died likes to get a more vivid notion than history books give of what slavery was and why it made trouble; a generation that may or may not be readers of the Bible realizes that the Bible is a force and influence of unrivalled power in our civilization, and flocks curiously to see a remarkable dramatic show that has the Bible for its background.

JOSEPH BERRY HAYES, the first Senator to serve a term in prison, is greatly to be pitied, or he would be if he did not talk so much, and thus constantly advertise his moral impotence. It may be that Mr. ROOSEVELT is as ambitious as the released convict Senator says that he is, and it is true that better men than Mr. BRYAN believe that Mr. Roosevelt will accept a nomination for a third term, but Mr. HAYES will not convince any sane-minded person, whether that person likes or dislikes Mr. ROOSEVELT, that the President is coldly and cunningly playing a game, the object of which is to create a demand that he shall be the Republican candidate in 1908, especially a game that involves the slaughter of some of his best and most loyal friends. The antagonist of Mr. ROOSEVELT as a President who will go farthest is a man for whom the President has the deepest respect. He says that President ROOSEVELT has foreseen a panic, and is willing that a Democratic President shall bear the odium of it, just as the Republicans unloaded their 1893 panic on Mr. CLEVELAND; and then, he further says, Mr. ROOSEVELT expects that the country will turn to him to save it. This would be a funny provision of facts, and if they could happen would not be very creditable to the perspicacity of the country. BRYAN goes farther than this, but he will not make much impression either on Mr. ROOSEVELT or on any one else.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

1836—1907

By HENRY MILLS ALDEN

It seems impossible for us to associate death with the Singer. As Aldrich himself sang of Longfellow, in the last poem he wrote, which was read first Friday at his funeral, and seemed a fitting as well as the most essential part of the simple service:

"Above his grave the grass and snow
Their soft antiphonal strokes write;
Moonrise and daybreak come and go;
Summer by summer on the height
The thrushes find melodious breath,
Here let no vagrant winds that blow
Whisper of death.
They do not die who leave their thought
Imprinted on some deathless page."

His old-time friends who listened to the reading vividly recalled how always his spirit reacted against the visible insignia of mortality and of mortal weakness, and against any expression of sorrow for loved ones gone that should seem, as he phrased it, "black with grief." It was not death he shunned but what Sir Thomas Browne called "the funeral glass we put upon it." The oldest of his comrades whispered to me: "He did not like to be seventy. He dreaded to grow old." So the stiffness materially embodied in his form lying before us, under the colors of the commonwealth, only accentuated our sense of the eternal mobility of the spirit.

The youth which Aldrich cherished for himself became the buoyancy and charm, the joyance and suppleness of his work. More than any other of our writers he is our Adonis. He never crowded the market, never even seemed to belong to it, but rather to the gymnasium in its Hellenic sense. We would gladly have had more of his poems and romances, but during the greater part of his career he was never driven by necessity, and he never sought by frequent appeal to keep an audience already won.

Other writers have seemed apprehensive of obduracy if even for a little while they should relax their hold, or they have had some ulterior purpose and have feared to lose their influence by lack of persistence; while still others have cultivated the familiar regard of readers from the love of it, showing it their richest reward, and, whatever the distinction of their art, some of their most delightful traits are inseparably associated with the charms of this sedulous courtship. But Aldrich was always fearful of his fate with the reader, fearful that his deserts would really be small if he did not hold himself well in hand; and this cautious circumspection grew with the years, until he came almost to Mr. Olney's view of the limitations of any individual career. It was not from indifference that his ventures during the last twenty years have been so few and so far between, but from the fear that he might not respect the limit and, without himself being aware of it, betray unwarlike weakness.

His silence was the more easily forgiven because of the distinction of each rare venture. The intervals, however long, were haunted by the melodies we had heard, by the romances we averted sight of reading. A story like "A Sea-Turn" would last for years—no would a somewhat like "Invention is Sleep." There was no impatience in our waiting, and, now that waiting is useless, we have no sense of lack but rather the grateful sense of enduring artistic fortitude.

Time alone can sift the gems of literature. Certainly nothing can be more futile than the attempt to forecast any master's place in literature by comparison with his contemporaries. Who shall say how far along the vista of the future a writer's theme shall carry

his memory? Judging by the past, the better vehicle for the long way should be the excellence of the writer's art. Art is not merely the form of expression; the soul and essence of it is beauty, harmony, or whatever quality of the human spirit has a flaming excellence, transcending in its eternal interest all that is vicarious and transitory—wherever, it is said, "Art is long and life is fleeting." In the enthusiasms of human imagination, it is this everlasting passion or ideal interest which determines the form. The finish the poet gives to the form is only that consummate and which burns away what is extraneous, accidental, or imperfect.

These considerations are essential to our estimate of Aldrich's work in verse or prose, for, whenever that work is discussed, the question arises as to the relative importance of form and theme, and the transition is easy to a comparison of this writer with contemporaries like Lowell, Whitman, Whittier, and Longfellow, for whom the theme did so much in the enhancement of the general esthetic.

Whitman, in those New York days when Aldrich sometimes met him at Pfaff's, may have spoken of some of the daintier poet's verse as his "little trinket," and perhaps some of his most enthusiastic admirers would have esteemed it as such lightly, in comparison with "Leaves of Grass"; but simply as poetry it had an æsthetic excellence which Whitman would not even have cared to match.

Aldrich so diligently and ardently wooed the muse, that it would have seemed to him just cause for her stern jealousy if he had given more thought to the poet's mission than to his art. His musings did not blend with the familiar thoughts of his readers as Longfellow's did. If he had served the reader with half the zeal he gave to the service of the muse he might have always won a homelier welcome. But he was not a mere craftsman, an artificer of words. If he had the defects of Homer he had also the grace of Virgil. And while his verse occurred to us fire from that fane in which Whittier was a worshipper, while it was Parnassian in its reserve rather than Delphic in prophetic ecstasy, it never lacked some and natural feeling.

Much of this feeling was due to his simple love of Nature, which frequently found unaffected expression in his poetry. He was readily attached to the soil of his native "Rivermouth," which looked seaward.

"Only keen, salt-sea odors filled the air,
Sea-sonds, sea-odors—these were all my world.
Hence is it that life languishes with me
Inland: the valleys stifle me with gloom
And pent-up prospect; in their narrow bound
Imagination suffers futile wages."

We can understand why, in his later and most prosperous years, his leisure was given to frequent sea voyaging. The "sea-languishings" were deepened by the vision of mystery naturally awakened and stimulated by the open Atlantic prospect. Perhaps, too, in the blending of the remote with the familiar in his free fantasies, was developed that peculiar order of wit which distinguished Aldrich from all other American humorists. The habit of co-referencing far with near things prompted in conversation a brilliant suggestion or the quick repartee, and, in such poems as "Identity," the sudden surprise. This gave his sketches of travel the charm of unusual freshness, and all his work the value of originality. His interest in the extremely foreign was not that which one feels in what is exotic. To him it was a provincial curiosity, which found in the surprisingly strange at once the strangely familiar—

(Continued on page 311.)



Thomas Bailey Aldrich

JACKSON AND ROOSEVELT A PARALLEL

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS UPON AN ANALYSIS OF PRESENT CONDITIONS

We venture to tax the patience of our readers by printing the following extract from a speech made by the editor of this journal in Christian on St. Patrick's day, and published in full in the current number of *The North American Review*, together with certain comments thereon:

"The President whom WASHINGTON refused to constitute the guardian of liberty was a ruler such as JACKSON, whom he had in mind, and of whom, in SUMNER'S admirable biography, we find words well worthy of pious consideration at this time.

"JACKSON," says his biographer, "held that his reelection was a triumphant vindication of him in all the points in which he had been engaged in controversy with anybody, and a kind of charter to him, as representative, or, rather, tribune, of the people, to go on and govern on his own judgment over and against everybody, including Congress. His attitude towards the Supreme Court, his discontent with the Senate, his construction of his duties under the Constitution, all things, great and small, were held to be correct and passed upon by the voice of the people in his reelection. . . . The Jeffersonian non-interference theories were now all left far behind. Jacksonian democracy was appearing already the Napoleonic type of the democratic empire, in which the chief of the nation is charged to protect the state against everybody, chiefly, however, against any constitutional organs. . . . Up to that time the Supreme Court had not failed to pursue the organic development of the Constitution, and it had, on every occasion on which it was put to the test, proved the bulwark of constitutional liberty, by the steadiness with which it had established the interpretation of the Constitution, and effected every partial and interested effort to wrest the instrument from its true character. . . . JACKSON'S appointments introduced the mode of action by the Executive, through the selection of the judges, on the interpretation of the Constitution of the Supreme Court. . . . During JACKSON'S second term the growth of the nation in wealth and prosperity was very great. It was just because there was an immeasurable source of national life in the physical circumstances, and in the energy of the people, that the political follies and abuses could be endured."

"So we perceive that there is no novelty in our present situation. In JACKSON'S time, as to-day, despite the overest general conditions, there were constant manifestations of dissatisfaction and unrest, and the dispassionate historian does not hesitate to attribute them to JACKSON'S character and example.

"What will the harvest be? Let us turn for a parallel to the pages of history recording the immediate sequence of the JACKSON administration and read as follows:

"A few days after VAN BUREN'S inauguration the country was in the throes of the worst and most wide-spread financial panic it has ever seen. The distress was fairly appalling, both in its intensity and in its universal distribution. All the banks stopped payment, and bankruptcy was universal. . . . The efforts made by BUREN and other Jacksonians to stem the tide of public feeling and direct it through the well-worn channel of suspicious fear of, and anger at, the banks, as the true authors of general wretchedness, were unavailing; the stream swelled into a torrent, and ran like a mill-race in the opposite way. . . . But a few years before the Jacksonians had appealed to a senseless public dislike of the so-called 'money power,' in order to help themselves to victory, and now they had the chagrin of seeing an only less irrational outcry raised against themselves in turn, and used to cast them from their places. The people were more than ready to listen to any one who could point out, or pretend to point out, the authors of, and the reasons for, the calamities that had befallen them. Their condition was pitiable. . . . Trade was at a complete standstill; laborers were thrown out of employment and left almost starving; farmers, merchants, mechanics, craftsmen of every sort—all alike were in the direst distress."

"Such is the veracious chronicle of THEODORE ROOSEVELT, historian, of the aftermath of an administration in all respects strikingly similar to that under which we now live—similar, in methodical attack upon property, in appeals to envy and megalomania, in wanton extravagance, in the demoralizing characterisation of the Chief Executive, in his abhorrence from the conservative branch of his own party, in his determination to obtain new restrictions of

the Constitution from justices appointed by himself, in faith in his own ability to make the people happy, in his assumption that he was equaled by them not their mere executive officer, but their tribune, in his personal popularity and power.

"The harm," adds the historian, "was largely due to causes existing throughout the civilized world, and especially to the speculative folly rife among the whole American people; but, he significantly concludes, 'It is always an easy and a comfortable thing to hold others responsible for what is primarily our own fault.'"

"Thus spoke the historian. Pray! that a like evasion of responsibility may not be forced upon an historian become President!

"I have drawn upon the bitter experience of the past for a parallel designed to indicate the menace of living tendencies because it is necessary to make the portrayal distinct and clear. The line I would draw lies between impulse and reason, between hasty action and sober judgment, between practice of politics and aim at statesmanship, between too great heed of expediency and too little observance of principle, between attempts to regulate human destiny, from before the cradle to after the grave, and reliance upon natural remedies and the patriotic spirit of American citizens."

SOME PRESS COMMENTS

(From the *Charleston "News and Courier"*)

Shall the American people rule themselves or shall they be ruled? Shall the government established by them be maintained, or shall government of the people, for the people, by the people, perish from the earth? This was the theme of Colonel HANNEY'S wonderfully effective address at the anniversary dinner of the Hibernian Society last night.

The subject is one that appeals to the patriotic sense of all our people. The powers of the government are derived from the people, and all the powers not expressly conferred upon the government at Washington are reserved to the States. That is the theory upon which our system of government was founded; that is the principle upon which it has been developed, and that is its only safeguard for the future.

We have fallen upon evil times. The hand of usurpation has been laid upon the liberties of the people, and in the warnings as eloquently uttered by Colonel HANNEY last night there is a clear call of duty to all who value the integrity of the American republic. He drew this very striking picture of what might happen to this country:

"In the ordinary course of human events, especially in the demoralization and excitement and misapprehension of a national political contest, an error might be made, and one might be chosen by the nation as Chief Magistrate who should combine in himself qualities of professional inconsistency with his practices as to create general distrust, and constitute a real menace to the stability and permanence of our national institutions; one, for instance, who, while demanding vehemently that all should be doers and builders, himself should be the most striking exemplar of constant undoing and persistent tearing down; one who should sternly denounce all crimes, though himself the most remorseful of persons; one who should smear at opponents for antagonizing radicalism instead of proposing actual reforms, while himself forced to appropriate the notions of political antagonists; one who should hold aloft the banner of idealism and simultaneously trade with those notoriously corrupt; one who while urging the necessity of individual achievement should encourage socialism while inviting attack upon accumulations of wealth which are the natural results of the very individual endeavors thus advocated; one whose sense of personal righteousness should so far overpower his sense of personal charityableness as to induce frequent denunciation of those disagreeing with him as wicked, malicious, and unqualified provocations; one who should while constantly railing at trusts, yet shield with the utmost care the sacred trust, however of them all; one who should deplore political contributions from corporations, yet raise to the most powerful position in his government one who had sought and obtained them; one quicker than any other in demanding restitution of diverted funds, yet painfully silent respecting the disposition of large sums of money taken from policy-holders

and used to insure, not the lives of the insured, but the election of a President.

There is no mistaking who sat for this picture. It is not necessary to tack the name on the frame or print it in the catalogue. There has been no President of this country when the description would fit but THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Yet the people have applauded him just as they have always applauded revolutionists and usurpers. In "days like these," when the very foundation stones of our government are being destroyed and the country is filled with discontent, it is well that some strong, true voice should ring out the alarm, undisturbed by the threat of power. Colonel HARVEY has performed a patriotic service in stripping the President of the rags of authority in which he would array himself, and in calling upon the people, and particularly upon the people of the South, to stand by the faith of the fathers.

Colonel HARVEY has picked up the President of the United States on the end of his thrusting, heaving, and lacerating logic, and the Rough Rider is exposed. He presents no engaging spectacle to the judicious and perceiving. The shallowness, the noisy aggressiveness, the charging and countercharging, the overblowing dining of self-achievement by the President, have all along with him been indicated by thinking men, but at no time in the past have they been displayed with the contrast of the country's history, its facts savagely condensed, and the whole picture arranged with inexorable logic shining upon them, so that the unperceptive as well as the discerning must ponder them.

Colonel HARVEY's speech, unhappily for the President, was one of those which will be read. It holds to the gaze of the people of the republic this blot of theirs in such a light that they cannot save themselves from looking him through and through. WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, WEBSTER, LINCOLN, and CALHOUN have been summoned and have borne witness against him with living voices, and their minds have met in concord of accusation that this young man of the glib tongue, the galloping pen, all-around temperance acrobatic in at heart the enemy of the Constitution, the upreter of American institutions, the implacable foe of the sovereign States, and powerful and menacing, at least so long as bluster shall achieve.

(From the Boston "Herald.")

The speech of Colonel GEORGE HARVEY, editor of *The North American Review* and of HARVEY'S WEEKLY, to the Sons of St. Patrick at Charleston, South Carolina, last night, was one of the most notable utterances on the anniversary then celebrated.

In the speaker's view, "One overpowering question now confronts the American people: Shall they rule themselves, or shall they be ruled? Shall their sovereignty continue to be popular, however incomplete, or become virtual, however limited?" In these questions Colonel HARVEY embodies his conception of the old issue between Federalism and States' rights—a centralized national government or "popular sovereignty," exercised through local authorities. He makes perhaps the most pointed and effective array that has been presented during the current discussion of the theoretical dangers of a "strong" national government, and of the arguments and warnings of our earlier statesmen and jurists against it. The shafts which he lets fly at President ROOSEVELT, Secretary ROOT, and other promoters or defenders of the doctrine of expanded and advanced nationalism are sharply pointed and well aimed.

Yet, after all, do not the eminently practical American people take a practical view of this question? Do not the American people "rule themselves" just as truly and as much in electing a Congress to make laws for them and a President to execute those laws, in matters pertaining directly to their welfare, as they do when they elect State Legislatures and Governors?

There has, beyond question, been an extension of the Federal power and authority beyond the limits specifically assigned to it by the framers of the Constitution. Was any defender of the Union ever able to point to the precise words in the organic law forbidding a State to secede, or authorizing the employment of armed force to prevent it? Where was the precise warrant for the government notes issued during the war, for the proclamation of emancipation, and the measures adopted for "reconstruction"? Were not these assumed powers based upon the "interpretation" of the "construction" of the Constitution which the new champions of States' rights denounced so violently when the rule is invoked to protect the people from poisoned food, and for the regulation in other ways of corporations that are above and beyond separate State control?

Is President ROOSEVELT, for example, a "ruler," in the sense of wielding autocratic power? Has he personally or in conjunction with Congress deprived the States of any of their reserved rights? Can he do it without their consent? Has any citizen been deprived by the President or by the Federal government of his constitutional liberty? Has any law-abiding corporation, even, been oppressed or wronged by the Federal Department of Justice? What is the specific complaint? What is the tangible injury?

The *Herald* is content to stand with WINDHAM WALKER, Colonel HARVEY'S Democratic candidate for President, when he says: "We

can't confine a political system in the strait-jacket of a theory," in his candid admission that "it is a fortunate fact that the violation of the theories of our political system has led to no practical inconveniences." He sees no subjection of States nor oppression of individuals—not even any "inconveniences."

We admire Colonel HARVEY'S ability, and enjoy the concussions in his speech. But we have no fear that "our liberties" are menaced, nor that anybody will rule this glorious republic except the American people themselves.

(From the Hartford "Times.")

The country is indebted to GEORGE HARVEY, who conducts the great publishing business still known as Harper & Brothers, and who personally edits HARVEY'S WEEKLY and *The North American Review*, for a new portrayal of the Honorable THEODORE ROOSEVELT, President of the United States.

Colonel HARVEY was the principal speaker at the banquet of the Sons of St. Patrick in Charleston, South Carolina, on Monday night, and he used the occasion to make the most striking political address of the year that has attained general publicity. He quoted DAVID WINDHAM'S powerful denunciation of "persons who constantly clamor," who "carry on a mad hostility against all established institutions"; who "would choke up the fountains of industry and dry all its streams"; who, "in a country where property is more equally divided than anywhere else, read the air with the shouting of agrarian doctrines." The comments of Colonel HARVEY were these:

"Here we have a perfect picture of our present situation. Prosperity, aided by a President, has produced a discontentment of feeling and action, a desire to enjoy the fruits of other men's labor and the promulgation of agrarian doctrines; complaints of oppression and of the pernicious influence of accumulated wealth have provoked hostility to established institutions, and enterprises against the combining of small capitals to produce beneficial results bid fair to choke up the fountains of industry and dry all its streams. Already, as an immediate effect of a whirlwind of hostile legislation leveled throughout the country by the declarations of the President and the 'warnings' of the Secretary of State, capital has withdrawn its essential support, money cannot be had to provide adequate means of transportation, railway companies are called upon to make bricks without straw, and all enterprise is at a standstill in the face of the official boast of so much 'already done,' and the latest threat of a further 'girdling up of loins to do more.' Because a few have done wrong all must suffer; just discrimination has been thrown to the winds, and the end is not in sight. The President reiterates the assertion that he is still unconvinced of the necessity of serving a third term, but authorizes the positive announcement that no 'reactionary' need apply for the Republican nomination."

Colonel HARVEY admits that President ROOSEVELT, like ANDREW JACKSON, will probably be able to name his own successor, and he raises the interesting question whether the aftermath of the ROOSEVELT administration will be a tremendous financial convulsion like that of 1857, when VAN BUREN had taken the Presidential chair, and when hard times, largely the result of world conditions, were attributed to Jacksonian policy. In this connection Mr. ROOSEVELT'S description in his book about the Jackson régime is quoted to show how the popular fury stirred against the United States Bank was finally turned against the Jacksonians, when the whole country was in the dire distress, and Colonel HARVEY suggests the possibility that during the four years succeeding March 4, 1909, the ROOSEVELT dynasty may have a very similar experience.

It was a very illuminating speech which the keen-minded Vermontier gave to the Charlestonians on Monday evening.

(From the BARNESBURG "News.")

The Charleston News and Courier is of the opinion that the President cannot answer the attack made upon him by Colonel HARVEY, the editor of *The North American Review*, in a speech delivered at the banquet of the Sons of St. Patrick in Charleston on Monday night last, but says that he cannot escape making a reply to it. There is no doubt that the attack was a severe one. It put the President in a very unpleasant light before the country. In the course of his speech he drew a picture of a Chief Magistrate that might be a measure to the institutions of the republic.

The President is quick to reply to attacks on himself, as a rule, but it isn't clear what he can say in reply to the foregoing. That Colonel HARVEY had him in mind there can be no doubt. There isn't an intelligent person in the country that wouldn't recognize the picture the moment he read Colonel HARVEY'S description.

It is doubtful, however, if what Colonel HARVEY said will cause the President any loss of popularity. The great majority of the people don't seem to be in the mind to revive with approval attacks on the President. They appear to be satisfied with him and his work. They look upon him as a man who has a mission that is for the public good, and that it is their duty to stand by him until his mission is performed. If the President were to do any-

thing that touched their pockets there would flame up at once a bitter opposition to him, and there would be a thousand voices in every community proclaiming everything that Colonel HARVEY said against him, as long as the President appears to be working in the interest of the masses he need not reply to such speeches as that of Colonel HARVEY in order to retain their good-will.

(From the Knoxville "Tribune")

The great commission given to the intimate twelve was to go into all the world and preach the gospel of salvation to every creature, beginning at Jerusalem. One of the apostles who is preaching the gospel of political salvation to the American republic is GEORGE HARVEY, the able editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY and of *The North American Review*. He has started out to preach this gospel, before the sons of St. Patrick, in the historic old town of Charleston in the State of South Carolina.

He has made up his mind that the country is leaning over a dangerous precipice, and unless some one undertakes the job of holding it back there is imminent danger of a catastrophe. He has undertaken the job. His utter warnings against those two ambitious and dangerous men, THEODORE ROOSEVELT and ELIHU ROOT.

He told the Sons of St. Patrick in the city of Charleston how ANDREW JACKSON's administration was variously like that of THEODORE ROOSEVELT, how ROOSEVELT, like JACKSON, seems determined to dictate his own successor in office, and points out how the people suffered after JACKSON had succeeded in forcing VAN BUREN upon the country as its President.

Colonel HARVEY introduced ELIHU ROOT as a witness to prove that it is the purpose of those now in power at the national capital to manipulate the personnel of the Supreme Court in the course of time so as to have a majority of that body made up of men who would make the laws of the land and supersede the Constitution through the process of judicial construction. In his speech at Charleston he had not borrowed the pitchfork of Senator TILMAN for use on the occasion; but he evidently meant to impress those who heard him with the belief that he could use a pitchfork if he should want to.

He is evidently in a state of mind, believing that unless something is done and done quickly by somebody, the republic is tottering on its last legs, and that history will show that ROOSEVELT and ROOT have been its slayers.

(From the Atlanta "Journal")

It would hardly be overstating the case to say that the most notable speech made on the celebration of St. Patrick's day in the South was that of Colonel GEORGE HARVEY, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY and *The North American Review*, before the Sons of St. Patrick at Charleston.

The occasion presented a special opportunity for the appropriate discussion of States' rights and the recent tendency towards centralization. It is well within the truth to say that Colonel HARVEY acquitted fully up to the opportunity and delivered an address which is bound to attract attention.

We can well imagine that the Secretary of State is heartily tired of hearing of that unfortunate break he made at the dinner of the Pennsylvania Society of New York, in which he spoke of "fading constructions of the Constitution," which would vest additional powers in the national government. He rose up to plague him before the words were cold on his lips, and he hastened to qualify and explain within twenty-four hours.

But if his speech on that occasion, voicing, as it did, confidently, the sentiment of the administration, was susceptible of a modified construction, there could be no doubt as to the repeated expressions in the same vein made by the President himself, and in these Colonel HARVEY called attention very effectively.

In his disarranging and President ROOSEVELT said, "We need, through executive action, through legislation, and through judicial interpretation and construction of the law, to increase the power of the general government," and he flouted the idea of holding back on mere considerations of "abstract theory."

In his more recent speech at Cambridge he alluded to the "curious revival of the doctrine of States' rights," and impugned the motives of those who had revived it.

Colonel HARVEY took occasion to say that some of the men who had this "curiously revived" doctrine were JUSTICE BREWER and HARLAN, of the Supreme Court; JUSTICE BROWN, of Pennsylvania; Senator FORAKER, of Ohio; and Congressman McCALL, of Massachusetts.

These are strong names among the men of light and leading, and certainly the majority of them cannot be accused of leaning to States' rights because of any part that doctrine had in bringing on the Civil War. It must be that strictly on its merits they believe in the wisdom and traditional necessity of States' rights.

The speaker asked, in applying the facts brought out, if "we must anticipate a repetition of history in the designation by a second JACKSON of a successor, pledged to a continuance of arbitrary regulation and legislation by executive commissions, or

shall an earnest effort at least be made to turn back our government into the safer path shown by the fathers of the republic?"

It remained, said the distinguished speaker, for the South to answer. This action alone had been true in the Democracy, and none other had the right to name the candidates and write the platform.

Where the South would look for allegiance he could not answer, but we could at least remain true to the patriots who have died and in those living who still insist that popular government "shall not perish from the earth."

This is not the first time that Colonel HARVEY has shown his friendship for the South. That he is a strong and able man is undoubted.

(From the Union "Overseer")

In Charleston, South Carolina, last evening, Colonel GEORGE HARVEY, editor of *The North American Review* and HARPER'S WEEKLY, spoke to the Sons of St. Patrick in that city, and inadvertently to the country, for what he said was of enough importance for the use of the greatest of our press organizations and of such deep import as to deserve a wide reading.

"The theme is not new—the rights of the States which form the Federal Union. This nation was formed by representatives of the States who granted the general government certain rights, duties, and privileges, and reserved from it every other right and duty and privilege. In no other way, upon any other condition, could this Union have been formed."

But Colonel HARVEY, who is attracting wider and wider consideration as a courageous thinker, sees the rights of the States held in light regard by the present Executive of the nation. In forcible print, and now on the platform, he has discussed the changing conditions and altered meanings. In part what he said last night, not only to the Sons of St. Patrick in South Carolina, but to his fellow countrymen, is printed in the *Overseer* to-day. There is enough of it to invite, to spur, deep thought. Colonel HARVEY does not exaggerate the peril.

(From the Dayton, Ohio, "Herald")

Upon our first page yesterday was found an attack upon President ROOSEVELT, unswollen in bitterness, unequalled in vicious invective, unapproached in vituperative misstatement, by the ugliest utterances of TILMAN, VARDAMAN, HENRY, or any other of the most reckless ROOSEVELT haters.

This amazing tirade proceeded from the lips of GEORGE HARVEY, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, at a St. Patrick's day banquet at Charleston, South Carolina, Monday night. We advise our readers to turn back and read every word of it; and then to compare, or contrast, their own conception of THEODORE ROOSEVELT, his character, his aims, his purposes, with the dreadful picture drawn by Colonel HARVEY.

Is it possible that this great nation has been so long and so grossly deceived in the personality of its Chief Magistrate? Can it be that he is the dangerous conspirator, the traitorous public servant, the wicked assassin of industry, the debaucher of the courts, the hypocrite, the general all-around scoundrel whom Colonel HARVEY's lurid words depict? Did ROOSEVELT insult Cuba? Is he a menace to the stability of our national institutions? Has he made "methodical attacks upon property"? Does he "appeal to envy and avariciousness?"

In short, does HARVEY voice the judgment of the American nation in this astounding assault upon the motives, the methods, the patriotism, the statesmanship, the very personal honesty of the Chief Executive?

We say No! An overwhelming majority of the people will say No! However strongly men both within and outside of the Republican party may differ with the President upon this or that phase of his general policy, however much individual opinions may vary as to the apparent wisdom of some particular utterance or act, if it were possible to-day to take a referendum vote of all the voters in the United States upon the question of THEODORE ROOSEVELT's absolutely patriotic spirit and motive, his sincerity of purpose, his devotion to the general good, and the inherent equity of his attitude toward the predatory and conscienceless corporations for whom Mr. HARVEY seems to hold a brief, the verdict would be one of practically unanimous endorsement and confidence.

The HARVEY explosion will excite more discussion than its importance merits, simply because of its apparently dignified and authoritative origin. HARPER'S WEEKLY has for so many years taken its own solemnly pronounced opinions seriously, that it has induced a great many persons with short memories to swallow its inconsistencies and contradictions as gospel truth. There have been times and seasons when HARVEY's could scarcely express its admiration of ROOSEVELT in lower-tone terms. It has been, as have all thoughtful observers, mildly critical at times of certain executive attitudes; but its prevailing tone has been one of lofty, condescending commendation. Only when Mr. ROOSEVELT began to "take the vested rights of unscrupulous and defiant corporate misdoers; only when he evinced the determination to put an end to corporate tyranny and aggression;

only when it became evident that the lines of the real foes of the nation were in imminent peril—only then did HARVEY and HARVEY discover the incendiary and menacing character of his performance.

(From the New York "Mail")

Colonel GEORGE HARVEY paid his respects to the President at a dinner in South Carolina the other day in a sentence as long—it contained 360 words—as a hypothetical question. Somehow it otherwise reminded us of a hypothetical question. It combined a number of things that had been charged rather than proved, and, assuming their correctness, asked the world at large in effect, "Now, what are you going to do about it?"

Well, the world is not going to do anything except admire Colonel HARVEY's breath-control, his credulity, and his largeness as an advocate. The counts he arrays against THEODORE ROOSEVELT come under the head of things that are not "as." That he is "a real menace to the stability of our national institutions"; that he trades "with those notoriously corrupt"; that he is "the most conspicuous of persons," etc., etc.—these things you may tell to the marines, not to the American people. They are mere parodies of the facts. They sound like a warmed-over campaign argument in behalf of the Democratic gentleman—we forget his name—who thought he was running for President in 1904.

South Carolina has an old-fashioned way of looking at certain things, and Colonel HARVEY was advocating a return to the old-fashioned ideals. Maybe that was why he delivered such an old-fashioned stump speech.

(From the Altoona, Pennsylvania, "Tribune")

Colonel GEORGE HARVEY, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, travelled all the way to Charleston, South Carolina, to tell the Sons of St. Patrick the same old story about THEODORE ROOSEVELT that he has been trying to tell the country through the pages of the WEEKLY and *The North American Review* for the last few months. Colonel HARVEY is a very able and energetic editor and a patriotic citizen, but he seems to have got off the main road, so far as President ROOSEVELT is concerned, and to have imbibed notions which have made him very unhappy because they convince him that our institutions are threatened by the high-handed policy of the President.

Colonel HARVEY told Charleston's Sons of St. Patrick last night that the President is endeavoring to place his will above the Constitution; that he is contemptuously indifferent to the rights of the States, and more and more intent upon making the national power the supreme thing in our political life. He compares the present administration with JACKSON's, intimating that neither regarded law if it stood in the way of its cherished designs, and he recalls the panic of 1837, immediately following the retirement of JACKSON to private life, indirectly suggesting that history repeats itself, and that the sad scenes witnessed in the homes of working-men in 1837 may return in intensified form in 1909.

Others have told the country the same story in different form during the last few weeks. HARPER'S WEEKLY and *The North American Review* have both raised the alarm. And still the American people are strangely indifferent to their impending fate—more than that, they are actually enthusiastic over the policy of the President. They still admire and trust him. They admit that he is capable of committing errors, but they feel sure that he is a devoted patriot and that his supreme aim is to bring under subjection to law every individual and every corporation within the bounds of the republic, while at the same time throwing the protection of that law around every individual and every association of individuals who are doing business in a legitimate way.

The people trust the President, and believe in him because he seeks an increase of national authority solely for their benefit. He would insure the continued obedience of the great corporations to the law of the land. He fears the States will never be able to unite in the enforcement of a uniform law. On behalf of equal rights, therefore, he would have the Federal government assume certain functions that will prevent the repetition of wrongs under which the people still smart. A man who stands for the impartial enforcement of law and for the abolition of injustices is a servant of the people, not a tyrant, Colonel HARVEY. You are on the wrong track, young man.

(From the Washington "Herald")

That eminent defender of the Constitution, Colonel GEORGE HARVEY, has been roused to righteous wrath by what he conceives to be an endeavor on the part of the administration to enlarge the boundaries of Federal power through constructive interpretation of our fundamental law. He perceives in President ROOSEVELT the sinister agent of a terrible conspiracy to wrench from the States the last shred of their sovereignty and to erect in Washington a government swayed by the will and purpose of a single man, whose commands shall be law to the uttermost parts of the Union, and whose jurisdiction shall range the entire gamut of governmental regulation.

Mr. ROOSEVELT, to Colonel HARVEY's mind, is the inspiring genius of the impending revolution; but the game of constructive interpretation is one that other presidents may play at. The most notable Federalists of the day are to be found outside the White House and the State Department. They are the presidents of our great railway systems, the gentlemen who are ready and willing to submit their properties to Federal regulation of a character almost undreamed of two decades ago, if only the States may be stripped of their concurrent power of regulation. Constructive interpretation is the ready weapon our railway statesmen find to their hand. One of the ablest of them, President FISK, of the Chicago Great Western, to quote an illustration, has begun suit in the United States Court at St. Paul to enjoin the Minnesota Railroad Commission from enforcing freight rates established by it in pursuance of State law. Mr. STRUCKER holds that the freight rates fixed by the commission, though applying to commerce within the State solely, constitute an interference with interstate commerce, inasmuch as they tend to reduce the revenues of the railroads and destroy their efficiency as carriers of interstate commerce. The control of the railroads, Mr. STRUCKER maintains, should be left to the Federal government, and should be exercised without any interference, directly or indirectly, from the States.

Should the Supreme Court of the United States uphold the contention of Mr. STRUCKER and nullify the power of a State railroad commission to fix interstate rates on an interstate railway system, the decision would immensely increase the scope of Federal power to regulate commerce among the States, in effect extending it so as to include State regulation affecting common carriers under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission. That our railway statesmen are desirous of some such constructive interpretation of an already overburdened clause of the Constitution is sufficiently obvious from the tenor of their statements to the press. The reserved rights of the States are no longer to their liking.

Would Colonel HARVEY impute the conversion of our railway presidents to Federalism to the alleged Rooseveltian conspiracy for the overthrow of the Constitution? Whatever its cause, it is one of the most striking events in our political annals, and may contribute some remarkable chapters to our constitutional history.

SOME LETTERS

(From the former President of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad)

"BURLINGTON, Iowa, March 19, 1907.

"MY DEAR SIR,—If you will allow me to do so, I want to congratulate you on your speech at Charleston the other night. For years I have felt that ROOSEVELT was a very serious menace to this country's welfare, and it is a great satisfaction to me to find able men, and especially those who have the public ear, taking that view and pointing him in his true colors. There are large numbers of people, I find, who feel as I do about ROOSEVELT, but, like me, they have no way of getting the public ear, and the great unthinking mass, influenced by the newspapers and terrorized political office-holders, have thought, and still do think, that he is both honest and able, while, as a matter of fact, he is neither.

"He is an able actor, has the actor's instinct, and catches people's imagination, but he is not an able man.

"Nevertheless, through this talent as an actor, and his unscrupulous use of public patronage, he has so far been able to carry the people with him, and he has done an enormous amount of harm by inspiring disrespect for the courts and belief in labor-law tyranny.

"One of the surprising phases of the situation is that so few men who have the public ear have had the courage to say what they really think about him. I believe that what you have said will have a wide currency, and that it must have a good effect.

"I am, yours truly,
C. E. PERKINS."

FROM TWO COLLEGE PRESIDENTS

"DEAR SIR,—I read with intense interest the sketch of your great address at Charleston in the *Star*.

"My enthusiasm is too great to permit me to write calmly, but I am certain of the soundness of my judgment when I claim this address among those of the mighty men you quote, and say that it is one of the greatest I ever have read or heard.

"I have waited for it to come from Congress for more than a year, but no man is left there big enough nor courageous enough to make it. I have seen rapier gleam in editorial columns, but this is the first whole broadside of rifled guns fired with certain aim and deadly execution.

"Permit me to thank you as a lifetime Republican, who is without a party and will-ship without hope until your great address appears."

"DEAR SIR,—I wish to express my hearty admiration for the admirable speech you made in Charleston. My warmest congratulations and my share of the thanks the country owes you.

THE PROBLEM OF A MILLION FARES

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE IMMEDIATE IMPROVEMENT OF NEW YORK'S TRANSIT SYSTEM

By THEODORE P. SHONTS
President of the Interborough-Metropolitan Company

THE problem that I have been asked by the Interborough-Metropolitan Company to solve, loosely stated, is the carrying of approximately one and a half million New Yorkers from their homes to their places of business and back again in twelve hours. I am fully aware that the task is a difficult one, and that I shall not be able to accomplish in a few days or weeks or months what the ablest transit experts have not been able to do in years, particularly as the problem increases in complexity with the increase of the population. One-twentieth of all the people in the United States live in New York city, and its growth in population is at a ratio five times greater than the rest of the country. When the fact is taken into consideration that on the Third Avenue Elevated line alone we are compelled to carry—owing to the increase of population in the Bronx—one million more passengers every month than the preceding one, it is apparent that the transit problem is not one that will solve itself.

Since coming to New York to take charge of this work I have spent little time in studying my subject from the inside of the office. I have put in four or five hours each day riding uptown and down town, and cross town, and to and fro in all directions, in the Subway, on the elevated road, and by the surface lines. I have been in the crowds at the rush hours, and have seen everything that is to be seen at its best and at its worst, and I am compelled to admit that there is reason for the present transit system.

At the outset I wish to make it plain that I do not take, and have no sympathy with, any thing of a "public-be-damned" attitude. Earnestly and honestly we are endeavoring to transport the people who travel in this town with safety, comfort, and speed. I place safety first, because it is better to take a little more time in getting to one's home or place of business than to run the risk of not getting there at all.

Preliminary study of the situation leads me to the opinion—I cannot call it, in all phases, a conclusion—that the quickest means of relieving the congestion of traffic lies in the reasonable restriction of street traffic so as to give more leeway in the surface cars, (no additional tracks on the Second Avenue "L" to relieve the Bronx congestion, and side-docks in the Subway cars, if some of the stations near midtown cars be so adjusted that there will be no danger in



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Theodore P. Shonts

WHO REALIZES THAT SOMETHING MUST BE DONE AT ONCE TO SIMPLIFY NEW YORK'S TRANSIT PROBLEM

the dissatisfaction of the people
it plain that I do not take, and

At present the Second Avenue
that is not being worked to its fullest capacity, because the people,
for some reason or other—possibly

unloading. And, finally, the construction of additional ambways as fast as the traffic demands. It should be understood, however, that the Interborough-Metropolitan Company is not asking any extraordinary privileges. We want to make use only of those to which we are rightfully entitled, and with the proper application of these we expect to bring about many reforms in the transit system.

Take the case of the surface cars. There is overcrowding on many lines, however they are overloaded as the result of the rapid growth of the population, and there will be endless difficulty in meeting this condition. There are bound to be troublesome delays, too, and this is a feature of surface car travel that can never be eradicated without the cooperation of the city authorities. If, however, the police can manage to give the lines where congestion is the greatest a reasonable use of the tracks we can effect a big change in the surface lines and give the public much better service. And by "reasonable use" I do not imply the exclusive use of the tracks. With the proper regulation of street traffic in the rush hours many vexatious delays may be entirely avoided, though traffic congestion in the streets makes it extremely difficult to handle the crowds in cars and get them to their destination in reasonable time. The surface cars must come to be used more and more for short-haul passengers, leaving the long hauls to the Subway and the elevated lines.

Elevated road is the only one in New York that is not being worked to its fullest capacity, because the people, in saving a walk of a couple of blocks—do not use this line as they might, and ought to do. Express trains would bring the people to the Second Avenue road, diverting a great deal of traffic from the Subway and the Third Avenue "L," and relieving the pressure of passengers to the Bronx that is now overwhelming us. These additional tracks, I am informed by our engineers, could be completed and trains started in eighteen months to two years, while it will take from three to four years to construct the proposed new East and West side Subways. In less than that time the conditions of travel to the Bronx will become intolerable unless these tracks are erected on Second Avenue.

A circumstance that struck me during my journeyings on the various Subway lines was the obvious necessity for greater speed in filling and

MR. SHONTS'S SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SOLUTION OF NEW YORK'S UNPARALLELED TRANSIT PROBLEM

A seat for every passenger.

An effort to enforce a car-full-no-more-passengers rule.

A trial of the pay-as-you-get-on plan.

Two more tracks on the Second Avenue Elevated road.

The addition of side entrances to the Subway cars.

Wider car platforms with doors for the exclusive use of boarding passengers, and others for those alighting.

Such restrictions of street traffic where congestion is greatest as will allow the surface lines a reasonable, although not exclusive, use of the tracks.



Any Car on any Metropolitan Surface Line during the Morning and Evening Rush Hours



Subway Platform breasting the Crowd at an Uptown Entrance during the Evening Rush



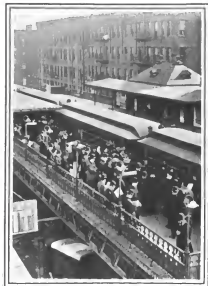
No Room except on the Roof of the Car—in every-day Scene at Astor Place



Even the Women must ride on the Platforms during Rush Times on the Elevated

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

emptying trains where congestion is greatest, much delay being attributable to the loss of time at these points. Side-doors in the cars at first blush appear to offer at least a partial solution of this difficulty. Experts have informed me that the underground lines in London abandoned the side-doors because they were a failure, but I am far from convinced that they would not do much to relieve congestion and minimize delays here. To be sure side-doors would not be of much assistance at stations such as Times Square, that impinge on a curve, but we may experiment with them at stations where they can be used, and we will try, experimentally



When the Harlemite goes Forth to Work
REHEARSING A BROWN BROWN KATHOSIN TRAIN AT THE ONE BE NEEDED
AND FOURTH STREET STATION OF THE FIFTH AVENUE ELEVATED

at least, perhaps on the surface cars, under platforms, doors for the exclusive use of passengers getting on and others for passengers getting off. We will try the plan of pay-as-you-go on, also, on some part of the system to see how it will work, and we will try the car full-to-maximum-passengers plan as well.

Something must be done to simplify the transit problem at once. The subway and the present elevated lines are worked to their full capacity and the margin of safety at present is not over effort that is made to increase and improve the facilities of the Elevated system is not with improvement as though our attempt to solve existing conditions were due to sinister motives. The day is past for underground dealings on the part of our corporations, and personally I am for "the square deal" but, unless the people, the city leaders elected by the people, and the Rapid Transit Commission work together for the common good with the transportation company, the congestion of traffic will increase until we are cramped.

Complaints are being heard in New York, have been paralleled on the globe. The subway was constructed as a relief for the Elevated and street cars but the pressure that came to it is already far beyond expectations, while the strict limitations of the system are carrying more people than ever before. The efforts we make to accommodate our patrons by transferring to and from local and express trains in the subway add to the delay and discomfort of passengers. Take the Fourteenth Street station as an example. It was estimated when the plans were first drawn up that the platform space allotted at the station would be ample for all time, which demonstrates how impossible it was to foresee that New York's intramural traffic would be so tremendously augmented. The subway would and could make "Harlem in Fifteen Minutes" were it battling only the number of people it was built to accommodate. As a matter of fact it is handling twice as many as it was intended to carry (and running to its full capacity). Hence when a delay is occasioned at one of the express stations by the crowds who are trying to get on while other crowds are endeavoring to get off, the delay is communicated to all the trains coming behind on two minutes' headway, and there is little chance of making up lost time, for the rules are that the

speed must be regular and within the margin of safety. The Subway will carry every person who gets down to the platform, but we are going to carry them safely.

The transportation situation in New York, in the way of difficulties that have to be overcome, cannot be compared with that of any other city in the world. Imagine conditions in London or Paris with the great mass of passengers by omnibus, tram, and underground road travelling only north and south, and with only two bridges across the Thames or the Seine, instead of a dock, an outlet for the flow across these rivers, and then compare matters further in either city by an increase of passengers in one line of travel alone of a million each month!

One of the insistent demands of the New York public, with which we intend to comply, if possible, is a seat for every passenger travelling in public conveyances. How many New Yorkers, however, would wait with patience on a Subway or Elevated road station, or in the street, each for his turn, as the seats in train after train and car after car filled up, leaving the aisles and platforms empty, and see these vehicles go on with plenty of room for him to stand up in?—which he would far rather do than be delayed in getting home, or to his place of business. When we reintroduce the car-full-no-more-passengers rule I am afraid that we shall have difficulty in enforcing it.

The Continental transit lines have the advantage of those in England and America in that the passenger is not in such a hurry. In Paris, for instance, the working people homeward-bound during the busy hours of travel step into the tiny stations at the omnibus and tram terminals and receive each a ticket with a number on it, the numbers running consecutively and entitling the holder to a seat in succession to the person holding the preceding number. When the conveyance arrives the conductor calls out the numbers on the tickets in order until the seats are filled. Then the vehicle goes on, and the other number-holders wait for the next one. Often at the busiest centres of travel there will be a thousand or more men and women waiting at the stations for their turns, the last comers aware that it will be an hour at least before they can secure seats. The number system works to a charm in Paris, but



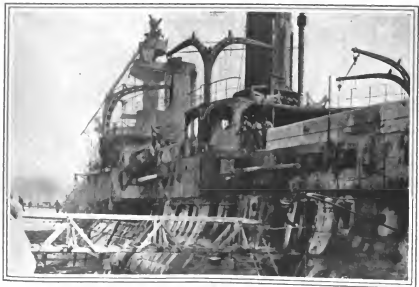
The Nightly Struggle of the Homeward-bound
THE SIX-O'CLOCK CRUSH OF HOME-GOING WORKERS ON
THE STAIRWAY OF AN EAST-RIME ELEVATED STATION

I imagine that it would take a long time to make it popular in New York.

However, many of the evils of the present transit system in New York are bound to be wiped out. All of the many sources of popular complaint will be taken up in regular order, and every possible remedy will be applied with the best possible loss of time. I hope soon to have prepared a comprehensive plan for the laying out of new routes which will afford relief in transportation for at least the next fifty years, a plan that will deteriorate with present conditions and meet those of the future.



The wrecked Cabin of Vice-Admiral Mancoron, from which he was luckily absent when the Explosion occurred



A View of the Port Side of the Battle-ship, with the Smoke of the Fire still rising about her Bow

THE UNLUCKY FRENCH NAVY SUFFERS ITS EIGHTH DISASTER THIS YEAR THROUGH THE EXPLOSION ON THE "JENA"

WHILE THE FRENCH BATTLE-SHIP "JENA" WAS LYING IN DOCK AT DUELEN, ON THE NETHERLANDS, ON MARCH 12, HER MAGAZINES BLEW UP, DESTRUCTING THE VESSEL, AND KILLING MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED OF HER CREW AND CAPT. ADRIEN ARNAUD, HER COMMANDER, WHO WAS IN HIS CABIN, MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPED INJURY, THOUGH HIS QUARTERS WERE TOTALLY WRECKED. THE "JENA" WAS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE MOST EFFECTIVE UNITS IN THE FRENCH FLEET. SHE DISPLACED 12,000 TONS, WAS HEAVILY ARMED, AND MOUNTED FOUR 12-INC. GUNS.

MAUNA LOA'S FLOOD OF GOLDEN FIRE

WHEN THE BOILING LAVA CRASHED THROUGH THE MOUNTAINSIDE AND ROLLED TO THE SEA, HAWAIIANS QUICKLY FLOCKED TO ITS DEADLY SIDE IN JOYOUS PICNIC PARTIES

By WILLIAM INGLIS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

Honolulu, February 16, 1907

THE people of these happy islands have been entertained during the last fortnight by the most tremendous display of volcanic energy seen here in many years. Probably in sympathy with the submarine hearings that wrought such havoc at San Francisco, Valparaiso, and Jamaica, the great volcanoes of Kilaua and Mauna Loa have become so active that men thirty miles away can see to read by their light. A great river of molten lava has burst through the side of Mauna Loa, 8000 feet in air, and has swept away roads and forests in its reckless plunge for miles downward to the sea; while the crater of Halemauana, which sits within the giant bowl of Kilaua, thirty miles away, is rapidly filling with a mass of boiling, bubbling lava, one-quarter of a mile across, whose red glow irradiates the sky for many miles.

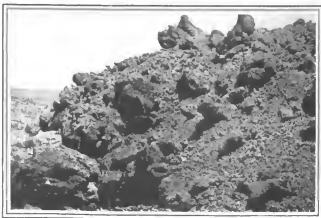
Perhaps some Americans at home, sitting at ease by the fire, may picture to themselves the inhabitants of this summer land fleeing from these awful phenomena, hurrying as fast as steam and sail can carry them from the destructive forces which within times not distant have slaughtered hundreds of persons. One imagines the sturdy Hawaiian spiriting away for life. Not so. Instead of running away from a raging red river he will go in it, delighted to watch the fireworks, and never giving a thought to the fiery death which at any time may leap from the molten mass and in a moment char him to a black shroud of ash.

Parties gather in lawns and set off for the shore on foot or mounted; some go in automobiles; and a few days ago a

whole family went cantering toward the fascinating flames in an ancient and high-wheeled brake, drawn by two horses tandem, with the clever boy of the family playing postilion on the leader.

Steamers are running from Honolulu to the island of Hawaii, on which the volcanoes stand, their staterooms jammed full and their moonlit decks crowded with sleeping passengers who can hardly find room for their mattresses. Above a dozen edifices in this exquisitely beautiful capital you will see big red-lettered signs: "Volcanoes now in action. Don't miss them. Tickets and full information within." No the volcanoes are not only pleasant but profitable.

The great fire revel was ushered in with proper formalities. How long a time the millions of tons of rock and earth had spent in



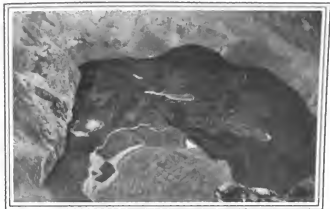
Often the Lava Chinkers roll over and over, constantly gathering fresh fragments
DOWNY, KNITTY, BUBBLING FRAGMENTS OF ROCK FLASH OFF FROM THE VIOLET, LIQUID LAVA



Mauna Loa's Burning Flood at Night—Photographed by the
THE RIVER OF LAVA LIT UP THE SKY SO THAT NEWSPAPERS WERE SENT THREE MILES AWAY

burning from gray to glowing red, and from red to a liquid lake of stone fire in the cauldron far below the mountains, no man may guess. But at nine o'clock on the night of January 10 all the country around Mauna Loa trembled and trembled as the fire-monster babbled and writhed in his efforts to be free. That which seeps most strange to the foreign visitor is that this series of earthquakes caused no alarm in the households at the town of Hilo, scattered below the flank of this ancient volcano which raises its crest two and a half miles above the Pacific. On the contrary, families sat up to wait for the show as if they expected to see a mere Haroun parade, with elephants, lions, tigers, and brass bands.

By midnight the mountain was thrilling and rumbling continuously and the air was vibrant as if all the pipe-organs



The Caldron of Halemau-man, Boiling in the Ancient Crater of Kilauea.
BLACKENED CRUST WHICH CRACKS AND CREMELS AS A NEW JET OF LIQUID ROCK BREWES UP

in the world were rolling forth a grand diapason. Suddenly there was a mighty crash at Kahuku, some feet above the town of Hilo, and through the shattered mountain wall there burst two streams of bubbling, glowing, rippling, molten lava. They rushed high in air as the waters of a fountain leap and play, then dashed down the rugged side of Mauna Loa as torrents plunge in the spring. Side by side but one hundred yards apart the streams of fire ran for half a mile or so; then slowly drew together and, joining forces, swept on toward the sea. They were traveling over the course of the old Kahuku lava flow of twenty years ago, but this outflow was even greater in volume and in intensity of heat.

All night the people of Hilo and the neighboring country sat up and admired the glorious and awful spectacle, comparing it with previous outbreaks, criticizing some of its features, praising others. They saw the two streams that had issued like fiery serpents from their lair in the high rock now joined in one great molten mass a quarter of a mile in width and twenty-five feet high, and lighting up all the country on that side of Mauna Loa until it was brighter than Longacre Square when the crowds are coming out of the theatres. By this brilliant light could be seen falling in front of the fire-front a huge mound of cinders and clinkers, all ways driven ahead like the furrow before the plough. Now and then a jet of the burning lava darted forward through the clinking, crackling mass—thrust out and vanishing as swiftly as the play of a serpent's tongue.

At times great sheets of flame shot high in air, flared a few moments, wavered, then flickered away to nothing, leaving only the golden red stream of viscid, liquid rock to illuminate the sky. Two expert observers guessed that these spurts of fire were jets of lava, but the veterans said no. They were clumps and groves of alders and giant koa trees licked up by the lava flow and devoured as quickly as a match fallen into a grate of blazing coal.

Before dawn the speed at the flow had greatly abated, and by the time the people of Hilo had breakfasted and journeyed to the scene the lava was moving no faster than the walk of a woman in the shopping district. By day one could not see the flames. It was impossible to go near the lava from the lee side, for the smoke, gas, and fine ash, in any nothing of the intolerable heat that made life impossible; but on the windward side one could approach within a few rods in comparative comfort. Even there it was difficult to breathe.

The best place to stand is directly in advance of the lava flow. In the daylight it looks like a slag heap, such as you will find outside any blast-furnace. But such a slag heap! It is five miles long, one-quarter of a mile wide, and from fifteen to twenty-five feet high. It is now moving toward the sea at the rate of sixty feet an hour.

The river of fire still pushes before it the mound of gray-to-purple, rugged clinkers, their sharp edges cracking and scraping against one another as they are relentlessly pressed forward. They sluggishly tumble over and over, never ceasing their clatter of dry bones, while now and then a jet of red lava spurts through, only to turn gray in a moment and cool into jagged clinkers. Often from the top of the bank large red hot stones come rolling down, and as they land the crimson lava splashes almost at one's feet.

The Hawaiian word for the lava clinkers is "a-a" (pronounced "ah-ah"). They are the spongy, knotty, bristling fragments of rock, baked off from the viscid, liquid lava that creeps them along on its flood. Often the "a-a"

roll over and over, constantly gathering fresh fragments, until one finds a sort of bomb perhaps three or four feet in diameter, all molten rock within and coated without by the spongy clinkers. These bombs always burst, though without doing harm, and as they fall apart the lava within, now only red hot, itself is broken into "a-a."

Kilauea crater is thirty miles from the new fire-river of Mauna Loa. After thirteen years of slumber the lava in the pit at the crater of Halemau-man began to boil at the same time the eruption at Kahuku began. Far apart as the two are, there is evidently an underground communication between them. The main crater of Kilauea is three miles across and filled up to within a quarter mile of the top with hard lava, ages old. In the midst of this lava flow there is a pit one-quarter of a mile in diameter, and in this pit the "petioche" or molten lava is boiling like melted gold. Very slowly but never ceasing its movement, the petioche is rising toward the top of the pit. When the present activity began the pit was eight hundred feet deep, and now the liquid fire has risen up to within one hundred feet of the top.

To stand on the edge of this pit and look down upon the boiling, writhing mass of viscid rock bubbling like a pot of porridge, to see the ceaseless vertiginous outflow of the fire, is enough to make one

(Continued on page 513.)



Pikinners before the Camera near the Deadly River of Fiery Lava

HAWAIIANS WHO WALK CLOSE TO DEATH, CHATTING ABOUT IT AND CHECKING THEIR CANDORS



Copyright by R. H. Bailey

The bristling port broadside of the battle-ship "Louisiana." This vessel's main battery consists of four 12-inch, eight 8-inch, and twelve 7-inch breech-loading rifles, and there are fifty guns in her secondary battery



Copyright by R. H. Bailey

The spacious quarter-deck of the battle-ship "Missouri" and the 12-inch twin sisters of destruction who dwell there. Two others are in a turret forward. In the immediate family are sixteen 6-inch rapid-fire guns

UNCLE SAM'S PLEA



Copyright by A. Stone

The quarter-deck of the last battle ship "New Jersey," with the muzzles of her great 12-inch rifles elevated for convenience. In the superponed turret are two of the eight 8-inch guns the ship carries



The crew of the battle ship "Connecticut" in front of the after-turret, which mounts two 12-inch rifles, each forty-five feet long, weighing 120,000 pounds, and capable of piercing armor with an 850-pound projectile at a range of eight miles

ADERS FOR PEACE

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THE NEEDS OF THE NAVY

By REAR-ADMIRAL J. B. COGHLAN, U.S.N.

I HAVE been asked on the eve of my retirement "What is the one great need of the American navy of the future." My answer is that there are two—substitution of modern high-power battle-ships for older vessels, and the passage of a naval personnel bill or a measure which will bring men to the higher commands at a much earlier age than of present.

Large "single-caliber-heavy-gun" battle-ships are absolutely necessary unless we are to have only a toy navy, and I am most happy to know that Congress has seen this necessity, and has this year given us two. These ships are not only of the greatest value tactically, but although more expensive at first cost, are an economy, as they require fewer men to man them, thus saving vastly in expense of maintenance at all times, with proportionately less danger of loss of life in battle. This part of the subject has been so perfectly proven, so far as intelligent argument and comparison can prove anything, that it is not necessary to go further into that phase of our needs.

Regarding the second and equally great need, too much cannot be said. Our present navy is one of fleets and squadrons. The old-time single-ship policy has been replaced by the fleet policy. There is no harder task known than commanding squadrons and fleets. It requires decision, the habit of such command and quick action which can only be gained by long experience. And unfortunately for us, many officers, I fear, have their vision clouded by a personal factor. I do not think in any way to cast reflection on my officers, but from the very nature of our navy, up to very late times, few of them have been able to gain the experience necessary for fleet work, and under our present system of promotion officers reach flag rank too late in life to gain the necessary experience in that rank. There are but very few instances recorded of men born with the genius of fleet control—almost all men gain the ability for such command by long, hard, and constant study, experience, and practice. We can never expect to have our forces or fleets as units equal to those of other powers until our men in the high commands are, beyond a doubt, equal in every respect to those whom we may possibly have to contend with.

[Until we can see further into the workings of the human brain than we can now, we cannot pick out with certainty the man with the necessary genius, therefore we must give each officer who may be called upon to take command of a fleet, or command all the experience possible; graded up from command of a single ship in a division to divisional, squadron, and finally fleet control. At present this cannot be done, and it can never be done until our flag officers have the chance to work through these several steps. To do this properly a flag officer should be continually employed in flag command about at least four years before assuming the command in chief of a fleet.

Many of our flag officers now have but a few years, say, some ten or a few months, to serve between promotion and retirement. Therefore, for practical purposes, we should provide so that a man who is not promoted to flag rank in time to have at least six years left to serve in that grade should not be promoted to it at all. And this same principle should be carried out in the next lower grades.

This can only be done at the expense of much heart-burning, but "the benefit to the country must take precedence of the benefit or feelings of the individual wherever he may be."

It is comparatively easy for officers to learn how to follow along in squadrons, to turn when ordered, to make nice display at naval maneuvers, but something more is needed to be properly prepared for war. Not only should the captains be thoroughly up in the habits of command in their individual vessels, but they should have an intimate acquaintance with each other's habits of thought and with their own ships' ideas, policies, and modes of action, which will enable each officer in any command, either ship or squadron, to fairly divine in advance, to foresee, the necessary order, and be prepared to execute almost before it is given.

Keep a man too long in a subordinate position, let him run along in a rut, doing the same things in the same way after day, and you take away his power of initiative. When the crucial moment comes in action that obliges him to think for himself, he feels at a loss what to do, he hesitates, and is lost. It is in the worst of times that the importance that men should be placed in commanding positions before this power of initiative has been destroyed, or even impaired. And while discussing the personnel of the navy, there is one point which may be cleared up, no conditions are generally misunderstood by the public.

There is a charge for the enlisted man to win commissioned rank in the navy, if he will work. The existing law permits of twelve men being promoted in this way every year, and I happen to recall one instance at the moment, that of O. de P. Johnston, who was gunner on the *Raleigh* at the battle of Manila Bay, and who won his commission as ensign not long after. The trouble with the enlisted man is that his ambition falls short of his opportunities, and he is generally content with a warrant-officer's rank, which many obtain. Navigation is the stumbling-block to many of them. It isn't easy, but it is necessary. Yet I am afraid that the average enlisted man looks with envy upon the

officer because he thinks the officer doesn't have to work. He sees the officer working up and down the deck, apparently doing nothing, and takes it for granted that the officer is loafing. True, his hands may be unemployed, but possibly just at that moment his mind is at work upon the most abstruse question which has ever day following the management of the ship. If fewer enlisted men win commissions in the navy than in the army, I think it is not because of difficulties placed in their way, but either because their ambition is satisfied with something lower, or they cannot master the necessary studies.

When the *Connetquot* left the hands of her builders, the New York Navy-yard, she was ready to go into battle, if need be; while her sister ship, the *Louisiana*, built for the government by contractors, was incomplete, much of the work remaining to be done afterwards. On the face of the figures presented, it would appear that the *Connetquot* cost more than \$200,000 in excess of the sum expended upon the *Louisiana*. It is reasonable to suppose that she did cost more, because the government pays the men employed at the yard a letter wage, and enforces the eight-hour day, but I am puzzled to know what the actual difference in cost was even after the figures here have been published. The following estimates were given in the House of Representatives in the course of debate on February 14: cost of *Connetquot*, \$6340, 241 \$3; cost of *Louisiana*, \$1,960,822 40.

We of the navy accept the figures of an Act of Congress, July, 1902. The *Connetquot* was finished December 12, 1900. The *Louisiana* was put in commission in June, 1900, but when the President visited Panama on board the *Louisiana* last fall the vessel was still far from ready for active service.

It is not clear to us what the various items stand for in the case of the *Louisiana*. We know that the *Connetquot*, the finest ship of her class in the world, was completely equipped in every respect, guns mounted, and ready for action at the cost stated. What was the actual cost of bringing the *Louisiana* to the same degree of perfection, after she was launched? That we do not know, so an authoritative comparison cannot as yet be made.

Aside from the relative cost of construction there is another point which must be considered. Forty-two and a half months before the actual work on the *Connetquot* was begun, the *Meriville*, a time which could have been shortened had all the material been available when needed. But during the period of construction we had assembled here a highly efficient body of skilled workmen, and when it was necessary to undertake repairs of other ships, the work was taken over by the contractors, and used to great advantage. So in such case there was none of the delay and expense of breaking green men into the work. They knew what to do and how to do it. If there could be a plan by which a vessel would always be in course of construction here, if, when our ships are completed, we could be sent on another, the government would always have this force of specially trained men for emergency work. Such a state of preparedness would be worth, it seems to me, quite a large sum of money, possibly enough to make up the difference in the cost as between that undertaken by the government and that turned over to contractors.

Facilities in the New York Navy-yard are unsurpassed anywhere. A battle-ship of the *Breadbasket* type can be constructed here as well as in any other part of the world. No matter how great or how small the work, the work can be done here perfectly and quickly.

It is not the general opinion in naval circles that the government should build its own vessels to the exclusion of private contractors for the work. I believe, and I think it is generally believed, that some of the work of construction should be let out, so that others should know how to build ships if there should be a sudden demand for an increased output, but the bulk of the work can best be done in the navy yards.

It must be borne in mind that there is a constant need of additions to the fighting-ships already in existence. The United States navy at the present time is hardly half as strong as it should be. It looks much more formidable on paper than it really is, as many of the vessels which make a good showing on paper are already obsolete for the modern fighting line. The fighting-line of the future will be of great size and strength. The necessities of smaller size will be maintained in about the same proportion as at present. The latest type of battle-ship is able to go a much greater distance, and at higher speed, than the old. The *Oregon* is nearly out of date on that account. Not only do the new vessels have greater gun capacity, they actually have less weight in proportion to their size. The new twelve-inch rifle, which has superseded the heavier thirteen-inch gun, has a greater penetration with less weight, and the armor plates have kept pace with the improvements in guns. The armor belt calculated to defend a ship from the new rifle is about one-third the less in weight than the cumbersome, old-fashioned armor plate. Of course, the older vessels can be modernized after a fashion, just as the old guns are being equipped with the new sighting apparatus, but if the navy is to retain its efficiency there must be a long period of active construction of newest model ships.

WHEN NO MAN PURSUETH

By HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS



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"If you think this is cowardice—try it yourself." The words were inscribed neatly, without a trace of tremor, on a clean sheet of letter-paper. The writer mechanically replaced his fountain-pen in his pocket, and as mechanically waved the mouse back and forth to dry it. Then, as he realized what he was doing, a grim smile crossed his features.

"A pretty time to be particular about mice," he observed, aloud. But the force of habit was strong on him, and he waited until the ink was dry before he pinned the paper, carefully, against the swinging shelf in the centre of the cellar where he stood. Then he stepped back to the entrance door, to make sure that the message must be visible to any one who entered. "I guess they'll see that, all right," he commented. "Cowardice, eh? Well, just let 'em try it."

With sudden resolution he stepped forward, seized the revolver that lay on the hanging shelf, and raised it to his head. He closed his eyes and half clinched as the barrel touched his temple. His finger rested a moment irresolutely on the trigger. But instead of firing, as he had intended, he lowered the weapon slowly, and finally held it again on the shelf. He took out his watch and scrutinized it in the dim light.

"Only three o'clock!" he exclaimed. "My God! I thought it must be nearer six. I don't need to do it quite yet. There's plenty of time. Why the Board didn't meet till half past two!" he complained, as if arguing a case; "and it will take them at least an hour to go through the books. Then when they find it out they'll still have to get the sheriff, or whoever it is that does such things, before they can arrest me; and then—I'll spare them the trouble."

He laughed grimly. His courage was rising with his speech. "Yes," he continued, still arguing, "I'm prepared for half an hour, anyway; it will be time enough when I see them coming."

He looked from the little cellar window, as he had done a dozen times before, to make sure that his view commanded all approaches to the house. "Yes, it will be time enough when I see them coming," he repeated; "time enough, time enough." Then he strode slowly back and forth within the confines of the cellar, soliloquizing. His whole frame was under tension; his hands clasped together spasmodically; his heart seemed like a weight of stone in his breast; yet he was vaguely conscious of a sense of wonderment at his own composure. He would not have believed that the thoughts of a man about to die could wander to such irrelevant inconsequential as kept bobbing into his mind. All thoughts led him back presently to one subject, however—the recollection of the petty crime that had brought him to this plight. Criminal? It was hardly that; it was no more than perjury at worst—an error of judgment, a trifling misstep taken long ago and long since retrieved. Thousands of other men had done as much, without ever suffering for it. After all, the sum was only a few hundreds; the tip on which he had acted had proved a valid one; the venture had repaid the outlay many fold, and every dollar of the parlayed—the borrowed—money had been paid back in full. What harm, then? Had any one suffered from his act? Had any one been injured? And had not he, as cashier of the bank, the right—yes, the right; that is, the moral right, knowing his own intentions as he did; the moral right, if

not the legal—and should not the law take cognizance of intentions, of morals, rather than mere technicality? Why, no jury, no jury in the world—or, at any rate, if a jury, interpreting the strict letter of the law—

He checked himself and tried to change the tenor of his thoughts. He had gone over the same thing a thousand times before, and he knew that his logic failed pitifully to convince himself. Now on a sudden impulse he turned on himself, as it were, and arraigned himself fiercely. "Liar!" he hissed. "Liar! You know that you lie. You know that you stole that money. You are a thief; the brand of infamy is on your brow forever. Your life is founded on a crime; and now your sin has found you out. What if you did give back the money? What if you have been straight ever since? What if you are respected and honored in the community? Can you wipe out that stain? Never; except in one way—and this is it."

Again he stepped forward and seized the pistol, this time with a determined air, as if to give some condemned wretch his deserts. But again he put it down, as a new train of thought came to him. "How did they ever find it out?" he pondered. "How could they find it out? I was sure I had the books fixed so that they could never tell. And for five years they kept their secret. For five full years! And I was coming to be so happy, until I saw that they were beginning to suspect. But what right had I to expect happiness? My very house was founded on a crime. When I asked the little woman to marry me I was asking her to share the lot of a criminal. And she thought me—she still thinks me—a saint. My God! It will kill her when she finds it out! But it is better this way than to see me—in stripes. Yes, this way is better—this way is best."

One more he took up the revolver, set angrily and vehemently this time, but steadily and calmly; and as he regarded it an impulse of self-pity took possession of him. "Why need they have found it out?" he murmured. "Oh, why need they? I had atoned; I had suffered; all that a man could do to make amends I had done. Which one of them is quite without sin that he dare cast the first stone? Why should they have looked at me so suspiciously, when for five years I had not stepped one foot aside from the straight and narrow way? Why must they examine the old books? Had they no sympathy, no mercy? Could they not think that I have a wife, a child, that I live? Could they not know that my only thought has been to make them happy and to live down my one mistake?"

"But no; they do not care for all that; they demand simple justice, untouched by pity. I could see it in their faces when first they began to suspect. And today, when they told me to take a holiday, that I was not well, that I needed a rest, I knew far better than they thought the nature of their plan. They are holding a board meeting there at the bank—I know that well enough. Before this they have shown me up; they have laid their plans; nay, maybe now they will send for me; and they think to see me behind the bars before night. But I will fool them there; I will fool them there."

A sound without interrupted the scurrying thoughts, and in an instant the soliloquist was on the alert. He glided cautiously to the window and peered out. His worst fears were confirmed.

The footsteps were those of a messenger boy whom he recognized instantly as a clerk in the bank. The youth came forward in true boy fashion, leaning from side to side of the walk, and whistling loudly a discordant strain far off the key. In his hand he held a letter.

The unseen watcher in the cellar saw through the rose instantly. "Ah, that's their game!" he muttered. "They want to get me to the bank and ask me there. Well, we shall see; we shall!"

The clang of the door-bell caused him to start nervously. He clutched tightly at the pistol and rushed it to his temple. "It is time," he said. "God help me! Good-by, Margaret, Good-by, sweet Catherine. This is better than the other; I am doing it for your sakes, Good-by!"

As the door-bell clanged again there was the small, spiteful crack of a pistol in the air, and the man there sank to the floor, still clutching the weapon in his hand. His eyes slowly opened and stared out unseeing into the gloom. A little stream of blood coming from his temple told that he had done his ill task only too well.

The messenger boy half heard the snap of the smokeless powder, and interrupted his hughenous whistling to listen. But he heard nothing further, and he was not certain that the other sound had come from the house. There seemed, indeed, to be no one at home. The boy clanged the bell again, and yet again. Finally he thrust the letter into his pocket, and resuming his doleful music, he strolled carelessly down the street again.

II

Toward evening a small, frail woman, accompanied by a little girl, came through the gate. She moved without hurry, her mind obviously on other things than the externals. She tried the front door, but did not seem surprised to find it locked.

"Can't we get in, mamma?" sighed little Catherine.

"We must go around to the back door. Papa has not returned yet from his fishing trip, and this door is locked."

Entering by the woodshed door, Mrs. Lovejoy went forward to "open up" the house. As she came into the front hall she saw on the floor a letter that had evidently been thrust under the door. She took it up languidly. "Who can have sent in a note?" she thought vaguely, not conscious of any particular desire to solve the mystery. But as she came to the light her eye caught the legend, "Return in five days to the Starva City National Bank," and she was all attention in an instant.

From the bank? What could that mean? Why had they written him, when he was away only for the afternoon, and would be back at his post as usual in the morning? Was it true, then, that the management was dissatisfied with him, as he had so often told her of late? Had they taken this means to inform him of his discharge? The thought came as the dead weight on her over-laden heart. She sank into a chair and stared vacantly into space, too agonized for weeping.

Slowly her thoughts collected themselves, and her heart was full of bitterness. Could they not see, then, that he had been ill? Did not they know that he was ill himself—that he was dispirited, worried, overworked, in need of rest? He had worn himself out in their service, and now they repaid him in this way. He had said they were dissatisfied with him, but she had scorned this idea to his morbid condition; she had not for a moment believed such a thing possible. So, after all, he was right. But how cruel, how unjust, how utterly crushing the blow! What should they, what could they do? No money, no chance to get other employment while he was out of health; no hope of being restored to health while under the stress of such conditions.

The little woman's tears whirled at the very edge of the abyss of despair. But only for a moment; then that resilient courage that is the matchless

heritage of her sex came to her aid. She set her jaws firmly together and clenched her little hands. "No," she said, "it shall not be. I will see the directors; I will tell them of their injustice; they shall see it; they shall take him back. They shall know how unjust and cruel they have been. I will go at once."

Then she reflected that at this hour her quest would be vain. But she might go to see the doctor. He had told her over and over that her husband was not well; that he must have rest or he would break down altogether. Yes; she would go to the doctor at once. He would advise her, and in answer he would help her in the interview with the bank officials.

She rose determinately and reached her hat from the hook where she had just hung it as she entered. But what about the letter? Should she conceal it? Surely he must not see it. He must not feel this cruel blow—in his present condition, it might kill her. She must conceal the letter. Or rather, might she not better open it, and thus learn its exact contents, so that she could answer wisely—knowing precisely what was charged? The letter was not addressed to her, to be sure; but that did not greatly matter. He would have shown it to her at once had he received it—either of them had ever had a letter since their marriage that had not been read in the other. Surely she must have the clearest vision to guide her. Clearly, she must know the exact contents of the letter.

Yet how she dreaded to open it. Even though she knew in cruel message, she shrank from seeing the fearful words. But she resolutely broke the seal.

As her eyes scanned the page she could not at first believe what she saw. If she had been dazed a moment ago, she was now stunned, stupefied—so closely akin are great sorrow and unexpected joy in their momentary effect on the soul.

"My dear Lovejoy," the letter ran, "as president of the board of directors of the bank which you have served so long and so faithfully, it gives me great pleasure to inform you, in the name of the board, that you have been voted a year's leave of absence, on full pay, to recuperate your health; and that, in addition recognition of your highly valued services, the bank extends you its check for two thousand dollars (\$2000) as a present, hoping that you will expend it in a tour of recreation and health-seeking. Dr. Goodrich assures us that there is every prospect of your complete restoration to health, under proper conditions, in half that time; but we desire that you should remain long enough to enjoy yourself after your complete convalescence.

"Please don't think we do this unselfishly. We appreciate the services of a man who has made himself so richly disposable to the bank. We know you need the rest you have so fully earned, and we want you to take it in such a way as to bring you back to us next year ready for another long term of usefulness.

"Accept, please, the assurances of esteem of the entire board. Individually and collectively, who are not one with all who know you in hoping for a speedy return of your accustomed health."

"Below his signature the writer added: 'Of course we shall see you at the bank before you go, for a personal 're-voir' and Good-bye!'

Mrs. Lovejoy's eyes wandered over the letter again and again. Gradually its meaning bore in on her consciousness. A great crushing weight seemed to lift from her and leave her light as air. One great all-pervading sense of thankfulness welled up in her heart. She sank slowly in her knees and bowed her head, and the words that so sweetly thrilled in consciousness came to her lips.

"O God," she murmured, "I thank You. Oh, I know You would be good to me in the end. I have suffered long, but I have tried to be brave—indeed I have tried. If ever I doubted You, if I misjudged these good men, I am sorry. But, oh, You know what I feel—I cannot find the words."

She buried her face in her



"Ah, that's their game!" he muttered

hands, and great comforting tears rested from her eyes. Her entire body was convulsed with sobs.

Little Catherine, disturbed in her play, came and stood by her mother, her lips quivering. "What is it, mamma," she cried; "is you sick?"

The mother arms went about the child, and the mother voice sobbed out through lips that tried to smile:—
"No, my sweet, I am not sick; I am well—oh, so well; and so happy. Come, you must help me. We will celebrate this beautiful night. Let us hurry and put on our best dresses before papa returns; and we will light the lamp in the parlor; and you must run and pick some flowers in the garden for the supper-table. We will have cake and jam for supper, and, and—oh, anything that you like; anything that papa likes."
"But papa doesn't like to eat anything now, you know, mamma."

"He will not to-night, my sweet; we will all be happy to-night—you will scarcely know him, he will be so happy. He will sit at the table there and tell us stories as he used to do. Oh, you will see; you will see. But come, we must hurry; it is almost supper-time."

III

Half an hour later the mother and child tripped down the stairs from their chamber in gala attire—simple enough, modest the dresses were, but their very most festive-looking. The mother wore about her neck a little basket that had been her husband's first gift to her. The excitement had brought roses to her cheeks, where they had long been banished.

As the little woman bustled about, completing arrangements for the festive supper, her heart swelled with joy, with thanksgiving for herself, with love of humanity,

with pity for the afflicted. As always when in her highest moods, she half-consciously recalled a hymn.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"—

she sang the opening words over and over, as the joy in her heart welled up and demanded expression, even as her thoughts went



"O God," she murmured, "I thank You"

out to her husband. Once she interrupted the song and exclaimed, almost impatiently: "Oh, if he only would come!" But she checked herself instantly and rebuked herself for giving way to the impulse. "It is wicked of you to have even a trace of dissatisfaction in the midst of this great blessing," she told herself. "In due time he will come; he is often much later than this. And perhaps he will be delayed to-night, just to keep you from being too forgetfully—too wickedly—happy. He is enjoying himself or he would not stay so long."

No very patient she tried to be; and she added this touch and that to the preparations, trying to remember everything that her husband had ever liked or prized. How it would surprise him! How his eyes would stare when he entered! How the old back would come back into his face! The thought of it all brought the little woman's cup of joy to the very brim. She felt that speak she must. So she ran over to where the little girl was playing, and taking her in her arms, hugged her till she almost feared the little bones would break.

"God is good to us, dearie," she murmured over and over; and as she kissed the flaxen head tears came again to her eyes.

"God is good to us," hopped back the little headlike voice. Then an inspiration came to the mother. "Oh, sweetest," she said, "living to-morrow, God has been good to us—to daddy and to you and to me. He has sent us a beautiful letter full of money. We are to go for a long playtime—all of us together."

She paused, trying to find words to bring it all to the child's comprehension. "Yes," she continued, "we are going for a long, happy playtime. We are going a long way, to a place where it is summer, and there are birds and flowers. And papa will be with us all the time, and he will not have to work, and he will get well; and you shall have—oh, everything that you like—toys and dolls—great big dolls that talk—and candy—oh, every-

(Continued on page 511.)



As the doorbell clanged again there was the small, spiteful crack of a pistol in the cellar

THE EVER-YOUTHFUL CIRCUS

YOU can tell that spring is here by the carolling of the bluebirds in the morning, or by the piping evening of the nesting robins, or by the tender hints of new green that are peeping in furtive patches among the lawns of Central Park; but the surest sign of all is the opening of the circus in Madison Square Garden. It is there now. It is good.

Every man that ever was a real, human boy is circus-mad. Most of us are diffident about admitting it, but the fact is there just the same; and if you happen to catch us roving at the antics of Silvers and his foolish gang; or clucking the back of the next seat when Howells, the champion of Scandinavia, goes flying through space on the long skin; or shuddering at the perfectly beautiful lady dives down the Dip of Death; or frantically applauding the Absolutely Unrivaled Bareback Riding Act by the Only Somersault Equestrienne in the World, Josie Demott—why, then, you can see for yourself that we are nothing but boys, old and gray and bald enough to know better, but still circus-mad.

Possibly that is why the Barnum & Bailey show seems to this ancient boy to be better this year than ever. Really, we ought to sigh for the good old days, for the glories of Bill Showies's riding and the grandeur that was O'Brien's. But there isn't one moment for regrets. He who would sigh finds himself always so breathless from hurried contemplation of such a host of acrobats, leapers, tumblers, twisters, trapeze performers in the sky, elephants drilling like soldiers, eloquent sea lion actors and molesters, Russian hounds and daring dogs that jump the hoop, the ski-man rushing and swishing cometwise through space, and the fierce crash of galloping chariots, that he can only gasp: "It is too much—my neck is twisted—my eyes are crossed—I must go again to get the tangles out."

And don't overlook the Novello. There is a whole blessed family of them, and the blessed dog, Fleece, scolding Sikks precede them, squalling on shrill flageolets and booming the tom-toms. Papa Novello rides a wise pony, the Novello boys ride big ponies and little elephants with great impartiality, and the charming Novello girl is drawn into the arena in a rikishia by a smirking cooie.

The cleverest elephant walks a sawsaw, which comes down smack! and sends a smiling Novello boy somersaulting through the air over the elephant's body. It has all happened so quickly that you can't see how it was done; so the obliging elephant and the smiling boy do it all over again.

It must grieve the sensitive soul of a big elephant when she is

commanded to sit up and beg like a cute little dog asking for a piece of cake. Yet the largest Novello beast sits up most doggiely and waves her forepaws up and down as one who pleads for choice food. And to add to the big animal's discomfiture, they perch little dogs on her pleading jaws and they sit up and beg, too. The crowd snickers. Look closely and you will observe the blush of shame mantling the elephant's dusky shock and spreading along her delicate trunk clear down to the dainty little snaillike tip.

Then the boy stands on his hands on the elephant's neck (they really have necks, you know), and Papa Novello, because he is the tallest, hoists a weeny little white dog on a small wooden dink atop of a long pole, and the little white dog steps over on the up-turned feet of the Novello boy, who is still smiling and standing on his hands on top of the elephant's neck. What d'ye think of that? After a while the dog leaps for life, and all the Novello family who remain on earth catch him as he flies. As for the pony and the gray Great Dane dog leaping over the smaller elephant, and the smaller elephant in turn pinnetting his pulpy ponderosity over the pony and the dog, that is all too complicated to be told here.

And pray listen to these sober words, which tell with great restraint of the doings of the Siegfried-Silken troupe.

"Unapproachable and Unapproachable Displays of Desperately Dangerous Aerialism. Ten of the Greatest Mid-air Gymnasts in the World. Exhibit all the perilsous feats accomplished by other famous aerial vaunters, with scores of others as startlingly sensational, so defiantly antagonistic to all preconceived ideas of high air projection, as to create an entirely new departure in aerial displays. Single, double, and triple flying somersaults, jangling each other in mid-air, catching one another by hands or feet, playfully tooting one performer to the waiting arms of another, across a yawning chasm, and numerous other astonishing and audacious feats of finished flight and reckless rarity."

But the prettiest thing on the programme happens when Louise Nickney comes out with her brown Shetland pony and her bright-eyed, romping collier with the broad white patch on his chest and the big blue ribbon bow at his neck.

Louise is a very dainty child, and she puts the pony and the dog through the most complicated performance you ever saw. She looks like a nice little girl playing with her pets on her father's lawn. Do you believe in fairies? Are you fond of Peter Pan? Yes? Then you'll go up and see Louise and her pony and her wonderful dog.

PARIS BY CANDLE LIGHT



EARLY IN MARCH THE EMPLOYEES OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES IN PARIS WENT ON STRIKE, AND PARIS EXPERIENCED THE ROYAL SENSATION OF TRANSMUTING ITS BUSINESS AND ITS PLEASURES BY CANDLE LIGHT. STORES, RESTAURANTS, AND THEATRES WERE SHUT DOWN, AND NEWSPAPERS FAILED TO APPEAR. NORMAL CONDITIONS WERE NOT RESTORED FOR TWO DAYS



WATCHING ALL THREE RINGS AT ONCE AT THE CIRCUS

DRAWN BY O. E. CECARE

MUSIC AND THE OPERA

NEW MUSIC AND CURRENT CRITICISM

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

THOSE who have seen the score of Sir Edward Elgar's oratorio, "The Apostles," may recall that the composer, in a prefatory note, thus set forth his purposes: "It has long been my wish to compose an oratorio which should embody the Calling of the Apostles, their Teaching (aching!), and their Mission, culminating in the establishment of the Church among the Gentiles. The present work carries out the first portion of the scheme; the second portion remains for production on some future occasion." This "second portion," it is to be assumed, is comprised in "The Kingdom," which was performed by the Oratorio Society, for the first time in America, on March 26 at Carnegie Hall, under the baton of the composer, who is now visiting America. Incidentally, it may be remarked that there is a certain lack of intelligibility in these divisions; for the score of "The Apostles" is marked "Parts I. and II.," and there is to be, according to Elgar's official exponent, yet another section of this choral trilogy or tetralogy—whichever it is. However this may be, "The Kingdom" is put forward by the composer as a continuation of the subject begun in "The Apostles." The never weary, according to an authorized announcement, takes up the story of the Christian disciples in Jerusalem, their reviving of the Holy Spirit, of their preaching to the people, and of their preparation for the wider mission to the Gentiles. Four characters carry on what may, for convenience' sake, be called the action: the Virgin Mary Magdalene, St. Peter, and St. John; while the Disciples, the People, and the Holy Women are represented at different times by the chorus. The oratorio is in five sections, thus entitled: I.—"In the Upper Room"; II.—"At the Beautiful Gate"; III.—"The Pentecost"; IV.—"The Sign of Blood"; V.—"The Upper Room." The text, as in the case of "The Apostles," is an ingenious complex of passages culled from the Scriptures and so assembled as to form a consistent and homogeneous whole—a work, in itself, that gives evidence of a singular degree of literary tact and addressness on the part of the composer.

Upon several occasions in the past we have considered in this place, at some length, what seemed to be the characteristics of Elgar's art, at its best and at its worst, and there seems to be no immediate reason for renewing the discussion. Admittedly, Sir Edward is a composer of admirable technique, of incontestable alacrity; a superb master of orchestration, a musician who handles large and intricate tone-masses with extraordinary skill and assurance. He commands, at times, an order of musical beauty, of musical eloquence, which is personal, distinguished, commanding. He is, in short, a musician whom it is impossible not to admire; for he is never vulgar or cheaply appealing, and his art is rich in dignity, in a certain intellectual elevation which at once persuades and convinces. But that in addition to these admirable traits and possessions, he is also, at times, platitudinous, banal, sentimental, formidably dull, seems equally evident and indisputable. He is at his least felicitous in "The Kingdom." There are affecting and noble moments in the brief orchestral prelude; but thereafter the music adorns with distressing tenacity to a level of dullness—dullness that is swelling, portentous, inescapable—which is seldom attained by even the best gifted men than Sir Edward Elgar. That is one's final impression of the work—an impression that is so obscuring, so overwhelming, that one has not the heart to enlarge upon the matter, either in

deprecation or exposition. Is it possible that Sir Edward is becoming so much the preacher, the admirable aviator, that an inferior order of music is beginning to satisfy him, so long as it serves as a some sort of vehicle for his spiritual convictions?

It is sincerely to be hoped that Dr. Karl Muck, if he remains for another season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will not be estopped from presenting new and significant works by the discreditable manner in which his performance of Debussy's "La Mer" was received by an influential portion of those in New York who enjoy the privilege of public comment upon musical events. It is grievous enough when a work of subtle and distinguished imagination, of original invention, of novel and independent form, is offered to ears that are deaf to its quality and appeal; but when it is not alone unperceived, but is set upon by all the forces of a fatuous and myopic "conservatism," then must there be lamentation and disheartenment among those who believe that there is no more heinous offense in the kingdom of the arts than the discouragement of new beauty and liberating forms. For certain these intelligences, Debussy's fans and fantastic patterns were it seems, but "dabs" and "apologies"; his ocean was "a frog pond." For another, this music contained "more of barn-yard cackle" than of the moods and values of the sea. Yet another intelligence detected the curious quality of "morbidly"—this sea was "full of decay," of "unkindly" surges, and yet another who should have been the last to say it, this music was "stiff"—"chaotic, meaningless, cecephous." This was "rubbish" of "the dreariest kind."

The late Vernon Blackburn, one of the most sensitive and valuable of writers upon music, once advanced the theory that every critic in any art—but more especially in music—was capable of absorbing a certain amount of what he called "moderality"; the quality of feeling and utterance which, in its particular day, has the precise character of nervousness; but there was, he held, a point of saturation which was reached by every man in his turn, and that thereafter it was impossible for him to absorb any further expression of this particular and progressive quality. It is a persuasive suggestion, and it explains much. One wishes fantastically, at times, that there might be the discovery, the opportunity, of critics of music, a test of condition to determine, in each instance, whether or not this point of saturation "had been reached"; and, in such an event, the privilege of public comment might be withdrawn. For those who believe that there is no worthier or more vital function for the critic than the discovery and exploitation of those new forms and novel beauties in which genius declares itself, the mere obstructionist, the mere unenlightened and unresponsive conservative, in an active and positive menace. It is a difficult, an inaccessible ideal which Mr. Henry James proposes for the attainment of the wholly admirable critic; yet one would have every writer charged with the immeasurable responsibility of public comment seek prayerfully to achieve it. He had himself, to project and steep himself, to lead and lead that he understands, and to understand so well that he can say: to have perception at the pitch of sensation is to be inferior. It is not in the realm of the possible, but in the realm of the actual, that the critic must stand.



Mme. Brester-Gustoff

WHOSE REMARKABLE "CARNER" HAS BEEN THE STRIKING SUCCESS OF THE SEASONS AT THE MANHATTAN

THE SEASON'S PLAYS

? AND NOVELLI

By "I"

THE most succinct comment upon Miss Ethel Barrymore in her newest play, "The Silver Box," is an interrogation point. The "I" is comprehensive, and there is no answer. Elaborated into words, it might be set forth in this humble form: Why in the world did she select the play? Miss Barrymore is one of the few actresses to whom dangerously fickle New York is sincerely attached. She should know this now better than ever before, because New York has gone to see her in "The Silver Box." That is taken, indeed. But "I" will venture to say that every one who has seen the play has left the Empire Theatre in one or more of the varied phases of amusement.

The play itself is such a loose-jointed affair its story were best related in skeleton form. A silver cigarette-box is stolen. An innocent charwoman (none other than Miss Barrymore), with a drunken husband, is accused. Both are arrested and taken to court. The husband admits taking the box, and is dragged away, fighting, to prison. The final curtain falls with the charwoman alone in the courtroom, every one else having gone off to luncheon. The spirit of the play is the unflinching devotion of the charwoman to her worthless husband.

In groping for an answer to the "I" one may suppose that it was the spirit of the play which attracted Miss Barrymore to it, but it is, nevertheless, true that, save during the brief last act, the mother of the drama is not made strong enough to produce an appreciable impression. The courtroom scene did have its good moments, but they were flashes and not fire.

It is difficult not to say pleasant things always about Miss Barrymore, because she has played a number of her parts admirably but it must seem even to her sturdiest champions that in "The Silver Box" she has just now ventured too far afield. "I" would much prefer to blame the play; that is, to lay the greater part of the blame upon it, because the play is unconvincing, but one cannot avoid noting that Miss Barrymore is not suited to it in any way. Never once is she the charwoman. There is even a noticeable effort in her cultured voice and in her repression of movement. It is as if she were constantly reminding herself to be the charwoman. But in the courtroom scene, far and away the best part of the play, her acting does appeal to the sympathies of her audience. Here she is a very earnest, very pathetic figure of distress.

Bruce McFae is unquestionably a gainer by the play. He is *Jones*, the charwoman's disolute, dishonest husband, and as such he gives us fine a piece of character acting as he has ever done in his life. The other members of the cast, many of them, at least, are wasted in windy-waddy roles. One evening of "The Silver Box" is sufficient to prompt the advice to Miss Barrymore to seek another play, and to Mr. McFae to write another—or not, as you please.

One is inclined to judge somewhat severely an actor

who comes to us heralded as already famous, and undertaking to play all the great roles in tragedy, from *Oedipus Rex* to *Othello*. Yet Ernesto Novelli, in spite of this heavy handiwork, has convinced us that he possesses genuine force and sincerity. As *Hamlet* or *Luigi XI.* or *Leopoldo*, he, of course, measures himself against great actors who are vied in our memories, and we are hardly able to judge of his work as an original creation. So it is fairer to speak of his acting in Paolo Giacometti's modern Italian drama, *La Morto Civile*, where he has no rival except our possible memories of Salvini. *La Morto Civile* is extremely simple in plot and construction. A man of passionate, elemental nature stabs his brother-in-law in a family quarrel, and is condemned to penal servitude in the sulphur-mines. After thirteen years he escapes and returns to his home, to seek his wife and daughter, now a girl of sixteen. That is the entire plot, and the setting is almost classical in its simplicity; the greater part of the story is carried on by monologue, the poor convict Corrado telling of his impetuous hate, his sorrow, his suffering, his love for his wife and child, the nightmares that haunted him during the years of his servitude, the joy of his escape, the dread of finding his wife and child dead, his boundless longing for their love. The other characters in the story are simply on many occasions for Corrado to break

forth in passionate, pitiful self-revelation, and the dramatic interest is wholly absorbed in his rugged, elemental nature, full of desires, wrath, fear, longing, seeing all things through the clouds of his own stormy heart, and only dimly realising the souls of others, with their aspirations and hopes widely different from his.

The climax of the story lies in the gradual revelation to Corrado of the truth that those around him have really lived and hearts and hopes of their own, not dependent on his longings and desires, and often opposing themselves to what he has hoped and planned for them, with a very real and ardent love. Already braced in vigor and will by his long imprisonment, he has not the rallying power to stand up against this new revelation.

To speak thus seriously of this elemental story is to imply that Ernesto Novelli's work was strong, sincere, and convincing. It was all this, and something more. For every shade of change in the turbulent soul of Corrado was not merely referred to us in the words and tones of the actor; it was further made visible in his face, his body, the gestures of his hands, his whole outward physical being. Perhaps this power of visualizing strong, conflicting, painful emotions is the dominating gift of the Italian actor; and he seems to recognize this by choosing such roles as *Medea*, *Luigi XI.*, *Leopoldo*, *Hamlet*, where the suffering soul is turned inside out, so to speak, and exhibited in its quivering nakedness to the beholders. Nevertheless, Ernesto Novelli has made an equal reputation as a comedian, and here his work, if not so impressive and harrowing, is not less effective artistically.



Miss Ethel Barrymore as "Mrs. Jones," the Charwoman

Mauna Loa's Flood of Golden Fire

(Continued from page 561.)

wonder whether the "higher critics" are quite right in saying that there is no hell.

The picture is constantly changing. A yawning gulf gapes suddenly at one side of the troubled mass, and up gushes a stream of molten rock, running like water. This spreads over the entire surface of the mass in a quilt of golden fire; then it turns the stuff hard as in a blackened crust, which cracks and crumbles again as a new jet of liquid rock bubbles up from below.

But most wonderful of all the phenomena about the volcano is the cheerful optimism of the Hawaiians, who walk down to aw full death, chatting about it, and clicking their cameras at it as if the river and caldron of destructive fire were nothing but toys for their amusement.

King Edward's Gift to the United States Naval Academy

REV. E. W. MATTHEWS, Secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, presented to the Naval Academy, at Annapolis, on the evening of March 17, in behalf of King Edward, of England, an interesting memento of Lord Nelson's flag-ship, the Victory.

Rear-Admiral Sands, Superintendent of the Academy, on the part of the institution, accepted the gift with appreciation.

The memento consists of a loaf of Nelson, who died facing triumph on his ship in the famous battle of Trafalgar. The image is of solid copper, moulded from one of the guns of the Victory, and stands about eleven inches high on a six-inch base of oak from the woodwork of the old ship. The wood shows the screw-holes and battle-scars on three sides, but the front of the base is highly polished, to which is fastened a copper plate bearing the following inscription: "This loaf of Nelson, standing in victory, in oak and copper, taken from his historic ship, is presented by the British and Foreign Sailors' Society's patron, Admiral, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, K.R., to the United States Naval Academy."

Another inscription reads: "The above, made from the material given by the Lord Commissioners of the British Admiralty, was handed to Rear-Admiral James H. Sands, Superintendent of the Naval Academy in Annapolis, on the evening of March 17, 1907, by Rev. E. W. Matthews, Secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, by His Majesty's command, and with the appreciation of Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, and, linked with the honored name of the Society's first President, Admiral Lord Gambier, who signed the treaty of peace with the United States in 1814, Glory to God in the Highest, on earth, peace."

Silk American and British flags will be made by Mrs. Roosevelt and Queen Alexandra, and presented to the Naval Academy, to be used in draping the loaf. Mrs. Roosevelt has not only promised to make the flag with her own hands, but will personally present it to the Academy, and drape it over the loaf of the great British admiral.

The Rev. Mr. Matthews is now returning to England, and upon his arrival there he will at once seek an audience with the Queen, and ask that she likewise make a British flag with her own hands, and let it be presented to the Academy by Mrs. James Hervey, wife of the British Ambassador to the United States, on the same day designated for Mrs. Roosevelt's presentation.

Intended to Pay

The kindly old lady from the country had purchased a pair of gloves in a department store.

"Cash!" shouted the saleslady.

"My land," exclaimed the old lady, fumbling in her valise. "I'll give it to you just as soon as I find my pocketbook."

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THE KIDNAPPING OF LITTLE HORACE MARVIN



The Child who was Stolen in Delaware

NOT for many years have the hearts of the American people been so wrung by a tragedy as they are by the mysterious kidnapping of little Horace Marvin. From the President, who has written from the White House expressing his sympathy and offering to help in the search, to the humblest and most remote citizen, every man in the country is on the alert for some trace of the stolen child.

Thus far the history of the search is an unbroken record of grievous disappointments. The little boy was playing near a large straw stack on his father's farm on the morning of Monday, March 4. At ten o'clock his brothers left him alone for a few minutes, and when they came back he was gone. The boys had not seen any one lurking about the place, and there was no well or other excavation near by into which the child could have fallen. There was no trace of him. Nevertheless there was little apprehension that anything serious had happened.

But when the long day passed without any news of Horace, although all the neighborhood had been searched, and the next day was still without tidings, Dr. Marvin was forced to believe that his son had been stolen by microvants who held him for ransom. This belief was confirmed by what Mrs. Charles Woodell, a neighbor, had to tell. During Sunday evening, she saw two strange-looking men in the vicinity of the Marvin farm and going in and out of a hunting-lodge on the bay shore not far away. She could give no further description of the men than that one was tall and the other quite short and she did not like their actions because they seemed furtive.

Other neighbors remembered the strange conduct of a man in a black-hulled catboat about eleven o'clock on the morning Horace vanished. Although half a gale was blowing and there was a great deal of ice floating about, the boat went up Delaware Bay in spite of all the difficulties, as if the man was eager to escape being seen. Presently the catboat was caught in a great ice-floe and carried up into Salem Creek. It was believed that the kidnapers took the boy away in the catboat, for there was no trace of them on any road.

The Legislature of Delaware three days after the child's disappearance offered a reward of \$2000 for his recovery. At least forty persons wrote to Dr. Marvin urging him to search the straw stack, because the child might have been thrown into it and found it impossible to get out. With the aid of a dozen farmers Dr. Marvin pulled the stack to pieces, but they found nothing to suggest that the boy had ever been there.

From that time there have been daily rumors of the presence of little Horace Marvin in many parts of the United States. A news cablegram from Portsmouth, England, declared that a little boy whose description tallied exactly with that of Horace Marvin was seen there on March 19. Two men had him in charge, and he

KIDNAPPED!



HORACE N. MARVIN, Jr.

The photo was taken about twelve months ago at the age of two years and six months.

A liberal reward will be paid for any information that will prove valuable in locating, rescuing or returning my four-year old child, stolen from his home, "Bay Meadows," seven miles east from Dover, Delaware, Monday morning, March 4th, 1907, at ten o'clock.

REPORT—Three feet

AGE—Three years and ten months on the day stolen.

HAIR—Very fine, light in growth, straight, brushed straight down over forehead. Rugged in front where he had cut it himself with scissors.

EYES—Light blue, large and wide open as in baby state. This feature prominent. Slight scar on one eyelid. Perceptible but not prominent.

TEETH—Regular, small, sharp and very white.

FACE—Round and completely oval.

CLOTHING—Wore two-year old Star Button Down woolen suit, brown in color. Over this a pair of blue overalls and over all a blue overcoat with double row of large brass buttons. Knit cap, red, with brown band and sweat of many colors. Leather, buttoned shoes.

While at hotel in Dover cut and fast finger of right hand in cigar cutter. Cut has healed, but nail is cut square off. To trace it would necessitate cutting into the flesh.

H. N. MARVIN, M. D.

Dover, Delaware.

Descriptive Poster sent throughout the Country for Identification Purposes

kept asking them, "When are you going to take me to my father?" Mr. Swalm, the American consul at Southampton, learned that these men and the boy arrived at that port on March 19 aboard the Atlantic transport liner *Miscapulia*, which left New York on March 18. But though Scotland Yard detectives and private detectives have searched diligently ever since, they have not discovered any further news of the child.

A POSTGRADUATE COURSE FOR SEA-CAPTAINS

THE stranding of another great steamship on the southern coast of England makes prominent an imperative need, that of a better and surer knowledge of that coast on the part of captains.

Every man who is to be captain of a transatlantic liner, every man who is to guide a passenger-steamer along that shore which has been so fatal to ship after ship of the wealthiest and strongest, should, after qualifying in every other respect for a captaincy, spend six months at a year as a sort of postgraduate course getting into close acquaintanceship with every detail, every peculiarity, of that coast-line. He should go out with the fishermen, and in pilot-boats and coastwise sailing craft, in every variety

of weather. He should spend long hours in intimate talk with men who, lacking though they are in technical knowledge, know just the things which he needs to learn.

He would learn, from a new viewpoint, the reefs and the rocks and the shoals. He would learn every peculiarity of the currents. He would round every headland and would come to know every light.

Out there on the Scillys, those islands of terrific rocks, the men watch the great passenger steamers and note which are going most safely and which have acquired the habit of going too close to a perilous reef. Why, the Scillonians know these things so well that they have even picked out, from their observation of courses and their

knowledge of the reefs, upon which ledge the next ship which comes to grief upon the Scillys will strike!

The desperate rocks of the Scillys, the currents and bluffs of the Lizard, the cliffs of Devon and Cornwall, so fascinating to the tourist, so full of potential drama when seen white in a glow of sunshine from the deck of a passing steamer across a short expanse of glittering sea—all this is full of danger when the great gray fogs creep down or when storms come on.

And the greater part of this danger could be avoided, the greater part could be rendered innocuous, by the simple expedient of sending potential captains here for a practical postgraduate course.

The Biter Bitten

One of Eugene Field's later poems, published long before his death, related some adventures imaginary and otherwise during his last visit to England, the refrain of each verse running:

"When I was broke in London
In the fall of '89."

There was, however, an incident of his sojourn in the British metropolis that he did not celebrate in verse. One of the characters in the American colony at that time was a man named George Herrick, whose death occurred not long after that of Field. Herrick was a Vermontian who had lived in England for twenty years, and knew his London better than most Londoners. He was a man of leisure, and there was nothing that he enjoyed more than to show the big town to an appreciative visitor. He found one in Field, and the two spent hours together visiting places of historical and literary interest.

One of Field's favorite diversions in London was to go into a bookshop and ask solemnly for an expurgated edition of Mrs. Hemans's poems, and in this amusement Herrick was wont to aid and abet him. It was after they had been going about together for a week or ten days that Herrick one day stopped before a bookshop in Southampton Row, and said to Field:

"Gene, this is a place where I have bought books occasionally, and the proprietor is a good fellow, but one of the finest Englishmen that ever happened. He never saw a joke in his life, and if you were to go in and ask him for an expurgated Mrs. Hemans, it would give him a shock from which he would never recover."

"Come in," suggested Field. "We'll have some fun with him."

"He might think that I put you up to it, if I went in with you," responded Herrick. "You tackle him, and I'll go in after-ward and hear what he has to say about it."

Field promptly entered the shop and preferred his usual request. To his surprise the bookseller replied in the most matter-of-fact way:

"That is a very rare book. Are you willing to pay a fair price for it?"

The humorist was taken aback, but he said, "Why—why, certainly. I—I know that it is rare."

The bookseller produced a cheaply bound volume from a case, and handed it to Field.

"The price is a guinea," he remarked.

Field opened it at the title page and read in correct print: "The Poems of Mrs. Felicia Hemans. Selected and Arranged with All Objectionable Passages Expurgated by George Herrick, Editor of *Isaac Watts for the House, The Pious and Humane, etc.*," with a publisher's name and address at the bottom.

The bookseller was a picture of solemnity when Field glanced at him.

"I'll take it," said the humorist, faintly, and produced the money.

There was no one waiting for him when Field came out of the bookshop, but he received a letter from Herrick the next morning, saying that he had gone to Lambeth Palace to confer with the Bishop of London in getting out an edition of *Pilgrim's Progress* that would give the youth of England an idea of the strength and literary style of John Bunyan, without bringing the blush of shame to the cheek of innocents.

Kept in Alcohol

"Say, old man, wasn't that case of whiskey I sent you glorious stuff?"

"You bet it was! I didn't get a drop myself, but our cook never left us until it was all gone."

Heard in Cambridge

"SHE. You can always tell a Harvard man."

"HE (from New Haven). Yes; but you can't tell him much."

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Did He Get Them?

THE records in the War Department in Washington are, as a rule, very dry, but occasionally an entry is found that is humorous.

An officer of engineers, in charge of the construction of a road that was to be built through a swamp, being energetic himself and used to surmounting mere obstacles, was surprised when one of his young lieutenants whom he had ordered to take twenty men and enter the swamp said that he "could not get it—swamp was too deep." The colonel ordered him to try. He did so, and returned with his men covered with mud, and said:

"Colonel, the mud is over my men's heads. I can't do it."

The colonel insisted, and told him to make a requisition for anything that was necessary for the safe passage. The lieutenant made his requisition in writing and on the spot. It was as follows:

"I want twenty men eighteen feet long to cross a swamp fifteen feet deep."

With April on the Hills

FORTH would I fare with April on the hills,
Partaking of the silver sacrament

Of song, forgetful of the grim intent
Of winter,—its interminable ill!

Fain would I join in joy with all the rills
Voicing their vernal rapture,—catch the swell.

Of the loved loam returned, the orient
Perfume the first white violet distill!

Forth would I fare with April! You may bide
By the all-litton ledge if you will,

Brooding on memories of some vanished tide,
Nursing some olden ecstasy grown chill:

For me the fresh free glory, and the wide
Wonder of earth from some sky-mount-

ing hill!

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TEACHER. "Have you any position in view for me?"

AGENT. "I know one man who wants a tutor for his empty-headed son."

TEACHER. "Well, I think I could fill the vacancy."

Three-and-Twenty

A DAY or two after the election of Mr. Cleveland to the Presidency in 1884, a dignified gentleman hurriedly entered the eastern terminal of one of the great trunk lines and hastily alighted a silver bill across the counter of the ticket-window. "I want," he observed to the agent, "to go as far as that will take me."

"I wonder who that is?" remarked a bystander to his companion.

"Why, don't you know?" answered his friend; "that's the Rev. Dr. Burdard."

Conscientious Hens

THERE is a German dairymaid and farmer, whose place is not far from Philadelphia, who greatly plumes himself upon the absolute superiority of his products above all others in the vicinity.

On one occasion he personally applied to a Germantown housekeeper for a transfer of her custom to himself. "I heard dot you haf a lot of drouble with dot dairymaid of yours," he said. "Must you gif me your gauden and dore drev will no drouble?"

"Are your eggs always fresh?" asked the woman.

"Fresh!" repeated the German, in an indignant tone. "Let me doli you, madam, dot my hens reder, reder by anything but fresh eggs!"



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Vol. LI

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McKINLEY FILLED IT—WILL ROOSEVELT EMPTY IT?

Illustrated by W.A. Rogers

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COMMENT

The Financial Situation

The financial situation continues to be the topic of the most serious and pressing importance, chiefly in this country, but also in the money-centres of Europe, notably in London and Berlin. The exciting centre of it is the relations between our American railroads and government, both Federal and State. The subject is a good one to argue about, assuming that the argument is conducted with reason; it is eminently not a subject which can be settled in a frenzy, or in a turmoil, or by mutually distrusting parties to the controversy. It is clear that the situation, so far as the railroads are concerned, is a state of mind. A state of mind is the basis of many a hard panic. This was true of the panic of 1903, which was brought on not by what had actually followed the silver legislation of 1890, but by the fears of the commercial and financial world of our future money legislation. The world doubted the advocacy of the ideas of our politicians. Then as now the agitation was not economic, or industrial, or scientific in any sense; it was, and is, purely political. The free coinage of silver was an issue in 1903, and railroads are an issue now. Treating both issues as serious and honest, the question is not scientific, but one of state policy. The public excitement, too, naturally and inevitably aroused in each instance, has been not at all affected by economic considerations; in the one case, men were for free coinage whatever might be its effect on economic conditions; in the other, men are rushing toward state domination over the roads, if not toward state ownership of them, without regard to cost. In both instances a state of mind has been created which has resulted in a loss of confidence that has greatly shaken the financial world.

Efforts to Avert Trouble

It is worse than idle to say, as has been said, that the railroads have created an artificial excitement in Wall Street in order to prevent further hostile legislation, or to take revenge for what has been enacted. Whoever believes this could fancy demonstrates his own inability to deal with a serious situation. Railroad managers are not fools, and would be the last to enter upon a course of conduct that would hasten if not compel their own ruin. It would be idle, too, to attempt to formulate Mr. CLEVELAND's opinions of Wall Street in a state. Mr. CLEVELAND's moralizing is sound, but stock-gambling cannot be stopped by statute. It is true that a man who owns a railroad for gambling purposes is a bad man, a bad railroad man, and a bad citizen; but it is also true that our most successful railroad presidents and managers are not stock-gamblers, and that some of the leaders of them have never dealt in stocks and bonds except as investments, have never manipulated the market, but have

confined themselves to managing their roads as business properties for the purpose of earning dividends by rendering service. It is true, too, that instead of promoting financial disturbances for their own purposes, the strong men who are concerned in railroads have done their utmost to prevent a panic. The decline in the prices of stocks began several months ago, and then but for strong efforts to prevent it we might easily have suffered from a grave financial disaster. Mr. CLEVELAND, in his recent efforts to aid the market, has assisted private fortune. The money that Mr. CLEVELAND has poured into the market naturally belonged there, and the mere fact that he was able and obliged to interfere is not creditable to our public fiscal system. However that may be, there has been a united effort by the government and the great private financial powers to avert a panic. It will be a great pity if the two cannot contrive to remove the confusion for the state of mind which has troubled investors as well as the railroads.

The Cause of Alarm

The real difficulty is that the world—not only this country, but the world, for we are the cynosure of fiscal eyes now as we were in 1903—is in doubt about the future of our railroads. When the Federal administration started out on a policy which had for its purpose the fixing by public officials of freight rates, a war was begun against railroads. Whether the war was intended or not does not matter; it has come. Moreover, it has been encouraged and widened and deepened by the recent hint to the States to do something in that direction under pain of losing their constitutional rights by judicial constructions. The imaginations of the politicians in control of State governments have been stirred. They have tumbled over one another in their eagerness to devise destructive assaults upon railroad property partly that they might please a popular administration and thus obtain a share of the popularity. This war upon the roads has not only affected the imaginations of people to such an extent that the roads cannot secure the money necessary for extensions that are almost clamorously demanded, but actual damage appears to have been threatened. This is illustrated by a recent decision of Judge JONES of the United States Circuit Court, enjoining the enforcement of recent Alabama anti-railroad legislation. The contention was that the enforcement of the State's laws would make it impossible for the roads to do business except at a loss. Judge JONES did not decide the case on its merits, but issued an injunction in order to hold off the State until it could be determined what was fair and right.

An Appeal to the President

It makes little difference whether there has been real cause for alarm or not; there is alarm; railroads do not know what they are to suffer and investors fear their securities. This alarm ought to be set at rest, and efforts have been made to that end. Whether such efforts can be successful or not has been questioned, but nevertheless the attempt is made. It may be that the railroad managers are very bad, and that they continue to be bad; but it has not been the American custom to destroy or to punish without giving a hearing; nor has it been our way to kill in order to remove a sore spot. The railroads are now asking for fair play. Mr. MORGAN, Mr. MELLER, Mr. HUGHES, President FINLEY, of the Southern Road, and others have asked for a calm discussion of the matter. The presidents of some of the roads thought that President ROOSEVELT had expressed a desire to see them. Unfortunately, they were told that this was a mistake. The Illinois Manufacturing Association asked Mr. ROOSEVELT to address a convention at Springfield, Illinois, in order that the "feeling of timidity and apprehension" might be allayed. In a letter declining this invitation the President sent to Mr. SMITH, the president of the association, marked copies of two speeches he delivered in 1905 about railroads, and copies of his messages to Congress in 1905 and 1906. His views about railroads, he wrote to Mr. SMITH, are set forth in these documents and have not changed. In one of the speeches (made at Raleigh, North Carolina, on October 19, 1905) the President marked passages in which he had set forth his strenuous objection to government ownership of railroads, and his equally strenuous conviction that the government must exercise a supervisory and regulatory right over the railroads, so that

they may be managed in a spirit of fairness and justice toward all the public. In this speech he said:

It must be understood, as a matter of course, that if this power is granted it is to be exercised with wisdom and caution and self-restraint. The Interstate Commerce Commissioner or other government official who failed to protect a railroad that was in the right against any clamor, no matter how violent, on the part of the public, would be guilty of as gross a wrong as if he corruptly rendered an improper service to the railroad at the expense of the public.

To the same effect are marked passages in the other speech delivered to railroad employees November 14, 1907. He also called attention to a passage in his message of December 2 to Congress, as follows:

It cannot too often be repeated that experience has conclusively shown the impossibility of securing by the actions of nearly half a hundred different State legislatures anything but ineffective chaos in the way of dealing with the great corporations which do not operate exclusively within the limits of any State. In some method, whether by national license, law, or in other fashion, we must exercise, and at an early date, a far more complete control than at present over these great corporations—a control that will among other things prevent the evils of excessive overcapitalization, and that will compel the disclosure by each big corporation of its stockholders and of its properties and liabilities, whether owned directly or through subsidiary or affiliated corporations. This will tend to put a stop to the securing of inordinate profits by favored individuals at the expense, whether of the general public, the stockholders, or the wage-workers. Our effort should be not so much to prevent consolidation as such, but so to supervise and control it as to see that it results in no harm to the people.

The gist of these citations is that the President, in thinking as he has thought heretofore about the railroads, does not consider himself as enlisted on the hard side of the stock-market. There may be some solace in that.

Cleveland on Patriotic Duty

The address which GROVER CLEVELAND delivered on WASHINGTON'S birthday before the Union League Club of Chicago ought to be more widely read than it was likely to have been if its publication had been confined to the newspapers of the city where it was uttered. It is therefore well that it was determined to print it in full in the *North American Review*. The subject of the address is "Patriotism and Holiday Observance," but the ex-President's emphasis was, as is customary with him, upon the duty of performing service to the country. He considered especially what obligations and responsibilities rest upon those who in this country of ours are entitled to be called "good citizens." To his mind, WASHINGTON is the great exemplar of the patriotic virtue of sacrifice and service for the country. Truly the chief blessing of the patriot is not that he has won and worn the laurels of the republic, but that he has served it, has borne its burdens, has sacrificed himself, if need were, for the country's welfare. To be willing to perform the citizen's duty and actually to perform all of it is what Mr. CLEVELAND means by the "land that lives in us." The address is one more calm word from the balanced mind of a distinguished patriot against party hate, against forgetfulness of the homely civic virtues which WASHINGTONS inspired, and which Mr. CLEVELAND has illustrated throughout his unselfish political career. He modestly said, in the conclusion of his address, "The things I have pointed out may be trite." It is true that the words in which he pointed them out ought to have been trite, but they are not so, for, as he remarked earlier in his speech, we are living in a time when these homely virtues are too much and too often forgotten. Mr. CLEVELAND'S speeches are always good to ponder on. The familiar truths which he has uttered here are those which should be always in our minds and in our lives. We cannot indulge too infrequently in hate, in jealousy; and as patriots we can make no greater blunder than to rage over differences of opinion or to settle public controversies and questions by stirring up strife and discontent. The homely virtues can only be practised under the sway of calm reason, which was both the mistress and the servant of the men whom Mr. CLEVELAND fitly honored, and of our other great Presidents.

A Recent Decision

A stimulating and interesting comment on a certain alleged reason for extending Federal jurisdiction and for increasing the Federal political power is to be found in a recent decision of United States Judge SEYMOUR at Macon, Georgia, on the

constitutionality of the Federal "Employers' Liability Act." This act, to the annoyance of the President, was found to be unconstitutional by United States Judges EVANS and McCALL, on the ground that an act fixing an employer's liability to his employees is not an act regulating interstate commerce within the meaning of the Constitution. In finding otherwise, Judge SEYMOUR shows in the first place that there is quite as likely to be a conflict of laws made by decisions of the Federal courts as there is through decisions of the State courts. In the second place, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* points out that Judge SEYMOUR does not decide as a lawyer, but as a publicist. He believes that the Federal government ought to have the right to enact such a statute as the "Employers' Liability Act," and he therefore finds that it has that right. It is probable that Judge SEYMOUR'S method of exercising his judicial power will be approved by all who hold that it is the duty of the judge to declare as law that of which the head of the political power approves, and that the habit of the judicial mind, illustrated by EVANS and McCALL, to search for what is actually the law is old-fashioned and ought to be obsolete.

Secretary Taft and Mr. Foraker

What is familiarly known as the TAFT boom seems to be taking on ascertainable proportions; but it is too early. Doubtless Mr. ROOSEVELT would like Mr. TAFT for a successor; that is, he is one of several with whom he would be satisfied. It is not to be understood that we include the Vice-President among these several. Mr. TAFT is committed to the principal Rooseveltian policies, which marks him as an unusually agreeable successor. The outbreak of Senator FORAKER was doubtless stimulated, consciously or unconsciously, by Mr. ROOSEVELT himself, who made some anti-FORAKER appointments to Federal offices in Ohio, but its immediate cause was the desertion of CHARLES P. TAFT, the Secretary's brother, who, with his newspaper, has heretofore been an admiring friend of Senator FORAKER and of the organization. Mr. CHARLES P. TAFT thinks that the Ohio Republicans are fonder than is the FORAKER and DICK organization of Secretary TAFT, and he says so. Whereupon Mr. FORAKER responds that a trial will be made at the primaries to ascertain the preferences of the Republican voters for candidates for President and for United States Senator. Secretary TAFT makes no reply, but his brother accepts Senator FORAKER'S proposition. Mr. FORAKER also suggests a joint debate between himself and Secretary TAFT, but this proposal, we understand, the Secretary has declined. Men did not use to go running for the Presidency, and Secretary TAFT will hardly do so.

The President and General Wood

Some of the newspapers have connected the action of the President in making General LEONARD WOOD the commanding officer of the Department of the East with the KORNBLAU case. Briefly, Captain KORNBLAU had a quarrel with General WOOD, and was court-martialed. The issue was as to which of the two was wrong. The court-martial acquitted KORNBLAU and, inferentially, condemned WOOD. The President disapproved of the finding. This was a judgment in favor of WOOD and in condemnation of the court. But WOOD is not coming to command at Governors Island in further vindication. This is part of a programme determined on long ago. It is the intention of the President to make General WOOD chief of staff, if he can, and it is impossible for the army to prevent the carrying out of the programme by manifesting dislike or distrust of General WOOD. Unless something now unforeseen happens, he will arrive.

Governor Hughes, the Politicians, and the People

Governor HUGHES has been enjoying a very difficult time. The politicians have all been against him. He wants a good many reforms, and they love old abuses. It is not yet the time to speak of the Public Utilities bill. That is opposed by some good men, and will demand discussion in due time. But the Governor wanted a reform of the ballot law which would make voting simpler, and would liberate the voter so that he might not be so bound, as he is, to the party machine organizations; the politicians tried to make the law against independent candidates and voting even more drastic than it is by prohibiting the printing of any one name in more than one column. The Governor desired to support Commissioner

BINGHAM's efforts to bring the police under such discipline that he might break up the partnership between the supposed protectors of life and property and the criminals who threaten and assail both. What the Governor may accomplish for the State of New York depends upon the virtue and force of the people. If they want badly enough what the Governor wants, they can compel the politicians to give it to them and him. In the mean time Governor HUGHES does well to "speak for himself."

The Bingham Bill Passed

The excessively difficult work of inducing the police of great cities to do what they are paid for doing is likely to be considerably assisted, so far as the city of New York is concerned, by the passage of the BINGHAM bill. This bill, which passed the State Senate, 49 to 9, on April 2, abolishes the office of inspector, and gives power to the Commissioner of Police to appoint setting inspectors from the captains, and to reduce them again at will to the rank of captain if he is not satisfied with their performance of duty. In short, the bill, which is now said to become a law, gives the Commissioner authority over the inspectors and enables him to substitute an inspector who will do his duty for one who won't. At present there are nineteen inspectors in New York. Under the new law each one of them can be held responsible by the commissioner for his inspection district. The new law also empowers the Commissioner to make detective sergeants from members of the force, and to reduce them to patrolmen again if their work is not satisfactory. The intention of the law is to achieve proper and necessary subordination in the New York police force. There is good promise that it will be of great value to that end.

Modern Street Railroads for Chicago

In the Chicago election on April 2, FREDERICK A. BASS, the Republican candidate for Mayor, beat E. F. DUNNE, the present Mayor, by about 15,000 majority. But party politics seem to have had little to do with this election. The issue was the street-railroad service. Mayor DUNNE has not been able to carry out the municipal-ownership plan on which he ran and was elected. Experts, like Mr. DALRYMPLE of Glasgow, were unable to endorse his policies. Consequently a committee of the City Council negotiated an agreement with the traction companies, by the terms of which the whole transportation system should be modernized and made efficient, and the companies should pay to the city fifty-five per cent. of their annual net income. It was provided too that the city may take the lines at any time within twenty years, on six months' notice, at a valuation of \$50,000,000 plus the cost of rehabilitation. This latter item would be large, as it is expected to spend \$40,000,000 on the system in the course of the next three years. This agreement was embodied in ordinances which were passed by the Council, vetoed by Mayor DUNNE, passed over his veto, submitted to the referendum at the late election, and carried by 40,000 majority. So Chicago is going to have a modern street-railroad system as soon as it can be furnished.

Six Per Cent. for Railroads

Mr. HENRY M. WHITNEY, possible Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, is quoted as finding himself able to concur with Mr. BAYNE in thinking that a law permitting the railroads to conduct their business on a basis of earning six per cent. net profits would be about right. Six per cent. on what? On the money spent to build the railroad? Six per cent. is a good return on a safe investment, but railroad-builders who risk their money will want much more than that. A successful manufacturer expects fifteen or twenty per cent. on money in active use in his business. Persons who have money will be ready enough to buy railroad securities that pay six per cent. on the purchase price if they are safe, but will men plan, organize, and build railroads for the sake of an expected six per cent. on the money they put in? The American railroads were not built on any such modest basis of expectation. To eliminate the gamble from the railroad-building industry would be to eliminate most of the enterprise that has made that industry what it is. Private enterprise will never lose sleep in railroad-building if all the net profit in excess of six per cent. is to go to somebody else.

More Disparity of Recollection

It is matter for regret that there should be any increase in the number of gentlemen whose memory of conversations with the President does not correspond with his memory of the same conversations. To be sure, the larger the number is, the better for the tranquillity of the gentlemen included. Nevertheless, we are sorry that it should have become necessary to compare Mr. HARRISMAN's impression of what the President said to him in the fall of 1904 with the President's impression about it. Mr. HARRISMAN is sorry too, and has said so. Little else than mischief seems likely to result from this compulsory matching up of memories, and it was doubtless for purposes of pure mischief that the World brought it on. Nevertheless, it illustrates once more how bad was the old secret system of raising money for campaign expenses, and how vague and embarrassing were the obligations that grew out of it.

Dangers of Sunlight at Panama

There is food for sober thought in Major WOOLFEY's lecture, on page 537 of this issue, on the danger of excessive sunlight at Panama. In particulars of immense importance Panama has been made a healthy place. Yellow fever, malaria, and dysentery are no longer serious perils there. But still we see able-bodied and able-minded men go there full of energy and ambition, work enormously for a time, and then lose their spirits and courage, become despondent, and quit their job. So it was with WALLACE, so more recently with STEVENS. It begins to be understood that something happened to those men that changed their feelings about their work and affected their judgment. According to all accounts, Mr. STEVENS, at least, did admirable work at Panama, and had every reason to be proud of it and enthusiastic about its continuance. As it was, he absolutely, and, to the lay observer, unaccountably, lost interest in it. But Major WOOLFEY finds an explanation of the change in Mr. STEVENS's feelings, and of similar transformations, in the effect of tropical sunlight upon energetic men who do not know its dangers nor take the necessary precautions against them. The idea that excessive light is dangerous is novel to most of us, who have been taught to consider only the beneficial qualities of sunshine and to suppose that the mischiefs it does result from heat.

Respecting Respect

Captain KOEHLER of the Fourth Cavalry was tried by court martial for using disrespectful language about General LEONARD WOOD, and was acquitted. Now there comes word that General WOOD complains of F. S. CABANA, a civil employee of the government in the Philippines, as also using disrespectful language. Somehow, General WOOD has hard work to get respectful treatment. Can it be that he is not respected?

Documentary Evidences of Paranoia

The newspapers brought to notice last week a number of literary compositions by H. K. THUR, which were offered in evidence in the examination as to his sanity. About the same time there appeared "a report on the examinations in English for admission to Harvard College," issued by Harvard University. In both cases the examples of English composition were of curious interest, but they left a mind which happened to notice both of them in a state of uncertainty whether certain of the candidates quoted showed documentary symptoms of paranoia, or THUR had merely the usual symptoms of defective ability to write lucid English. The Harvard publication is chiefly a collection of the commonest errors in written English, made by candidates for admission to college. They were gathered and set forth as a guide for teachers, to help them learn to what distortions of language the young mind is most prone.

The Speaker's Language

Speaker CANNON is not so old as he may think he is. He has his years, but he bears them lightly. His youthfulness is visible. There is no need for him, then, to break forth in the language of infancy. When he says that we will "build the canal or bust," he is guilty of thoughtless and unconvincing words. He meant that we will build the canal, no matter what may be the cost. This is true, and when a grown man says it we know he means it and all that it implies.

President Roosevelt

(From the New York Times, April 3, 1907.)

THE President does not deny the statements of Mr. HARRIMAN's letter to SIDNEY WEINSTEIN save in respect to the agreement that Mr. DEWEY should be appointed Ambassador to France. In other respects his letter to Mr. HARRIMAN, which he now puts forward as a denial and defense, is a very complete confirmation of Mr. HARRIMAN's statements. Yet he accuses Mr. HARRIMAN of untruth, "a deliberate and wilful untruth—by rights it should be characterized by an even shorter and more ugly word." Mr. ROOSEVELT did not deny the charge that the corporations were putting up money for his campaign, made by Judge PARKER in 1904. He denied something else, something Judge PARKER had not said.

To charge his accusers with falsehood is recognized as the President's first line of defense. In the present controversy, a controversy as gravely involving his reputation before the country, his friends should advise him that he needs a second line, if not a third. Judge PARKER's charge of 1904 has been fully proved. It was true when he made it, and proof subsequently adduced, corroborated, and reinforced by Mr. HARRIMAN's letter and the President's admissions, puts altogether beyond dispute the fact that, as charged, the great corporations did contribute heavily to the President's campaign fund in 1904.

The President's unqualified assertion that Mr. HARRIMAN has uttered "a deliberate and wilful untruth" might give the hasty reader of the correspondence the erroneous impression that he has joined issue with Mr. HARRIMAN. In his letter to Mr. HARRIMAN he says: "I understood you to say that he (HARRIMAN) alleged that I made this promise (that is, the promise to send Mr. DEWEY to Paris) at a time when he had come down to see me in Washington, when I requested him to raise \$250,000 for the Republican Presidential campaign which was then on." After branding this statement as a wilful untruth, which by rights ought to be characterized by "an even shorter and more ugly word," the President says: "I never requested Mr. HARRIMAN to raise a dollar for the Presidential campaign of 1904. On the contrary, our communications as regards the campaign related exclusively to the fight being made against Mr. HARRIMAN for Governor of New York."

Let the candid reader determine for himself whether these words constitute a denial of the statements made in this passage of the HARRIMAN letter to Mr. WEINSTEIN:

About a week before the election in the autumn of 1904, when it looked certain that the State ticket would go Democratic, and was doubtful as to ROOSEVELT himself, he, with the President, sent me a request to go to Washington to confer upon the political conditions in New York State. I complied, and he told me he understood the campaign could not be successfully carried on without sufficient money, and asked if I would help them in raising the necessary funds, as the national committee, under control of Chairman CORTYLLON, had utterly failed of obtaining them, and there was a large amount due from them to the New York State Committee.

By its terms this statement refers to "political conditions in New York State," to the work of the national committee to the "New York State Committee." The alleged arrangement concerning Mr. DEWEY was wholly a matter of New York State politics. The Senator was to be got out of the way in order to place "up-State leaders," manifestly meaning ORELL. But when Mr. HARRIMAN returned to New York he "sent for Treasurer BLISS." Mr. BLISS was Treasurer of the National Republican Committee. Mr. HARRIMAN subscribed \$50,000, and procured other subscriptions, with the result that the "whole amount" of \$250,000 was raised. "The checks were given to Treasurer BLISS, who took them to Chairman CORTYLLON." Then follows this illuminating statement:

There were between 2200 and 2300 districts in Greater New York, and in a campaign such as that the expenditure of, say, \$50 in each district for campaign purposes, not including the watchers, on election day would take more than \$100,000.

The President quite avoids denying that he did ask Mr. HARRIMAN to raise campaign funds. His denial applies only to "Presidential" campaign funds. He does not deny that Mr. HARRIMAN did raise \$250,000, and that this money was paid to Treasurer BLISS of the National Campaign Committee. From the point of view of public morality and even politics it is quite immaterial whether this sum was paid over to the State committee, to which, according to Mr. HARRIMAN's report of the President's statement to him, a large amount was due from the National Committee, or whether it was directly expended by the National Committee, of which Mr. CORTYLLON was chairman and Mr. BLISS treasurer. Nobody is so ignorant of politics as not to know that any expenditure that would help HARRIMAN would also promote the success of Mr. ROOSEVELT in the State of New York. There was a common cause, the success of the Republican candidates.

Mr. ROOSEVELT has denied a charge that Mr. HARRIMAN did not make, and he has failed to deny the real charge made. The minor

charge of the Dewey agreement he does deny. Whether this evasion of the real issue is due to oversight or to adroitness may be left to the friends of the President to explain. (Obviously we think he should take counsel with them, for the moral attitude in which he has been placed by the publication of this correspondence is deplorable.)

It is idle to him that one thing should be said in his favor and defense, and it may be emphatically said, if the corporations who furnished the money for his campaign expenses thought they were purchasing his sentence they have been deceived. Toward them he has been inflexible, treating them without fear or favor, as though they were avowed enemies, not contributing friends. It has been held that ingratitude is one of the shining political virtues. That virtue the President has conspicuously exhibited in his relation to Mr. HARRIMAN and the other great corporation men who paid his campaign bills. No sense of personal obligation has in the slightest degree altered his sense of public duty.

Self-development and Duty

THERE was a time when duty was thought to be the sublimest word in the language, the stern daughter of the Vow, of kind whose supremacy none questioned. But we are now in an age of reactions, and there is a good deal of murmuring against what was once held to be inflexible. BERNARD SHAW tells us somewhere that each step in self-development means a duty repudiated; MATTHEW JAMES warns us, however little be our lamp, to give only the flame and never our oil; and KENNEDY asserts that to be generous to the future we are obliged to be selfish in the present. MATTHEW JAMES, again, who goes into this subject very thoroughly, says that we have been told to love our neighbor as ourselves; let it be our love ourselves in merge wise and faintly; heartily our love for our neighbors will be of little worth. So we see there is a new doctrine in the air, contravening the old simple way of feeling that life offered us but little choice; that there was always something to hand to be done, and that the higher law demanded that we set our hand in the most immediate task.

"I wonder," said an Oxford professor one day, "if American women are happier, in the end, than Englishwomen." And when he was questioned as to why he should expect it, he said that wherever he went he met American women intent upon self-fulfillment, self-development; they were studying philosophy in Germany, cathedrals in France, painting in Italy; they were journeying over the world, seeking enlargement of the self; whereas the Englishwoman accepted her given place in life, did the task that came to hand, and talked mainly of duty. He was uncertain whether, in the end, the sum of the new experiment was greater happiness. That, however, is hardly the question to ask. The real question is whether the aim is fuller consciousness or not. The stuff of our sorrow, of our studies, of our experience, must be translated into consciousness before it becomes power. Which material translated becomes the best consciousness is again the matter to decide. BERNARD SHAW is particularly severe upon self-sacrificers. He says MARIE BARKHARTSHOFF was a source of delight to every one around her "by the mere exuberance and hope-giving atmosphere of her willingness." The self-sacrificer, he says, "is always a drag, a responsibility, a reproach, an everlasting and unnatural trouble with whom no really strong soul can live." Mr. SHAW is always giving cold plunges by way of tonic, and what he says, witty and crystalline and striking as it is, needs a good deal of shaking down and looking over before we finally swallow it.

The type of duty-driven, self-sacrificing person to whom Mr. SHAW refers is well known. There are plenty of them in the world, and they are usually—not always—the feminine gender. They leave away their lives, doing little things for other people, encouraging those about them in small self-indulgences and lazy pettiness. But is it self-sacrifice, or is it a kind of timidity and shirking that makes them adopt these tactics? The mother who waits upon her child, who, as we Americans say, "spoils" her child, does so because it is infinitely easier to give than to receive. Little things, to exert oneself for small services, and to accept small sacrifices than it is to demand the highest ideal from those around us. It requires more strength of purpose to demand attentions, civilities, and service from our subordinates than to forgo them. There is nothing so easy to be, seeking that requires less moral stamina and purpose, than a household drudge or a person used by others, instead of a person with objects, interests, pursuits, and definite intentions. On the whole, when we look around and see the helpless and useless people, they are nearly all folk who, at some time or other, had the excuse of self-sacrifice. They are the women who did not go to college because mother would have been lonely; or the wives who have no resources or interests because they waited on their children all day and entertained their husbands every evening. In the end, it is true that it is the self-helper who can help

others: those who would not give of their oil, but industriously burned their lights.

However, there is a danger in self-development. It is the danger of forgetting that one is, after all, but a little screw in a big machine, and that whatever purpose the big machine serves, at any rate it was not created for the self-furtherance. It is not only good to give in self-development, it must always be with an end in view, and that end must be helping others. There is nothing after all, the world needs quite so much as kindness; and if in the cause of self-development we choose to forgo the minor services and unalloyed kindnesses, it must really be with the larger service and the greater help in view. Intellectual development may be taken in the same spirit as sanctification: "For their sakes I sanctified myself."

A modern essayist, in a recent very interesting book upon death, tells us that when he thought himself dying and tried to go over his life, the thing that distressed him most, was remembering that once when he was writing he turned away his sister who came to him with some papers for criticism. It reminds one of Trilby, who, when she was dying, could not forget the little brother whom she refused to take with her to the Bois, and she kept seeing him again as he stood in the doorway crying after her.

The moral to be drawn seems to be that we must rest with a certain degree of caution. We must pursue self-development with some alert not to miss the central services, the vital kindnesses, the beauty of the way. And when we are too busy to command our children, or too weak to demand the best of strength and of service in others, we ought not to call our qualities "self-sacrifices." In the end we know how true is the little prayer of our æsthetic poets:

"Help me to need no aid of men,
That I may help such more as need."

Personal and Pertinent

A WRITER in the *Fiber* wants the brown portrait of WASHINGTON at PRATT removed from the front of the Submarine in Wall Street. It is very objectionable where now placed, and the Federal authorities ought to get rid of it.

MR. T. R. O'MEARA, principal of Wyckoff College, Toronto, has taken exception to certain statements in HARPER'S WEEKLY for November 24, 1906, in an article "The Hidden Tragedies of the Arctic Whaling Fleet," by ROBERT DUNN. The statements are denied by Mr. O'MEARA to reflect unfairly upon a Mr. WHITTAKER, a missionary in the Arctic. We desire to make this acknowledgment of the receipt of Mr. O'MEARA's letter pending an investigation of all the facts in dispute.

GALATHEA AARON GROW, who died in his eighty-fourth year on March 31, was elected to Congress from Pennsylvania in 1830, when he was twenty-seven years old. He held his seat until his district was reappointed in 1862, and was Speaker during his last term. He was again sent to Congress to fill a vacancy there then thirty years later, in 1864, and was several times re-elected. There is a theory that our public men do not last as well as the English statesmen do. Mr. GROW's record is available to the contrary, and with it may be filed among others those of ex-Senator WILLIAM PENNINGTON WHITE, of Maryland, and Senators MORRIS and PETERS, of Alabama, all three of whom are still in active pursuit of business.

The Boston people are telling a new story about MARK TWAIN, and it is this, and a good one it is for some people to recall on occasion. MARK was telling stories, strangely enough, and some young gentleman—PERKINS, let us call him—after the manner of the very young, was trying to cap them, but he always began with that mock-modest preface: "You must have heard this before. Mr. FLEMING," repeating the phrase at intervals through his so-called story. Finally MARK is said to have said this:

"PERKINS, that's no way to tell a story. The night I was at supper with HENRY LAYN, and he had the same old trick that you have, PERKINS—'You must have heard this before'—or, 'You certainly have heard this.' He began a story this way, and I said, politely, 'No, HENRY, I haven't,' though I didn't know, of course, what his story was about. After he had used this miserable phrase three times, I said to him, 'LAYN, I was born and raised in Missouri, where truth is at a discount and courtesy is above par. When a friend begins a story as you do with 'You must have heard this story,' courtesy prevails, and we say no, no matter what the truth may be; and a second time we say no; but when it comes, like now, to the third time, then truth asserts herself. Yes, HENRY, I've heard your old old-story many, many times; I invented it.'"

We do not know much about the intellectual condition of Chittenden, in the State of Vermont, nor did we know much about the breaking capacity of Governor PRATT of that State before

he made a captivating confession at a recent banquet of the Schoolmaster's Club in Burlington, Vermont. Governor PRATT is an Amherst man, and like a good many other college men, he seemed to think, after graduation, that he could teach the young. He found a position in Chittenden after a strenuous examination and a liberal decision. The examiner, who was a clergyman, stopped writing his sermon and asked young PRATT the names of the States bordering Canada, and their capitals. PRATT knew a few of them. Then the examiner gave him a question in arithmetic, which he could not do. Then he asked him a question in grammar, on which he flunked. Then he asked him where he was going to teach, and PRATT answered, "In Chittenden." Then the minister said, "Well, I guess you'll do." Chittenden was worthy of the examination. That was not in the Governor's confession; this is: At the end of the term of twelve weeks the town owed PRATT forty-eight dollars; but the town didn't have the money, and the treasurer told him that he would have to wait, or take a waiver. When PRATT's father heard this, he said to his son: "Well, FLEWCHER, I guess you had better take the bribe; she's probably worth more than your services, anyway." Thus stimulated by the faith of men in him, PRATT became Governor of Vermont as he had become teacher in Chittenden.

While some of our most constantly employed thinkers are considering the question of municipal ownership of public utilities, it may be well to contemplate the spirit by which some private owners are moved. Mr. ABRAHAM ISKELI, of whom mention has been made before, was a culprit who owned the water-works of his town. He spent on them a good deal more money than he took in for the use of the water. But he had a foolish pride in his sinful conduct, and vainly imagined that he was entitled to the right to benefit his fellow-men even by owning a flagrant public utility. Another kind of private owner dwelt in a neighboring town. This man did not care whether he was righteous or not. He had a franchise but no water, and he granted to furnish several towns, in consideration of fat sums, with what he did not possess. In the language of the poetic plains, he now had to hustle for water, and, in his hustling, he offered Mr. ISKELI two or three times more money than that gentleman's water-supply, reservoir, and pipes had cost him. The unpractical dreamer, who died within several millions, said no to the practical man who is still hustling for a living.

"What a foolish man of business you are!" exclaimed this seeker after water. "You are losing money, and I offer you more than the cost of the works by which you are losing it."

"Yes," replied Mr. ISKELI, "you are right. But I have a fond. Some people call yachts, some people call black tulips; I have water-works." And so, for his beneficent fraud, the bad man kept right on in the teeth of all the holy principles of municipal ownership.

Governor HUGHES of Rhode Island has an admirable job and he ought to devote himself to it. This is especially a time when Governors who attend to business are not only making a good example, and laying up notes for themselves which bosses may not corrupt, but are rendering service to their respective States of which they stand in some need. But Governor HUGHES inappropriately seized upon the occasion of WASHINGTON's birthday to intrude into the field of military criticism, and whatever else he may show if he takes, for instance, Governor HUGHES as an example, he demonstrated that he was ill-prepared to discuss strategy. He said, in effect, that WASHINGTON was not much of a general. Almost any man who has read the history of our Revolution, and is modest enough to adopt the opinions of experts, can tell Governor HUGHES that he was guilty of error. The first ghost to contradict him would be FREDERICK, who surrendered to WASHINGTON at Yorktown, and compared military gifts with him in New Jersey. Other ghosts would support him, and among the most recent is that of the great von MOLTKE. Professor WILLIAM M. STANAGE, of Columbia, tells a pleasant story and gives the Prussian field-marshal's views. When Professor STANAGE was younger than he is, and slenderer, he was one of the band of embassy scholars who secretaried for GEORGE HANCOCK. Professor STANAGE, as secretary, once attending a distinguished gathering in Berlin, and trying to be more inconspicuous than his merits deserved, was approached by an unknown little man who asked him what he thought of his country's generals. Young Mr. STANAGE knew some American boys, especially STANAGE's, and was ruffled because his questioner doubted his judgment about our civil war precisely as we are now doubting Governor HUGHES's. Seeing this temperamental disturbance, the stranger kindly asserted his authority by telling STANAGE that he was von MOLTKE, and thereupon added that the United States had possessed one great strategist, and that man was GEORGE WASHINGTON. Then followed the discriminating eulogy on WASHINGTON's military genius which von MOLTKE pronounced, and which STANAGE published. Governor HUGHES should have read it before he made his unhappy attempt. He would like it much more than he could have liked the criticism which was made at the time and on the spot by Speaker CUMMINGS of the Rhode Island House of Representatives.

Correspondence

SUPPRESS THE OVER-ROLLED "R"

New York, April 1, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—In the name of humanity, can anything be done to rescue us from the assaults made daily and hourly by the sensitive typhann by the charming young creatures at the telephone switchboard?

A while ago I called for 1928 Thirty-eight Street. Immediately a gentle voice inquired:

"One—nine—thirtythree—eight—thirty-eight?"

The deadly rattle of the harsh and rolling r so paralyzed me that I could barely gasp "yes."

"I'm calling one—nine—thirtythree—eight—thirty-eight," the lovely girl rasped into my ear with a crackling series of explosions in the word "thirtythree" then almost rattled away the side of my head. Knowing that the hand that turns the switchboard is the hand that rules the world, I was, of course, afraid to protest.

But to you as a champion of oppressed humanity I appeal for release from the awful assaults of the over-rolled r. On what alleged principle of memorials or aid to sensitive is this variation insisted upon? Is there any possible excuse for this damnable iteration which consumes at least four-fifths of a second of valuable time whenever it is perpetrated upon us? Stop this time-wasting torture, and to you and the Telephone Company I shall ever remain a

GRATEFUL SUBSCRIBER.

THE OLIVER BID ON CANAL WORK

COLUMBIA, TENN., March 28, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

DEAR SIR,—Very few people, giving the matter any thought, ever believed that Contractor Oliver, from Tennessee, would really be given the work of building the Panama Canal; simply because President Roosevelt, while honest in intention, has not so far seemed able to rise superior to section, and has not been a real President of the entire United States. When it became known that Oliver had made the lowest bid, immediately his ability to do the work was savagely attacked from certain interests in the East. The cry went up that he was irresponsible, financially and otherwise, and after ill-considered search it was pointed out that the record of one of his partners had a blot on it, and immediately those same interests clamored to have his entire bid thrown out and the next bid, nearly double in price, but from the East, accepted. However, the President refused to have the country thus swindled, and asked Oliver to get another and more satisfactory associate, which he soon did to the President's satisfaction; but no, this monument to a great engineer's genius must not be allowed to go to a man from the South, and we now see the gross degradation filled with reports of Engineer Stevens's resignation, it being reported that he would refuse to work if the contract was given out as it had been planned.

Does it not seem a little peculiar that Stevens did not make known such intentions weeks before the President originally announced the policy of letting the work to the lowest and best bidder?

I am, sir,

W. A. DALE.

We do not know why the Oliver bid was rejected, but our correspondent's notion that it was thrown out because it came from the South seems preposterous.

We guess the basic reason for Mr. Stevens's resignation was that he had worked harder for the Panama climate permits, and was tired out.—EDITOR.

THE CASE OF SETTLERS IN THE WEST

MARIETTA, IOWA, February 5, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—I have been waiting in vain for some one with an abler pen than mine to speak up in behalf of the actual settlers in the West. In your issue of January 19, 1907, you say, "The wholesale speculation of the national domain has gone on long enough, and the determination to stop it is one of the things for which his fellow citizens will be grateful to Mr. Roosevelt."

If the President means to stop the speculation he seems to be going at it in a queer way from the settler's point of view. First, he sends special agents, so I read, east West to find out the sentiment of the stockmen about the range (never it did not occur to any one to inquire of the sentiment of the settlers), and the stockmen—that is, the cattle-barons and sheep-keepers, the rich men who live in the cities and belong to the cattle associations and wool-growers' associations—are reported to favor leaving the public domain.

Of course they do! First the big cattlemen had it free, then the big sheepmen crowded them, and now the rich settlers are crowding them both, it is a very natural that they should favor leaving.

They offer a clause "to allow an actual settler first right to lease the land adjoining his claim," to bootlick the President and the Eastern friends of the settlers, well knowing that, practically, such a clause would be of very little value to a settler and that few would be able to take advantage of it; sometimes the adjoining land is not worth leasing, and often there is little or no government land adjoining a claim.

I am conversant with the conditions only in northern Montana, but they must be nearly the same in all of the arid West. Here the settlers are all stockmen in a small way—it depends on how long

they have been here; they have, as a rule, fifty to two hundred and fifty cattle; or sheep, generally nearly two thousand; very often several settlers are partners in these stock.

Near the towns and railroads, as a rule, they don't keep so much stock, but sell hay and other farm produce, while out away from the towns and railroads they have to depend entirely on their stock to market their produce and convert it into cash. Now these settlers can't keep these stock right at their doors the year round, but in summer they are allowed to go or are sent many miles away in search of feed; these settlers came here and made homes and schools because the government had always allowed free use of the public domain, and if it is now leased it will give the big stock interests, the combined interests, a leverage that they have long wanted, and it will crowd out many settlers and cause them to hunt new homes, and it will be a great loss for North-West Canada.

Seems to me that public domain should be held for the benefit of the actual settlers, and limit each settler in the number of stock that he grazes; he is now limited in the number of acres of land that he can acquire from the government.

It is true that the public range is now overstocked, much to its detriment; not by the stock of the settlers (who own a great number in the aggregate), but by that of those large owners who live in the towns and other States, and own cattle and sheep by the thousands.

This subject will bear investigation, and I hope that the truth will come out before Congress acts, so that whatever is done will be fair and just to the actual settler and not in the interest of the cattle-barons and sheep-keepers.

I am, sir,

THOMAS J. A. SETTLER.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

ATLANTA UNIVERSITY, ATLANTA, GA., March 22, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—The statement sent out by the Immigration Expedition management, that I am preparing an exhibit for the coming year or instead to be an impudent lie, and quite in keeping with this whole shameful and discredited enterprise.

I am, sir,

W. E. R. DEFOUS.

ARKANSAS OBJECTS TO R. G. WELLS

BATTELVILLE, ARK., March 2, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

DEAR SIR,—I notice in your issue of March 2 that some of the Bostonians are disposed to quarrel with Mr. R. G. Wells about his remarks in regard to their city. In this connection, will you permit me to say that the Bostonians do not see the only one who has a right to object to some of the statements of Mr. Wells.

His article which you published in regard to Southern conditions was such an absurdity that it would readily pass for one of his "Wrecker Stories."

In common honesty, do you think it fair for you to publish such an article?

If you wanted a paper on the Philippines, you would hardly secure it from some one who had sailed into Manila Bay and, without disembarking, sailed out again; if you wanted to give your readers some information in regard to Cuban conditions, would you have a contributor whose knowledge was gained from a day's stay in Havana and an hour's talk with some member of the Cuban Junta? If you want to know something about the Southern situation, and are unwilling to trust the prejudice of a native Southerner, why don't you secure a contribution from some of the many Northern men who have moved to the South and become acquainted with its people and ways?

Is it because you do not want the kind of article which such a man would write? Is it that you are afraid of the truth?

I have never seen a man who has associated with the Southern negro for any length of time who was an advocate of negro equality.

There are quite a number of Northern immigrants in our State, and I do not know of a single one who regards the negro as an equal or treats him with as much kindness and consideration as we do.

Have you a right to ask us to do a thing which you will not do yourselves?

Finally, if any well-bred, intelligent man will bring his family to Batteville and, for a year or two, allow his sons to receive as negroes as friends and as guests, and his daughters to accept them as companions and escorts, and will continue to be an advocate of negro equality for his own sons and daughters as well as for us, we will be willing to give a little more heed to some of the Northern articles, but will not have an opportunity of seeing a little practice one you blame us for smiling at the preaching?

I am, sir,

R. W. PABNEY.

Bless you, too! We are not afraid of the Truth. Mr. Wells's pieces were interesting as a record of the impressions of a very intelligent Englishman travelling in America. They were not intended to express the views of the WRECKER, but only the first sight impressions of Mr. Wells. We disagreed with very many of his opinions and impressions, but found them very interesting none the less, as coming from Mr. Wells.—EDITOR.

HOW CONGRESS SPENDS \$1,000,000,000

By FREDERIC AUSTIN OGD

THE biggest business of our national legislature has always been, and continues to be, the raising and spending of money (not money because the sums involved are so stupendous, but because the money is the people's, and everything that is done with it touches directly the general welfare. One not infrequently hears the biennial short session of Congress referred to slightly as a money squabble over appropriations, necessary perhaps and certainly inevitable, but apt to be barren of constructive legislation and therefore of small moment. As a matter of fact, short sessions may very well be productive of considerable legislative achievement, as the one recently ended undoubtedly was; but if no measures whatever were enacted in them, or even debated, save those of a purely fiscal character, they would still be enormously worth while. The financial operations of the government are so vast and varied that prolonged deliberation by all who have the power of the purse is the country's only safeguard against misjudgment, extravagance, and perhaps even bankruptcy.

Great as the burden of administering our national finances has always been, it is growing at a fearful rate, both because the sum total of income and expenditure is mounting to hitherto unapproached figures and because the activities of the government which involve the outlay of money are ramifying in directions undreamed of a generation, or even a decade, ago. It is not so very long since the country was amazed to find that it had on its hands for the first time a billion-dollar Congress. That was in 1891, and was due to circumstances of a special sort which did not repeat themselves until seven or eight years later. The five Congresses since 1898, however, have all been of the billion-dollar type, and have made appropriations averaging \$1,300,407,016 82, whereas the preceding one, by the method of an average, expends that of only \$926,612,084 21. The appropriations of the Fifty-ninth Congress are just about double those of the Fifty-fourth, ten years ago. In a series of very rapid and easy steps we have arrived at the point where not a billion-dollar Congress but a billion-dollar session is the measure of the nation's fiscal operations, and we are convinced that it may be some time before we see another Congress which shall be able to keep under the two-billion mark.

There are some four or five sets of figures which may be employed to designate the appropriations voted during the session recently closed. They range all the way from \$919,948,670 93 to \$964,778,928 63, according as the term "appropriation" is interpreted to include or exclude sums which will have to be voted by a later Congress to fulfil contracts entered into under legislation of the past winter. Chief of these sums, according to the statement made in the House by Mr. Livingston, of Georgia, senior Democrat of the Appropriations Committee, are twenty-five millions for the navy, and upwards of fifty millions for river and harbor improvements. Usage in such matters, however, dictates that the appropriations actually voted for the fiscal year 1906 be quoted, and that means that the figure for this session was \$919,948,670 93. Even this exceeds by forty millions the appropriation of the preceding session, which in turn was seventeen millions larger than any of earlier date in our history. As the session was merely one working-day in length, it appears that the rate at which expenditure was voted was not far from thirteen millions a day. Taking the present population of the United States at the conservative estimate of eighty-five millions, the total outlay authorized amounts to about \$10 82 for every man, woman, and child in the country, as compared with a per capita appropriation of \$8 21 in 1891, and of \$0 93 in 1900.

How was this enormous sum expended? In the first place it is important to observe that a not inconsiderable portion of it had to be applied to objects over which the recent Congress had little or no control. Upwards of one hundred and fifty millions were consumed by the permanent annual appropriation to meet the interest charge on the national debt, the requirements of the national sinking-fund, the cost of collecting the customs revenue, the redemption of national banknotes, and certain other regular and predetermined obligations of the kind. That was a lump appropriation which Congress was in no way case obliged to make. Another twelve and a half millions were swallowed up in providing for emergencies and deficiencies handed down from the current fiscal year and from earlier years, regarding which there was again no honorable option. Still another appropriation of the sort was the million devoted to inscapable "miscellaneous" demands—chiefly private claims of one sort or another recognized and ordered to be paid by special enactment. These sums together amounted to something like one hundred and sixty-three millions, or upwards of sixteen per cent. of the total appropriation, leaving

\$756,622,674 27 as the sum set apart for the special needs of the government during the twelvemonth beginning July 1.

Upon analysis the appropriations fall into four fairly distinct groups: (1) those connected with the military side of our national life, i. e., those for the army, the navy, ordnance, and fortification, the Military Academy, and pensions, with a total of \$332,234,004 67, or nearly forty-four per cent.; (2) those which are in the nature of administrative expenditures, i. e., those for legislative, executive, and judicial expenses, for the diplomatic and consular service, for the District of Columbia, for the postal department, and for Indian affairs, with a total of \$268,097,735 20, or some what more than thirty-five per cent.; (3) those which look to the bettering of certain economic conditions, i. e., those for agriculture and for the improvement of rivers and harbors, with a total of \$46,620,342, or about six per cent.; and (4) that for "sanitary civil" purposes, which was \$110,736,531 30, or about fifteen per cent.

From the relative weight of the first group one might conclude that militarism is rampant indeed, were it not for the consideration that upwards of forty-one per cent. of its sum total is representative for the appropriation for the payment of invalid and other pensions, which of course is a charge entailed by past rather than prospective military necessities. It is perfectly possible to maintain that the government is too liberal in the matter of pensions, but the number of pensioners has been steadily diminishing since reaching the maximum (1,001,191) two and a half years ago, and the appropriations on this score are likely to be considerably reduced within a decade. The next most considerable appropriation in this group was for the support and enlargement of the navy. The bill brought forward by the Naval Committee of the House carries \$26,332 54—a reduction of more than twenty millions from the estimate, and the smallest amount called for by the annual naval appropriation bill in many years. Five and a half millions were asked for the maintenance of the Marine Corps, leaving \$80,804,000 for the navy proper. Of this amount, \$23,400,000 was intended for the increase of the navy, \$101,000 for the construction of public works in navy yards and stations, and the remaining \$61,644,000 for the current expenses of the navy itself. The Board of Construction recommended the building of two new battle-ships and many smaller craft, at a total cost of \$31,000,000, but the Naval Committee reported the recommendation that but one battle-ship be provided for, in addition to the one authorized last year, together with two torpedo-boat destroyers and an increase in the authorization for submarine boats. After prolonged debate in both Houses and the intervention of a joint conference committee the appropriation was increased by three and a half millions, and the building of two ships was decided upon instead of one. The provision made for the support of the navy was shaped on economical lines, at least as judged by the standards of recent years. As it passed the House the army bill carried only \$12,291,574 89, though the Senate made additions to it amounting to \$9,474,878 80, with the eventual result of a compromise on \$78,535,282 75. The major part of this money goes to pay officers and men, purchase rations and ammunition, build and maintain barracks, hospitals, gunnery, provide transportation, and maintain signal, medical, and hospital services.

In the second group of appropriations by far the most important item is that for the maintenance and extension of the postal system. Indeed the post-office appropriation is regularly such the largest item in Congress in called upon its scale. It differs from all of the rest, however, in the very important particular that it makes provision for a service which fills not far short of reimbursing the government directly for all its outlay, and may be better described as entirely. In a sense, therefore, the postal appropriation represents only the apparent expenditure, and may be omitted from our estimate of the net expenses of the government. The enormous figure to which the appropriation is mounting in these latter years is due in part to the enlargement of postal demands consequent upon growth of population and expansion of business, but in a still greater degree to the rapid extension of free-delivery service in rural districts.

To keep the national expenditure within the bounds of the national income is a much graver task than most people imagine. At the beginning of each session of Congress the Secretary of the Treasury presents to the Speaker of the House a document known as the "Estimate," containing a detailed statement of the appropriations required for the various branches of the government during the ensuing fiscal year. These estimates are based on the asserted needs of the departments and are usually drawn on lines con-

(Continued on page 147.)

THE SHATTERED STEEL COFFIN OF A HUNDRED SOULS



A REMARKABLE CLOSE RANGE VIEW OF THE WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "BERLIN," WHICH BROKE IN HALF DURING A STORM OFF THE NORTH PIER OF THE DOCK OF ROTTERDAM, WITH A LOSS OF MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED OF HER PASSENGERS AND CREW. ONE OF THE SHIP'S BOLLERS WAS EXPOSED TO VIEW WHEN THE SACKED HULL SPLIT APART.

THE DUMA'S LUCKY ESCAPE



A FEW HOURS BEFORE THE RUSSIAN DUMA WAS TO HAVE MET ON MARCH 14, THE HEAVY CEILING OF ITS ASSEMBLY HALL IN THE FAUBOURG PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG, CRASHED TO THE FLOOR, WHIRLING THE CHANDLERS AND SCORES OF MEN. HAD THE BOLT BEEN IN POSITION MANY OF THE DEPUTIES WOULD UNQUESTIONABLY HAVE BEEN KILLED. NOTWITHSTANDING THE OPENLY VOICED SUSPICION OF NUMEROUS MEMBERS, THE MISAP IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN ACCIDENTAL.

FEDERAL LICENSE FOR AUTOMOBILES

By CHARLES THADDEUS TERRY

Chairman of the Legislative Board of the American Automobile Association

EVERYBODY who tows in a motor-car will be glad to know that the national government may soon take charge of interstate travel in automobiles. A bill providing for Federal control has been introduced in the Lower House by Representative Coker, of Long Island, and it is now in the hands of the Committee on the Judiciary.

As soon as Congress reconvenes the measure will be pressed as rapidly as possible toward enactment, and motorists may reasonably hope to see an end of the petty and vexatious annoyances due to the varying laws among the States through which they journey. Meanwhile the Judiciary Committee has had the bill printed, and the authors, although they believe its provisions are as reasonable and effective as human experience can dictate, would be very glad to receive suggestions as to their betterment.

As to the urgent need of Federal regulation of interstate automobile traffic there cannot be two opinions. Devoted as we all are to the rights of our sovereign States, inalienable and never to be abridged, yet we cannot avoid the conclusion that nothing less than control by the Federal government will rid us of the incumbrances that obstruct us on every extended trip.

For example, suppose you start some fine morning on a run from New York to Washington—a most delightful trip in this early spring weather, when your car is properly placed and only man is vile—to the motorist. Your car is properly registered in New York, and you have your eyes fixed on the law direct. You roll comfortably off the ferryboat in Jersey City, but you have not gone half a mile from the landing when a keen-eyed policeman halts you.

"You're shy there on the number," he explains, politely.

"But there is my number," you tell him with a feeling of triumph.

"No," says he, "Nobin's doli" on a New York number in Jersey.

Now it is exceedingly likely that you have promised yourself a pleasant luncheon in Philadelphia, the true habit of the cordon bleu; but if you are wise you will immediately say good-by to that luncheon. Indeed, you will be very lucky if you get to Philadelphia in time for dinner. For it will be necessary to send to a distant local office to obtain a license to operate your automobile in the State of New Jersey, together with a registration number to hang on your machine. It is barely possible that you will receive it the same day.

But even then your troubles have just begun. For when you cross the line from New Jersey into Pennsylvania you will be similarly held up until you procure a Pennsylvania license and registration and number board. And the same sort of delay will be waiting for you in Delaware and in Maryland and in the District of Columbia. The return trip to New York will be made in less than one-third of the time that you need go south, because your various State numbers will pass you instantly by the guardians of the law—unless they happen to be confused by the great number of signs and tags hanging on your car, and stop you for examination.

One experience like this is enough to convince any man of the great advantage of Federal control and registration of automobiles. He need not abate in one degree his loyalty to the doctrine of States' rights in order to understand how very much better it is to have all his away-from-home licensing and numbering done in one place that will serve for every journey in any direction. It is a fact that the delays and annoyances due to various differences in State laws governing automobiles constitute one of the gravest obstacles to the growth of motoring in this country. And the fact is so axiomatic that I need hardly refer to it here, that the spread of motoring is the greatest aid to the making and maintenance of good roads throughout the country. Surely, then, every farmer, every manufacturer, with loads to haul, can see at a glance that his interest will be served by Federal control of automobiles.

Some one may object that I have used an extreme illustration of the difficulties to be met on the tour from New York to Washington; that a motorist about to make such a journey would provide himself in advance the necessary proofs of license and registration. True, perhaps, in some cases; but how often does it happen that a projected trip from one State through another has to be abandoned because the motorist has neither a license for the adjoining State nor the time to get one? Every automobilist of experience can remember many such instances. We cannot always tell long in advance just when we may have a day or two to spare for a trip.

And it is only to avoid these irritating obstacles that the American Automobile Association has introduced the proposed Federal Automobile bill. Nothing in its provisions would interfere with the State control of all automobiles in any State. Indeed, proof of State registration is the basis upon which the seeker for a Federal license must base his application. It is only when traveling anywhere in the United States outside of his own State that the motorist shall, by displaying the number issued to him by the Federal Bureau, be exempt from the necessity of complying with the registration provisions of the laws of the State or Territory

he is passing through. In one word, the Federal Bureau of Automobiles will grant in a single license the privileges of interstate travel now conferred by each State piecemeal and with latent vexatious delay to the traveler.

The machinery for national control will be simple and easily arranged.

A Federal motor-vehicle bureau, consisting of two commissioners, is contemplated, with a secretary and clerical assistants, to receive and pass upon applications for Federal registration, keep records of the motor vehicles registered, indorse upon the distinctive numbers issued as provided in the list, and for ready reference and for the supplying of information relating to any vehicle registered, upon proper requisition for the same. Salaries are provided for the two commissioners, secretary, and clerical force, payable out of the fund created by the registration fee, which are \$5 in the case of the individual, and \$10 in the case of the manufacturer. Each commissioner shall receive \$5000 a year, and the secretary \$2000 a year.

The act provides for the lodging of complaints with the Federal Bureau by any person, firm, corporation or association, or any mercantile, agricultural, or manufacturing society, or any body politic or municipal organization, against any one driving motor vehicles, and for the investigation of the complaint, and the infliction of the punishment provided in the act, if the complaint be sustained and be well founded.

In view of the great advantages that would accrue to the users of motor vehicles under Federal registration, the punishment for reckless driving would consist chiefly of suspension or forfeiture of the Federal license. The prospect of losing the privilege of quick and uninterrupted progress from State to State and of being compelled to go through the time-wasting delays now in existence would be enough to tame the wildest rover and make him careful of his speed. Indeed, the benefits of national registration to the public at large in the important matter of curbing dangerous motorists would be very considerable.

One of the great difficulties in the way of punishing persistent violators of the speed and safety laws is the redundancy of the number signs on automobiles. Naturally enough, if a car going sixty miles an hour is carrying half a dozen signs on which are displayed the initials of various States, each followed by a row of figures, it is practically impossible for any peace officer to identify the registration number of the particular State in which the offense is being committed.

Under the proposed Federal registration law the detection of the lawbreaker can be more readily accomplished. For under the new law every automobile in the country would carry but one number at one time. That number would be displayed on one signboard across the front end of the vehicle, and on another signboard at the rear on a black letter on a white background in such style and size as to be easily distinguished at a distance of two hundred feet. Moreover, these numbers should be easily read at night while quite as far from the observer, for the law provides that they must be clearly illuminated with lamps.

Special signs have been taken to insure the legibility of the number signs. The act provides:

"That such distinctive number, as an identification mark, shall consist of a white placard as a background, upon the face of which shall appear the distinctive number assigned to such vehicle by the commissioner or his authorized substitute, in black Arabic numerals, such numerals to be not less than three inches long, nor each stroke less than one-half inch in width, such number to be preceded on the placard by the initial or abbreviation of the State under the laws of which such motor vehicle has previously been registered, in black letter, each letter to be at least one inch and a half in height, and such number to be followed on the placard by the letters 'U. S.', each letter to be of the same size and character as the letters of the initial or abbreviation of the State as hereinbefore provided."

Every one familiar with automobiles will see at a glance what a great gain in the matter of identifying a car will be effected by reducing the number of signs to the minimum. Only one placard will be needed at each end of the car. On one side of each placard, for example, will be the owner's State registration number, thus:

N. Y. 5,315

On the reverse will appear the Federal registration number, thus:

N. Y. 236,523 U. S.

In New York State the New Yorker need display only his State number, in all other States only the Federal number. Could anything be simpler, briefer, less calculated to make the road pleasant for the same motorist, a path of thorns for the reckless?



Banking up the Speedway at a sharp Curve in the Course to prevent Cars running at high Speed from leaving the Track



Where the Track makes a dangerous Turn on the Route from London to Weybridge. The Course will be finished in July

THE NEW MOTOR SPEEDWAY WHICH IS BEING BUILT NEAR LONDON

REVOLUTIONARY FIGURES IN AMERICAN ART

By SAMUEL SWIFT

THE new spirit afloat in American life for a dozen years just has been taking concrete form of late in American art. New men have arisen, saying and doing things in paint and clay and with the tools of the craftsman that are more direct and more democratic than much of the art work of even a decade ago. In painting, especially, changes of considerable import have come about. The dominance of the great landscape-painter has passed. Wyand, Inness, and Homer Martin marked out paths that have both guided and baffled their successors. Winslow Homer's best matters, those by which he will be remembered, date back ten years or more. John La Farge has not lately been a vital factor in the painting of easel pictures, so called, though splendid mural decorations have continued to flow from his brain and brush. Abbott Thayer has done little new work lately, and George de Forest Brush's maximum of power and beauty seems also to have been reached—both these men are figure-painters. Twaitsman, an isolated and earnest artist, has left many disciples, but no school. Most of his colleagues among the Ten American Painters seem to care more for proficiency than for creative expression. Tryon has added little, in recent years, to the code of delicate perceptions and nice adjustments that gave him recognition in the late eighties. Albert P. Ryder, an artist of rare poetry and imagination, sends forth a canvas only at long intervals.

The landscape school, then, which enlisted most of the foregoing painters, has presented little that is new or vital since, let us say, the war with Spain, which remains a spiritual as well as a political landmark in American history. The prophet's mantle has fallen indubitably upon a group of artists chiefly concerned, not with the figure as such, but with actual human beings, their emotional life, and the material environment that helps to determine their character. What other school is there, in American art to-day, that has new themes, or new views of familiar ones, to give us? What other coherent group exists here, of men with something affirmative and stimulating to communicate? The school of Robert Henri, George Luks, William Glackens, Jerome Myers, John Sisco—to name only some of its strongest members—presents phases of life extending from eminent bishops

to half-stripped prize-fighters, from men and women of prestige to the latest batch of cowed headed immigrants, from the work and the play of rich and poor, young and old, down to the work and human aspect of decrepit houses on New York's crumbling East Side, or the inherent dignity of maternity in a barren cat with her kittens. Here is variety enough, certainly. But there are qualities common to all. These painters convince us of their democratic outlook. They seek what is significant, what is real, no matter whether the quest may lead them. They give no hint of "slumming" among either rich or poor—they are at home and at ease no matter what or whom they paint. This is an attitude healthily American, and so is the optimism that all of them disclose in their pictures. A sturdy strain runs through this body of artists. There is virility in what they have done, but virility without loss of tenderness; a manly strength that worships beauty, as art that is conceivably a true echo of the significant American life about them.

Naturally there is wide diversity of externals in this new school. Mr. Henri and Mr. Glackens fill their palettes with sharply dissimilar colors; Mr. Luks and Mr. Myers and Mr. Sisco could not easily be mistaken for one another. Because they are not afraid of sober hues, when painted with richness or luminosity, some have dubbed these men and their associates the "black school." To others, they are "the gang." Neither term is deserved.

In nearly every country opposition to important new art developments has centered in official bodies dedicated to the pursuit and encouragement of the arts. A few weeks ago, the National Academy of Design, the oldest and most conspicuous body of artists in America, opened in the Fine Arts Building, New York, its eighty-second annual exhibition. The jury of selection rejected, as usual, a picture sent by George Luks. It admitted one by Mr. Glackens, but not one another ranked by some among his best. It gave Mr. Myers and Mr. Sisco each one place. It administered snubs to Mr. Henri, himself a juror, until he asked and received permission to withdraw two of his own canvases, "A Mutador" and "Spanish Tilipoy and Child," leaving to represent him only the portrait of a general, which is not one of his best works. The jury admitted several canvases by new and



"Butcher Boy"



"The Pawnbroker's Daughter"

TWO CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLES OF THE ACADEMICALLY UNFOLLOWED WORK OF MR. GEORGE LUKS



"The Matador," by Robert Henri

ONE OF THE MANY DISCOURSED PAINTINGS WITHDRAWN BY MR. HENRI FROM THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION

promising painters, but Mr. Henri, as leader of a minute minority, had to watch in many other cases what seems to have been the penalization of originality or self-expression in art.

Of course there is something to be said for the Academy. About half the wall space in these small and inadequate galleries has been given, in this exhibition, to painters outside the membership. Of the total of 375 pictures crowded into the current show, there are canvases by no fewer than forty men and women wholly new to the Academy's lists, some of them quite unknown to the jurors. This denotes generosity, not meanness, as to wall space. No one could fairly ask for a larger numerical representation of newcomers. But the charge is brought that this spring, as always, the jurors might have chosen, from the 1500 submitted, more new canvases, that showed promise and creative soul, fewer that were merely imitative of nature or of accepted convention. To this writer ten or a dozen members of this freshman class of forty seemed to have enough individuality in point of view and enough technical skill to deserve admittance to an Academy of Design exhibition. But there is too much of what has aptly been called "dead thought" in this and every Academy exhibition, among work by the new and by the older painters. One can imagine an annual show so pregnant, so closely in touch with vital tendencies, that even the dull followers of formula in paint might try to throw off their self-made shackles and to look at life and nature with fresh eyes, for the sake of becoming once more a part of this living, growing organism. It would be needlessly discourteous to inquire how low of the Academicians themselves, including members of the jury, show in their own paintings the proceeds of constantly widening outlook, or a mind receptive to new impressions. There are men who long ago adopted a formula and have clung to it, men whose canvases from year to year are no similar that they indicate no renewal of inspiration, no invention, nothing but a working over of the same "dead thought."

Happily, there are also artists whose long experience has but whetted their appetite for varied and untried things. But most

men's capacity to understand and to enjoy the changing art of their time may be likened to a rubber band, which cannot stretch beyond a certain definite span. Significant newcomers in painting, sculpture, music, literature, are rarely appreciated by the generation that has preceded them. Need one cite Rodin, Ibsen, Richard Strauss, men of yesterday and to-morrow, as well as the familiar earlier cases of Rousseau, Millet, Richard Wagner, Edmond Maet, and Claude Monet? Nature seems to decree that every generation, roughly speaking, shall set up its own standards, framed mainly from the ideals laid down by the leaders of the generation next ahead.

Perhaps one of the best known and most sincere members of the Academy will permit himself to be taken as an illustration of the truth that the radicals of yesterday may become the conservatives of to-day. There is an example of Mr. Keaton Cox's early work, painted with zest and freedom, which has a slight but distinct bearing upon the current controversy over the Academy of Design's attitude. This breezy little picture was painted in 1879, when Mr. Cox was then a gifted student in his early twenties, although he is now one of the influential conservatives in the Academy. It was a fisherman, evidently an American, that Mr. Cox took as theme. The fisherman was fat, and he wore a corpulent flannel shirt and a broad-brimmed hat. The point is that Mr. Cox, whose homely of purpose and whose ability as a speaker have made him almost a dominating force in the Academy's jury-room, was then an viracious painter as any young and healthy American need be. The handling of this bulky figure is loose, and the work has a light but knowing touch that leaves one comfortably assured both of the artist's skill and of his spontaneity. Probably this phase of Mr. Cox's art and personality would surprise some of the newer men whose work he has since helped to keep out of Academy exhibitions. Mr. Cox's maturer painting has a gravity that at times approaches the ponderous; he cannot now be accused of easiness of utterance. Yet he was looked upon, when he returned from Paris twenty-five years ago, as almost a radical, or at least as an advanced man. Even now Mr. Cox avers that certain elders in the Academy feel none too sure of his invariable orthodoxy. On the other hand, he is charged by younger folk with being the man who chiefly bars frank, individual expression from the exhibitions.

Doubtless Mr. Cox's case is not exceptional. And it enforces the conclusion that the tone of the Academy is set by men no longer in the first freshness of their receptive and creative powers. Its injustices whether chosen by the old alphabetical system or by the newer one of election, have simply tended to perpetuate existing conditions. There has been, if not a government of old men, at least a régime of middle age in the Academy. Take, for instance, the jury of thirty men that officiated for the coming exhibition. Twenty-three of these painters and sculptors were born before 1850, and of these twenty-three eight were born before 1830. Of course not all of the jurors born in 1830, or earlier, are conservatives, in the narrow sense. Some of them extend valuable aid toward what is promising and personal. But why not, as a hopeful experiment, introduce an age-limit clause applying to jurors? Out of the thirty to be elected by vote of the Academicians and as-



"Spanish Gipsy and Child"

THIS IS ANOTHER TYPICAL CANVAS OF MR. HENRI'S WHICH HE WITHDREW FROM THE CURRENT EXHIBITION OF THE ACADEMY

associates, why not decree that ten or twelve be not more than forty years old? Of course this would be equivalent to an amiable request that the ruling element in the organization cut off its own head, or, at least, its nose and ears. But it would give new and genuinely self-expressive art a better chance to reach the public, which means that artists doing such work would thus be spurred to further efforts, instead of being rebuffed.

Upholders of the Academy's present course cite the fact that most of America's best painters have been or are members. But have the exhibitions at any time within a dozen years been truly representative of the fresh art thought of the day? It is one thing to admit an artist at a time when it would help and encourage him, another to wait until he has struggled up in recognition without the Academy's aid. Yet it would be unfair to overlook the Academy's progress since the days of its Twenty-third Street bondage to very old members who insisted on sending three pictures apiece to exhibitions. After President Frederick Diefman took command the membership was quietly strengthened, until last year's merger of the Society of American Artists with the Academy, from which the Society had broken away in 1877, was merely the formal union of two bodies already all but identical. Further, some of the newer men gradually found their way into the Academy and Society shows. Arthur R. Davies, whom the collectors and a few professional art critics were quicker to appreciate than were the rank and file of his artist colleagues, exhibited a few times, but wearied of the struggle against an officialdom that did not then want him, and gave up sending his finely imaginative and colorful pictures to either Society. After the French government had bought a picture by Robert Henri for the Luxembourg Gallery, the two New York organizations began to discover some merit in him—again the collectors and a few critics were in advance of the men who paint—and as Mr. Henri's unassuming gifts as a teacher of art also became known, he was made first a Society member, and in 1906 a National Academician. Jerome Myers's tender and sympathetic transcripts of East Side street scenes and people were accepted almost from the first; his good fortune was also the Academy's. William Glackens, now an associate member of the National Academy, became such in exchange for his Society membership at the merger. Glackens, Sloan, Ernest Lawson, Jonas Lie, Van Derzee, Paul Dougherty, Gifford Beal, and other new figures and landscape men have appeared in some exhibitions and been shut out from others.

Only once in many years, if memory serves, has the Academy or Society accepted a picture by George Luks—one of the most original and accomplished painters in America, but still, at forty, absolutely unknown to the general art public. Once or twice he has figured in club loan exhibitions, but the man's own studio is the only place, at present, where one may see much of what he has done. Portraits, character studies, disolute folk of the night, wise old Russian Jews sipping their coffee in dingy restaurants, children, rascals, dock rats, children again, children of the very poor or of comfortable East Side shopkeepers—these are some of Luks's subjects.

Of such is "The Pawnbroker's Daughter," worthy of a place beside the dearest and most eloquent of American figure-paintings, beyond doubt a masterpiece. Who else joins so closely the observation of his themes with their realization in note-book and on canvas? Mr. Luks gets his material at first-hand. In the crooked and dark streets, in the bright sunlight of a windswept Hudson River dock, in drawing rooms, in theaters, everywhere he goes, this artist never tires of studying living creatures and their surroundings. His powers as a draughtsman are something more than remarkable, as his sketch-books and his paintings testify. His pictures are the permeation of creative energy, tempered to the mood of the subject. His saucy and delightful ambur-haired "Dutcher Boy," with raw beefsteak on a platter, red sweater, and eyes that are, as Luks says, simply holes with lenses in them, will stare you out of countenance if you let him. Humor, keen analysis, fearless good nature, and a genuine tenderness on occasion help to make George Luks's painting about as vital an art as one can imagine. And there are few such colorists here, few men whose brushwork is at once so bold and so delicate. Again the little brown-haired Jewess called "The Pawnbroker's Daughter" comes to mind, with her luminous hair and hands, the warm yellow-white of her dress, the glint of light that makes produce the white platter, the distinguished green of the Oriental jar. Surely no jury that ever met could reject a work of this rare beauty! As yet no jury has had the chance.

What, then, will be the Academy's future attitude toward Luks and Henri and the ever-growing throng of new painters with inventive powers which they are not afraid to trust? Will the Academy help to shape and publish these most hopeful new elements in American art? Or will it continue hostile, and thus force this uncomprovable new expression to seek or make some quicker channel?

THE MEN WHO ARE DISBURSING \$43,000,000 FOR EDUCATION IN AMERICA



MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL EDUCATION BOARD WHO BEAR THE RESPONSIBILITY OF EXPENDING JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S \$43,000,000 FUND FOR THE PROMOTION OF EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES. IN THE FRONT SEATING, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE DR. WALLACE SUTHERLAND, EXECUTIVE SECRETARY; FREDERICK T. GATYER, CHAIRMAN; GEORGE FORTES FEARNOT, TREASURER; AND DR. EDWIN A. ALDERMAN. STANDING, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: DR. HARRY PRATT JUDSON, DR. DANIEL C. GILMAN, STARR J. MURPHY, DR. ALBERT SHAW, DR. E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS, DR. HOLLIS S. FURNELL, DR. WALTER H. PAGE. THE BOARD HAS ALREADY DISBURSED \$1,702,000

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THE UNRECOGNIZED ENEMY OF THE PANAMA CANAL—EXCESSIVE SUNLIGHT

By MAJOR CHARLES E. WOODRUFF

Surgeon United States Army

THE French failed to dig the Panama Canal because they did not know how to prevent the infectious tropical diseases. Recent events show that the Americans are seriously hampered by more insidious yet preventable diseases which are not due to germs. After the French failed, the discovery was made of the manner of transmission of malaria, yellow fever, and the dysenteries. It came at a most opportune time, and we have taken full advantage of the knowledge. As a result of modern sanitation, unknown to the French, these diseases no longer menace the work, and yet there are disquieting reports of more or less destruction of health, loss of energy or vitality, nervous breakdown, and the long catalogue of conditions vaguely described as effects of the climate. Men noted for wonderful stability and aggressive nerve power become unstable and dependent, their judgments are defective, and they are inclined to give up at the very time their labors begin to tell. All their experience is lost, and the work is seriously delayed while new men acquaint themselves with the problems.

These tropical nervous conditions have long been known, and they are undoubtedly due to the climate. It is high time that the causative factors be hunted down and avoided in the future. The disease in tropical neurasthenia, or nervous exhaustion, and so well recognized, that it is foolish to deny its existence, as a few unprogressive physicians have been inclined to do. Army surgeons have known of it by this name for some years in the Philippines, and the British have noted it in India for a century or more, but they fight shy of the name neurasthenia as too American. It is now a matter of national concern, for if it can be prevented, as it surely can, to a great extent at least, the period of construction of the canal may be shortened perhaps by several years, and the nation be saved expenses amounting well into the millions. Climatology is at last a very practical matter, and not the academic affair we have heretofore been inclined to regard it.

What is there about a tropical climate which causes this remarkable damage to the nervous system? It cannot be wholly the heat nor the humidity, for we have those factors in equal degree much farther north. Within the last dozen years we have suddenly awakened to the fact that light is a very deadly agent. If it is in excessive amount it kills every living thing. Most animals hide in darkness, and if they must be exposed in the sun they are shaded by pigments, hair, or feathers. Even plants which utilize it are so arranged that the living cells are protected. Bacteria are plants, and they are promptly killed by light—sunshine is our best disinfectant. We cannot see it kill bacteria in the skin, and thus cure ourselves of numerous infectious diseases, but if we use it too strongly it kills the tissues as well as the germs. Man himself is pigmented in direct proportion to the light of his ancestral home. The negro really lives in dense shade under his black skin, and the Eskimo needs much protection from the cold sunlight.

We need fresh air and lots of it, but we can get it without light. Indeed, there is much evidence that sanatoria in dark cloudy places are far more successful than those in lands of perpetual sunshine. Men who work in comparative darkness do not seem to suffer from it if other conditions are wholesome. Miners are notoriously healthy and long-lived, and the employees of the New York Subway are not reported to be more sickly than those on the surface. These facts have been known long enough to be put to practical use, yet we have been so accustomed to scientific baseless talk about the necessity for God's sunshine, that it is impossible for most men to realize that the truth is the exact opposite. No persistent is the effect of early teaching, that we deliberately expose ourselves to a harmful degree of sunlight, and the inevitable collapse ensues, we petulently blame the climate instead of our own inability to learn of its newly discovered dangers and to avoid them.

Light is a stimulant if it is of less intensity than the latent degree—a fact known to every one who enjoys the exhilaration of a bright sunny day which is a spell of cloudy weather. In the tropics this stimulation is quite marked on the newcomers for a few weeks or months or even a year or more. They are more active physically and mentally. They rush things, and are quite sure that tropical climates are magical. Indeed, they feel so well under the stimulation of light that they expose themselves unnecessarily to the dangerous rays which so subtly but surely work mischief to the nerve roots. The chief of the Philippine civil service wrote an article actually praising that climate, and within two years was compelled to leave it to recover his wrecked health.

We were so sure in the Philippines that we could not get too much light that we built our houses to admit it in floods, and contemptuously disregarded the English and Dutch experience of two centuries. We called people lazy if they hid themselves at midday, and we heavenly went abroad in the full glare of the light. Even the heavily pigmented Filipinos darkened their houses, and

were astounded at our foolishness in doing what they did not dare to do. Collapse always came in time, if not a real collapse, at least a degree of destruction of nervous vigor which demanded a return to darker climates to escape chronic invalidism or even death.

All this is nothing new. The history of the world is full of instances of northern races of men who thought they could defy nature's laws by migrating to light climates—Goths, Vandals, Franks, and many others—but in time they all paid the penalty of extinction. The process is slow if the new climates are not much different from the old, and therefore it is never noticed while it is going on. We do not notice it in America, but it is evident already in our tropical parts, where the only survivors are the very dark types who are protected by their pigment. Thousands of light types have migrated to tropical America but have left no trace. Even further north the blonder types are being replaced.

In the mean time our constant condition of light-stimulation is causing that stressfulness which is making us famous at the expense of a fatal wear and tear. The slow easy going men of northern Europe are normal—they last. The American hustler is gauged beyond his power, and as a rule does not accomplish as much in his lifetime as the more sluggish European. Work of itself never harms any one—it is only when we work under the pressure of a stimulant that irreparable exhaustion follows.

In the tropics these tendencies are magnified, and even the heads of those distressing health reports sent out. In no place on earth is it more evident that the race is to the slow. Men who are guided by the experience of centuries and take care of themselves are known to remain in fair health for thirty or forty years, but the hustler is a wreck in three. There are some remarkable exceptions, to be sure—men who think they have successfully proved the law to be false—but their cases do not bear inspection.

So long as men continue to deny that tropical light is harmful, just as long as we fall in with the policy of civilization at Panama. We will not guard the white employees as we should. They and they will ignorantly expose themselves to needless dangers. After the first year or two of strenuous labor they will grow stale, lose interest, and become "quitters" through actual nervous disease. Every experienced engineer who is thus compelled to give up is a distinct loss. Many more cases will be confused. If they do not "quit the job," their nervous irritability is likely to lead to defective judgments which may cause most expensive blunders. The irresponsible pessimistic gossip which pours out of Panama is derived from such sources—we had lots of it from the Philippines at one time.

The solution of the matter is self-evident. The white man at Panama must avoid that which he cannot endure. We have proved that he cannot allow mosquitoes to bite him, and now it must be acknowledged that he cannot allow the sunlight to strike his unprotected body. We eliminated the mosquitoes, but we cannot eliminate the sun. The soldier who deliberately and unnecessarily exposes himself to bullets when he could take cover is not only a fool, but he is not a true soldier. His fatal recklessness only weakens the army. The engineer who can work all day in the open in Michigan or New York should not do it in Panama, and if he attempts it he is injuring the work instead of helping it along.

The new discoveries as to light should be put to practical use. The old rules of tropical living must be revised. Less work, less sleep, and more rest. The day should be divided into ten hours, and none in the midday will give more progress in ten years. The houses should be darkened, the clothing should be opaque, the umbrellas and big helmets should be more in evidence, and vacations in the north should be frequent. Then we will hear of fewer men who have sunk into an "irritable weakness," or have become actual nervous wrecks after two or three years. Tropical light is the real enemy at Panama, and has caused the last sensational upset. There may not be another if these modern discoveries are acted upon.

In the long run—that is, in some years—it will be found in Panama, as in India, that the survivors are not the big blond men who do such grand work in the cold darker north, but they will be men who more nearly approach the physique and complexion of the natives who are adjusted to the climate. Famous tropical explorers like Livingstone were all small dark types, and the men who survive a quarter century of campaigns in India are undersized like Wolsey and Roberts. There is something about the big blond physique which makes it especially susceptible to damage in the tropics, and such men break down quite soon. Perhaps there should be a more critical selection of types which are known to survive the conditions. In time there will be a survival of the fittest, but it is too expensive a process now that we know that the light destroys the health of a white man in the tropics. We can select the fittest beforehand and keep them the fittest. We must deign nature's laws, not defy them.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"AN' GEORGE SAYS 'O

DRAWN BY JAMES M. FLAGG

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WEEKLY



TO ME, HE SAYS—"

MONTGOMERY FLAGG



THE GOLD LURE

BY BARTON W. CURRIE

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GIBBS

THE Tenderfoot heard only the cymbals and brass, the crashing high notes of triumphal marches, thunderous, reverberating acclaim of victory. There was a stupefying monotony of halloo-jah about it all which, coming from the lips of those irreverent and irresponsible gold-seekers, satirized out of harmony with the proper solemnity of things. Surely, pondered the unsophisticated wanderer from the cozy corners of the East, there must be some grist in this splendid golden harvest.

"In all the processes of human endeavor," he ventured to the mixed assemblage of Nevadans he had fortuitously with at the Montana Club—the gossip centre of Goldfield—"there are sacrifices. Show me some who have failed, who have fallen, whose hopes have been crushed utterly, whose souls have been seared with the bitter iron of experience. I marvel how well you smother your tragedies, and drive into the shadowed corners those who have gone down. Only your hawthorns and gaily habited heralds are allowed on parade. Does some silent shaft that has gone vainly into the flinty depths of your treasure hills shoot your skeletons? High Finance does not hide its dark and doleful secrets of the men who would be kings one whit more securely than these bubbling, effervescent, showily frosted gold camps."

There was silence for a moment . . . a surprised, sullen silence. Chances almost black and menacing turned upon the doubter. A bankrupt who had long nourished body and mind on dreams of a man who one time had looked in on himself as a tower of moral strength, facing all men with a steadfast eye which radiated the glow of a clean inner consciousness, but who had been metamorphosed by the gold lure into a creature capable of any mean chicanery—the languid and unconsidered instrument of a master fraud fairly glowered upon him. This rudely intruding and unpleasantly inquisitive Tenderfoot had dragged up before him the bogy he hated, that with modicum of tolerance he had long refused to give eye to . . . a horrible spectre that made him look backwards into brighter days and revealed the black depths of the future.

There rose from his throat a cry that was almost a snarl. Choking, he said fiercely: "I tell you the gold is here, and that any man who has the grit to hang on is sure to win, to get it . . . a mine . . . become rich . . . be a millionaire, I know it." (He was becoming incoherent; saliva foamed on his lips.) "They are here in this room . . . a dozen of them . . . all

millionaires . . . yes . . . Crocodones . . . Look at them!" (He paused and rulled his eyes; then continued hoarsely.) "They are here in the flesh . . . and they got it as I will get it . . . as we all will get it . . . out of the desert . . . from these bald mountains."

He fell back exhausted, panting, but triumphant. He saw that the others believed—some who had got it; some who, like him, would get it. They looked approval upon him and shook their heads sagely. This revived him, roused him to look like a man who had done things—this hapless little visionary, withered by misadventure years. Encouraged he ran on like a trance medium, only to collapse in a heap when the Tenderfoot asked:

"How long have you been trying to get it?"

The question seemed to knock all of the forced youthfulness out of him. His cheeks went hollow and the lines deepened about his mouth and eyes. The glow to his little eyes dimmed and was gone. The Tenderfoot regarded him with a start of dismay. He felt accusing glance, and experienced the sensation he imagined must come to those who have killed something. There was a flavor of the tragic in this pitiful spectacle of overwhelmed dream triumph that he had not counted on. The uncomfortable sense of guilt was oppressing him as a heavy burden, when a bulky figure burst through the door of the club-room and announced itself with a war-whoop. He was young and big and blond and handsome; yes, undeniably handsome, even through the alkali grit that cumbered his countenance.

Whirling down the room in a waltz step, scattering chairs and tables, and filling the air with magazines and books, he finally came to the chair of the huddled little heap whose golden hopes had been murdered for the moment. He smote this little limp rag of humanity on the back with the palm of a great foot and shouted:

"Strike on the Little Monkey, boys! Only eighty foot down, and she always one thousand to the ton. Whoooo! Whoooo! Let's revel!"

The ephemeral crushed failure scrambled out from under the table where he had rolled, beaming, abject, repentant, and began a enervating dance with the tow-haired young giant. The announcement of the "strike" had had the effect on him of a potent stimulant. He had no interest whatever in the Little Monkey, and would profit only to the extent of a revel-wild, saturnalian southern Nevada revel that would leave him limp and pained and



Drawn by George Gibbs

"I tell you the gold is here, and that any man who has the grit to hang on is sure to win!"



Drawn by George Gibbs

He scrambled out from under the table, and began a crazy dance with the tow-haired young giant

harvested by the nightmares of reality. But it was the spirit of the thing that remade him; dispelled the weight of years, and wiped clear the slate of memory. Something had just happened that some day would occur to him. Then he would shed his crinkled mask of age, and burst, waiting and war-whopping, into the club-house of the great Nevada mining camp. What matter his sixty years, the thin thatch of gray upon his little round head, the deepening wrinkles? Success would find him as young as any of them; as wild and reckless a good fellow as that overgrown lay who for a few hundred dollars had leased the Little Monkey and become rich in a day. This was an occurrence not common, but common enough to tingle jaded nerves and supply alimentary food-stuff in anemic despair.

The Tenderfoot seeking for the reverse of this golden shield of Fortune knew that he would have to look elsewhere than in this gathering. The idea suggested itself to him that somewhere in that arid country, probably out along the old mule trails (almost forgotten now since the making of motor-car speedways), there would be some wanderer on the face of the desert, carrying the blight of bitter disappointment and bowing humbly beneath it. So he rode up the desert next day on the morning train to a desolate water-station, whence he had noticed, on the down journey from Reno, a little-travelled trail led off in uncertain twistings to disappear through a deep fork in the mountain range. It was a typical water-station of the alkali wilderness, with a half-propped tank, one little hut where the tender lived with a half-breed wife, two emaciated brown children, a half-dozen dogs, bean and cucumber as caryotes, and a pair of sturdy burros.

The Pullman porter blinked wonderingly when the Tenderfoot asked to be put down at this dismal halt in the long desert run. His fellow passengers, ever cackling and crowing of gold and strikes, fell into suspicious silence, and one and all moved by the same thought—"there's some prospect going forward in this dis-

carded range." Not that there was anything in the appearance or bearing of the little Easterner to suggest the prospector or mining expert. A mere detail of indistinctly resembling never-fuses a gold-buster; just a suggestion of mystery, of something overlooked in the barren mountain waste, ruins crags, sunken in its desolations—desolations for the most part purely by the grip of the gold lure. So they all peered eagerly, almost wolfishly, out of the dust-railed windows as the Tenderfoot descended into the glare of a scorching August sun.

The tank-tender, lounging in the doorway of his shack while his more energetic spouse shaken the thimble of the two oil-burning engines that hauled the long train, regarded his unexpected visitor with bloodshot eyes that seemed to roll in uncertain orbits. The Tenderfoot waited until, with a series of rattling and explosive noises, the train got under way again, before he saluted the doleful figure in the doorway of the hut. Then he said, pointing to the faded gray line that snaked its way through the sparse, drab cover of the sage-brush, "Does that trail lead to any particular diggings?" "Yes with the a. p." retorted the tank-tender, with heavy deliberation, squinting at the newcomer with his red eyes. His him now, followed by the full pack of many eyes.

"Who in hell is he?" asked the woman, in menacing tone, rolling up the lathered sleeves of her blouse over arms in which coiled sunburnt muscles. There was very little of the feminine about this housewife of the desert. Only her long loose, neckless hair and the short little skirt worn over a wonderfully patched pair of men's overalls bore testimony to her sex. She was girdled with a heavy corset belt in which stuck two long knives, unscathed; a ponderous monkey wrench used in connection with the mechanism of the water tank, and a diamond-like portion of a crowbar.

"Yes; who the devil are you?" loudly demanded the man, instantly becoming fierce, and throwing back the tails of his coat so as to reveal about twelve pounds of short-barreled artillery. A ponderous monkey wrench used in connection with the mechanism of the water tank, and a diamond-like portion of a crowbar. "Yes; who the devil are you?" loudly demanded the man, instantly becoming fierce, and throwing back the tails of his coat so as to reveal about twelve pounds of short-barreled artillery. A ponderous monkey wrench used in connection with the mechanism of the water tank, and a diamond-like portion of a crowbar.

"None of your confounded business who I am. I am here, am I not? I got down off that train, didn't I? I asked you to tell me to what diggings that trail led, didn't I? You knew where it leads. I know you know it. No more of the a. p. d. g. about it, or by the shade of Hernies there will be fifty-seven varieties of trouble at this one-housed Haden way-station!"

None of your spade-legged, paddel-chested heroes of melodrama ever mounted his lines with more than a few feet of lead than did this five-foot-six Tenderfoot in the next gray flannels, patent-leather ties, flowing crimson tie, and broad-brimmed Stetson. The tank-tender collapsed at the sidewalk as if impaled by a thirty-penny shot; the little half-breed woman with the mighty-sussex arms and belated of knives and bludgeons vanished within the door of the shack in two bounds with her featherweight offspring gripped in the vacuum of her going. As for the dogs, they scattered away with the kinetoscope agility of fleeing jack-rabbits. The Tenderfoot, by the might of his voice, had even terrified himself, and began to quake a little at the knives, for the great adze he had made was followed by a palpable, overwhelming stillness.

The tank-tender had fallen supine into the depths of an empty parking-arena, from which the now terrible Tenderfoot, with a return of courage and front, helped him to extricate himself, when he made a feebly signal of appeal. As he plucked mechanically at the splinters that had crowded into him he said:

"I beg your pardon, air, but my wife and I thought it might be you had dropped off here to jump our claim."

"What?" gasped the Tenderfoot faintly. "Claim? You don't mean to say that you're in this mining business, too, here, where they have all passed by, turning their noses up at the meagre possibilities?"

"Yes," returned the tank-tender, pausing in his splinter investigation. "I've got mine back here in the mountains that this

trail leads to. And it is going to be a great mine, too, when we strike the vein, even if I can't get any of the sharps in the big camps to take hold with me. They all give it the laugh, and say the vein is somewhere in China or Siberia. But I know what I am doing. I have panned gold on the surface eighteen years ago, and I've shot several little pockets since that gave up a tifty bit of yellow. It is only a question of time when I reach the big vein. I know it will be one of the greatest bonanzas to Nevada.

"I came down the desert from Hawthorne with a pair of mules first, back in the '50's, and staked her out. I like to have died then, as my mules did, but a bunch of Pintos camping back at Walker Lake got me before I could cash. I was pretty near the Big Divide, though, raving with thirst and blistered and peckily inside from eating grasswood and chimpap. The Indians took care of me: gave me pine nuts to eat and some water. I can taste that water yet. Chalky with arsenic it was, but sweeter than the water of Truckee Spring. I had staked her out. . . . The Dead Mule, I call her. . . . dying, but the Pintos pulled me out and helped me get back to her. That's eighteen years ago, and I've been picking and drilling away ever since."

"What—for eighteen years?" exclaimed the Tenderfoot.

"Yes, for eighteen years," echoed the tank-tender in a tone that was half sigh, half boast.

"And have you got any gold out of it yet?" inquired the little Easterner, studying closely for the first time the gaunt figure in the dilapidated overalls and frayed jumper, whose clear brown skin, covered in stomach, and scarlet eyes told eloquently of the arsenic he had absorbed in water and food for two decades. He pulled his battered straw hat down over his forehead and answered sulkily.

"Of course I haven't got down to the real stuff yet. I've only sunk six shafts and made them all myself. Dynamite is mighty expensive down here, and I have to go slow, long as these sharks and wild-cat highwaymen won't help me with machinery. But I know ore that's ore, I do." (He drew himself up in a pathetic attempt at dignity, his crimson eyes blaring with fanatic fire.) "Just wait until I get down to it. Then they will come crawling to me on their bellies like so many snake-walkers. They'll beg me to let them in. But I won't, curse 'em! I'll shoot 'em where they grovel before I let 'em touch a grain of my shiny dust."

He dragged a rough bench beneath the shade of the water-tank and invited the Tenderfoot to hear all of his story—the tragic story of his failure. Of course he did not put it that way. There is no such word in the Nevada vernacular, and he spoke with an enthusiasm the self-made man does not know the art of putting into his tale of success; for even at the end of his tarnished and faded rainbow he still could see the fabled treasure that those whose eyes light with the gold lust never lost sight of.

In essence the story of the tank-tender is:

Eighteen years before, from a vagrant little outcropping of ore he had panned gold. He was young then; had been a miner in Virginia City, Gold Hill, and other famous bonanza camps, tolling for a wage: digging tons of gold for others. Now and then he saved a little and fared forth on the desert, prospecting. But

the desert he sampled never turned yellow, until he climbed into the southern altitudes.

Half starved and exasperated by thirst he had found this little treasure lump of mineral. Scarcely able to crawl he had dragged himself about the hillside and staked out his claim. The sun beat above him; the alkali choked him; a hand took on the form of a monster to his fever-glazed eyes. Yet he toiled on his belly like a crawling thing until his last stake was driven. When he rolled over with his senses swooning there were three black spots circling in the whitish blue above him.

A small band of Pintos noted the whistling buzzards from a neighboring hilltop. They found him, and brought him back to life in their shabby little wigwags on Walker Lake. They had brought the little pile of shining slugs and tucked them away under his pillow. They were his medicines, his tonic. When he could walk again he journeyed to the nearest camp and bought tools, drills, and a keg of dynamite. He returned to his good friends, the Pintos, who had nursed him, and took into wife one in their village, half Indian, half white. Her father had been such another gold-seeker as he is the first sight to northern Nevada half a century ago. With her as helpmate and sole companion he set up a tiny cabin on his solitary gold hill and drove his drills and peck with desperate energy. He tunneled and blasted, sampled and panned, through months and years—the seasons of bitter cold and blighting heat. Now and then he would strike a little pocket—always, it seemed, when his dynamite was low and his tools worn away. His Indian friends dragged fragments of lumber to him. With the parings of each little pocket he bought more tools, more dynamite. He borrowed on while his wife fed him on granite hard biscuits, coffee and pine cuts she got from her people who camped in a hill-locked oasis of their reservation.

Then came the railroad at a time when there were no yielding pockets: when the dynamite was exhausted and the drills splintered. Men who would tend the water-tanks in that parched wilderness were utterly few. To him the post was a life-giver. It paid well and bought him more tools and more powder. His wife could do most of the work in tending the tank while he pierced deeper in the excruciating search for the elusive vein. His hope had never died for an instant. It had become instinct with him. He nourished heart and body with it. It made his lifeblood, bleak and uninviting as Nyctin, an emerald garden of delights. It clothed and camped his flinty graces that were some day to dazzle him with treasure. He would go on to the end with this hope ever warming him and filling his dreams with delights. Perforce to all who looked upon him, poisoned to the core with arsenic, he would drill and dig so long as his pulse beat and his nerves palpitated—a heroic embodiment of hope.

"And then," thought the Tenderfoot, when all the story was told and he bade the tank-tender a silent farewell to clamber aboard the caboose of a south-bound freight (there was no passenger train until late that night), "he may strike it. Who can tell?"

The little Easterner had failed in his quest of a failure. Cynical, scolding, vaingloriously parading his dis-*de-bet*, the sardonic grin of the gold lure was entering his flesh.



Drawn by George Gibbs

"I know ore that's ore, I do!"





THE GUARDIAN AT THE CROSSWAYS

DRAWN BY G. H. SHOREY

THE PERIL OF GOOD GOVERNMENT

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

London, March 2, 1905.

THE *Spectator*, which is still the most thoughtful and authoritative of all English weekly journals and on the whole the one that most consistently expresses the best thought of the nation, published in its issue of March 9 a very remarkable article. It discussed—let rather went out of its way to discuss, for the matter is not one of any great urgency—the question of a Parliament for Egypt. The demand for Parliament has been made by the Egyptian General Assembly, and as the demand is one that cannot in the nature of things be gratified immediately, it is suggested that a beginning should be made by conferring upon the existing Legislative Council and the General Assembly the control of Egyptian finances and administration. Against this proposal or anything of the kind, the editor of the *Spectator* seeks to warn his countrymen. He enlarges, with an understatement rather than exaggeration of the truth, upon the benefits and achievements of British rule. "When we went to Egypt," he says, "the population was not only taxed so heavily that the tax-collector left the village nothing but the barest subsistence allowance, but by means of a system of forced labor he was reduced to a condition bordering on servitude. Now, after some twenty years of British control, there is no other Mohammedan cultivator of the soil or inhabitant of a town who is in so good a position. The taxes are collected easily, and the poor man is now able to rise through his own efforts to a level, not merely of comfort, but of affluence. He is no longer afraid to show his wealth lest the demands of the tax-collector should be increased, and he is able to rely upon the government to protect him from the arbitrary oppression of those who are richer than himself or who hold an official position." All this advances, argues the *Spectator*, would be nullified if the Egyptians were allowed to govern themselves. The writer even disputes that the Egyptians, though they may ask for it, really desire autonomy. They like good government, but not self-government; an enlightened despotism is their instinctive ideal; no Mohammedan community has ever developed a system of representative rule; if it ever did, it would quickly die of it; the Egyptians are only asking for a Parliament because a rumour has spread in England that the British will hold on to Egypt and because they believe that in making the demand they are fulfilling the will of the Khedive; but they do not really want it; they are like the Irishman who "has no objection to walking down a road which leads to the place he does not want to go to, if he has any opinion and immediate reason for making a shire." Only Western control and Western sovereignty can secure to the Oriental the government he most desires—a sane and beneficent autocracy, tempered by public opinion; such is the government which England has established in Egypt; it is a government solely in the interests of the Egyptian people, and it allows them a large share of administration to native Egyptians, but not compatible with giving them any sort of Parliamentary control; and the Egyptians ought to be made to understand at once that "the British people will not consent to share the ultimate responsibility for the government of Egypt with them or anybody else."

There are many points in this article which might be made matters of debate. When we see the Shah of Persia attempting to keep insolvency and rebellion at bay by promulgating a constitution; China promising herself a Parliament in twelve years' time; the Indian National Congress pressing for representative rule on the Viceroy's Council; the Siamese and the young Turks agitating the same problem at Bangkok and Constantinople; the Filipino clamor for democratic institutions, the Japanese in full possession of them; and Russia, with her enormous empire, even to the Oriental type of state, struggling to obtain and extend them—when we see all this, it is a little difficult to accept the *Spectator's* explanation of the Egyptian demand for a Parliament, and to conclude without further inquiry that it is all moonshine and insecurity. I am not going to consult the learned or the silly in generalizing about Asia. It is surely a remarkable phenomenon that wherever East and West are in contact, wherever the Oriental is suffering from the aggression of Occidental civilization, wherever he is bethinking himself of how to get rid of this uncomfortable and disquieting supremacy he should be turning with one accord to the device of representative government. What is the reason of it? The Oriental, remember, is profoundly convinced that his civilization is superior to that of the West. He does not, therefore, admit for one moment that successful encroachments of the white men are due to his natural or inherited inferiority in himself. The more thoughtful Oriental may ascribe the growing preeminence of the Occident to a preponderance in the material arts and sciences and may urge his countrymen, if they will to resist the domination of the alien, to get burning and fight the West with its own weapons. But the vast majority of Asia, in which this advice, it would seem, is being acted upon, Japan, for instance, has adopted it with marvellous dexterity and success, and China appears to be following in her footsteps. But human nature, it has been justly pointed out, "always inclines to believe that an inferiority is not due to intrinsic qualities, but to some dodge, some device which might be appropriated if the secret were but known." Is it quite certain that Asia is not coming to believe that representative government is precisely the contrivance it is

in search of, the root-cause of Occidental victories in peace and war? None such idea, greatly encouraged, no doubt, by the example of Japan, appears, at any rate, to be working in the Oriental mind. To us of the West who have had our fill of democratic institutions and are, if anything, tired of them, such a notion seems absurd enough. But its absurdity is veiled from the Oriental because he has never yet, except in Japan, where it has led to triumphant results, had a chance of translating it into practice. It is therefore quite possible that before very long many Asiatic peoples, with the idea that they are strengthening themselves against the pressure of the Occident, will be experimenting with Parliamentary government. How the experiment will work, considering that, again with the exception of Japan, which differs from all other Oriental lands in being a compact island kingdom, patriotism, national sentiment, and consciousness of national cohesiveness, as we understand these things, are unknown throughout Asia, is a question which, in spite of its seductive challenge to speculation, I must leave alone. My present point is merely to show that the Egyptian demand for a Parliament is not, as the *Spectator* seems to think it, an isolated phenomenon, but corresponds with a movement of thought which is stirring the Oriental mind from Constantinople to Peking, and which may conceivably be something more serious than the mere whims and fustian inspirations of people who do not know what it is they really want.

But there is another standpoint from which the Egyptian agitation may be looked at, a standpoint prominently interesting to Englishmen as well as to Americans, and not less to Americans as compared to the service in the work of Empire-building. Fewer seem to say that free peoples cannot govern subject races. The dictum, I take it, may be variously interpreted. Mr. Bryan, for instance, seems to think it means that the Americans cannot govern the Filipinos without themselves becoming less "free." But it is possible to read into it a wider and less dubious significance than that. A democracy finds it very difficult to be liberal at home and autocratic abroad. It has an inclination, which is one of sentiment rather than of thought, toward treating all politics and peoples as so many transactions in algebra, to be solved by fixed formulas. The formula it brings to their solution are the principles, the institutions, the political instincts to which it is used and on which it has thrived at home. Thus the House of Commons, if it were not restrained by a happy mixture of ignorance and indifference, would govern India and the great powers of the world by making a shire. Thus Americans are ruling the Philippines in full and almost fanatical accordance with "Jeffersonian doctrines." Thus the French base their colonial policy on "the principles of 1789." The Holy Alliance marked the last gasp of prescientifying about nations, but not less of the same error, as it was concerned as bent upon forcing all with whom they came in contact to see things through their own spectacles as were ever the old autocracies. You will never be able to persuade a democracy that its most may be another people's poison or that all nations would not prosper equally well on the regimen that has claimed to suit itself, England in India, Egypt, and the Malay States, just like America in the Philippines, looks forward to three dependencies one day taking their place as self-governing units in a great Imperial confederation; and with this idea in view, it would be very well worth inquiring how far our democratic innovations are of a kind to encourage among the Indians, Malaysians, Egyptians, and Filipinos a consciousness, if not of nationality, at least of some underlying unity that may develop hereafter into the beginnings of an eventual autonomy.

There is yet a further aspect of the matter that deserves consideration. England has admittedly brought the mechanics of Empire-making and Empire-ruling to a pitch of unrivalled perfection. She has devised a system admirably designed and dispassionately applied. But with a certain psychological obtuseness she overestimates the effects of her system and her material results upon the native mind. Wherever she goes she imposes peace, establishes order, deals out even-handed justice among the peoples under her rule, increases their material prosperity, educates them, fosters with insouciant security their persons and property, and preserves to them, with as little interference as possible, their distinctive social and religious customs. And for these benefits she looks for their eternal gratitude, if not for their eternal affection. That is a profound error. She does not realize, though some day she will have to, that her very success increases her detestation. In that good government, the longer it is maintained, becomes more and more an established and normal condition and less and less a special ground of thankfulness. It is as true to-day as ever that when men wax fat they kick against the pricks. All that England has done in the Egyptian case is to avoid nothing. If the dormant hope of domination that is inbred in Islam were to be roused and turned against her, it is lamentable, but hardly, I think, deniable, that the government of Orientals is easier, and produces, if not locally, at any rate more passively, when they are poor, abject and disheartened than when prosperity has been imposed upon them by an Occidental administration. The secret of the success of British Imperialism hitherto may prove the secret of its failure hereafter.

A BRIDGE ON LAND AND A SUBWAY ABOVE GROUND



THE GAUNT AND IMPRESSIVE STRUCTURE OF THE NEW BLACKWELL'S ISLAND BRIDGE, WHICH IS SLOWLY SPANNING THE EAST RIVER FROM THE FOOT OF EAST SIXTY-FIFTH STREET TO THE LONG ISLAND SHORE. THE PORTION OF THE STRUCTURE SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH IS THAT WHICH CENTRES ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.



ONE OF THE MOST FORMIDABLE AND INTERESTING ENGINEERING PROJECTS NOW UNDER WAY IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE TUNNEL OF THE METROPOLITAN ELEVATED RAILWAY IN PARIS. A PORTION OF WHICH IS BEING BUILT, PARADOXICALLY, ABOVE GROUND. THE STEEL FRAMEWORK OF TWO SECTIONS, RESPECTIVELY 1300 AND 1800 FEET LONG, IS BEING BUILT IN THE STREET ON THE SITE OF THE FLOWER MARKET. WHEN THIS PORTION OF THE WORK IS FINISHED, EXCAVATIONS WILL BE MADE BENEATH IT, AND THE STRUCTURE WILL BE ALLOWED TO SETTLE TO ITS PERMANENT DEPTH.

MR. CARNEGIE'S NOTEWORTHY ENDOWMENT FOR ENGINEERING

By THOMAS COMMERFORD MARTIN

President of the Engineers' Club

THE fourth quarter of the last century witnessed a remarkable development in this country in the creation of engineering societies. More than is yet realized, the epoch-making Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia gave a tremendous stimulus to the arts and sciences in America, whose practitioners, measuring thus against their foreign brethren, realized at once their essential advantage and their insignificant limitations. Education took on a new direction, students young men found training and a career outside the beaten paths of law, medicine, and theology, and avacuity the new America, born of invention and engineering, came into existence, giving to the world many of the bases of its present civilization, and competing with all the rest of mankind for the supply of necessities, comforts, and conveniences.

A civilization whose breath is steam, whose nerves are steel, whose vital force is electricity, whose wants are almost infinitely supplied by machinery, summoned into being engineers of all kinds, and these drew together rapidly into societies and organizations where professional fellowship was the primary bond of union, where technical papers and questions could be discussed, and where distinction in achievement could be recognized by office or by other honors.

The early eighties saw New York the home of many of these vigorous new societies and institutes, constituting in a sense postgraduate universities, but retaining in many cases without equipment, property, or permanent home. Much of the wealth that engineering and invention had created went, in fact, to build up units of learning like Cornell University or the Stevens Institute of Technology; and little was left for the impatient bodies with which their technical graduates affiliated as they began professional life.



The new Engineering Societies Building in West Thirty-ninth Street, the Gift of Mr. Carnegie

Between 1860 and 1883 the idea was often suggested of a common home for these growing societies, but there were difficulties and even jealousies, and the process of society formation was still active. Hence nothing came of the agitation then or later, although with rapid increase in membership the want intensified, for the societies began to receive relics, libraries, endowments, foundations for medals, etc., and got tired of living in "holes in the wall." Thus things drifted until in February, 1903, the writer, as toast-master at the library dinner of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, had the honor of introducing Mr. Andrew Carnegie, a donor to the library, who spoke eloquently that night upon cooperation among engineers. Ever a man of deeds, Mr. Carnegie next day invited the president of the Institute, Mr. C. F. Nott, and the chairman of its building committee, Mr. C. W. Rice, to a conference with him, and upon February 14 he presented the engineering societies of America domiciles in New York with a welcome Valentine in the shape of one million dollars "to erect a suitable building for you all." And one year later he increased this amount to \$1,500,000.

The only limitation on this gift was that the money should go in building, and that the beneficiaries should provide the land. At that time the Engineers' Club, a purely social organization, had already secured land for its new home on West Fortieth Street opposite Bryant Park and the Public Library, a site that appealed strongly to Mr. Carnegie, who, therefore, having as a member made the club participant in the endowment, offered to finance the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and the American Institute of Mining Engineers in obtaining the land they needed on West Thirty-ninth Street, at a cost of \$500,000. Thus provision was made at the outset for two separate buildings, each one devoted to the technical and professional side of engineering and the other to the human and social side. As the land for the civil building cost about \$250,000, it will be seen that not less than \$250,000 was thus set aside for the creation of a new engineering center, the like of which had certainly never been seen before. This sum is, however, far from representing the total lay-out. To the Engineering Societies Building, \$1,000,000 was appropriated out of the gift, and \$150,000 went to the club, which has added

\$150,000 of its own for equipment, etc. The movable property and expenditures of the three former engineering bodies represent at least \$100,000, so that the two structures as they stand have taken \$2,500,000 in all.

To administer and operate the joint enterprise of the three national technical bodies named above, a holding corporation was formed known as the United Engineering Society, under a New York charter, in May, 1904. Dr. Ware, of Columbia University, was selected as professional adviser on the building plans, and after a mixed competition Mr. Herbert D. Hale, of Boston, son of Edward Everett Hale, was selected as architect, his associates in the work being Messrs. H. G. Morse and J. G. Rogers. The building shown on this page was ready January, 1907, having been built within the appropriated sum and the specified time. It is occupied not only by the three "founder societies," but by numerous allied bodies, to whom all the facilities are available, so that already it is the headquarters of over 15,000 professional men engaged in civil, mechanical, mining, electrical, naval, ventilating, lighting, chemical, and other branches of engineering. Each founder society occupies a whole floor by itself, and two others are set aside for the other societies, which are not tenants, but pay a pro rata of the operating and maintenance expenses. There are many other distinctive and unique features about the building. It is completely encircled by a wide driveway, partly covered, giving access to carriages, drays, etc. It has a superb entrance-hall, or foyer, with writing, smoking, lounging, administration rooms, etc., where men can linger and chat when conventions are being held. It has seven fine halls for meeting, the largest accommodating 1000 people and the smallest 100, with water, air, gas, electricity, etc., laid on to each for experimental and demonstration uses. At the top of the fourteen-story building is a superb library, with wide windows dominating all New York, and with its stack rooms, providing for over 50,000 volumes. Here the three founder societies have housed their libraries and are even now bringing into actual service the largest and finest engineering library in the world. It is rich in rarities of every kind, containing, for example, the unassailed Latimer Clark collection of early electrical literature, dating back to the fifteenth century, from England, bought and presented by Dr. S. S. Wheeler.

The general appreciation of the value of this centre for the diffusion of knowledge is best shown by the gift in aid of payment for the land from prominent men and great corporations. Mr. George Westinghouse and his companies have given \$50,000; the General Electric Company \$75,000, and its officials nearly as much more; the Bell Telephone Companies, \$25,000; Mr. T. A. Edison, \$5000; the Allis-Chalmers Company, \$35,000; Mr. Charles H. Mackay, \$5000. The youngest body, the Electricians, has had to do most in the way of getting money, but over 700 of its members have already contributed.

The Engineers' Club in its membership of 1750 has few men who are not also active in one or more of the big engineering societies, whence the fundamental elements of the relationship, now made more intimate and mutually helpful.

For ten years past it has occupied the spacious Coleman Bryson mansion, 100 Fifth Avenue. Ever a Philistine, the Wahler-Asteria; but driven out by the roar of trade and the new marts of millinery, it has found a delightful abiding place on Bryant Park facing northward. The new Engineers' Club has already as near neighbors the New York Club and the Republican Club, and still others will join them. It is a handsome twelve-story building of simple design, constructed of white marble and red brick.

Beyond question these two buildings, with their diverse but harmonious purposes, their distinct but related functions, their separate but common endowment, their different but intertwined personalities, will be quite new in the social economy of New York or any other city.



The Building which will house the Engineers' Club. It will adjoin the Engineering Societies Building in the Rear

A NEW PROJECT FOR THE CROSSING OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL



THE PLANS FOR THE PROMISED TUNNEL UNDER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, COMPRISE A SCHEME FOR AN UNFAMILIAR KIND OF PASSENGER-CAR. AS SHOWN IN THE ACCOMPANYING PHOTOGRAPH, THESE CARS ARE PLANNED TO HOLD ONLY TWO PASSENGERS EACH

How Congress Spends \$1,000,000,000

(Continued from page 530.)

siderably more liberal than the available resources of the nation are able to meet. The leading House committees take these estimates, and with these as a basis draw up appropriation bills, which are usually presented to the House by the chairman of the committee. They follow a conflict of forces—first in the House, then in the Senate, and often between the House and Senate. So far-reaching are the appropriation measures collectively that hardly a national issue of importance is not dragged into the debates. Aside from questions of general national policy, as military preparedness, for example, the main point of interest after the smoke has cleared away is the prospect of the balance-sheet, or, in other words, whether the authorized outlay has been kept within the limits of the assured income. In the session recently closed, by the exercise of much ingenuity, the balance was made to come out on the right side. According to the best information available, the total revenues of the United States for the fiscal year 1908 are expected to be substantially as follows:

Ordinary revenues from customs, internal revenue, etc.	\$654,000,000
Postal receipts, with eight per cent. estimated increase over 1907	196,000,000
	\$850,000,000

Similar estimates put the amount which will probably have to be actually paid out by the government during the same period at \$829,508,994.27, which means a margin of somewhat over twenty millions—a particularly gratifying showing when it is considered that until within two or three weeks of the close of the session there was every prospect that the volume of appropriations would far outrun even the most sanguine estimate of income.

It is interesting to observe that the House of Representatives, true to the trust re-

posed in it by the Constitution, continues to be the great guardian of the national purse. The estimates for the thirteen regular annual appropriations were reduced by House committees and by the House itself by more than \$25,000,000, while the bills as passed by the House were increased on the recommendation of the committees of the Senate and by the Senate in their passage by more than \$30,000,000. The total of the thirteen bills as finally passed showed a reduction of \$16,404,873.40 from their aggregate as passed by the Senate; but even then the Senate was directly responsible for the adding of not less than twenty millions to the final appropriation.

Riches

ALBY. "I long to be rich enough to retire, old man."

REGGIE. "Deah boy! I long to be rich enough to sit up all night."

Too Too

WHILE, with bullets made of lead,

The neighbors' twins was filling—
His mother fondly smiled, and said,
"Well, ain't he just too killing!"

Dressed Up—and Down

A SOUTHERN man tells of the sad case of a ducky in his employ much addicted to gaudy and costly raiment. This negro, it appears, had been jilted by the ducky belle of the town, she advising him in no uncertain terms that she was "through with him for good." To this she added some observations concerning the colored gentleman's predilection for expensive apparel.

"I don't understand yo', Sarah," moaned the disconsolate suitor. "Yo' shorely don't object to me fo' de reason dat I dresses handsome?"

"Dat's one of my reasons," promptly replied the lady in the case. "I likes good

close ryme's all right. I likes to see good close in odder folks; but, Mistah Botta, I don't care to take no chance of havin' to help yo' buy dem de rest of my life!"

UNSWEETENED CONDENSED MILK.

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MUSIC AND THE OPERA

CALVÉ ENCORE

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

EMMA CALVÉ, one of the few authentic geniuses of the contemporary lyric stage, is again exhibiting her art before the New York public after a three years' absence, this time at Mr. Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House. Instead of at that older temple of the Muse presided over by his colleague, Mr. Cosulich. Madame Calvé, it seems superfluous to say, effected her reentry upon the local stage in the rôle of Carmen. This is a fact which it is possible to regret. There is not the slightest doubt that Madame Calvé's *Carmen* is a product of genius, and of a very extraordinary quality of genius; it is equally obvious that, viewed strictly as an interpretation of Bizet's character, it is at more than one point defective; for it is not conceived by Madame Calvé wholly with reference to its environment; in a phrase which has been somewhat overused, it emerges "out of the picture," is obtrusive where it should be necessary, and is sometimes extravagantly accented. It makes a potent and ennobling effect, for it is full of fascination, and is, throughout, suffused with the magic of a personality which is, in many ways, the most wonderful on the lyric stage of our day. One almost inevitably assumes that Carmen is Calvé's supreme achievement—the one which most fully discloses her extraordinary powers. It would not be difficult, if the thought of space were negligible, to demonstrate the falsity of this view—to chant at length the praises of two other characterizations in which this incomparable singing-actress is, indisputably, far finer and truer. But let it be affirmed simply that as *Suzanne* in "Cavalleria Rusticana" she is far more convincing, eloquent, and moving than as *Carmen*; and that as *Messalina*, in *fallade de Lara's* well-nigh forgotten opera, she imposed upon the modern operatic stage, and in the memories of those who were fortunate enough to witness it, an interpretation simply incomparable in its vitality and genius, no less than in its superb and unerring art. Would that it might be seen again, and if that were possible, in a worthy musical and dramatic setting than was afforded by de Lara's much-heralded though not unadmirable opera. Who that observed it sympathetically will forget that passage in her scene with *Henri* where, as Calvé enacted her, she rose from her silver couch to curse her still timorous lover, her robe of cloth-of-gold trailing gorgeously after her and a wreath of poppies crowning her extraordinary and noble loveliness, while her characteristic and haunting motif broadened with insinuating tenderness in the orchestra!—But these are things of the very dead past, whereas *Carmen* and *Suzanne* still live; and the *Suzanne* of Calvé is, of the two, the greater attainment. Thus, we say, it is regrettable that, for many, Calvé merely spells "l'armen."

Her *Carmen*—for it is this which we are here, particularly, considering—is naturally, to-day, a somewhat different one from the *Carmen* of ten years ago, or even of three years ago. It is not so lithe, so spontaneous, so completely unconscious. This *Carmen* exerts a shadow which is measurably more ample than of old; she utters her passions and her raptures with less simplicity and instant effect; there is less freedom, and there is less intensity. It is a creation that is still full of genius, full of a kind of enchantment which is not to be paralleled; if the genius flames somewhat less ardently than of old. If the enchantment is a little dimmer, shall we not charge it against the inexorable progress of the years, against that eerie

flight of time which, sooner or later, must dim the glory of us all, even the most captivating and superb?

If it were possible to imagine the Kneisel Quartet a less perfect body of exponents than they actually are, one would still be compelled to acknowledge—a few bright-eyed ones would acknowledge without compulsion—the extraordinary and memorable service which Mr. Kneisel and his associates have done to the cause of musical art by their persistent and undaunted exploitation of what ever seemed at once creatively new and important in their particular field. It is not too much to say that no one has been more zealous and untiring in his search after new music of significance or importance, and in his prompt and generous exposition of it, than has Mr. Kneisel. Moreover, he has done this service to the larger interests of art in the face of petulance and intolerance on the part of many among his public who should have been quick to recognize the value, no less than the musicfulness, of the work performed for their enlightenment. The matter is full of dis-

couragement for those to whom music still speaks with a living and changeful side; yet there is much consolation in the fact that Mr. Kneisel continues to behave as if he were really convinced that musical art did not come to an abrupt and tragic close a decade ago, since novelties still appear on the programmes of the Quartet.

One is moved to these reflections by the performance last week, by Mr. Kneisel and his associates, of a new quintet for piano and strings by Gabriel Fauré, which had not hitherto been played in America. This quintet (in D minor, opus 89) was performed in Paris for the first time a year ago, at a concert given jointly by Raoul Pugno, the French pianist, and Eugène Ysaÿe, the Belgian violinist.

Music by Fauré is not very familiar to American audiences. He is best known here by his songs and by the incidental music which he wrote for Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande"—music, by the way, which is far from showing him at his best. This quintet is in a different class. In three movements, it is prevailingly meditative in tone. The movement which, in form and spirit, makes the nearest approach to a scherzo, is the third—an *allegretto moderato* which, although its opening measures voice a certain gaiety and exhilaration, does not greatly alter the mood of contemplation recently which is declared at the beginning of the work. Fauré is reckoned, somewhat mistakenly, among those younger French music-makers who are conventionally summed up as "advised." Actually, he is in his music infinitely less radical, less adventurous, in his methods of musical expression than are those younger men with whom he has been indiscriminately grouped. Yet in this new quintet there is much that is genuinely and in the best sense, "modern." In its method of utterance, there are harmonic effects that are delicious in their subtlety and their iridescent hue; there are melodic lines which captivate the imagination by their freedom and their delicacy of contour. More noteworthy, however, than the surface quality of this music, is the emotional atmosphere in which it is steeped. From the start one is aware of music that is unflinchingly severe and noble, and that has moments of deep and exquisite beauty. In the second movement, particularly, there are pages where one is reminded that there is such a thing as "inspiration" even—shall one extravagantly say—in contemporary music.



The most famous of "Carmens"
EMMA CALVÉ, WHO IS APPEARING AT
THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE, AFTER
A THREE YEARS' ABSENCE FROM THE
LYRIC STAGE OF NEW YORK



THE SEASON'S PLAYS

A "PATRICIAN" PLAY, AND OTHERS

By "I"

TWO new amiable extravaganzas have come to gladden the heart of the town—"The Grand Mogul" at the New Amsterdam Theatre, and "The Land of Nod" at the New York. To play the prophet is always perilous, and never more so than when one speaks of such enterprises as these; yet it seems safe to predict that both entertainments will remain popular during the summer.

At the risk of being trite, one cannot avoid the impulse to characterize "The Land of Nod" as a theatrical Jekyll and Hyde, for never since the primitive days of the menial miracle-plays have such excellent humor and charm been united with such deadly dull recitativism. And, by way of warning to those who would enjoy the Jekyll part of the extravaganza, let it be remembered that the good ball comes later, about ten or eleven o'clock and you will be safe. Those who attend earlier go at their own risk.

To begin at the beginning and have done with the unpleasant moments as soon as possible—the story of the play is based on the experience of *Boswell*, a pretty, dainty and fox-faced little girl who falls asleep at home and wakes up in the land of Nod. *Boswell* is impersonated by Mabel Harrison, who appears exactly as she was in "Hobbes in Toyland"—some beauty, some round pink stockings, some "cute" little ways, some shrill and piercing voice in its painful simulation of childishness.

In the land of Nod she meets the Director *Men*, who is far more dismal than his bitterest foes have painted him; the fact of *Beauty*, the April Fool, the Wink Rabbit, and other weird and dreamy persons. The action and dialogue are nightmarish and of the Tenderloin brotherhood. For example, the *Thorus* girl in her last twenty moments says to the *Wink* Men: "Love is the sensation you feel when the second cocktail meets the first and says, 'Move on! here comes another.' . . . Did you ever drink a bottle of wine? No? I see I've got to give you a lesson in high society. Let's open a bottle of wine."

But oh! what a relief when the curtain rises on Act II, which is a musical burlesque called "The Song Birds" and is a satire on the cruel war between Dr. Herr Director Cursed and Dr. Illustrious Imperator Hammerstein. The encounter of these worthies is as delightful as *Wider and Wicker* at their best. William Hammerstein represents the great terror to the life, from the topmost glass of the Sacred Bath through every trick of feature, voice, posture, down to the flicking of the ashes of his cigar.

Possibly the dark background of "The Land of Nod" makes this skit stand out the more attractively, but it is nevertheless interesting to see the jaded audience galvanised into life and laughter by the humor of the opera campaign. "The Song Birds" was composed and written by Victor Herbert and George V. Hobart, and given at a *London* Club, and this was its first public presentation. It is cheerful and laughable from beginning to end. And even the poor old "Land of Nod" has two tuneful catchy songs which probably will be much sung and whistled this summer—"You Look Good to Father" and "The Same Old Moon."

"The Grand Mogul" is indeed a long journey down the road to yesterday. It takes one back to the days when comic opera was the wildest form of theatrical amusement. It partakes of practically all the elements of the recognized fifteen-act variety. It has a certain number of bright spots, tuneful songs, and one very amusing character in the person of Frank Moulton, the comedian. There is just about enough plot to link one act to another and to introduce a scene of songs. Patrons of musical comedy will be able to compare the three acts before their vision when it is said that the story of "The Grand Mogul" is that of a circus side-showman who, becoming entangled in the anchor rope of a balloon rising from the grounds of the Royal Palace at Hanoi, is dropped through the roof of the Palace of The Grand Mogul on the Island of India. The Mogul is out at the time, indulging in the even sport of tiger-hunting. His profound abuse arouses the belief that he has suffered the fate of the historic Young Lady of Nyer, and that some tiger off in the jungle is already smiling. Since he is supposed to have devoured from the sea, a petition has been made to those higher up to send another son of the sun. It is at this psychological moment that Barker, the circus man, comes in through the roof. He is held as the Mogul and in a moment or two his ballooning companions are brought in before him as prisoners. After putting them through the expected stunts, the Mogul himself returns and everything is topsyturvy still within five minutes of the fall of the final curtain.

There is no doubt that the burden of making the piece go rests upon the shoulders of Mr. Moulton, and he really achieves a great deal, although he has not been provided with a part to which his fascinating ability entitles him. Miss Maud Lillian Herri, a large young lady of the sort Lillian Russell type, sang the soprano songs, and was made over to by Mr. Moulton and the Simon-pure Mogul. Mr. John Donouane, Miss Herri was evidently so delighted with the way the opera was going the night "I" saw it that when she wasn't singing, she was smiling at the audience. It seemed to tickle her almost to death to come on the stage. Incidentally, she sang several of her songs very well. Mr. George Moore, although inclined toward the "Caruso" side, earned much applause by his singing of the rôle of an American naval officer.

By way of comment upon Mr. J. Hartley Manners' drama, "A Marriage of Reason," which was produced last week at Wallack's Theatre, with Mr. Kyrle Bellew in the leading part, for the first time in New York, "I" can do no better than to quote in its compelling entirety the preliminary announcement helpfully issued by the producers of the play. It will be evident to every reader of discernment that this chaotic yet vital presentation possesses the priceless virtue of enthusiasm, admirably allied with a modest yet dignified reverence. It is as distinguished as it is unapproachable. To allow its exposure to any manner what a certain genius would have called "its heavenly lengths," would be a crime against art.

"Mr. Bellew," reads the announcement, "is New York's favorite romantic hero, and in diplomatic, army and navy and society sets throughout the nation his highest example by any contemporary player, either English or American. He has been a sailor and soldier himself, an officer of Her Majesty's Navy and a lion in the West End of London."

"His new play, 'A Marriage of Reason,' is frankly fashionable. It deals with nobility and noblesse. The action is intensely dramatic, crowded with incident and replete with original situations, but it is always perfectly hard in thorough good form and redolent of aristocracy. Throughout it moves on the very highest plane of life."

Naturally such a patrician play demands the polished artistry and delicious genius of Kyrle Bellew for its chief exponent. He has the rôle of *Lord Delmore*, an impoverished British peer who makes a marriage of reason, that is to say of convenience, with *Edith Forrester*, a Chicago heiress, who brings him an abundance of dollars, glorious beauty, and the splendid unspoiled nature of a true American gentleman. *Lord Delmore* grows to love his American conquest and in loathe the matrimonial bargain by which he had bound himself in cold blood to such a beautiful woman. But the Earl is lovable himself, and after many moving and dramatic incidents it develops that his countess loves him also, and the 'marriage of reason' that begins in a bargain, becomes a marriage of true love and happiness.

"Miss Fannie Ward comes fresh from London triumphs to play the rôle of the glorious American girl. Having made a great success herself, and having achieved fame upon the British and American stage, Miss Ward is eminently suited for the exacting rôle which requires, in addition to everything else, stunning beauty and wonderful genius. The cast is the clearest imaginable. A patrician play requires players who have moved in that atmosphere and to whom the club, the boardroom, the opera-box, and the country house are part of their everyday life. Such have been found in Mr. Frederic de Belleville, Mr. Conway Tearle, Mr. J. K. Adams, Mr. C. Russell Sage, Mr. R. L. Smith, Miss Richard Storer, Miss Julia Dean, Miss Margaret Fuller, and Miss Maud Bruns Meyer."

"Four acts are laid in and around DeLacoste Abbey, which will be recognized by the travelled as the country place of an American woman of title, who also has found happiness in an international marriage. The stage settings are exquisite, and the costumes of the ladies are the superlative creations of the *Revue de la Paix*. They are exactly the sort of frocks that one sees when the wealth and nobility of England gather at Goodwood, at the dual house parties and great balls. The entire atmosphere is one of extreme elegance and refinement without the slightest trace of ostentation. These men and these women are thoroughbred. They have their existence in the high altitudes of life, but they are intensely human. . . ."

"Mr. Bellew is suited to the glowy bits by the rôle of *Lord Delmore*. He is a nobleman and a superb gentleman who never gets outside the picture."



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CARELESS MOTORIST. "Why in thunder do they put their blankety mile-stones so far apart?"

A Valuable Historical Discovery in Wyoming

A RECENT accident has led to the discovery of what is probably one of the most ancient burial-grounds in Wyoming, dating back as early as 1811. It is in the form of a cave, long since covered over, in which were found seven complete skeletons, as well as blankets, beads, tomahawks, and other Indian relics that competent authorities declare were the property of the Arcturians, who founded a village of that name in 1800 near where Pierre, South Dakota, now stands.

The discovery seems to substantiate an old Indian legend long held in doubt by Wyoming historians, but which has been handed down with surprising accuracy among the Crow and Sioux. The legend deals with the expedition of Wilson P. Hunt, who, in 1805, headed the Astor expedition, starting from Omaha in April to follow in the footsteps of Lewis and Clark.

On July 18, 1811, Hunt and a party of sixty men, seven Arcturian Indians and one Sioux interpreter, left the Arcturian village for the Northwest. The Indian legend is that near the crossing of Little Powder River the whites became suspicious of the actions of the seven Arcturians, fearing they meant to betray the land into the hands of the Blackfoot. According to the Indian story, the Arcturians were detained with a party of twenty whites to scout to the north of the Little Powder camp, and that later on the whites returned, declaring that the Indians had deserted. The Indians have always claimed that the whites murdered the entire band, but not until the discovery of the seven skeletons has the story received any evidence.

A Tree That Gives Milk

In South America is a remarkable tree growing in the valley of the Amazon. Its sap is a milk singularly like the finest cow's milk. It is highly nutritious, and will mix with water, hot or cold, and never curdles in hot climates. It keeps good for a week, even in the hottest weather, and has much the taste of cow's milk in which cinnamon has been steeped. It is a little thicker than ordinary milk, and has the feeling in the mouth of liquid jelly. If left standing for a few hours a thick, oily cream arises. When dry it has the consistency of soft wax. A recent traveller in South America says he has drunk large quantities of it, both as it came from the tree and also mixed with tea or coffee, with which it combines better than animal milk. He declares that it is extremely nourishing, and that when he could get this sap he always preferred it to cow's milk. The milk is obtained either by bruising the bark of the trunk of the tree or by breaking the smaller branches, when it flows very freely, so much so that several quarts may be obtained from a single tree within a few hours' time.

Either Way

A TRAVELLER lately returned from Ireland has a story illustrating the ready wit of the Irishman. An old gardener, meeting his employer, touched his finger to the tip of his rap and said:

"Good morning, yer honor, or had a fine dream of ye last night."

"Indeed, Michael!" remarked the employer. "What was the dream?"

"Oh dreamt that ye gave me a fine box o' tobacco, an' that yer ladyship, yer honor's wife, gave me a beautiful wife a case o' the best tea."

"Ah, Michael, but you know dreams always go by contraries."

"That," said Michael, "maybe ye'll be after giving me wife th' tobacco an' yer ladyship 'll give me th' tea."

Fellow Travellers

A GREENWICH man tells of a Connecticut farmer who, after having driven a lot of bags to Greenwich, asked them for precisely what had been offered him before he left home.

"You don't seem to have made much by bringing your bags down here," remarked the man who tells the story.

"Well, an'," replied the agriculturist, dejectedly, "I ain't made no money, but then, you know," he added, his face brightening, "I had the company of the bags on the way down."

A Problem

"Dan," began Bubby, "the world is round, isn't it?"

"No, I believe, my son," replied dad.

"Well, dad," continued Bubby, "how can it come to an end?"

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Mrs. A. "Why do you think that?"

Mrs. A. "Because she has never lived with me."

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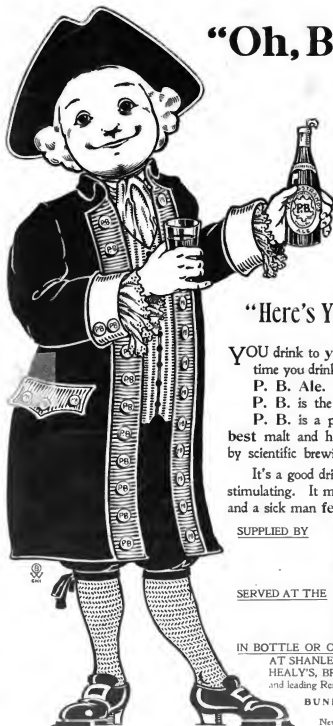
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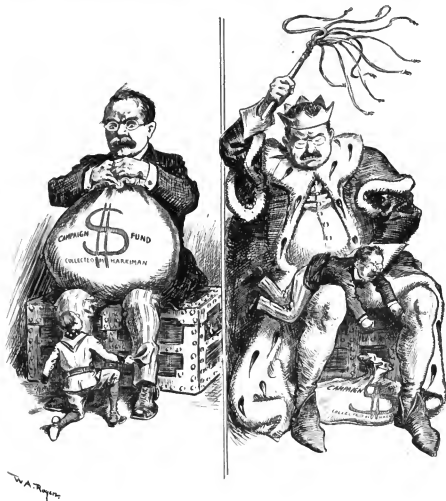
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TAKING

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COMMENT

A Dignified Country

This episode between the President and Mr. HUBBMAN has, on the whole, been treated by the country with dignity. It is unnecessary to repeat that it was "unfortunate" or "deplorable," for it was marked by taste of a quality so obvious that it needs no descriptive adjective. It is, of course, sadly true that the President has lost something by the part which he played, and also by the revelation—it will be so to many—that the best-intentioned man cannot escape smirching if he wades too far into the mire of politics. It will do no good to any one—least of all the country—to add much to what has already been said about Mr. ROOSEVELT's quick proneness to give the lie to every one who differs from him, and who may be mistaken. To some minds this haste and unrestraint of the President have been amusing; but it can be so no longer. It is very hard on the country. It puts us in the wrong light. Our people are not habitually doing that sort of thing. As a rule, Americans are conscious that mistakes are not lies, while our Presidents have usually ignored assaults upon them, have left their conduct to speak for itself, and have declined personal encounters. It is not necessary to inquire into the merits of this particular issue; a regard for the country commands silence; the issue should not have been raised. The comment which might properly be made upon the act of a newspaper that will buy stolen letters is obvious; but it cannot now be indulged in, because, in this instance, the question is brought before the courts by the arrest of the clerk who is charged with stealing Mr. HUBBMAN's letters to Mr. SHERIDAN WEBSTER.

Roosevelt and Politics

One revelation of the episode is open to public discussion. It is now known more clearly than it was before that Mr. ROOSEVELT has been taking that active part in political campaigns which requires constant and intimate association with party leaders and their machinery and other instrumentalities. It requires also acquaintance with and condensation of the ways and manners of the artisans of modern practical politics. Mr. ROOSEVELT's best friends have, for many years, regretted his love of the game, a love which he has asserted more than once. Some of his political opponents even have advised him to curb a propensity which, at times, has seemed to take possession of him like a passion. Once GAVIN CLEVELAND, when he was Governor of New York, warned him against putting too much faith in machine-workers, telling him that, some day, he would find himself sadly betrayed by some one of them in whom he had trusted. But Mr. ROOSEVELT, with that confidence in himself which is so often admirable, has persisted, insisting that he would succeed in compelling a better state of things through questionable instruments. At

last, as was bound to be the case, he is inextricably mixed up in the proceedings and acts of one of the worst machines—that of his own party in his own State—of the darkest chapter in American political history. He worked with the worst men, was conscious of some of their acts, discussed freely with them the raising of sums of money much larger than honest politics demanded, while his trusted friends and advisers laid themselves open to suspicions—possibly unjustified—which, in turn, have reflected upon him. So far as his connection with practical politics is concerned, Mr. ROOSEVELT has shut his eyes upon bad men and bad methods, or is too guileless for the work in which, directly or indirectly, he has been engaged. A good many of his well-wishers have long believed that, in undertaking to increase public virtue by the employment of bad men and their methods, he was making a mistake; now they are sure of it, and they thus understand why the President should be moved to intense anger by the publication of a letter which, without making any attempt to do justice to his motives, naively and frankly speaks of his familiarity with questionable campaign funds and their collectors and contributors.

The President's Conspiracy

Is there really a "rich man's conspiracy," or is Mr. ROOSEVELT suffering from undue suspicion? According to one of the newspapers, the mummeling of an inebriated statesman is the basis for his certainty that the President is the object of a plot which is medieval in its character and belittling in its folly. The story thus comes from a source that cannot command respect. But it is inherently suspicious. The muttered confession does not fit in with the facts of current history. Mr. ROOSEVELT is fighting windmills. The organization of the conspiracy, so it was stated, involved the choosing of delegates from various States who were to be pledged to support favorite sons until these had been exhausted, and then the convention was to take up some "reactionary," like Vice-President FARMANUS. To carry out this plot \$5,000,000 had been raised. While one paper ascribed this plot to a drunken man, another paper's Washington correspondent attributed it to Senator PENROSE. Senator PENROSE says that he didn't, while some of his friends say that he did it in order to make game of Secretary LOAN. One trouble is that no such movement for favorite sons as that described is in foot. Some Republican gentlemen have long been trying to induce their several States to regard them as favorite sons, but among these are quite as many friends as opponents of Mr. ROOSEVELT. In New York there may be two, both ROOSEVELT men, while the statesman who hopes for the maternal favors of Wisconsin is counted more radical than the President, if that be possible. There is to be a "try out" in Ohio between FORAKER and TAFT, but there is no conspiracy evident behind either of them. There is, indeed, a recognizable struggle going on in the Republican party, but it is also going on in the Democratic party, and this is so because the issue is dividing men without regard to party. The issue is between those who believe in government control of business and those who believe in individual freedom; between those, too, incidentally, who believe in national usurpation of the rights of the States, and those who believe that the States should not be divested of their constitutional authority by judicial constructions. There is no conspiracy and no concealment on the part of those who oppose the President, and some of these are likely to resent the accusation that seems to have been so eagerly embraced.

Why Take On About It, Anyway?

In the White House the story apparently was regarded as a malignant plot to flout the Lord's anointed. But why take on so about it even if it were true? Why should not any squad of citizens get together and contribute money, brains, or anything else they have got to make any man President who suits them? The race for the Presidency is a free-for-all event, and there is not, and should not be, anything to hinder any citizen, or group of citizens, from backing any candidate whose success they think will do them good. To expose their plans is a fair game, if there are really any plans to expose, but the intimidation of abominable, and even treasonable, naughtiness in the purpose of any group of citizens, rich or poor, to get a President to their liking is preposterous. It isn't a bit wiser to try to elect a conservative President who will try, between 1909 and 1913, to give the country

whatever the country seems to need, than to try to elect one committed to the development of the so-called "Roosevelt policies."

A Pointer for the Codes Committee

The Assembly Codes Committee is thinking deeply over Mr. HARRIMAN's statements concerning that \$200,000 contribution which was made by him and three others to the Republican campaign fund in New York in 1904. Under the State law as it exists this sum could have been disposed of, as is admitted, in fifty-dollar dribbles without any public accounting. There are a few more than four thousand election districts in the State, and by dividing up the whole \$200,000, giving a little to each, say on the basis of five dollars a vote, the whole fund might have been secretly disposed of. Let us assume, merely for the sake of argument, of course, that this money was actually used for buying votes. The use of any corrupt practices act is to prevent corruption, and one way to prevent it is to force, for the information of the State and its people, an accounting of all expenditures. The present law contains a \$200 limitation, and therefore, as a member of the Association to Prevent Corrupt Practices at Elections says, "The public eye would have seen that money descend underground in fifty-dollar drops, to rise again in votes, like the grass in April, but of the mysterious chemical and biological changes beneath the surface no account would be given." The public wants to know who gets the change. This teaches us, as the moralizers say, not only that

Little drops of water, little grains of sand, etc.,

but that if we are to prevent the formation of a mighty ocean of corruption we had better look after the little drops. The WAINWRIGHT amendment striking out the \$200 limitation ought to pass. The only safe thing is to know how goes every cent of our election fund.

Dr. White Fears Cuban Annexation

DR. ANDREW D. WHITE has come back from a visit to Cuba with the same convictions that are brought home from that island by almost all intelligent Americans who go there and look around. He is convinced that Cuba is incapable of self-government. It is not a new conviction in his case. Years ago, as commissioner to San Domingo, when General GRANT and others thought of annexing that island, he learned "the utter incompetency of the mixed races in the equatorial Spanish republic to govern themselves." Holding this opinion, Dr. WHITE considers Cuba a much greater danger to the United States than the Philippines, because no one seriously thinks of making the Philippines a Territory and finally a State in our Union, whereas there have long been many Americans who wish to annex Cuba. Dr. WHITE admits a great dread of seeing "what would be a great negro State, utterly incapable of self-government, under a part of our system, with at least two Senators and several Representatives at Washington. Everything he lately saw in Cuba strengthened him in the conviction that such a State would be a curse to us—a vast rotten borough, with a small number of wealthy capitalists in the midst of an expansive negro population." Better, he thinks, set up the Cuban government again and again—seventy times, if necessary—than make it a part of our system. As a separate nationality, with independence guaranteed by the United States, it may at last, he thinks, like Mexico, find some system under which it can evoke something like stable government.

Present Prospects in Cuba

As we have said, most other intelligent American visitors to Cuba bring back very much the same impression of the political crisis of the Cubans that Dr. WHITE discloses. It recalls Admiral Dewey's opinion, expressed seven or eight years ago, that the Filipinos were better qualified than the Cubans to take care of themselves. The objections to annexing Cuba are eminently clear; but so are the objections to letting her try to work out, by revolutionary processes, such a stable government as that of Mexico. The PLATT amendment secures to the government of the United States the right to intervene in Cuba "for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty, and for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the Treaty of Paris on the United States." The PLATT

amendment does not give much encouragement to the revolutionary processes. It virtually says, "Learn to swim by all means, but don't go near the water." Meanwhile, Cuba is being governed under the Cuban flag by an American administrator. Governor MAJONES seems to be making good work of it. Secretary TAYLOR, at this writing, is visiting him and inspecting the situation, conferring with committees of bankers, insurgents, and others, and trying to determine when it will be profitable to hold an election. The bankers, it seems, want one or two years' notice of a coming election. What the insurgents want is not disclosed, but probably they would like to have the election held before the bankers have a chance to get away. But first, the Secretary says, a census must be taken, and after that, to test the machinery, some preliminary municipal elections should be held. It will be time enough, after that, to hold a national election.

The Sound Mr. Watterson

LINCOLN WATTERSON has been interviewed in Paris by the correspondent of the New York Times. The distinguished and entertaining editor made some exceedingly interesting and valuable remarks, the philosophy of which will gratify the sound-thinking people among his countrymen. His clearest view is that both parties are running to extremes, the Republicans party under the leadership of Mr. ROOSEVELT, while the Democratic party, he thinks, is still following Mr. BAYAN—government supervision and control on the one side being opposed by government ownership. Mr. WATTERSON believes, and we think justly, that the great mass of thinking people are standing between the two, exclaiming, "A plague on both your houses." Mr. WATTERSON grows, or continues (as he will be), conservative, and he has come to the conclusion not only that it is time to stop and think before going on with a war which will hurt every man's business and every one dependent upon it, but that a large part of the people agree with him; but also that they are "powerless to make an effective or even considerable diversion." Is Mr. WATTERSON correct in this? Are the politicians who happen, for the moment, to be in the saddle to have it their own way because the people who are thinking otherwise are not intelligent or courageous or virtuous enough to make a struggle for what they regard as sanity? Perhaps Mr. WATTERSON will reach a different conclusion on his return from Paris.

Suffering Railroad Men and the Rates Law

Acquiescence in the general idea of government supervision of railroad rates is now pretty general. The idea has been accepted, partly because it had to be, partly because it promises to cure some bad ills, partly because of the fear of some worse remedy. But how it will finally work out, and whether it is within the merely human capacity of the Interstate Commerce Commission so to administer the law that it will not do more harm than good, is still to be found out. We hear much of what a protecting and wrong-averting expedient the law is, but not much about the hardships and perplexities of its enforcement. The railroad men know what troubles it has brought upon them, but they are too busy to groan in public, and when they do groan their lamentations seldom reach the public ear. But their sufferings are so great that more should be known about them. At the dinner of the Traffic Club of New York, on February 16, most of the addresses had to do with the relations between the railroads and the public, and they were addresses that the public would be considerably the wiser for reading. One of the speakers was Mr. LOUIS G. McPHERSON, of Johns Hopkins University, who talked about the railroad as the silent partner in every business in the country. He said in his speech:

When standing at the desk, the other day, of the freight tariff clerk of a principal railroad, I asked what effect the multiplicity of legislation was having upon the immediate performance of his duties. He said: "The number of laws, both State laws and national laws, that we have to watch is such that we are in a continual state of bewilderment. There is some traffic that must move at once, but the rate not only has to be filed, but to filed thirty days in advance. What am I to do? The Interstate Commerce Commission has decreed that all tariffs be of a uniform size. I suppose for the convenience of its files, but of its numerous circulars of instructions and pamphlets of rules hardly two are of the same size. It decrees that every tariff be indexed, but here is one of its pamphlets that has no index. Yet it contains manifold instructions that should be indexed and cross-indexed. It is decreed that every through tariff be agreed to by every one of the roads

affected by it. This tariff in my hand contains rules that may be participated in by one hundred and twenty roads. Before filing this tariff we will have to send a copy to each of these one hundred and twenty roads, wait until we get their formal notice of acceptance, and attach these one hundred and twenty acceptances to the tariff; then we will send it to the Interstate Commerce Commission."

That gives some little idea of what the rates law means to the railroads, and in what meshes of red tape it necessarily involves the transportation business of the country. No doubt things will run easier in time, but it seems still uncertain whether the job the Interstate Commerce Commission has been set to do is within the capacity of any commission that can be obtained.

Chamberlain's Policy Dying

It is pretty clear that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S tariff-reform policy is about abandoned by the Conservative and Liberal Unionists. Mr. BALFOUR has announced to the Belfast Liberal Unionists that, so long as there is a party in control of the government threatening to revive the issue of home rule, he will consider any Unionist who attempts to introduce another subject, like tariff reform, for example, as "an enemy of the party." This certainly puts a definite end to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S effort so long as the Liberals are in power, for both Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and the Lord Chancellor have definitely committed themselves to home rule. At the same time Lord SALISBURY has written a letter to the *Times* in which he suggests other ways of preferring the colonies than by putting duties upon goods from foreign countries. The lowering grasp of the aged statesman is no more clearly shown than by the abandonment of his cause by his leader and his friend who once gave him a free hand with it to the defeat of their common party.

The Useful Duma

Various and opposing reports come from St. Petersburg. In the *Czar* really to abdicate in favor of the Grand-Duke MICHAEL! At this writing this seems a yellow tale. But what appears to be true from despatches to our own and to western European papers is that the Duma's existence is essential to Russia. Apparently it is either the Duma or a revolution. Assassination still goes on its horrid way. It is said by moderate Russians that we do not begin to know the number of *slava* officials. At the same time the Duma is a safety-valve. With it Russia may weather the storm; without it, no.

Foolish Young Alumni

The fathers and mothers of the country are properly deeply concerned about our universities and colleges, and about the kind of bringing-up their boys are likely to get when they are in what we are pleased to regard as the "higher institutions of learning." It is to be hoped that these anxious parents will seek their information from the faculties and not from the young undergraduates. Many of the latter have not been long enough out of college to appreciate the relative importance of the learning that was offered to them, some of which they were obliged to grasp, and the athletic achievements of other students whom they always admired and sometimes envied. Young alumni, especially those who sat on the bleachers when they were in college, are still young enough to shout for the athletes, and not yet old enough to be glad that they know something to think about, or of something to read, when they are tired out by their practical jobs. To them, the only college activities that are worth while are athletics. This is suggested by a recent pamphlet which, as it is printed, cost somebody some money. It is entitled "— Activities." The name of the college is omitted, because any body of young alumni would be about as foolish as the authors of this pamphlet. Judging from the pamphlet, there are no activities in this particular college except baseball, football, track athletics, and basket-ball. Debating is mentioned, but only to record defeats, while a dramatic association gives plays that are not regarded as classical in Thirty-fourth Street or Forty-second Street. If we are to believe this pamphlet, there are no scholarly activities at this college. And yet there are. The pamphlet, however, illustrates the pretensions of the athletic spirit in what should be our scholastic life. The sooner the body assumes its proper place in our "halls of learning" the better for the mature American mind. Professor OLIVER BRANN, of the University of Berlin, writes

kindly of our colleges, but says that they give too much time to sports.

Alcohol and Its Effects

Considering how long alcoholic beverages have been in use, and how very extensive the use of them has been, and how carefully the effects of such use have been observed and studied, it is extraordinary how much difference of opinion there is about the expediency of using such beverages. It is not alone that persons unqualified to form a sound opinion differ from persons who are qualified, but that the doctors—the expert investigators—differ considerably from one another about it. So indiscriminately is alcohol condemned by those who condemn it that sixteen distinguished British medical men thought proper, last month, to record it in the *London Lancet*, as their opinion and that of the great majority of medical practitioners, that, in disease, alcohol is a rapid and trustworthy restorative, and that as an article of diet the moderate use of alcoholic beverages is, for adults, usually beneficial. Their statement, embodying this opinion, being shown (by the *Evening Post*) to a dozen or more prominent doctors in New York, all of them agreed with it, but with reservations. The gist of their reservations was that alcohol, in limited quantities, is good for some people, but not for others. As much as that most intelligent observers have noticed abundantly for themselves. The doctors agree that very much less alcohol is prescribed in medical practice than formerly; not a quarter as much, one physician says, being so used to-day as was so used twenty-five years ago. Nowadays, both by the doctors and the observing laity, alcohol is intelligently feared and used with watchfulness and caution. The idea that, generally speaking, it is "good for you" is pretty well exploded among people of common sense; but the idea that it is invariably "bad for you," no matter who you are or how old, does not win its way, either in theory or practice, with the great majority of civilized mankind in spite of the great volume of organized effort that is pledged to the dissemination of that opinion. Whether it is good or bad, helpful or harmful, depends on who and what you are, what age, what temperament, how employed, how fed, and also on what you drink and when and how you drink it.

Discipline Rubbed In

Perhaps somebody at West Point knows what induced (or, as the verbiage has it, "what possessed") Commandant HOWSE, on April 7, to send a police sergeant to order the girls who were watching a dress parade to take off the cadet overcoats that had been furnished to protect them from a March wind that had tumbled into April. If the idea was to teach the corps of cadets to endure humiliation, the order was highly successful, for the corps was humiliated and had to bear it. If the intention was to demonstrate that it is no part of a soldier's duty to show consideration for women, it was realized. The girls were very mad. They had come for the Easter dance, on April 6, and stayed over Sunday; and watching the parade in a cold wind, they needed more wraps than they had brought. The cadets, of course, seeing the enforcement of Colonel HOWSE'S order, were moved by the emotions natural to men whose women friends are snubbed before their eyes. Maybe it did them good to have the cautions, and to be obliged to restrain them; but the lay observer is left wondering whether Colonel HOWSE'S order was really necessary to discipline. If the order represented official West Point manners, parents whose daughters are invited to West Point dances will be interested to know it. Gentlemen do not like to have their daughters exposed, without warning, to the attentions of the police.

Struther Law in Virginia

Virginia advices imply that it is now a capital offence, by the unwritten law in that State, to criticise the STRUTHER brothers. It will be recalled that two STRUTHERS were lately acquitted, with enthusiasm by judge and jury, of killing their new brother-in-law. The papers report that on April 6 a man who had the presumption to criticise the verdict, in talk with a friend, had his life promptly threatened by a third STRUTHER brother who happened, unknown to the speaker, to be within earshot. Prompt apology saved the speaker from the natural consequences of his temerity.

Mr. Roosevelt's Future

We ourselves should have said that President ROOSEVELT is quite as competent as any other American citizen to take care of himself and plan his own future, but some of our fellow editors think otherwise, and have made up their minds that he needs advice as to what he should do after he leaves the White House on March 4, 1909. They have, accordingly, taken measures to consult the many millions of persons who read the newspapers in fifty-five of the principal cities of the United States, and two of these journals, the *North American*, of Philadelphia, and the *Globe*, of New York, have already begun to publish the answers returned to their inquiry. Of some ten thousand replies, about half expressed the belief that Mr. ROOSEVELT ought not to leave the White House in 1909, but should accept a nomination for another term, which, if it taken for granted, would be equivalent to an election. Ten State Legislatures, those of Massachusetts and South Dakota, have concurred in the opinion, so far as overwhelming majorities of their Republican members are concerned, Mr. ROOSEVELT would be less than human if he failed to be pleased with such assurance of continued confidence. There is no reason to suppose, however, that he has any intention of departing from his reputedly proclaimed intention of quitting the Presidency at the close of his present term. It is, therefore, the suggestions of alternative occupations made by his fellow countrymen that we have inspected with curiosity, not to say amusement, which we dare say, will be shared by the President himself. The suggestions may be classified first as totally inadmissible and secondly as more or less reasonable, while there is one which some of those who know Mr. ROOSEVELT best regard as not only reasonable in itself but likely to be adopted.

Let us begin by marking the proposals that on one ground or another are entirely inadmissible. One of these is the foolish demand that Congress create for THEODORE ROOSEVELT the office of Prime Minister of the United States for life, to act as chief adviser to the President, whoever the latter may be. We scarcely need point out that Congress has no power to create such an office, and that a constitutional amendment would be needed for the purpose. It is doubtful whether even a constitutional amendment could suffice to carry out the suggestion offered by Mr. HENRY CLEWS, which is to make Mr. ROOSEVELT and, for that matter, every ex-President, a United States Senator at large for life. As every ex-President would probably be a citizen of some State, that State would practically have three spokesmen in the Senate, an unequal representation which even a constitutional amendment could not give it without the consent of every other State. Popular as Mr. ROOSEVELT is, we deem it inconceivable that all of the forty-five States—forty-six if Oklahoma be included—would agree to establish such a precedent for unequal representation. There is also a constitutional objection to the proposal that Congress create for Mr. ROOSEVELT the office of permanent president of our Insular acquisitions and the Panama zone, with plenary powers for life. Without a constitutional amendment Congress could not thus encroach upon the executive functions of Mr. ROOSEVELT's successor. For a like reason he could hardly be made permanent head of the Canal Commission, even if, being neither an engineer nor a contractor by profession, he possessed any special qualification for the post. Neither is he fitted by experience for the proposed appointment of administrator of a united system of American railways or of American life-insurance companies.

We pass to the second class of suggestions, which deserve more or less attention. There are those who think that after March 4, 1909, Mr. ROOSEVELT should accept the Presidency of the United States for the presidency of Harvard University. There is some thing in the nature of a precedent for such a move. EDWARD EVERETT having been a Representative in Congress, a Governor of Massachusetts, and a minister to the court of St. James's before he accepted the headship of Harvard College. EVERETT, however, had been for years a professor of Greek in that institution, and was deemed one of the most accomplished scholars that the United States had produced. We are not aware that Mr. ROOSEVELT makes any pretensions to scholarship of a high order, nor is he, like President ELDER, a recognized (though disputed) authority on the theory and practice of education.

More likely to meet with his approval is the suggestion that he should be invited to fill one of the seats in the United States Senate belonging to his native State, one of which, that, namely, now occupied by Mr. T. C. PLATT, will be vacant after March 4, 1909. For migration from the executive to the legislative department of the Federal government there are two well-known precedents, these, namely, furnished by ex-Presidents JOHN Q. ADAMS and ANDREW JOHNSON, the former of whom became a Representative in Congress from Massachusetts, and the latter a Senator from Tennessee. We imagine, however, that Mr. ROOSEVELT's limitations are better known to himself than to many of his countrymen, and he might hesitate to expose them by entering a body where as a reformer he might be outpaced by ex-Governor LA FOLLETTE on the Republican and ex-Governor TILMAN on the Demo-

cratic side, while as a practised debater he might be surpassed by a score of his colleagues, and as a constitutional lawyer would find himself no match for any of a dozen Senators that might be named. For all that it is not unlikely that he may wish to be Mr. PLATT's successor in the Senate.

We find it hard to take seriously the proposal that he should become the Mayor or the Police Commissioner of the city of New York. It is true that he was once for the Mayorship, and actually discharged the functions of Police Commissioner, and it is also true that Dr. WITT CUNNINGHAM resigned a United States Senatorship to become Mayor of New York. The descent, however, from the Presidency to a municipal office is not one that Mr. ROOSEVELT would be likely to find acceptable. The suggestion that in the event of the Republicans retaining their political ascendancy Mr. ROOSEVELT might be requested to take the place of Secretary of State seems, at the first glance, to have something in its favor, since he is familiar with our foreign affairs; but it is hardly the sort of man to brook playing second fiddle on a stage where for nearly eight years he had played first violin. Neither would it be pleasing to him as an ambassador to take orders from the State Department. As for the proposal that he should figure as a lecturer on political and moral questions in church pulpits and on public platforms, the role may at first sight seem congenial, but scarcely comports with the dignity of an ex-President. Some of those who have expressed their opinions through the *Globe* think that Mr. ROOSEVELT would make an admirable editor of a great newspaper. That, however, is a function for which prolonged and technical experience is peculiarly requisite. Mr. JOHN BOWEN, after being United States minister to France, became editor of the *New York Times*, but before the Civil War he had been for many years an assistant editor of the *New York Evening Post*. Still another suggestion, which appears to be made in good faith, is that Mr. ROOSEVELT, when he lays down the Presidency, should enter the Christian ministry, for the reason that he can preach, and that people love to hear him preach. Another adviser, also sincere, would have Mr. ROOSEVELT, after he leaves the White House, become a modest CINCINNATUS, cultivate a farm, lead a life of simplicity, and by his personal example prove that the "post of honor is a private station." Finally, Mr. McADAMS, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Police Commissioner, opines that it does not greatly matter what Mr. ROOSEVELT does, as whether in or out of office he will ever remain as important, if not a dominant, factor in political and social life.

This latter seems to be a hazardous one. Mr. ROOSEVELT's immediate future, drawn by sundry friends who think they know him best, and who most earnestly desire to subserve his interests, their idea is that he should follow successfully the examples set by JEFFERSON and GRANT. They would have him on March 4, 1909, leave Washington for Oyster Bay, and there for some ten months remain in dignified retirement, as JEFFERSON remained at Monticello. If his successor in the White House should be a Republican of his selection Mr. ROOSEVELT would beyond a doubt be consulted continually and differentially on affairs of state, as was JEFFERSON by MADISON and MONROE, and in any event he would be in the eyes of his countrymen the most impressive national figure until the proceedings of a new Congress should gradually divert attention from Oyster Bay to the Federal capital. Then, according to the programme devised for him by some of his far-seeing friends, he would enter, early in 1910, on a two years' tour of the world, in the course of which he would make a careful comparative study of the principal countries of Europe and Asia, not forgetting to visit England's self-governing colonies, the Australian commonwealth, New Zealand, Natal, Cape Colony, and the Transvaal, or to inspect the extraordinary work performed by Englishmen in Egypt. An incidental advantage of this plan is that not for a moment would his countrymen be suffered to forget the illustrious traveller, for the sayings and doings of THEODORE ROOSEVELT in the Old World would be reported by cable, and would be featured every morning on the front page of every American newspaper. Yes, about the beginning of 1912 he would return to his native land, and the interval before the meeting of the Republican national convention would be filled with a series of enthusiastic expectations. That is the project which, according to persons believed to be well informed, has already been formulated in detail, and which, they tell us, we are likely to see carried out.

There are two reasons to doubt this opinion. First, the plan was tried in the case of President GRANT and failed. Secondly, it cannot be reconciled to the letter or spirit of the statement issued by President ROOSEVELT on November 6, 1904, as follows:

I am deeply sensible of the honor done me by the American people in thus expressing their confidence in what I have done and have tried to do. I appreciate to the full the solemn responsibility this confidence imposes upon me and I shall do all that in my power lies not to forfeit it. On the 4th of March next I shall have served three and a half years, and this three and a half years constitutes my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards not the person but the office. Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination.

Our guess is that when he leaves the White House he will re-

vert to writing. He may also be a college president or a Senator or both; but he will be a writer, versatile, voluminous, diligent, and amply remunerated.

Behind the Mask

It is a depressing thing to watch the faces that hurry past one on the street. To jostle one's kind on the thoroughfares and in the shops is to see humanity at its lowest ebb. The faces are overwrought, strained, anxiety-ridden, or drab, futile, lack-lustre, and weary, and one involuntarily asks: "Why do they go on living? What object makes this dull driving worth while?" Outwardly, superficially, there is but little sign of the love of life, the joy of being, the exultation of existence. It is a dull panorama, this endless stream of tired people, miserably ugly and disfigured by the exigencies of their tasks. They seem all to have worn off the bloom of life by the unrelenting struggle. They bear the marks of living in yesterday or to-morrow, and this moment is but a dull third of time to be endured while they press on to another moment no better than this one. It is in the far away behind us or in the great to be that joy is hidden, and one by one the moments drip by unheeded, ungrasped, and unretrieved.

There would seem to be too many of us, too, in this great unaffectioned mass of people, all smiling, silent, giving out nothing, but each one hurrying along, eager to attain some goal, and pushing toward it as if harried by an invisible throng.

What an experience it would be, what an enlivening and enriching experience it would be, to peer behind the ugly mask, and see what lay back of the stupid faces and seemingly useless activity! If we were free to call a halt to any one and demand that he deliver up for our enlightenment the heart of his motive and his deep-blended desire, what significance would be added to the scene! If for a moment one might but play the part of the fairy in the old tales and grant each man a single wish, what a strange insight one would gain into the life beneath the dull appearance! "What one thing will you have to make you happy?" It would be money, doubtless, often, or wealth, or a jewel, or the power to stay the approach of death, or to annihilate space and overcome separation. How many would know those things that belong to peace!

And yet, behind the mask, one finds it, the spirit that makes for peace, or blooming, or honey, or idleness, or sly, or easy to overlook. One remembers *Rembrandt's* fascinating picture of the reconcile pleasure of wearing a hidden and ill-smelling lantern on a belt beneath a top-coat; but it is not this splashing over of a dingy fate with a glamour of adventure and romance, though that too plays its part, that makes life livable and keeps the panorama turning. It is that if it were sufficiently free of the throng for holiday jaunts and could pursue the victim, could mark our man—say, every tenth one in the crowd—and follow him home and inquire into the end and the aim of his being, we should find there included some one else than himself, some a deeper more helpless, surely, adrift on the spinning planet. And the reader one, too, would have found something trulier than himself to whom he could pass on the solaces of the way. If we looked behind the mask we should find this indubitably so, till it would be hard to find the mortal not bound to some one who was bound again to another. We actually get the sense, if we watch, that we are members of one body, and in some feeble way each member is trying to fall in line with the universe, trying to transmute this chaos into order.

Very often we wonder why humanity would have ordered growth instead of uttering the fiat which would have brought forth immediate perfection. The only answer that comes is that, things being as they are, our role joy is in the struggle, never in achievement. To strive hopefully, not to attain, is life. Stepping upward, not the place upon which we stand, gives elation.

Behind the mask the vision of life is not unshattering. However the outside of life be spattered with clay or powdered with dust, at the heart of things we find each man fanning some weaving flame of tenderness, cherishing some dim hope of a higher virtue yet to be, clinging to some unattainable ideal or performing pious rites before a glorified instant in the past. Following into the silent places, we find each seemingly dull atom of humanity has its own instants when it sees, perhaps afar off, the glory of existence, when it knows the bonds of self and steps out into the freedom of love and offers a zealous service to a soaring ideal.

Can it be all illusion, too, that, as the ages pass, more and more intelligence is applied to life. It seems at times as if the dark ages were shrinking slowly, and flowers were growing out of the ashes, and the machines were turning the notes of dust to brilliant jewels. More people today than ever before seem to have laid fetters on their destiny. More people to-day seem to understand that the best happiness is to have suffered beyond their deserts. For, surely, in some strange and unsearchable way it adds to the general glory of existence to see a man whom we know to be better than his fate. More people to-day understand that

with the withdrawal of the half gods the true gods come, and by the body's dying the spirit beats its way into consciousness, winning its life from the bursting clay.

In a recent novel of more than average power and interest the hero, beaten and thwarted at every step, sees in a vision, as he lies dying alone in the open, clutching still at his escaped desire, the vision of an iris-crowned child who bears to him the message, "There is something better."

The author does not tell what the "something better" is, in the book, and doubtless each must clothe his vision of it in the garb of his own habitual modes of thought, but to one eager to plumb the author's mind and bold enough to ask, the answer comes: "Myself within the heart, smaller than a mustard-seed; myself within the heart, greater than the earth, greater than the sky, greater than heaven. For who beholds all things in the self, and the self in all things, turns not away. And what sorrow, what trouble, man cause to him that has once beheld the unity, a well-enveloping all, bright, incorporeal, senseless, pure, unobscured, wise, omnipresent, self-existent!"

Personal and Pertinent

GROVER CLEVELAND has always possessed a sane habit of mind, and he has saved himself a great deal of worry and anxiety that most people do not know about by indifference to his enemies, and by a saving sense of humor that a few humans lack and with which he is not always credited. He has never taken the trouble to ask the country to participate in his personal grievances. When he was a candidate in 1884, the late WILLIAM DOVERIDGE thought that he had warrant to say that Mr. CLEVELAND, when Governor, had framed the McKinstry tariff bill—"the horizontal bill"—and he said so to a newspaper correspondent, who reported it in one of his letters. Now Mr. CLEVELAND believed that, as Governor of New York, he had nothing to do with Federal legislation, and he had given no authority for the statement. He therefore denied the impeachment in the editor of the *New York Sun* when he was asked. When this denial was published—it did not say that any one had lied—the young newspaper correspondent thought that he must be lost, that he was discredited with a man for whom he had acquired a deep reverence, and so he hastened to Albany to propitiate his offended deignity. He naturally expected a blast of indignation, but he met a cheerful large man, a cheerful frame of mind, who asked him to smoke a cigar with him and WILSON BUNNELL and the meritorious ALFORD.

"It's a pretty strong cigar," said the culprit.
"Well, I guess you can stand it," said CLEVELAND. "You're in good society; your surroundings are propitious; you'll like the smoke. Almost everything depends on your surroundings. I used to smoke a cigar in Buffalo, when I was young, that seemed to me to be excellent, and I had some made and sent to my room. But when they got there, I found them pretty poor stuff. I used to smoke them at one of the big beer-gardens, but when I got them home they were different; I missed the sand on the floor and the company. Be careful to get in the right company, too, when you ask questions. When you want to know what I think, ask me." That was all, and the youth was happy.

No man in public life ever annoyed Mr. CLEVELAND so much, when he was President, as Senator GORMAN. Senator GORMAN was very helpful to him in his first campaign, but for reasons, perhaps satisfactory to himself, he was not Mr. CLEVELAND's friend in the second administration. Indeed, he used to be a good many things that the President and those about him regarded as treacherous. GORMAN would say and do as much as he pleased to offend the President; as one outside of his intimate friends, and very few of them, knew how CLEVELAND felt about it. But THOMAS KNEW, for CLEVELAND sent for him, or GORMAN called on CLEVELAND, and the President said, "GORMAN, you're acting very badly. I think; about as badly as you can act."

"Why, Mr. President, I'm astonished."
"I don't see why you should be."

Then Mr. GORMAN explained how good and faithful he had been in the first campaign (this was the second administration), but CLEVELAND interrupted him.

"I'm not talking about then, but now—and you're acting badly for the party and the country."

Mr. GORMAN told LAMONT, afterwards, that the interview had been very painful to him.

Once GORMAN made a violent assault on CLEVELAND in a speech in the Senate, and some of the President's friends thought that there had been a breach of faith. But Mr. CLEVELAND never read the speech; he said he hadn't time to trouble himself about it. Now, indeed, did he cry out loud once during his two terms as President, nor has he ever cried out loud and complained of being hurt.

It was because the students of Princeton felt that they had encountered the genuine thing that they gave to CLEVELAND a livingcup on his seventieth birthday.

Correspondence

ROOSEVELT AND BRYAN

NEW ORLEANS, LA., April 1, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR—I am, I am glad to say, but not a "notable man," and therefore suppose it makes little or no difference to the world in general what I'm thinking about. But in my secluded life, down on the farm, I have much time for reading, and think a good deal about politics, having had an inclination that way when as a boy I used to read about Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, Adams, McKinley, Cleveland, etc. Bryanism made me a Republican, but the high-handed, empirical juggling and all-around disregard of the Constitution by Mr. Roosevelt have almost turned me back to Bryan again, and I am half inclined to think that if the next Presidential contest is between Roosevelt and Bryan, the latter may win. The socialist element to which Roosevelt is playing is unstable and unthinking, and cannot be relied on, provided somebody comes along with an idea that will out-Herod Herod. Bryan can be relied on to furnish that idea, and to go Roosevelt one better on anything the latter proposes. In that way Bryan would get the very vote to which Roosevelt is so earnestly catering.

Conservative men stand for principle, but the socialist wants an immediate delivery of the goods, and is ready to abandon his idol the very moment his hands are hungry. Now, if things go as they are now pointed, many of Roosevelt's gallery gods will be idle and hungry too long before the next election—as a result of business depression, itself the result of selfish grinding and uncertain political policies. If nominated, Bryan will carry the South. An additional advantage to him is that without the right-minded people want the right. It is extremely sickening to them to have business eternally ground between the millstones of radical politics and meanness and threatened, and with a delight-grin daily tossed before the galleries of the world from Washington. It is more revolting still to see the President meddling in the affairs of the States—talking about naming his own successor, and trying to punish United States Senators for doing, thinking, and speaking as they please under the law and their oath of office.

The Republicans have a two-thirds majority in the Senate, and even if Bryan were elected his hands would be effectively tied. He could make recommendations which the Senate could ignore. In this way the country could get a four years' respite. As between Roosevelt and Bryan, then, the election of the latter would not surprise me. One old hell is about as bad as another, and as between a hell in full bloom, with its operations upsetting business confidence, and another simply in position with its fire banked, I think conservatives would prefer the latter, and that they might stay at home in States like New York, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and perhaps on the Pacific slope, and simply let Bryan go in by default.

Notwithstanding his pledges to the contrary, Roosevelt is no much of a gallery-player that I am forced to the conclusion that he really wants the nomination again—for the Republicans if possible, but from the Democrats if the Republicans should turn him down—and I am not so sure that the Democrats would nominate him if the Republicans did not, for with them these days the fundamental principle of politics seems to be any old thing to win.

But as much as I despise Bryan's policies, I cannot but regard him as safer, more approachable, more open, more American, and with less mean, low, selfish cunning than Roosevelt. Indeed, Roosevelt has shown a contempt for the Constitution of which I do not believe any other educated native-born American either desirous or capable, and if there is one thing in the latter's character more despicable than another, it is his contempt for the very law he is so drastically prescribing for everybody else. Under the guise of reform, he is stealing rights that are more precious to native Americans than all the corporations of the country put together. We can handle the corporations some way, but when our constitutional liberties are gone there may be more trouble getting them back than is now dreamed of in all our wild philosophy.

Another thing—Theodore Roosevelt has disgraced the Presidential chair with more petty acts than all the other Presidents of the United States combined. His self-righteous messages are sickening. He appears to have no respect for anything but himself. To him the House of Representatives, the Senate, the Supreme Court, the Constitution, are nothing. He is indeed waving by the wind, and if as a result of it our country does not reap the whirlwind I shall be very much surprised.

I am, sir,
SILAS GREEN.

MUSIC IN POETRY

ROCHESTER, N. Y., February 11, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR—Mr. Joseph Altshuler, in his letter to you, dated January 8, 1907, and which you published under the title of "Music in Poetry," says: "Mr. Kipling, in an address last year . . . said that there were only five passages of silver music in English poetry, and that four of them were found in Keats. But he did not quote any of these passages." In your issue-note to Mr. Altshuler's letter, you mention Kipling's story "Wireless," and say that he quotes there the last two lines of Mr. Altshuler's first quotation from Keats. I think the mistake originally arose from reading the word passages

instead of lines. In "Wireless," Kipling says, "Remember that in all the millions permitted there are no more than five—five little lines—of which one can say: 'These are the pure magic. These are the clear vision. The rest is only poetry.'—I vowed no unconscious thought of mine should influence the blindest soul, and planned myself desperately to repeating and re-repeating the other three:

"A savage spot as holy and enchanted
As yew beneath a waning moon, was haunted
By woman waiting for her dreamer lover."

These three lines are of course from Coleridge's "Kubla Khan." The two lines "Mr. Shaylor was playing hot and cold with" were, as you said,

"Charmed magic ensembles opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fussy lands forlorn."

I am somewhat of a collector of Kiplingiana, and as yet have found no address where Kipling speaks of "five passages of sheer magic in English poetry."

I am, sir,
BERTHA L. BOLTON.

BLAME IT ON THE SUN

BERKELEY, CAL., March 30, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR—I was pleased to see the letter from W. B. S., of Philadelphia, in your issue of last week, criticizing the pictures published in the *Illustrated Weekly*. When the President makes a speech, the pictures may have been clever, but were decidedly disrespectful.

I am, sir,
W. C. HORNES.

CALL FOR AN ORANGE DAY

ROCHESTER, CAL., January 20, 1907.

To the Press of the United States:

The orange-producers of California are desirous of having a day set aside to be called a "National Orange Day," when every man, woman, and child of the United States will eat one or more oranges in order to assist the greatest industry of the great State of California.

We believe you will give editorial and news space to promoting the plan, and we urge you to adopt the first day of March as "National Orange Day."

President Roosevelt planted one of the original navel orange trees in the path of the Glenwood Avenue line in this city, where, and every year the luscious oranges of this parent tree are sent to the President, who enjoys them immensely.

Your kind consideration will place us under lasting obligations. Yours, very truly,

RICHARD LAWRENCE OF COMMERCE,
For THOM. C. EVANS, *Act. Secy.*

YES! PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IS VERY POPULAR

MASSACHUSETTS, March 21, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR—As one of your subscribers, I wish to state that, although I have been a subscriber for one year only, I have seen the *Weekly* often for a number of years, and have always been favorably impressed with it, especially as regards the editorials.

I have noticed, however, that during the past few months a violent change has come over your editorial column in relation to the more honest of us high-minded and thoroughly honest men, making a man as ever occupied the White House. I am at a loss to understand your sudden change of heart. . . .

I have been very much pleased to find that I am by no means alone in my estimation of President Roosevelt, and can say very positively that the people of the old Bay State do not agree with you by any means, and are perfectly contented to have the reins of the government in the hands of our esteemed fellow citizen Theodore Roosevelt.

Trusting that you will discover the error of your ways, and that you may find space to publish my note,

I am, sir,
C. C. COX, JR.

Our correspondent is quite right in thinking that he is not alone in his estimation of President Roosevelt. The President is by all odds the most popular citizen in sight; so popular, indeed, that even just and moderate criticisms of details of his policies or department excite resentment and reproaches from the great army of his admirers. Our correspondent should distinguish between personal character and political actions. "As high-minded and thoroughly honest and well-meaning a man as ever occupied the White House" may do great mischiefs by errors of judgment as to policies or methods, and when that happens, the more honest and well-meaning the man the greater will be mischief and the harder to stay it, because integrity of character begets such confidence in a man that folk are prone to think that everything he tries to do is wise, and that every one who tries to hold him back is wicked.—EDITOR.



THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

A \$20,000,000 BENEFACTION FOR ART, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



John W. Beatty
DIRECTOR OF FINE ARTS
AT THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

Pittsburgh, April 11, 1905.
From a view of the celebrated Horseshoe Curve I chose the Day Express to Pittsburgh. Just as we reached that climax of the trip, a train loaded with pilgrims from Pittsburgh slid between us and one of the finest sights in America. The freight passed at length, and as we drew to opposite sides of the gigantic horseshoe, the smoke, blown black from its engine, wreathed itself beautifully about that train of pilgrims, veiling its ugliness and making it a lovely and mysterious background to the thrilling beauty of that curve.

It was a good sight, but it was better symbolism. For so the mills of Pittsburgh, after brutalizing the place, have won through at length to the task of beautifying it both physically and spiritually. And the pig of iron has, by a breathless swoop of evolution, become a ministering spirit.

The Carnegie Institute, which was dedicated to-day at Pittsburgh, represents in its cost of over twenty millions the largest recorded gift to a single community. It comprises five departments: the library, the art-galleries, the music-hall, the museum, and the technical schools. All of these, except the technical schools and the branch libraries, are lodged in our roomy building which covers four and a half acres at the entrance to Schenley Park. Across the central part of the facade an inscription reads:

"This building is devoted to Literature, Science, and Art, and is the gift of Andrew Carnegie to the people of Pittsburgh." The building was originally intended for a library alone, but, by a royal afterthought, was remodelled as a palace of general culture at a cost of six millions.

As I stood on the sidewalk immediately before the main entrance I noticed at once certain qualities and defects of qualities which seemed to me to be characteristic of the city itself. I was impressed, on the one hand, with the liberal scale of the building, the youthful vitality and lightness in the modelling of such a massive and dignified and organic structure. Its defects, on the other hand, like those of Pittsburgh, impressed me most vividly at a first glimpse of the exterior. Every one deploras the situation, packed in without vistas between an inglorious thoroughfare and an ignoble gully, and remembers that city politics dictated the isolated library entrance.

To the left of Mr. Carnegie's inscription the names of the world's great painters and sculptors adorned the frieze: but to the right only these musical names were visible: Saint-Saëns, Strauss, Theodore Thomas, Glucka, Bizet, and Weber. Far away on a wing I discovered the names of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, and Wagner. Brahms looked near the outer corner, while Haydn, Dvorak, and Tchaikovsky were hidden by the angle, and Schubert and Schumann eluded my search altogether.

Strauss and Thomas in the foreground; Beethoven and Brahms on the far horizon! Was this arrangement, I wondered, characteristic of Pittsburgh?

A like absence of poise in local conceptions of art and artists seem to be typified by Rhind's bronzes. The allegorical groups

above the cornice loom far too large for their environment; the face of Shakespeare below seems utterly frivolous, as if the book in his hand were by one of his lesser Western commentators; while the features of Bach and Michelangelo are almost brutal in their materialism.

As I watched Bach looking cruelly at his rudimentary grindstone a child came along with a bit of tin.

"Tub!" he sniffed, jerking his thumb at the father of modern music, "he'd be a bad man to strike for a dollar!"



In the Hall of Architecture. A Reproduction of the Bronze Font of Siena

Eager to learn the attitude of the man in the Pittsburg street, I requested his views on Michelangelo.

"As we moved down together, 'I'm a great American,' he said, 'but I got an eye for the beautiful. And though I got enough looks as a picture of me own without takin' nothin' from Mr. Carnegie, this here place is goin' to be the real thing for all these young fellows about here what's growin' up wild without no advantages, and I'd just like to slap old Carnegie on the back for this an' tell him, 'Glad bless you!'"

He looked Michelangelo up and down.

"Now this feller's better'n the other," he declared. "Looks as if he could strip off that there old outfit an' stand right up to Jeffers any day."

He mused deeply, then burst forth:

"But there's one thing that sorter riles me. That there chap I can spot for an eye-talian. Now I'd just tell you, young feller, that it isn't right to stick him up here when there's thousands of good honest Americans what have his beat to a pulp in the matter of high art."

He shook his fist at the broken nose of the master.

"It's a little like importin' dago contract labor. America fer

"The Well of Moses" at Dijon, and the Tomb of Francis II. and Marguerite de Foix in the Cathedral of St.-Pierre at Nantes. The collection is remarkable for the purity and quality of the casting, and for beauty of arrangement and of setting. Mr. Beatty and his assistant, the sculptor Zeller, deserve high praise for their enterprise, skill, and taste in this department.

The hall of sculpture, though it also contains only casts, is notable for selection, grouping, and the tone of the plaster itself, which is often marvellous in its translucency. The Elgin marbles on one side provide the pyramidal theme which is subtly repeated in the entire arrangement of the hall. The effective cement bases and mortar backgrounds in these two departments are unique, and are the invention of Mr. Zeller.

The annual International Exhibition of Paintings has been for years one of the glories of Pittsburg, and the present exhibition is perhaps the richest ever known in America. Certainly the average of excellence is far higher than that of any Parisian Salon or Munich Ausstellung in the writer's experience. It is a good sight for patriots. For, though Europe is heavily represented, the supremacy here of American genius is not open to argument. It is impossible to estimate the inspirational value of such an exhibition;



The East Entrance and Stairway of the Institute, showing the Mural Decorations by Mr. John W. Alexander

the Americans, say I. Why, friend, they's enough geniuses here in the Smoky City to set up two inches apart right round this here edifice."

The querulous accents of this gift-horse dentist, however, were quickly muted for me by the harmony of the interior. The main entrance led directly to a noble stairway up which three chariots might drive abreast into the hall of architecture. In this lofty room Director Beatty has assembled within two years reproductions of the world's best architecture as representative as those collected by the Metropolitan in more than a quarter of a century—and has arranged them better.

On the opposite wall is the entire façade of the Romanesque Church of St. Gilles in France, which measures eighty-seven by thirty-eight feet, and is one of the largest casts in the world. This church was made of the most diverse materials, each sculptor and mason using marble or granite or even stone as it suited his individual fancy. The church was built without scaffolding. Instead the builders leaped dirt higher and higher about the building until the whole was completed. Then it was excavated.

On the right are two Athenian temples; on the left, a portal of Bordeaux Cathedral, one of Ghiberti's Baptistery doors, and Nicolo Pisano's great Pisan pulpit. Over the entrance the lions of Mycense ramp mildly, flanked with columns from Tivoli and from the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, with fragments of their orders.

Besides the façade of St. Gilles there are two other unique casts:

and it is hoped that its success may inspire a cognate movement toward the quickening of our other arts—most of all, toward the Americanizing of American music.

The permanent gallery, though in its infancy, is well selected, and contains some excellent paintings such as Dagna-Bouveret's radiant "Disciples at Emmaus," the characteristic Whistler "Sarnate," Tschev's "Arcade at Aacourt," and Tryon's "May." There are no marbles in the collection, and few bronzes besides some Pompeian reproductions.

The notable hall decorations by John W. Alexander (who was born in Pittsburg) represent, in a series of panels, the characteristic local industries. Few American themes are more stimulating to the imagination of a painter than the spectacular life of the rolling mills, and here Alexander has risen to his task. The larger panels at the head of the stairway are more ambitious. On the left, Pittsburg, hovering in armor, is the goal of a cosmopolitan legion of spirits who are bringing him all the good things of earth, while smoke demons, opposite, settle away from his iron feet.

The library was the germ of the institute, and has always been the most important factor in its mission of culture. As might be expected of so young a collection, it is still weak in ancient literature, but in the modern field it is one of the best equipped in the world; and certainly the most convenient and delightful and stimulating of all cities of refuge for the scholar and the man of letters.

The librarians are thoroughly trained, and strike the balance ex-

quietly between the pedantic "book-jailer" and the brainless book-shoveller. They are a working force two hundred strong. Not only do they secure a high efficiency for their 550,000 volumes, but they create new ideas and then put them into practical operation.

The library manages twenty-nine "home-library groups" and fifty reading clubs for boys and girls in remote districts. It sends collections of books to sixty-seven schools, and has special reading-rooms for pupils and teachers in its own building. It established the original School for Children's Librarians—a sort of school for literary kindergarten, which attracts pupils from as distant regions as Norway, and supplies a growing number of libraries with these greatly needed specialists. Each student here must become familiar with all the standard books that a child should know. And the course is aimed tireless in its thoroughness. For incidentally, I saw a warning shelf containing horrible examples of what a child should not know. Some of these were: *The Sorrows of Seneca*; *Schopenhauer*; *The Seven Barlets of Blood*, and *Sher*.

The Carnegie Library is inventive not only in these ways, but is also a veritable fountain-head of creative suggestion. For Miss Welles, the superintendent of circulation, and Miss Willard, the reference librarian, have more than once prompted authors to write books that claimed to be written.

At the desk of Miss Willard, the scholar, the philanthropist, the club-woman, the schoolboy, the anarchist, the inventor, the plumber,



Looking West in the Hall of Architecture, to the Right a Gaze of the Choric Monument of Lysistrata at Athens

the infant, the financier, may find instant aid and illumination. The following is her record of inquiries for a single day: Luther Burbank; Copper industry in Montana; American mural decoration; Sculpture in Pittsburg; Emotional quality of Thomas Hardy's work; Games and songs for children; The new woman; Political map of England in 1882; Homer of the West; Drills for boys' brigades; Panama Canal; An anecdote or poem about Long-kelley; Manufactures of the United States; Attractive small edition of Pascal's thoughts; Myths and superstitions of Japan; Tunes and after-dinner speeches; What is the magnetic pole; Northwest passage; Road map of Allegheny County; International arbitration, etc.

The library has built up a very valuable collection of books and bound volumes of periodicals treating of the industries for which Pittsburg is famous.

The system includes a central library, six attractively housed branches, nine deposit stations, one call station in a large department store, and one children's room in a settlement. The main building is beautifully furnished and provided with pneumatic tubes, an automobile elevator in the elevator-stair, and a "book railway." A reading-office and library are in the basement. To Mr. Hopkins, the librarian, and his aide staff, belongs the glory of creating out of Mr. Carnegie's millions one of the brightest foci of literary culture in the Middle West.

In announcing his plans for the greater institute, Mr. Carnegie proposed to include in it a school of music. Of this there is as yet only a nucleus, the music-hall, where free organ recitals are given twice a week by noted organists, and where the concerts of the Pittsburg Orchestra are held.

This organization, though unsupported by Mr. Carnegie, is doing a work cogent to that of the institute, and is under the management of Mr. George H. Wilson, the manager of the music-hall. The orchestra, which Mr. Carnegie once called "one of Pittsburg's chief assets," ranks high among American orchestras, and is a credit to its public-spirited guarantors and to American music.

During my visits to the institute the thoughtfulness and courtesy of the heads of these various departments were thoroughly delightful. But the curator of the museum masked under a reserved and forbidding manner a subtle refinement of courtesy. For, while firmly denying access to his halls, he referred me instead to his elegant essay upon them.

"The Carnegie Museum," writes Dr. Holland in the brilliant brochure to which he referred me, "is one of the four great museums of America, holding high rank among the museums of the world."

It includes these subdivisions: useful arts, history, physics, chemistry, mineralogy, geology, paleontology, and the biologic sciences.

The museum is best known for its collection of mammals, fossils, insects, and birds (especially local varieties), its ethnological specimens, and its thirty paleontological expeditions sent out by its founder to meet with remarkable success in various parts of America.

The writer regrets his inability to deal with this subject at first hand, but consoles himself with extracts from Dr. Holland's spirited monograph:

"A collection of recent pottery and glassware is in process of formation. . . . Collections illustrating the art of typography are in process of formation. . . . A collection representing the methods and instruments employed in physical research is contemplated."

From these thinner notes of aspiration the monograph now swells to a triumphant harmony of actual achievement:

"An extensive collection of local historical relics has been acquired. . . . A splendid mass of material illustrating the truths of mineralogy has been acquired. . . . It contains the best collection of Pennsylvania minerals in existence."

The essay now descends to a more popular style:

"To the uninitiated one of the most striking objects in the hall of paleontology is the skeleton of the large Jurassic reptile known as *Diplodocus carolinensis*. It measures eighty-four feet from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, and stands at the hips fully fourteen feet in height. . . . It is the real thing."

"The director of the museum," continues Dr. Holland, "has himself deposited under its roof his entire collection of insects, which is known to be one of the largest collections in the world."

"The ethnological content of the Museum is extensive and beautiful. . . . It contains the largest collection representing the archaeology of Costa Rica in the world."

The Curator concludes his treatise not without a touch of philosophy: "Among objects which attract attention is an ancient Egyptian boat. . . . This ancient boat, in the construction of which no metal was used, is probably the oldest structure of wood in the New World. Between it and such a boat as the S. S. Baltic lies a vast development in marine construction."

The Carnegie technical schools are situated near the institute proper, and are to spread over a site of thirty-two acres adjoining Schenley Park. Though 1350 students are already enrolled, the present buildings represent only a tenth of the entire building scheme.

There seems to be an insatiable hunger in our country for the sort of instruction offered by these schools, and in their two years of life they have received over 10,000 applications for admission. The schools embrace four departments. The School of Applied Science offers courses in architectural, civil, chemical, railroad motive power, furnace, electrical and mechanical engineering. The School of Apprentices and Journeymen offers supplementary evening instruction to those already working at a trade. The School of Applied Design instructs in technical design and in the mechanical processes of the various art industries. The Technical School for Women is complementary to the other three.

The popularity of these schools is a significant commentary on the prediction of H. G. Wells that society will ultimately be composed of three main classes: the shareholding class, the engineering class, and the artist of the earth.

Their founder has thus far given the schools a million and a half for buildings, and two millions for endowment.

The director, Dr. A. A. Henshaw, has under him a young and brilliant teaching staff of ninety.

The Carnegie institute might be called "The University of the People of Pittsburg," for it is so truly "universal" in scope that any institution devoted to the education of certain selected youths and maidens. And, if the high school is higher and broader than the school, this institute might even be called "The Carnegie High University."

The founder has conceived a project unique, beautiful, and inefficient; has executed it generously, swiftly, efficiently; has adapted it wisely to the demands of its environment and of its age; and best of all, has set an inviolable example to those who may hereafter seek to benefit mankind. He has found in Mr. Frew and Mr. Church, the president and the secretary of the institute, able assistants. And by this, his crowning achievement, has sealed the gratitude, the sympathy, and the admiration of the American people.



The Reproduction of the West Portal of the Romanesque Church of St-Gilles in France. The Cast measures Eighty seven by Thirty eight Feet in extent, and is one of the largest ever made



Some of the larger Casts in the Hall of Architecture. The large Doorway in the Centre is a Reproduction of the Portal of the Bordeaux Cathedral

IN THE HALL OF ARCHITECTURE AT THE \$20,000,000 CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

WHAT THE CIVIC FEDERATION IS DOING

By ROLAND PHILLIPS

At the "Industrial peace" meeting at the home of Andrew Carnegie, on the evening of April 3, the attention of the public was again directed to the splendid work now being accomplished by the National Civic Federation, under whose auspices the meeting took place. Some of the most important features of its present programme were adopted at the annual meeting of the Federation held recently in New York city.

At this meeting about fifty distinguished speakers took part in a conference on these four national questions: Child labor, the income and inheritance tax, Government by injunction, and the Sherman Antitrust Law as construed by the Supreme Court. The speakers included Andrew Carnegie, August Belmont, and others prominent in the world of capital and finance; Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell, and other leaders of the great movement of organized labor; commissioners and factory inspectors of various States; representatives of employers and other national organizations which are interested particularly in child labor; on taxation, the attorneys for and against the government at the time the income tax was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, and such eminent authorities on the general subject of taxation as the Hon. George Foster, ex-Minister of Finance in Canada, Hon. Alfred Mowbray, of England, and Professor E. R. Seligman, of Columbia University, who is unquestionably the foremost tax expert in America.

The most conspicuous result of the conference, particularly in view of the President's recent recommendations to Congress, was the decision to appoint, under the direction of the Civic Federation, four national and representative commissions to make a thorough and impartial study of these questions with the purpose of recommending a basis for suitable legislation.

On Child Labor, the situation is, in a word, this: for the past two or three years statements have appeared in the press and in various publications throughout the country purporting to show the extent and menace of the employment of children. It has been stated, among other things, that there are about 2,000,000 children employed in painful occupations.

"Two million children in this country are at work while other children play or go to school. . . . two million children sacrificed to greed. . . . we are struggling to save millions of children from the stunted bodies and mangled minds caused by industrial slavery."

It is obvious that such a picture makes a strong appeal to the sympathy of every man and woman. But are the facts as stated? It is claimed by some that this 2,000,000 should be reduced at once to 1,750,000, according to the census of 1900, and that it should be specifically stated that this number represents children between the ages of ten and sixteen years. Of this number it is asserted that the census shows about a million employed in agricultural pursuits where, in most cases, the children are working with their parents or families, and to whose employment there is no serious objection; and some 500,000 more who are over fourteen years of age, leaving in round numbers about 200,000 whom it is sought to protect by legislation. The distinguished secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, Samuel McCune Lindsay, accepts these figures, stating that:

"The number of children under fourteen represents 186,000 of those in other occupations than agriculture."

While no one will dispute the necessity of enacting legislation to protect even one child illegally or harmfully employed, it must be obvious that there is a vast difference in legislating for the benefit of 2,000,000 as against less than 200,000.

Further, it appears to be a very reasonable demand that conditions of employment in certain parts of the country where it is claimed child labor is prevalent should be considered in the enactment of legislation. In the South the rapid growth of the cottonmill industry has led it to be necessary to make the use of employment the entire family rather than the individual member. The result seems to be that a large number of children are indirectly benefited by wages for which they actually do no work. Further, it is claimed that from what is being done in the way of compulsory education in schools built and maintained by employers certain obvious benefits are conferred which, under different conditions of employment, would not exist. In North Carolina, for example, there is to-day no compulsory education law, and the schools run only four months a year at State expense. In certain cottonmills of the State the contract with the family makes it compulsory for all children under twelve to attend school. It is claimed, on what seems to be reliable authority, that in this State nearly 6000 children are being sent to school for eight or nine months a year at a cost, in which the State bears no part, of between fifteen and eighteen a year.

On the other hand, objections are brought against the employers of permitting night-work, of evading the law by employing children under legal age, and so on. The whole subject bristles with difficulties and conflicting testimony. For one thing, it is a very grave question whether the regulation of child labor is a proper function of the Federal government as proposed in the recent Beveridge-Parsons bill.

As to the Sherman law and the effect of its operations on national business, it will be recalled that the President in a recent message stated that:

"The law as construed by the Supreme Court is such that the business of the country cannot be conducted without breaking it."

According to the law it is criminal to enter into any contract or combination "in restraint of trade or commerce among the States or with foreign nations." The difficulty is that there is hardly a contract or combination in any line of business, for or against the public interest, which is not in some respect, in restraint of trade, and therefore criminal. For example, it is a crime under the law for manufacturers to agree among themselves to sell pure instead of impure food. It would be difficult to reduce any proposition to a more obvious absurdity. Further, it is known that the distinguished author of the bill intended it to be applied only to the correction of certain industrial abuses. But in 1907, by a decision of the Supreme Court, railroads were brought under its jurisdiction. "The Joint Traffic Association," an agreement entered into in 1895 by certain prominent railroad managers to maintain the provisions of the interstate commerce law, and to prevent the cutthroat competition which was forcing the smaller roads out of business, was declared a conspiracy and a violation of the Sherman Law. A well-known railroad official recently summed up the effect of the Supreme Court decision on the business of the railroads as follows:

"The result was anarchy—no agreements could be made or enforced—tariffs were disregarded—secret understandings and relations were the order of the day. There was not enough business to go around, and it was a scramble to see who could get it. Wages were raised, and the railroads were run by the railroad employees, but of the coal-miner, the ore-handler, and laborer everywhere."

It is clear that some of the evil effects complained of would be obviated by an amendment exempting from the operation of the law agreements and combinations which, while technically "in restraint of trade," are nevertheless in the interest of the public and necessary to the successful conduct of national business. But what shall be the exact terms of such an amendment? To settle the matter fairly and equitably to all interests will obviously require a more searching inquiry than has yet been made into the many intricate questions of government control, public and private monopolies, rates, relations, etc., which are bound up in the great problem of interstate commerce. Such an inquiry will be undertaken by a national conference authorized by the Civic Federation and held in Washington, D. C.

On the proposition of levying a Federal tax on incomes and inheritances one consideration may be eliminated at the outset. It is that the Federal government does not need such taxes as a source of revenue. If, therefore, the government is to assess taxes on incomes and inheritances, it will be doing so as suggested by the President, of assisting in the more equitable distribution of wealth and in the regulation of "swollen" fortunes.

Of course the difficulty to be overcome in case it is considered desirable for the Federal government to assess a graduated tax on incomes will be the decision of the Supreme Court in 1905, which declared such a tax unconstitutional. A curious fact about this decision is that the case on which it was based was identical with that of William M. Springer, afterwards Speaker of the House, in which case the constitutionality of the tax was not questioned. It should also be borne in mind that the income proposition of 1904, which the Supreme Court declared unconstitutional, was under debate for a few days only. During that time one of the prominent members of the Ways and Means Committee who took part in the debate voted to a high authority on taxation asking if there were any income taxes abroad. The fact that a large, and in some cases the largest, part of the income of countries like England, Germany, Switzerland, France, and others is derived from the income tax alone or in connection with an inheritance tax, shortens the time for the legislative body of 1904 were to deal with the question. Moreover, the decision was handed down by a majority of one. Under these conditions it is conceivable that if a popular demand should arise a case might be prepared which would induce the court to view the proposition with favor. Unless this is done the only alternative is to amend the Constitution.

To a Federal tax on inheritances there is no constitutional objection. However, thirty-three of our States are at present deriving considerable revenue from State taxes on successions, and it also lies in the power of each State to tax incomes. The question arises whether, in case the Federal government should assess such taxes, the revenue of the States would not be seriously impaired. It is thought by some authorities that on this ground the objection to taxes on incomes and inheritances by the States would be extremely difficult to overcome. But granting that a satisfactory conclusion may be reached on this question, a great mass of mooted points must be decided. Shall the income tax be levied as a graduated tax or on all incomes alike? Shall the entire income be taxed, or, as in England, the "excess of income"? Shall income be exempted from taxation under a certain amount? Will the best results come from taxing inheritances as a whole or the recipients of the bequests? Shall such taxes apply to residents and non-residents? And shall there be large or small exemptions? There are only a few of the more obvious questions which surround this intricate and difficult

subject. Even on the ethical side of the question scientists and authorities are in apparently hopeless disagreement. On the Tax Commission now being appointed by the Federation from the most able experts on taxation from each State will devolve the duty of recommending a way out of what now seems an inextricable tangle.

In considering the subject of Government by Injunction, another committee now being appointed by the Federation will face what one authority has called the most important labor question of the day. It is clearly recognized that in certain cases a preliminary injunction may be issued at the time of a strike which, even though it may comply with the terms of the law, has the practical effect of settling the dispute. Organized labor believes that in this way the courts are being used by employers from a partisan standpoint to prevent or break strikes. The question is, can the abuses complained of by organized labor be remedied without destroying the beneficial principle underlying the injunction?

The fact that the National Civic Federation is undertaking the appointment and direction of the work of these commissions will perhaps come as a surprise to many who are familiar with its work only in connection with the settlement of industrial disputes. This is only one phase of its activity. At the present time it is about to conclude a most important investigation on the great question of Public Ownership. The report, which will be issued shortly, is based on more than a year's study of this question here and abroad by a representative commission of one hundred and fifty men, assisted by a large corps of engineers and expert economists. According to a recent statement by the chairman, Mr. M. E. Inghis, the report will be practically unanimous on the principles of municipal ownership, and will undoubtedly serve in the future as a standard for the guidance of the municipalities of the country.

In addition to this, the Federation, through its other lines of activity, is in constant touch with the leading representatives of the great interests which will be called upon to take part in the proposed investigations. At the present time this activity is comprised in the work of five general departments, including Public Ownership, These are Immigration, Conciliation, Welfare, Industrial Economics, and Political Reform.

The first of these departments was organized recently under the chairmanship of Franklin McVagh, of Chicago, and is devoting its efforts chiefly to the consideration of such topics as the administration of immigration laws, the distribution of aliens, the demand for immigrants, the influence of foreigners like the Chinese, Japanese, and Koreans on our labor conditions, and so on. When one considers the fact that 1,120,000 immigrants came to the United States last year, and that the South, in spite of this great increase, is in absolute need of a more adequate supply of labor, it is evident that at least one of the problems with which this department has to deal is of incalculable importance to the commercial development of a great section of the country. A large number of the leading employers of the South are members of the department, and are working in connection with it to bring about a change in these conditions.

In the Conciliation Department are represented not only the largest employers of labor in the United States, presidents of railroads, industrial corporations, and employers' organizations of various kinds, but the presidents and grand chiefs of all the large organizations of labor. More than five hundred cases of industrial disputes, involving thousands of employees and millions of capital, have been settled by this department. These have included settling or settling controversies between the great railroad systems and the brotherhoods of engineers, firemen, and trainmen which have affected industries depending upon transportation in practically every State of the Union; promoting agreements between the longshoremen and vessel-owners which are of vital importance to all industries engaged in shipping, such as the coal, iron, steel, lumber

and elevator interests; adjusting street-railway controversies in San Francisco, New Orleans, Chicago, Pittsburgh, New York, Boston, Albany, and other large cities; settling strikes in the textile garment, boot and shoe industries, and the metal trades; promoting agreements between coal-operators and mine-owners, and between the thirty-four crafts grouped as the building trades and the corresponding associations of employers.

The work of the Welfare Department is along entirely different lines. Its whole object is to interest employers in improving the conditions under which employees in all industries work and live. In the last two years more than two hundred employers at their request have been given specific information, recommendations, and architectural plans on the proper housing of employees, recreation grounds, education, provident funds, etc. The result is that thousands of employees all over the country have been benefited. In New York city alone there is a local branch of the department, whose work has been apporportioned to twenty subcommittees, each dealing with a specific trade. These committees have succeeded in getting better working conditions for stationary firemen, who work in overheated basements, poorly ventilated; moulins, metal-polishers, and employees in trades such as bakers, teamsters, structural ironworkers, traction employees, seamanship workers, etc.

In the Department of Industrial Economics, of which Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia, is chairman, the original idea was to study the subjects involved in the settlement of disputes by the Conciliation Department, such as "A Fair Wage," "Hours of Labor," "The Open and Closed Shop," "Restriction of Output," "Compulsory Arbitration," "Piece-work," and many similar subjects which involve vital industrial principles, but of which the general public knows little.

I think it will be evident even from this bare outline of what the Federation is doing that it has carried out with some degree of success the purpose held down at the time of its organization under the chairmanship of the late Senator Hanna:

"To organize the best brains of the nation in an educational movement toward the solution of some of the great problems related to social and industrial progress; to provide for study and discussion of questions of national import; to aid thus in the crystallization of the most enlightened public opinion; and, when desirable, to promote legislation in accordance therewith."

At present the application of these ideas is more than ever needed. It will not be questioned that the great wave of protest which has swept over the country for the past two years has developed in large part from the irresponsible statements of sensational writers. No one denies that there are certain deplorable abuses in the financial and industrial world to-day which must be rooted out. But against those who magnify these abuses beyond all truth and recognition the public has no redress, nor has it the means of knowing the facts. Moreover, the socialists and other agitators have been quick to take advantage of this in extending their operations over the country. At the present time socialists are maintaining printing establishments in various cities which are turning out literally tons of propaganda favorable to socialism. In addition to a number of weekly papers they have lately established a socialist daily in Chicago. They are attempting to educate the children of the country in their doctrines by putting socialists in control of school boards in various cities. They have organized a socialist intercollegiate society to reach the college men of the country. A socialist university established this year is now running in New York. They are sending their speakers to all parts of the United States to spread their propaganda. It is stated on good authority that in the city of New York alone during the winter one hundred meetings a night are held for the advancement of socialist doctrines. It is not one of the least crimes of the National Civic Federation that it represents the opinions of many men as against those who wish thus to undermine our existing institutions.

WHERE THE DOVE OF PEACE WILL SPREAD ITS WINGS



THE BUILDING AT THE RACE WHERE THE SECOND PEACE CONFERENCE WILL BE HELD IN JUNE



SHIROKO is very different from most of the dogs you meet in Japan. These other dogs are the sons of the wild packs which only a few years ago howled and prowled wolflike around the towns at night. They are long-legged and lean-bodied, with malignant eyes that stare at you coldly in spite of the taming that has brought them to head in this blessed era of Meiji. They have the long, keen, punishing jaw of the wolf, and I should hate to be a fat man and meet a jerk of them on a dark and lonely road.

Yes: Shiroko is very different. His eyes are a deep brown hazel, and they twinkle with humor and kindness, to say nothing of certain shrewd gleams of speculation at times. He looks like a big fox terrier at first, until you observe presently that he has

the broad chest, the bulging head, and chopped-off muzzle of the Boston terrier. Heaven knows how he ever came to Japan.

Shiroko met four of us at Katase when we were going to visit the shrine of the goddess Benten on the island of Enoshima. He who visits Japan and does not see Enoshima will regret it forever. It is the most beautiful, the queerest, quaintest, ancientest—

But no matter about the rest of the rhapsody: we went by train from Yokohama to Fujisawa, and by trolley-cars—cute little cars, where they cling the warning-gong on the back platform—from Fujisawa to Katase. It was a heavenly February morning, the sun pouring a golden benediction on the just and the unjust: and all around us, under the pink plum blossoms—daring adventures that bloomed a full month ahead of time—there were scores of smiling, chattering Japanese men and women on their way to picnic on Enoshima.

From the midst of a moving ambush of red and pink little kimonoes and fluttering fans, Shiroko popped out upon us, prancing like a poppy, wagging his tail and his springy body, grinning as we never had seen a dog grin before outside of story books, and leaping upon us with genial welcome.

"Hello, old boy! Glad to see you!" said the Brunswicker, and patted him on the head. Shiroko gleefully darted from hand to hand, taking all the pats we had to give, and wiggling to us the assurance of his most distinguished consideration.

"Honorable sirs and ladies, come in and have tea," urged a stumpy little red-checked woman, hobbling and smiling at the door of her tiny inn; but we declined for the moment, and said we'd take tea when we came back for the wraps we were leaving in her care.

"Whose dog?" asked Mrs. Hyattin, who speaks Japanese like a native.

"That dog, Oshona, lives over on Enoshima," the woman replied, with more smiles and bows. "He comes here every day to meet the trolley-cars."

Was it fancy, or did we really see a look of pleading in Shiroko's brown eyes as he wagged a propitiatory tail at the women? Of a certainty he wagged as one who begs, and of a certainty his glances

were full of the furtive appeal of him who divulges the revelation of a secret. And when he saw that the girl was telling no more about him, Shiroko cowered off gayly ahead of us, and encouraged us along the sandy way.

A Japanese gentleman, all in American clothes and gloves and gold watch and chain, patted the head of Shiroko and invited him to come along. The dog frisked and smiled.

"I'd like to, very much," he replied in dog language, as plainly as could be. "I'd be delighted to go with you; but, you see, I have taken charge of these Americans."

"Oh, come on," the Japanese gentleman urged.

"Sorry," said Shiroko, "but I can't leave these Americans. Some other time. Good-day."

A mass eight feet tall would find Enoshima island merely a high clump of wooded hills and cliffs at the end of a long peninsula, but he would have to wade out to it from the mainland through a foot or two of water. We ordinary mortals walked out across the tide on a long, ramshackle bridge made of bits of scantling and planks lashed together with straw rope. It is a fine, bouncing bridge for nimble light weights, but very shaky for big Americans. We ventured out upon it cheerfully enough, yet there was a long pause when we were half-way over. For on the right we saw Fujiyama in her spotless robe of snow, fully fifty miles away, but seeming in this clear, brilliant air almost within touch. Against the vault of



Drawn by G. E. Cesare

Shiroko stepped back and expressed his scorn with a lovely scowl



Drawn by G. E. Cesare

"Sorry," said Shiroko, "but I can't leave these Americans. Good-day"

turquoise blue, this white cone of Fujiian hung like an open fan of ivory. We were so fascinated by the sight that we stood speechless.

A sudden clinketing of galloping paws interrupted us. It was Shiroko. He had trotted ahead some two hundred feet before he noticed us, and now he was hastening back in a fever of hospitable anxiety.

"Poor soul! I can't be distressed!" Titania exclaimed in such a quivering mockery of sympathy that every-body laughed. The dog flinched a little under the shower of laughter; but with the rapid expression of a martyr at the stake or of a commercial traveler selling a hard customer, he smiled up at us, and wagged his compliments with the vivaciousness of forgiveness in each wag.

"Come on, ladies and gentlemen," he coaxed us. "You needn't be afraid. The bridge is perfectly safe. I've taken lots of parties over it. Give you my word it's all right."

What could we do but follow? For, as all the world very well knows, when a dog takes charge of a party of humans there is nothing for it but follow, honor, and obey. And Shiroko, happy in the belief that he had calmed our fears, did the proud parade at the head of our column. The proud parade is done as follows: the dog goes forward at a brisk pace, but with a most dignified gait. His fore legs walk straight ahead, while his hind legs pursue a parallel course about three points to starboard. Meanwhile he holds his head high and rigid, flutters his tail patronizingly at his humble human flock, and stares at the wide, wide world with all the arrogance of Alan Breck.

Once he hesitated and almost fell. Before the door of the first house in the village a tame cormorant was dozing on a high perch from which a fish was hanging. Shiroko, singing a hoarse chorus of apology at us, tiptoed toward the fish with open mouth. The cormorant, who hadn't been sleeping at all, ruffed his back, glowered most fiercely, and poised for a swampish defence of his dinner. Shiroko crouched for a spring. The battle was on.

But no. Shiroko stepped back and expressed his scorn with a perfectly lovely scowl of battle, murder, and sudden death.



Hurling it at Shiroko with a vigor surprising in such a lean and wrinkled arm.

Drawn by G. E. Coates

We lingered before an outdoor shop, where a smiling little old woman with blackened teeth and a bass voice brought us to buy lustrous shell necklaces and lanterns made of luminous, puffy fish, and queer, tiny replicas of Fuji carved out of black and white lava; but Shiroko relentlessly urged us on our way.

A big, wolfish-looking dog rushed out and stopped Shiroko, stalked around him on stilted legs, raised the bristles on his neck, and said, "Grr-r-r!" most ominously. Our leader grunted, and made the sign of ineffable contempt.

"About three this afternoon," he remarked, as he glanced casually over the wolfish one's head, "I will come back here and make a feather-duster of you. And now, get out of the way of my ladies and gentlemen."

That was about all for the challenger. He dropped his bristles and slunk. Shiroko led us carefully up the steps of the temple of Nichiren, and as we were panting in relief on gaining the platform there suddenly appeared before us an aged, aged man, brown and wrinkled as a russet apple in the spring, bent as a bow, and leaning on a staff. He had not a hair on his head. He bowed low

(Continued on page 557.)



From the midst of a moving ambush of red and pink little kimonoes and fluttering fans, Shiroko popped out upon us

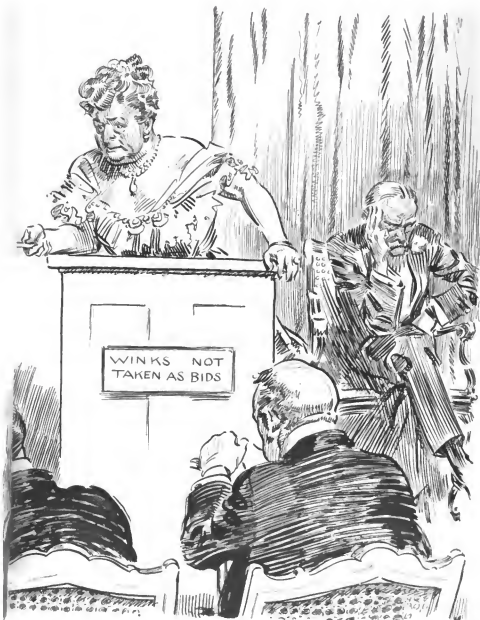
Drawn by G. E. Coates



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"BARONETCY! BARONETC"

DRAWN BY JAMES



! DO I HEAR DUKEDOM?"

MONTGOMERY FLAGG

NAZIMOVA—THE NEW HISORIC GENIUS, AND HER ART

By HENRY JAMES FORMAN

EVERY season of us who are interested in the theatre are thrilled by the announcement of some new stars, widely heralded with much pomp and circumstance. We go, we see, we are captivated sometimes, disappointed frequently. Because for the most part these luminaries prove to be shooting-stars that flash across the dramatic horizon and are then lost in the pathless gloom. In this there is nothing unnatural, for a success invariably shrouds through a crowd of failures, and only from a great deal of mortal endeavor does a single talent emerge.

The most conspicuous talent that has emerged in the present dramatic season is indubitably that of Mme. Alla Nazimova. In an incredibly short space of time this young Russian actress has established for herself a remarkable eminence in her profession. To be sure, she possesses a rich endowment of all the gifts required by her art—youth, health, talent, and beauty. But even with all these, how many have suffered defeat! Madame Nazimova, however, has been particularly favored by fortune with the qualities of courage and versatility.

Her courage was tested at the very outset when she consented to leave Russia, where she was known, and to face the uncertainty of strange lands, speaking alien tongues, in order to "beat" the Russian censor by playing in a forbidden piece. Paul Orloff, in whose company Mme. Nazimova left Russia, is a hot-blooded revolutionist of the Gorky type, who was bent on producing Tolstoy's *the new famous* drama, "The Jews," which portrays all the horrors of the pogrom, of massacre, the chief subject of Russian news despatches. As the censor would not permit him to play it in Russia, he took a company of players from the frontier and produced the piece in Berlin. And thus Mme. Nazimova's wanderings began. From Berlin the company went to London, and from England in due course to America, the land of promise.

No one of those who witnessed the first performance of these actors at the Grand Stage, who was bent on producing Tolstoy's drama, is ever likely to forget it. Even those of the audience who spoke not a word of Russian were moved to tears and wild applause by the intense, yet wholly artistic, realism of these actors, the wonderful technique with which they produced the effect of verisimilitude. At that time Mme. Nazimova was enacting the part of a poor young Jewish girl in a tongue unknown, but already the critics noted in her the qualities which they now praise in her interpretation of Ibsen. But then, somehow, the criticisms seemed mostly tentative and unconvincing. For those Russian players did not come here with a French Bernhard reputation, nor did they travel in *de luxe* trains. A language like the Russian, moreover, serves as a refracting medium, and the best of theatrical ability has a way of appearing distorted through a language that abounds in the sufferer.

A number of persons, however, were deeply impressed by the capacity of these actors, and particularly by that of Paul Orloff and Madame Nazimova. The plastic grace, the fine technique, and the versatility of that young actress brought many discerning thespians to the dingy little East Side playhouse subsequently taken by M. Orloff, and it seemed very strange to see dramatic art of such a high order in those surroundings. The place was small, crowded, uncomfortable; the scenery was poor, the tongue incomprehensible. Yet parties came nightly from uptown to that penitential Little East Side musical-hall because the acting was admirable. Particularly impressive was the versatility of Mme. Nazimova. Each role she enacted with a finish, a consummate skill, that made her audiences marvel. And in the course of that first winter, two years ago, the roles she enacted were many.

There was, first of all, that of the poor little Jewess, at the time of the massacres, facing bloodshed and persecution with heartrending realism. In that play the heroine is in love with a man who, by blood, if not by sympathy, is kin to the persecutors—a complex situation, yet every note she struck rung irresistibly true. It was in this role that she created the first impression upon a New York audience, and the impression was wholly favorable.

Shortly thereafter she played *Martha*, in Dosztoevsky's apocalyptic melodrama, "The Brothers Karamazov." Her role was the antipodes of the other. In Tolstoy's drama she was an ingenuous, pious and good. The *Grushchko* of Dosztoevsky is a siren, rollicking, wild and passionate, leading men to their destruction, content with nothing short of making the brother of one of her lovers, a youth intent on sustaining holy orders.

In "Zaza" she enacted the part of the music-hall singer with an abandon, and a freedom seldom seen before in that rôle. The verse, the *dash*, the *blatnost* with which she played the first scenes of that sentimental Little East Side musical-hall were so markedly well brought to the latter scenes, led her audiences to conclude that that was precisely the kind of part for her. But in Tolstoy's "The Fool," on the other hand, she assumed

the rôle of an intriguing and masterful Russian Queen with an less distinction and finish.

Besides, there are her numerous Ibsen roles. A very difficult part to portray is that of *Hedda*, in the "Master Builder." The combination of symbolism and realism makes all the rôles in that play somewhat hard to play. But the part of *Hedda* is especially so. For that bright, strong-willed girl of the mountains, cheerful and hearty, is yet very imaginative and spiritual. She talks in symbols, and admonishes her lover not to tell higher than he can climb. Altogether, this is a most difficult part to project across the footlights. But most critics, nevertheless, were agreed that Mme. Nazimova gave an almost perfect rendering of it. So much for her more notable rôles, as she played them in Russian.

Last spring, when Paul Orloff and some of his company decided to return to Russia, an opportunity was presented to Mme. Nazimova to remain in this country, learn English, and to play upon the American stage. The plan seemed to have no terrors for her. How many stars would undertake to learn German or French or Russian enough in a summer to play Ibsen or anything else in those tongues? Yet directly after Mme. Nazimova signed her contract with the Shuberts she began seriously to study English, and in the fall she was playing *Nora*, in "A Doll's House," and *Hedda* *Gabler*.

Mme. Nazimova's conception of the part of *Hedda* *Gabler*, as she explained to the writer, is that of the "ultra-archaic," the ultra-refined and hypocritical aristocrat; the aristocrat who is bored to mortality by her marriage into the most prosaic of bourgeois families. Every tone, every shade of her voice, has a significance, in this play she achieves a comparatively slight, and almost everything depends upon speech. The critic, to a man, agreed that Mme. Nazimova's rendering of the part is wonderfully true. The evanescent foreign accent which still clings to her utterance is noticeable only until the hour becomes absorbed in the story; then it is lost sight of, like phantasms in a brilliant man or woman.

At this writing she is rehearsing "Camille Coquette," an Italian piece, by Robert Bracco, in which she hopes to finish the season. She expects, moreover, to give occasional performances of Ibsen's "Little Eyolf." But what catches the ear with delight is "The Madstone," in which she is to appear next fall. "The Madstone" is a drama of modern life, the scene of which is laid in Ohio. It was written by Hildegarde Torrence especially for Mme. Nazimova, and she is enraptured with the part she has given her. The heroine is a young Ohio woman, who has spent fourteen years in France, and that, said Mme. Nazimova, hiding her face in her hands, "will allow for my accent." The play preserves the classic naifness, and its duration in time coincides with the two hours or so it takes to present it on the stage. Mme. Nazimova hopes to be much from the play, and, with the promise she has given, who can say to what she may not attain?

For her ambition is as great as her art, and she works incessantly. Her life now is a far cry from the days when she first began to play in East Third Street, but her method of work is almost as strenuous now as it was then. Her stardom cannot spoil her. Orloff once told the writer that his great ambition was to play *Hamlet*.

"Well, why don't you play it?" he was asked.
"Ah, no, yet," was the wistful reply. "After I have been on the stage twenty-five years I hope to attempt it. But I am thinking, thinking, thinking. Everywhere, at meals, in street-cars, in the wings, ideas come to me about *Hamlet*, and straightway I write them down. I have books full of notes upon the interpretation of *Hamlet*. But I am not yet ready to play it."

That is the Russian actor's way of looking upon his art. And Mme. Nazimova has her full share of that tradition. Her aims have from the very first been high. She has hopes of giving interpretation to the best that the drama affords, and her artistic ideals are of the purest.

The course of instruction for the Russian player is a long and an arduous one, and the students of the Moscow Dramatic Academy where Mme. Nazimova studied go forth untaunted by the spirit of examination. The examination generally consists in interpreting some great rôle from Shakespear, Ibsen, and Molière, and the examiners are not lenient. So arduous and thorough are these courses that only the fittest survive them, and when these go forth to interpret the drama it is no wonder that the standard they carry is high. That is why we may deem ourselves especially fortunate that Mme. Nazimova has succeeded in learning English and come to enrich our stage.

The writer recalls visiting her between the acts one evening when she was playing *Zaza*. She was weeping bitterly. The reason for the tears was that she thought she had struck a false note in a certain line of the play. But that same evening she believed that Mme. Nazimova's artistic conscience is proof against box-office temptation, and that we may continue to look to her for the highest artistic achievement.



MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA

THE BICENTENARY OF FIELDING
THE FATHER OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL AND HIS ART

By C. H. GAINES

IF, upon the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Henry Fielding, we turn back to the sources of English novel-writing in a spirit of critical curiosity, expecting to view the work of a master from the superior standpoint of two centuries' experience in the art, we shall meet with a pleasurable surprise; and it may ensure that this shall be stirred a little from that blasé indifference to the past which is the curse of us who are all too well versed in the subtleties of the modern novel. In fact, nothing can be more refreshing to the jaded reader of to-day than to dip into *Joseph Andrews* or *Tom Jones*; and a part of his pleasure will lie in the discovery of Fielding's remarkable similarity to the modern novelists, and the resemblance between the society of two hundred years ago and that of the present, that Fielding's characters seem but the fresh and vigorous prototypes of the people we meet in the life and in the books of our own time. His beaux are a trifle more gallant, his physicians and lawyers more pedantic, his military men more swaggering, his countrymen more ignorant, but the types are all recognisably the same.

If, however, we look for the cause which lies at the very root of our sympathy with Fielding, and make us all in a sense his contemporaries, we shall find it not in any resemblance between his age and ours, but in the character of the man himself and in the principles upon which he based his art. In his time the world was just entering on the earlier and more childish forms of romance; his first story was also the first complete, full-grown, full-blooded English novel in the modern sense. Since then the art of story-writing has passed through many phases; but more and more we have swung around to Fielding's original view of the novel as a true picture of life. We require of the novelist that he shall have red blood in his veins; that he shall possess the knowledge and skill to paint all sorts and conditions of men in their natural colors; that he shall have the courage to present them as they are, the humor to laugh at their shortcomings, the philosophy to make us see the good in them. And no writer of the past two centuries has come nearer to the modern ideal of truth and vitality which, in spite of much that is fanciful and overworn in our fiction, does predominate in our minds, than the grand common ancestor of them all, Henry Fielding.

It makes us open our eyes to find that this originator of the modern novel (for this title, by general consent, belongs not to Defoe or Richardson, but to Fielding) deliberately set himself a difficult standard—very like that of his predecessors—and lived up to it more honestly than we live up to ours. Human nature, he tells us repeatedly, is his theme; and he insists that in order to describe it in both its high and low aspects he must have had first-hand acquaintance with life in all its forms. One must have met the lady of fashion in society and in her boudoir, and stood for hours at the lady's lordship's levee; one must have conversed familiarly with the luncheon's waiter, and learned to "drink with a tinker in his own language." This is the attitude which Fielding maintained in a day when the naturalistic novel was in its infancy, and when the writers of Bayou de la Platte or Plogmasa sauvage, in the shape of a novel, were not even dreamed of. We find in him, then, the most hearty and humane of realists; but his realism is not that of decadent kind which runs to an accumulation of meaningless detail and incident. In his comments and asides to the reader he is particularly clear upon the duty of presenting only what is instructive or amusing. Life surprises us with its grasp and its variety, and we are bound to follow it. We are bound to follow the Father of the English Novel for he has us.

little; but we need not fear him; his point of view is quite the same as our own. His comments upon the novel which is merely "a continued newspaper" (his own phrase) read like excerpts from a modern review.

But while Flaubert possessed all the essentials of his art as it was practised to-day, there is in him a nascent vigor which, in a modern author to-day, quite equal, and his manner of writing is marked by a simplicity and a complete freedom from affectation that are foreign to the style of to-day. He seems always to refuse with scorn the little arts of mystification which are at present so much in use. No one has so completely as he the air of telling a perfectly plain, unvarnished tale; yet none more successfully.

the reader of his comedy entangles him in a complex situation, and finally leads him up to a surprise. He has, too, an invigorating way of discovering real motives in men and women; and we must add to this understanding of the true springs of human action, a complete mastery of individual character—a mastery so sure and unfailing that Fielding seems merely to play with the persons of his stories. He restrains them rather than urges them on; he lets them reveal themselves little by little, and seems desirous of saving them from those disclosures of their real natures which they are ultimately obliged to

It is the crowning merit of this author that, with all his depth and sincerity, he was able to write his novels in a manner that was not only readable but earned, continually diverting us by his unmasking of hypocrisy and affectation. There is hardly a novel of his that does not set out impairment of dignity, carry off his attitude of being at once judge and jester; but such was his power of observation that he succeeded in it. He was, moreover, master of an irony in which none equalled him save the French masters of the art, and epigrammatic in a way the trick of which has been lost. All this he could do without apparent effort, and with a grace and delightful fluency and exactitude which make him the most persuasive of writers; so that in his hands the most trifling details find ourselves reading with far less than our accustomed exaltation and far more than our usual

But in considering Fielding the novelist, we must not lose sight of Fielding the playwright, or Fielding the critic and philosopher. He is a generalist, like an Sheridan's, as full of life and spirits and general mockery; but their portrayal of life, more akin to what, the theatre never knew, is more subtle and more so big for the conventional stage. We already see in him the preoccupation of his genius created by his legal and miscellaneous essays and his unapplied man of letters and miscellaneous studies, and his naturalism when we recognize the fellow-countryman of Swift. His serious writings and common sense that are scarcely his equals in wit and little just before his death, slight-hearted in the face of his inability of resignation and even we see a little more clearly how he covers and authorizes his



Henry Fielding

AFTER A DRAWING BY MICHAEL

[illegible]



MUSIC AND THE OPERA

A MATTER OF INTERPRETATION

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

MR. WASSILY SAFONOFF, conductor of the Philharmonic Society, uttered at the last of this season's concerts of the Society a challenge—displeased an unseasonable one—to those who insist that the ideas of a composer concerning his own music are always and necessarily infallible. It is altogether unlikely that Mr. Safonoff deliberately set out to exploit himself in the character of a Reviewer of Masterpieces, an Instructor of Genius. He is altogether too modest and unassuming a person for that; for in spite of such current misinformation, he is anything but a sensationalist, an assertive and ruthless egotist. He is simply one of those interpretative musicians of occasionally profound intuition who are, at times, enabled—much as one may dislike the idea—to instruct the maker of music. We all remember the encounter between Debussy's original conception of the tempo of the slow movement of his "New World" symphony and the intuition of Anton Seidl, a mere conductor, concerning the same matter. According to the intention of the composer, it will be recalled, this movement was to be played at such and such a tempo; but he heard Seidl play it at a considerably slower pace than his directions warranted, with a liberality of view uncommon in his kind, acknowledged the superiority of this new reading, and forthwith subscribed to it; since then, the version of the mere interpreter, as against that of the author, has prevailed. Now it is not to be inferred from this, of course, that the musical exponent at large—be he conductor or singer, pianist or violinist—has an unquestionable license to subject the productions of the masters to any vagary of interpretation which may seem to him good and desirable; that way lie, obviously, anarchy and disaster. What we are



Josef Lievinne

WHOSE DISTINGUISHED PIANO-PLAYING HAS BEEN A FEATURE OF THE MUSICAL WINTER

arguing here, in controversy of those who hold that the intuitions of a composer are necessarily inviolable, is that the occasional interpreter of genius is to be regarded as a potential instructor of the creator whose mouthpiece he is. Now in such a case, for all that may be said for the inspired producer; and it is absolutely certain that unless his revolutionary readings are genuinely inspired, they will not prevail.

The immediate application of these reflections is that Mr. Safonoff—whose performances, it will be admitted, have at least the merit of provoking controversy—is one of those occasionally inspired persons; and he is no more evidently so than in his remarkable reading of that not unfamiliar piece, the "Tannhäuser" Overture, which was the concluding number on the last of the Philharmonic's programmes. Mr. Safonoff's manner of performing this work has been criticised, first, because he played the pompous finale (where the theme of the Pilgrim Chorus is triumphantly intoned by the brass against an agitated figure in the strings) at too deliberate a pace; and, secondly, because he "discovered" in this passage a middle voice which could be used in one spot to bury the melody as given out by the trombones, and he accordingly so used it, and captured one of the most significant modulations in the closing portion of the score.

To consider, briefly, the first of these objections, let it be admitted that Mr. Safonoff unquestionably does play this portion of the overture more broadly than Wagner intended. Twelve minutes, said the meticulous Richard, was all the time that should be consumed in the performance of the overture. We have not held a stop-watch upon Mr. Safonoff's reading, but there is little doubt

that he does not traverse this music in anything like twelve minutes; yet there is equally little doubt that the effect of this expansion and emphasis is nothing less than a stroke of genius; not only is it precisely in accord with the spirit of the music at this climactic point, but it sets in high relief its dramatic significance. It is no more an "exaggeration" than was Mr. Seidl's inspired alteration in the raw of the Othello symphony, and we maintain that it would have delighted the soul of Wagner, who held extremely liberal ideas concerning the function of the conductor.

As to the other count in the indictment against Mr. Safonoff—that he has "discovered" and unduly emphasized a subsidiary part in the harmonic texture of the finale—we cannot perhaps do better than to reiterate what has before been said in this place in the matter of this alleged unhalloved proceeding on the part of Mr. Safonoff. To begin with, Mr. Safonoff did not "discover" this middle voice in the harmony (which may be studied by the curious on page 37 of the orchestral score, measures 4, 5, 6, 7); it was "discovered" and exhibited some time ago by Mr. Arthur Nikisch, and was subsequently exploited by Mr. Seidl. In the second place, the accentuation of this particular voice (scored for three and four horns in unison, which would seem to indicate that Wagner intended it to be prominently heard), far from "raising one of the most significant modulations in the closing portion of the score," accentuates and italicizes that modulation. The progress of this voice in the harmony is from A to G-sharp to F-double-sharp; and this F-double-sharp upon which the three horns, in the seventh measure, alight with vivid effect, constitutes the "third" of the "dominant seventh" chord on D-sharp which, in this measure, leads into the prevailing tonality of the overture—E-major. Now, as every conservatory student is aware, the "third" of this chord, as it is used here by Wagner, gives point and vividness to the particular modulation. Its accentuation is not only justified by its harmonic relationships, but it produces a superbly beautiful effect.

It has seemed worth while to go into this point with some technical detail, since it is easy to misrepresent such a matter in those who may not, for various reasons, investigate for themselves.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has ended its twenty-first yearly series of concerts in New York. The Orchestra gives seasonally in Boston a series of forty-eight public rehearsals and concerts; New York is favored with a meagre series of ten. We say "meagre" for substantial reasons. These concerts are attended upon every occasion by large and eager audiences, and they afford a kind of musical delight which is, in the literal sense of that hideously abused word, unique. Moreover, the writer of this page has received numerous letters from music-lovers in this town advocating an extension of the Orchestra's New York series, from five evening and five afternoon concerts to six. In several instances—eight, of such. All of which is hereby respectfully offered for the consideration of Mr. Higginson and his able advisers.



Miss Dora Becker, Violinist

MISS BECKER HAS BEEN HEARD IN CONCERT DURING THE PAST SEASON



KILLING AN ARMY OF HORSES TO REBUILD SAN FRANCISCO

By RUFUS M. STEELE

WHEN San Francisco was burning down and the streets were choked with fallen carriages, the automobile changed in a day from the world's whizbang to the world's most practical engine of salvation. It sped with millions' worth of portable valuables to places of safety; it whisked hundreds of helpless men and women off the breakfast-table of the flames. But neither gasoline nor electricity nor steam is the ultimate motive power of the rebuilding. An automobile cannot climb the forty-five per cent. grade out of a basement with a load of debris, and a winch is too ponderous to serve. There is only one great power that can move about without assistance and be applied at will. The horse is having his day in San Francisco as he has never had it in history, and it is a glorious one for the horse, even though the day must inevitably close with his death. The cry of the California metropolis today is not for sympathy, not for money, but for horses, horses—and more horses!

In two years new San Francisco will be ready for the painters. Its steel and concrete buildings will tower in a way that the structures of the old city did not. A new race in city-building will have been set for the world. Plans calling for four hundred million dollars' worth of buildings will largely have been realized. The money isn't the only cost of setting a world's record. Neither is it the most significant item of the price. Into the foundations of the new city is going the life-blood of fifteen thousand superb horses in order that the paint-brush may begin its final coating in two years. Deliberately fifteen thousand draught-horses are being worked to death. Their lives are a sacrifice to an exigency of the times.

When the ashes were cold, the railroads were ready with gangs to lay tracks through the down-town ruins upon which to run debris-trains. Half a dozen contrivances were invented and put into operation for lifting brick and metal and ashes and dropping the waste into the topless cars which locomotives and electric engines

street, for the ash goes out of the city in a solid line of debris-wagon, and returns as an incongruous unit in a phalanx of lumber-wagons and strebladen drays. For six months Market Street and Kearny Street and Third and Mission and East have resounded to the monotonous thunder of the double caravan of the old city going out and the new city coming in.

Horse-power has found a new meaning in San Francisco. A wagon-load in R. O. days is a cart-load now, and what four horses drew is now the every-trip load of two. It is so of necessity. There are more horses than the city ever held before, and there are barely more than half enough. The loads must be drawn, and the horses to be had are the horses which must tug and heave and plunge until the loads are moved. Removal of debris and hauling of material are jobs let by contract. The contractors have all sorts of promises for time saved. The contractor reaps the premium by driving his horses to death. It is wilful murder in a just cause, for no city might readily summon horses enough for a task like San Francisco's.

A half-hour's walk from Market and Kearny streets at any hour of the day will lead you to a dead horse—laid in the harness—worked to death. The vans that carry off carcasses are busier than the vans which carry drunk men to jail. And the men whose business it is to bring in new horses to replace those who go out in the struggle are growing more and more desperate. The California corral and the Oregon and Nevada ranches have been depleted of their surplus, and now the ranges of Montana and the States farther eastward are being called upon to yield horses and more horses. There is no fine quibbling over the price. The horses must be had. They are shipped to the San Francisco horse-market, which, after the arrival of a fresh consignment, looks like a bull day in Wall Street.

There are seven thousand debris teams in the city now, which means that there are 14,000 horses engaged in hauling away the

ashes, the broken brick, and the spilt mortar from the aggregate of ruins. The 14,000 horses are in sufficient for the task, and it is believed that 3000 more teams will be added to the force before summer comes. There isn't a road leading from hacienda or rancho to San Francisco that hasn't its teamster and his team coming this way, even as the prize-scholar was guided in '40 to the harbor of the Argentinians.

Most of the new teamsters are the owners of their own spans—men who are leaving the plough and other activities of ranch life to participate in the profits of reconstruction. These men, as owners and drivers of their own teams, are not entitled to membership in a union, but, with that class omitted, the teamsters in the city



A Labor which kills many Horses a Month in San Francisco

HORSES EMPLOYED IN DRAGGING GREAT LOADS OF EARTH OUT OF AN EXCAVATION

When the ashes were cold, the railroads were ready with gangs to lay tracks through the down-town ruins upon which to run debris-trains. Half a dozen contrivances were invented and put into operation for lifting brick and metal and ashes and dropping the waste into the topless cars which locomotives and electric engines cranes lowered debris-carriers to any spot on broad lots where the shovellers were at work. And still there remained several million loads of crumbled walls and wreckage which could never be removed except as it was pitched into wagons and drawn off by horses. Nothing has been able to replace the horses. In getting dirt up the steep embankment from the excavation for the steel case of a new building building materials arrived on many sites over the temporary railroad tracks, and still thousands of horses were busy from dawn to dark in dragging building wastes from the depths up the uneven streets. A non-imperative law thus municipal ordinance shows autos in two miles an hour in many a down-town

constitute one of the big organizations of the labor world. There are more than 2500 members in the Teamsters' Union. There are probably more than 4000 organized among the "sand-drivers." Those who hold the reins over the wagons and freighting outfits of the various manufacturing concerns being the organization of teamsters to a total of more than 10,000. Each of these men has to do with from one to a dozen horses. It is easily seen how strong a factor the horse is in San Francisco's return to power.

What the horse eats is a vital point in the situation. Grain hay is high. The teamsters must pay \$25 a ton for this feed, and alfalfa costs them \$15. Yet the team-owner is growing rich. And this, too, in spite of the fact that the wet winter, the mud, the holes in the streets, have caused more sickness and crippled three times as many horses as in any previous winter season. Under the conditions, any horseman, two years hence will find most of the horses at work in San Francisco to-day in the bone-yard.

The entire city government is in need of horses to run the wheels of ambulances, police-patrols, fire-engines, and dirt-wagons.

President Duffey, of the Board of Public Works, realizes the seriousness of the situation. He wants to go to Missouri for strong young mules fit for the wear and tear of the service demanded in the city's plans for repairing the streets. Duffey wants to spend \$400,000 for mules and wagons and building stables in which to house them. He says this investment would save the city half a million dollars. In the work he has under way he is hiring 250 teams at a cost of \$7.50 each per day.

Chief Skaugness, of the Fire Department, is getting along mainly with horses who inspired themselves for life in the tremendous work which they did during the great fire of last April. It seems practically impossible to get good horses to replace them anywhere in the West.

No finer horses for heavy work are seen in America than those which pass in endless procession through San Francisco streets to-day. There are not enough of them, though, for the work in hand, and few may hope to survive the work which is now theirs to do. It is a deliberate sacrifice of five million dollars' worth of horseflesh. But the rebuilders are not balking at big bills.



Hauling Boilers of enormous Weight, intended for new Office Buildings, over the broken Pavements of San Francisco's Streets

RESTORING THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

By FRANK N. BAUSKETT

THE work of restoring the interior of the United States Capitol building, even as to details, according to the original plan, has begun in earnest.

Visitors to the Capitol during the past few weeks have been greatly disappointed to find that all the statues in Statuary Hall have been hoisted, scaffolding erected over the entire space, and an army of expert workmen there and in other parts of the building making it most unattractive to sightseers.

Statuary Hall was originally intended to be left with a natural sandstone finish, but a good many years ago the architect of the Capitol ordered it decorated in imitation marble. Every vestige of the paint now on the walls, however, will be scraped off and they will be left as at first intended. More than this, two of the old stairways which run from Statuary Hall—which until 1850 was the hall of the House of Representatives—to what was formerly the men's gallery and the women's gallery have been rediscovered and opened, and the men's gallery will also be restored to its original condition.

Congress at its last session appropriated the funds necessary for the "restoration of the building." The reason this action was taken was because the restoring of the walls of the rotunda to their natural sandstone finish last year seems to have met with the universal approval of both Houses of Congress as well as by visitors to the Capitol. It is universally the opinion that the rotunda in its natural sandstone finish is far more beautiful and artistic than was the case when the handsome rose-listed sandstone was covered with a dozen layers of cracking paint.

When the new Statuary Hall was used as the House of Representatives it was conceded to be the most beautiful legislative hall in the world. It was purely Grecian in its decorations, the outline of the plan being a semicircle of ninety-six feet chord elongated in

its vertical diametrical line by a parallelogram seventy-two feet long by twenty-five feet wide. The height to the top of the entablature blocking is thirty-five feet, and to the apex of the dome ceiling fifty-seven feet. So far as can be determined by sounding and testing, the entire wall space is of sandstone similar to that used in the construction of the rotunda. The circular colonnade is made up of fourteen columns and two antæ of the richest Corinthian proportions. The shafts are composed of a remarkably beautiful species of variegated marble called Breccia, in solid blocks, obtained from the banks of the Potomac River, a hundred miles or so above Washington. This marble is of very remarkable formation, and the blocks being of a nature which made it impossible to have them turned on a lathe, as is ordinarily the case, were hand-polished by slave labor. The capitals of these columns are of white Italian marble, sculptured after a specimen taken from the temple of Jupiter Stator at Rome, the most admired specimen of capitals of this delicate and beautiful order. The entablature is after the proportions of that in the same temple, ornamented with dentils and medallions enriched between and underneath with leaves and roses. Over the colonnade springs the magnificently painted panted dome, whose friars are familiar to every schoolboy in Washington.

The plans for restoring the building include the removal of the paint from all the pillars and crypt within it.

While the work of restoring the Capitol building to its former natural condition is a considerable undertaking, an extra large force has been employed in order that the scheme may be carried out and completed early in May, owing to the fact that during the summer many of the visitors passing through Washington on their way to and from the Jamestown Exposition will naturally want to visit the national legislative halls.

KANG YU WEI AND REFORM IN CHINA

By CHARLES JOHNSTON

LET us suppose that ten years ago the Chinese Empire had determinedly embarked on a movement of reform; that the old crusted bureaucracy had been broken up, and with it the endless extortion which pauperizes the four hundred millions of the Middle Kingdom; that instead of the present education based on the Chinese classics, there had been inaugurated a thoroughly modern system, based on the latest and best Western university models, and with all the added experience that Japan has gained; that a new Civil Service, thus trained, had taken the place of the old Six Boards of mandarins; the age-old quackery of the Chinese doctors had given way to modern hygiene and surgery; that modern science had been introduced into every field of industrial activity in the vast dominions of China; that mills and mines and railroads had sprung up from Gobi to Tonkin, from Manchuria to Tibet; that a finely organized army, patriotic, well-disciplined, well-offered, had taken the place of the old Banner Corps; and that a real fleet of modern steel vessels, battle-ships, cruisers, torpedo-boats, and so on, had displaced China's decrepit fleet; and, lastly, that all this had been done without any revolution, any violent disturbance whatever, should we not proclaim the man who inspired all this, and brought it to fruition, as one of the greatest of living men?

This is exactly the programme of His Excellency, Kang Yu Wei, and it speaks much for his immense ability and force, that he brought his vast plan within eight of realization, and seemed, indeed, to have reached complete success. A sudden turn of fortune changed him into an exile, fleeing for his life from a relentless enemy. Yet another turn of fortune may restore him to power, and he may live to see fulfilled the high hopes for his native land which inspired his early manhood.

Do not picture Kang Yu Wei as a gaunt revolutionary, fiery-eyed and destructive, like some renegade of underground Russia. He is really moderate, urbane, gentle, full of humor, and deeply religious in inspiration. In these days, when so many Orientals have adopted Western dress, Kang Yu Wei is still a typical Chinaman. His whole bearing is that of a calm and sober Minister of State, who happens for the moment to be out of office. He wears the gold-laced jacket, a cap adorned with the red coral button of the high official. A blue silk shirt and Chinese slippers complete the portrait. There is something even more Oriental, in the best sense, in the mobility and refinement of his face, changing from grave courtesy to sympathetic humor; in the idyllic and vivacity of his hands, quietly clasped in his lap, or following, with a score of gentle gestures, the turns and intricacies of his thought. One gains the impression that he is altogether to be trusted, at once wise and humane, energetic, and gentle.

Kang Yu Wei is no revolutionary. We should call him a moderate Constitutional, whose policy has received a temporary check, but who is waiting confidently for the tide to turn in his favor. The Dowager Empress, Tsun Hsi, the fierce old lady who, for a generation, has held China in the hollow of her hand, and who represents the forces of reaction, is aged and ailing. She will shortly celebrate her seventy-third birthday. The time cannot be remote when she will be gathered to the illustrious ancestors, and the Empress Kwansun, "Princess Hamlet of Peking," will once more hold the reins of power. He is not yet thirty-five; so time fights for him. Even in boyhood, while studying with his tutors the history of constitutional England, Kwangsun declared with

fever that he also would be a constitutional monarch, reigning not for himself, but for the whole people, in the spirit of the ancient Sun King, which declares that "Heaven hears and sees as our people hear and see."

Kwangsun found in his minister Kang Yu Wei an ardent idealist, altogether devoted to the reform of China, yet very temperate, moderate, and full of practical sense. The Emperor and the Minister worked heartily together. The reforms were planned. The edicts were even signed with the red seal of the empire. Then came the catastrophe. The Empress-Dowager in her wrath, like "the blind fury with the abhorred shears," slit the thin-spun thread of reform, and Kang Yu Wei had to flee for his life, barely escaping on board a British man-of-war. From China he fled to Hong-kong, going thence to Singapore and Kwangsun still pursued by the head-hunters of the reactionaries, yet courageously adhering to his high ideal of regenerated China, and working ceaselessly for its realization. The catalysts took place in 1901. Since then Kang Yu Wei has been travelling incessantly, visiting nearly every country in Europe, touching the coast of Africa, passing three years in India, and visiting this country now for the third time. And in all lands his first thought has been regeneration and reform. In Germany he sought relics of Martin Luther at Eisenach. In France he studied the tariff of the great Napoleon. In England he watched at close range the methods of a constitutional monarchy. In the United States he mastered the principles of democratic liberty.

As I said, Kang Yu Wei is no revolutionary. He does not seek to turn China into a republic, or to upset the Manchu dynasty. On the contrary, his policy of reform is closely bound up with the continuance of the dynasty. He is patiently awaiting the emancipation of Kwangsun, and the return of the reform party to power; and in the meantime, through the Chinese constitutional societies, is carrying on a vigorous campaign of education, spreading his organization throughout the length and breadth of the Chinese empire. Through newspapers, books, lectures, pamphlets, reform clubs, he is creating, what China above all things needs, an enlightened public opinion. The fact that nearly every Chinaman can read and write, and the generally democratic spirit of the Chinese race, greatly lighten his task; and his hope is, that, by the time the reform party returns to power, the Chinese people will be sufficiently enlightened to support intelligently the great transformation then to be begun. Two or three years, perhaps less, will see the young emperor once more free to carry out the hopes of his youth; and the reformers realize that they must be ready, and that the nation must be ready also.

As His Excellency had spoken of himself as a Constitutionalist, I asked him whether he included a Chinese parliament in his reform programme. Kang Yu Wei replied that ultimately he hoped for a national parliament, but that could not come for some little time.

Much remained to be done first. And he made it clear that his chief hope for China's development lies in industrialism, in a methodical development of China's enormous latent resources in coal, iron, minerals, cotton, manufacture of every kind. He cited two examples. The United States has, within two generations, built a network of railroads and factories from Maine to California, from the lakes to New Orleans, and has become the greatest producing country in the world's history. Germany has risen to



His Excellency Kang Yu Wei
FORMER CHINESE PRIME MINISTER, WHO
HAS BEEN VISITING THIS COUNTRY

the dominant position she now holds in European politics almost wholly as the result of a great industrial development.

First, industrialism. There is a great fleet and army. That is Kang Yu Wei's practical programme; and he is justified on counting on the young Emperor's hearty cooperation. Needless to say that the realization of this policy, the high development of China as an industrial, naval, and military power, will change the face of world politics, and especially the politics of the Pacific basin. Yet the awakening of China will be no menace to other lands. The growth of the Chinese industry will be a gain to other countries, not a loss. The more a country produces, the more it purchases from foreign lands. Both England and Germany, two of the greatest producing nations in the world, import more than they export; and the United States, in spite of the high tariff, takes a billion dollars' worth of goods from foreign countries every year.

China is following the path already taken by Japan. Twenty thousand young Chinese, among the most gifted and able of their race, are now studying in foreign countries, absorbing the culture of the most advanced nations on earth. Of these, some eleven thousand are in Japan, not only because it is so much nearer to their doors, and therefore so much cheaper, but also because the older Oriental nation is dazzled by the recent victories of the younger. Admission for Japan was an element of the reform programme in China two years ago, before the strong-handed intervention of the Despatch Emperor; and it was even proposed that Kwangchow should invite Marquis Ito to come to China as a special adviser to the throne, to forward "the material development of China under the intellectual leadership of Japan." The twenty thousand young Chinese at foreign universities are studying engineering, mining, industrial chemistry, railroading, every branch of the science of manufactures; and within a few years they will be weaving a network of railways over the Middle Kingdom, connecting ten thousand factories with the sea.

There is a religious side to the regeneration of China, and this Kang Yu Wei has carefully at heart. A great student of Oriental religions, who has read the two thousand books of the Buddhists, he is also a close student of Christianity. He finds the great humane principles alike in Christianity and Buddhism, and has been greatly struck by the resemblance of their institutions. On a recent visit to Spain, Kang Yu Wei went to a Catholic monastery near Toledo, and found among the silent monks very much that recalled the Buddhist monasteries on the hills of his native land.

Kang Yu Wei strongly believes in a religious revival in China, but it is not a part of his political programme to seek to influence or direct it. While he was in France a short time ago, he was particularly impressed with the necessity of separating the activities of church and state, and allowing the religious life to follow its own course. It is to the highest degree probable that the most advanced element in China has as its chosen leader a man so able, so wise, so moderate, so full of high ideals as Kang Yu Wei has shown himself to be.

Secrecy to be Maintained in the United States Navy

By orders of the Secretary of the Navy stringent precautions are to be taken by officers of the United States navy to prevent foreign nations from getting any information relating to the navy of this country which would in any way benefit them. In the future any foreigner desiring to go aboard a United States man-of-war, or to be shown over a navy-yard in this country, will first have to obtain permission from the Chief of the Bureau of Naval Intelligence in Washington, and be accompanied by an officer of the United States navy specially detailed for the purpose.

The Secretary of the Navy believes in secrecy, and the officers of the navy are upholding him in his endeavors to prevent

foreign nations from learning of the remarkable developments in war-ship construction, target practice, and live matters, which are being made in this country. In the past, Secretary Mettall declares, there has been entirely too much information given out to foreign nations about our navy.

The Secretary of the Navy has just issued two confidential orders to officers on duty at all navy-yards and aboard vessels of the navy. The first and most important of these places restrictions on foreigners visiting ships of the navy or navy-yards. All officers are enjoined not to talk about their profession to any foreigners, and are directed to refer all foreigners who desire permission to go aboard American war-ships to the Chief of the Bureau of Naval Intelligence. It will be his duty to ascertain what the foreigner's object is, and if it appears all right, a permit will be issued to him, and an officer of the navy detailed to escort him over the ship or the navy-yard, as the case may be.

The second secrecy order directs officers and enlisted men of the navy not to give out for publication any information relating to target practice, the employment and armament of guns, the speed of ships on trial trips, or any information of this kind. Excluded men are particularly enjoined not to talk about these matters after their return to port from a cruise.

In the past it has been the custom for line-jackets to give out with considerable pride the scores made in target practice by their respective vessels. The publication of such information is now much deplored by the Navy Department officials, and the greatest care will be taken to prevent its being repeated in the future.

It is just possible, however, that this policy of secrecy in the United States navy may be carried too far. The publication of information of a popular kind has done much in the past to popularize the navy throughout the country, and made it possible to obtain big appropriations each year for its up-building, which under the "secrecy" policy it would hardly be possible to procure.

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THE SEASON'S PLAYS

JOYS OF A WANING SEASON

By "J"

MISS AMELIA BINGHAM has expressed annoyance—no doubt, sincere—because her production of "The Lilac Room," a comedy, as styled, by Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland and Beulah Marie Dix, has not been received with shouts of jubilation and acclaim. According to a speech which Miss Bingham delivered from the stage of Weber's Theatre on the second night of the run of "The Lilac Room," her reason for producing this piece was because she could get nothing better—according to her, there is, in the theatrical world of to-day, a genuine play-famine. This is all doubtless true enough; yet the rejoinder is unavoidable that, such being the case, it is ill-advised to offer, in place of an unattainable good play, a play so incomparably fatuous, amorphous, and unedifying as "The Lilac Room." The authors, it is said, complain that their play has been tampered with—that Miss Bingham has amplified it, to its disadvantage. Miss Bingham, on the other hand, admits the fact, but adds that it is well she did so. Again, it is said in Miss Bingham's defense that she was forced, by uncontrollable circumstance, into bringing the play to New York against her better judgment.

Now all of this, of course, interests the public but slightly. The play is advertised in the regular way, seats are sold in the regular way, and the public is offered, in return for its good coin, a play concerning the quality of which it may not have been informed. What, then, is the situation of the public?—where, to paraphrase a recent and famous saying, does it "stand"? In the view of "J," it stands in an unenviable situation. To put the matter plainly, it will witness, in exchange for its coin, one of the saddest and boldest and maddest plays that have ever been put upon the New York stage. Of the acting, as apart from the play, "J" shall not speak; the weather is warmer than it was, the dogwood is beginning to blossom in the Bronx, the perennial organ-grinder is grinding on the sunny side of the street, and soon Broadway will be an innocent of plays and players as the main street of South Podunk on an August afternoon. So what's the use?

The welcome given to Miss Ethel Barrymore upon her appearance in "His Excellency the Governor" at the Empire Theatre was such as is accorded those who return from journeyings in far and dangerous lands. The fact is, she had just returned from an unfortunate experience in "The Silver Box," where she was undoubtedly lost. Granting that the charwoman is a very earnest and pathetic figure in our civil scheme, New York, nevertheless, prefers Miss Barrymore in other guise, which may be a fault of narrowness, but it is unquestionably a fact. As *Stella De Gez*, the dancer, Miss Barrymore is no charming and winsome as she was unconvincing in the role of the charwoman. It is not within the province of those columns, nor within the skill of the writer,

to say anything technically adequate about the gowns Miss Barrymore wears, but some one who understands these things should surely do so. They eminently merit it. All that "J" need say is to advise any woman contemplating possession of a white gown with spongy things all over it to see Miss Barrymore in this latest play, and she will undoubtedly learn something to her advantage.

"His Excellency the Governor" is not a new play save in Miss Barrymore's hands. It is more charming now than when first played in New York many years ago, because Miss Barrymore gives the rôle of *Stella* a touch of humor of which she herself seems conscious, as if she were enjoying to the full the predicament in which she places the Governor by her unexpected visit to his province. Mr. William Norris, who was in the original cast, appeared in his old part of *John Bacerstock*, private secretary to the Governor, *Sir Montagu Martin*, played by Mr. Bruce McEae, and shared the comedy honors with the star.

Without Eddie Foy, Miss Maude Fulton, and Mr. William Rock there is little doubt that "The Orchid," the imported "musical entertainment" now at the Herald Square Theatre, would still upon its stalk. Save for a brief interval during which Mr. Melville Ella plays the piano and apparently arouses the ire of the orchestra, which tries in every way to prevent his music being heard. These three alone of all the rest take proper care of this frail flower and keep it in some semblance of bloom during the evening. Eddie Foy is always funny, Miss Fulton is very pretty and dashing, and she and Mr. Rock dance and sing extremely well. The rest of the thing is made up of the usual amount of short dresses, light and music. Several of the songs are excellent, and "will probably be whistled on Broadway." Strange to relate, there is a definite plot to the piece. It concerns the theft of an orchid, one of the few remaining things which have not been stolen in comic opera of late years. Of course, the orchid, a two-thousand-pounds-sterling variety, returns to roost at home before the final curtain.

It is regrettable to have to chronicle the singing of an extremely vulgar verse in a song by Tricie Frigman, "No Wedding Bells for Me." While this song provoked hilarious applause in various parts of the house, it was a real comfort to note the granite immobility of face with which most of the women received it. This verse, if not the entire song, should be cut from the score. It is frankly and offensively vulgar and not in the least funny. Two of Eddie Foy's songs, "College" and "He Goes in 'Round on Sunday," are delightfully amusing. Mr. Rock deserves much praise for his singing of "Far Fera" and for his singing and dancing with Miss Fulton in "Liza Ann" and "La Promenade Anglaise."



Drawn by G. E. Conde

Miss Bingham in her heavy-weather Play, "The Lilac Room"

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY SON?

A PRACTICAL TRAINING IN THE FUNDAMENTALS OF INDUSTRIAL MANAGEMENT

HOW many fathers at this very moment are sorely perplexed trying to answer the above query? It is one of the decisions wherein the boy may not participate; at least, when it simmers down to the finale. And that finale of decision is a very portentous point of ultimatum.

The spirit of the age calls for the practical men. And the parent naturally urges upon himself determination as to what phase of practical life his son exhibits the most aptitude? Piling up the varied vocations for inspection, and surveying and weighing them deliberately, the father will be pardoned if he inclines to apply his son to technical arts and sciences, as affording one of the richest fields for reputable life-work.

There is something high-sounding in the phrase "technical arts and sciences." But analyzed it means mechanical engineering, civil engineering, mining engineering, electrical science, and all those interrelated and allied pursuits that fit a young man to enter the race where they "do things." Undeniably in technical directions is where they do the big, essential, power-wielding, and money-earning things that the world of activity must have. After all, that is the end—what the world must have. That is where the boy must be sent, to learn to do what the world is waiting to have produced and accomplished.

In the majority of cases the father knows little or nothing of the relative seats of such learning; knows even less as to their comparative exaltedness. But—happily, 'twould appear—he hears that Stevens stands as well positioned. And he learns that "Stevens" refers to the

institute of technology at Hoboken. And naturally it is of some moment to ascertain that "Stevens" graduates succeed in mechanical, electrical, and other branches of engineering and industrial management in general.

When it comes down to the last analysis, it is a question as to what showing the graduates of any institution make in practical activity out in the world. And so the parent who hears of the splendid performance

of Stevens' eleven hundred well-equipped men, graduated into positions awaiting them upon their graduation, concludes that it means something to be world wanted, world helpful, and world famed; means something for the young man; means something for "Stevens."

Thorough parental investigation begins; to see if "Stevens" may not equip his boy. He finds the chemistry of materials taught, from the very rudiments of physics up; he finds that what woods, metals, and ores are made of and may do are taught from mother earth to the finished product; he finds that actual work in the blacksmith's shop, the machine shop, the foundry, the boiler-room, the engine-room, give the boy tool-handling experience; he finds that the student must learn by doing what it means to measure, weigh, separate, combine, all the facts that enter into light and heat; he finds that he is drilled in draughting, so that he can create, in values as he can lay, in costs as he can compute profits over expense; he finds that he is given every secret of computation, control, and manipulation of electrical forces, by study of the theories in the abstract, and then by actual experimenting in laboratories, with every known appliance for the perfect and thorough grasp and comprehension of all that the world knows and can utilize of this enormous commercial power; he finds that the boy is trained to use English so he can express it creditably in correspondence, is expressing himself in commercial and mechanical life; he finds that he is trained in the usages and requirements of twentieth-century modes and methods of business life, so he can converse on his profession with directness and precision.

Furthermore, the parent finds in charge of "Stevens" men who have made a mark and cut a figure in the commercial phases of mechanical arts, skill, and engineering in all its departments. He

finds at the head of the institution Alexander C. Humphreys, M.E., Sc.D., LL.D., of international note and authority, and about him a faculty composed of men to whom the outside world, the world of mechanics, look for expert judgment and opinion and tests and authorization upon knotty, complex propositions. They are not dreamers, theoretic idealists; but men who can, and who do, throw off their coats and roll up their sleeves—just as they ask their students—and drive into the actual doing of the most difficult things.

And thus are the father's eyes opened to the magnitude and vastness of "Stevens." He learns what mechanical life exacts of a man's mind; and he sees how "Stevens" fits the boy so that when they tell him he is "through" over at Hoboken he finds that his degree of "M.E." (mechanical engineer) opens the doors of the biggest interests on earth to his rounded, developed, disciplined faculties and endowments; for they want him, they need him, and they are looking for him.

Now what of "Stevens" alumni? After all, that is what provides the important deduction. Where are "Stevens" graduates? What are they doing? How are they regarded? Is the comparison of active life what is thought of them? Surely they are high up in the scale, acknowledged for proficiency, noted for thoroughness and exact accomplishments; for were this not so an output of graduation numbering eleven hundred would not all be license-makers, position-holders, and influence-wielders in the

sphere of mechanical engineering, especially where the criterion is so high in today's industrial world, made so by the advancement along all technical lines.

And so if the father has the sense to see the "Stevens" spirit, he puts in no vain search for evidence, a simply confirmatory of the wisdom of a practical education for his son; and such an intensely practical case as will make his boy sought for the moment "Stevens" in ready to deliver him over to the earning of a living. And as for very soon put into "Stevens," the late President Morton gave \$150,000 of his own fortune to it, and the present

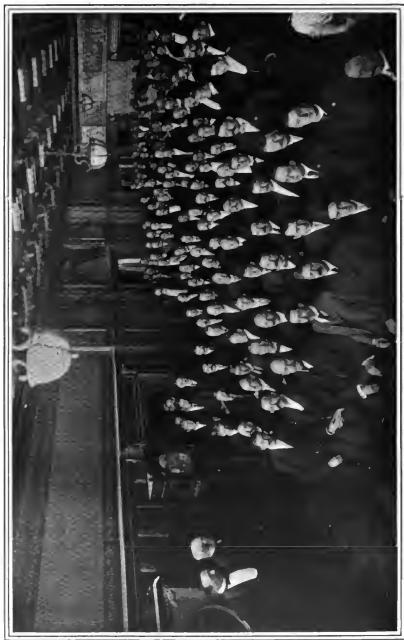
head stands ready to follow the example set by his predecessor and to give liberally from the means he has accumulated in the practice of an engineer based upon the education he himself acquired at "Stevens." So the parent sees that "Stevens" (while it could wisely employ environment, and truly wants it) does not ask it swarming to add: "We will do our share also," and certainly such a spirit must commend itself to any father seeking the fundamental real that an educational institution must have to achieve greatest results in its product.

You may—as of course you will—revolve so vital a question and to give liberally from the means he has accumulated in the practice of an engineer based upon the education he himself acquired at "Stevens." So the parent sees that "Stevens" (while it could wisely employ environment, and truly wants it) does not ask it swarming to add: "We will do our share also," and certainly such a spirit must commend itself to any father seeking the fundamental real that an educational institution must have to achieve greatest results in its product.

The main thought, therefore, to be inculcated is, that lines where deeds count are the lines where gifts count, and where training counts, and where preparation counts, and where exertion counts, and future are to be found. Your son looks to you to make the choice; looks to himself to deserve the opportunity that choice will give him; looks to the reports of "Stevens" to give him a right-earned standing that will not make it necessary for him to struggle and wait and perhaps knock at doors tardily. Give the boy the Stevens' chance and he will accomplish the Stevens' record, which will mean that he will have achieved a profession opening directly into the arena of active achievement, which is never over-crowded. . . .



Bird's-eye View of Stevens' Institute of Technology and Grounds, Hoboken, N. J., Overlooking Hudson River



MR. CARNEGIE'S "INDUSTRIAL PEACE EVENING"

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE INVITED SEVERAL HUNDRED REPRESENTATIVES OF CAPITAL AND LABOR TO ASSEMBLE AT HIS NEW YORK HOME ON THE EVENING OF APRIL 5 FOR PURPOSES OF BETTER ACQUAINTANCE. THE MEETING WAS ARRANGED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE NATIONAL CITY FEDERATION, AND A NOTABLE GATHERING RESULTED. BANKERS AND CARPENTERS, DISSEMINATORS AND MILLWRIGHTS, CEMENTMEN AND BRONZECUTTERS, MET UNDER MR. CARNEGIE'S ROOF, LISTENED TO INTERNAL SPEECHMAKING, AND EXCHANGED REPRESENTATIVES BOTH INTELLECTUAL AND GUSTATORY.

Photograph by G. B. Lawrence Co. Copyright, 1914, by Underwood & Underwood

Mr. August Belmont Mr. Carnegie

Shiroko

(Continued from page 573.)

three times, and smiled and sucked to his breath loudly as a sign of profound respect. "Dear me, we don't want a guide," said Mrs. Hypatia. "I've been here a dozen times. I know every inch of the island."

"Pardon me," pleaded the New York man, "but have you the heart to betray a good dog who has put his trust in you? Look at Shiroko. He's heard what you said, and he's almost ready to cry. Why do you suppose he has brought us here, and refused to eat or play or fight?"

"Oh, take the guide by all means," Mrs. Hypatia agreed, in haste. "But I never heard of a dog luring people to a guide."

So that was settled, and we all fell in line behind old Adam, while his lieutenant, Shiroko, frisked about on and occasionally darted into the thicket in hope of a plump mouse.

"Nice dog," Mrs. Hypatia remarked to old Adam, in his native Japanese tongue.

"Yes, yes; nice dog," he agreed, with smiles and bows and whistling leisters.

"Your dog?" she pursued.
"Your dog? Oh, no, no!" cried the old fellow, picking up a stick and hurling it at Shiroko with a vigor surprising in such a lean and wrinkled arm. Shiroko ran away with a backward glance of grief, of surprise, of regret at man's ingratitude.

My friend Melones was amused that night when I told him about the wise dog at dinner, and said I was going to take him home to New York, where the good dogs go.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you could not buy that dog with any amount of money. He belongs to old Onishi, the guide, whom you call Adam, and earns him at least five hundred yen a year by bringing up customers from Katase. The old man is feeble, and he can't walk so far through the heavy sand."

Court or Caught

"Sold your automobile, eh?" exclaimed Wynn. "What was the trouble?"

"Couldn't control it," explained Arber. "When I ran fast it took me to the police court, and when I ran slowly it didn't take me anywhere."

Going the Limit

A New York hotel man tells a good story of an Irishman from a Northwestern State who, until this year, had never seen the East, he having emigrated to the coast rid Australia.

The Irishman, a genial, whole-souled fellow, but very illiterate and ill-versed in the ways of the world, determined that while in New York he would let no one see his shortcomings.

The very first evening of his stay in New York he proceeded to a Sixth Avenue café, there to regale himself with a *table d'hôte* dinner. There sat opposite him a pale and intoxicated youth with a voracious appetite, who went through the dinner, as the saying is, "from soup to nuts." The Irishman, being in doubt as to his orders, would invariably reply that he would take the same as the intoxicated youth.

When the latter had finished, he called the waiter and said:

"Bring me a messenger."

"Bring me the same," chimed in the Irishman.

"Wood's one messenger do for the both of you?" asked the astonished waiter.

"Begob!" exclaimed the Irishman, pointing to his *vis-à-vis*. "If he eats his, I'll eat mine!"

Otherwise His

"Has it occurred to you," asked the lawyer, "that it was possible for my client's automobile to pass over you without injuring you in the slightest?"

"Well, no," replied the damaged witness, slowly. "It didn't strike me quite that way."



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We want to know that the Grinnell Gloves for men or women are the best gloves for the season. Write to us for a sample. We will send you a sample of our Grinnell Gloves for men or women. We will send you a sample of our Grinnell Gloves for men or women. We will send you a sample of our Grinnell Gloves for men or women.

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Liquid Fuel for Steamships

ONE of the best demonstrations of the practicability of using liquid fuel (petroleum) to afford motive power to steamships was the recent trip of the British battleship *Gothic*, which recently arrived at Thameshaven after a passage from Balik Pappen, Hormo, a distance of over 12,000 miles, without a stop. The average speed throughout the passage was something over nine knots.

"This is the third non-stop run made by this vessel while burning liquid fuel, the first being from Singapore to Rotterdam in 1901, and the second from Singapore to Thameshaven, during the same year, the three runs establishing a record for non-stop runs while using liquid fuel.

The advantages of petroleum as a steamship fuel are asserted to be almost numberless, though the chief ones would appear to be the reduction in bulk and weight of fuel, and the elimination of the necessity for the large number of stokers which a coal-burning steamer must have. That the British government has considerable faith in the future of the oil-burning marine engine is evinced by the fact that a number of cruisers and torpedo craft are being arranged for liquid-fuel consumption.

Quite So

Two members of the Princeton faculty, during a recent hurried trip to New York, were on a Broadway car when it was stopped by a blockade. As they were near their destination, they decided to get out and walk. The block was, however, soon lifted, and the car overtook them.

"When we left the car," said one of the "highbrows," who, by the way, has a bit of the Celt in him, "I thought we should get on better by getting off. But after all we should have been better off if we had stayed on."

It Would be Simple

In the days before the dawn of his fame, the proprietor of a certain well-known author to wander up and down the land, seeking what he might devour in the way of suggestion and local color. In this way he had drifted down into Arkansas, "roughing it," and so, as he expressed it, presenting an appearance calculated to inspire a hotel proprietor with unlimited confidence.

The only hotel in the town, a frame structure, seemed to have been built upon the theory that there was plenty of room straight up, but that ground had to be bought, and the wanderer was shown to a room on the third floor, reached through many narrow and winding passages. From the one window it was a straight drop to the ground.

"Say, how would I get out of this place in case of fire?" he asked the landlord, who had brought up his grip.

The other eyed him coldly.
"Well," he drawled, "all yo' would have to do would be to show ther night watchman—the one with ther shotgun—a receipted bill for yo' board an' lodgin', an' get him to tie up ther building."

Hire the Fewer

A WASHINGTON man, wishing to take his family into the country for the summer, one day crossed over to the Virginia side of the Potomac, to look at a small farm with a view to renting it.

Everything was to his liking and negotiations were about to be completed, when the question of hiring also the farmer's son came up. It was an excellent cow, the farmer declared, and even after feeding her calf she would give six quarts of milk a day.

"Six quarts a day?" exclaimed the Washington man. "That is more than my whole family could use."

Then, suddenly observing the calf following its mother about the pasture, he added:

"I'll tell you what I'll do! I'll hire the small cow. She's just about my size."

The World's Greatest Crop

The Bureau of the Census has just issued its final report upon the cotton crop of the United States for the season of 1906-7, and this report gives the enormous total of 13,376,225 bales of 500 pounds each, which is 1,000,000 bales in excess of the official estimates made in December, 1906. Included in this total are 321,100 bales of lint, 37,352 bales of seed-cotton, and 12,923 bales of 155,704 bales remaining to be ginned after March 10. The number of active gins is given at 28,702.

The average selling price for cotton during the past season has been good, and the result in an era of decided prosperity in the cotton belt, as, in addition to the sum of nearly \$700,000,000 received for the staple, must be added approximately \$100,000,000 received for cotton-seed products. Should the present indications be realized, there will be added in the near future still another item of value to this, the world's greatest crop; paper made from the cotton stalks, which are at present burned in the field.

Dead Letters

A NEW YORK business man, while in Chicago recently, was expecting a money-order letter in a day or two. In order to avoid any difficulty in identification, he went to a clerk in the post-office and asked him to send him a money-order to the amount of \$100, and my name is Thomas Blank. Here are a lot of letters addressed to me from various places. You will observe the postmarks. See, you see, if I am not the man I claim to be, I saved have murdered that man and possessed myself of his letters, and am now perusing him. As that is not likely, you must admit that I am the man."

The New Yorker, having delivered himself of the foregoing, left the post-office. In a few days the money-order came, and the man from New York repaired to the office to get his order cashed. He expected to find the clerk ready for him, but at first the clerk did not recollect him. Presently the New Yorker succeeded in recalling himself to the man's memory.

"Oh, yes," said the clerk, quite seriously, "you're the chap that murdered the other man!"

The Inverted Rake

THERE is a man in Pittsburg who will be married in a short while, and will occupy the house a few rooms of which he has used during his bachelor days. He takes the greatest pleasure in showing his intimate friends about the place, and is especially delighted at the astonishment they express when his own "den" is reached. He has always been a quiet, studious fellow, but as he sits in the room, gives the appearance of the lounging place of a regular rascal. There are racks of long pipes; photographs of actresses are stuck about the chimney glass; a shelf of beer-stains runs all the way around the room, and a few feminine gloves, handkerchiefs, and fans are scattered about.

"Great Scott, Jack!" the last visitor gasped, "where did you get this stuff, and why?"

"I thought out a college fellow," was the complacent reply. "Just think how pleased that dear little girl will be when she sees all this truck and thinks how much wickedness she has won me away from!"

For Better or Worse

A BALTIMORE woman who had "a perfect treasure of a cook," was horrified recently when Maggie came to her saying:

"Plase, mum, I'm givin' ya a waka's notice."

"Why, Maggie?" exclaimed the lady of the house, "this is a surprise! Aren't you satisfied here? Do you hope to better yourself?"

"Well, so, mum," responded Maggie, "not exactly that. The fact is, mum, I'm givin' to get married."



The new screw steamer S. S. Deutschland, holding the record for the Trans-Atlantic passage—from New York to Plymouth in 9 days, 7 hours, 28 minutes.

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THE increase in European travel this season has been sufficient to warrant additional sailings to meet the demand for first-class accommodations.

Such splendid vessels as the Deutschland, Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, Amerika, Blauscher, etc., have been looked for by some sailings; however, owing to changes in the plans of travelers, it is still possible to obtain some very desirable rooms on board these vessels.

For those desirous of crossing the ocean in the QUICKEST POSSIBLE TIME, yet at the maximum of COMFORT AND SAFETY, no better opportunity is offered than by the superb S. S. DEUTSCHLAND, leaving New York April 30th (last sailing at intermediate rates) and May 30th and June 27, on which some excellent accommodations are still available.

In addition to the splendid steamer Pennsylvania, Patricien, Graf Waldersee and Pretoria, the new S. S. PRESIDENT LINCOLN and PRESIDENT GRANT offer excellent accommodations.

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THE CONQUEST OF OUR HIGHEST MOUNTAIN

Dr. FRANKERICK COOK is a mountain climber who does not know what discouragement means. After repeated attempts to reach the unconquered summit of Mt. McKinley, in which he was compelled to turn back, he at last succeeded. The dangers and privations of this adventure make Arctic exploration seem a comfortable amusement by comparison. With one companion Dr. Cook reached the highest peak of the mountain—a height of 29,300 feet—a new record for mountain climbing on this continent.

Dr. Cook's first complete account of his remarkable achievement, illustrated with his own photographs, appears in this May HARPER'S.

JOHN W. ALEXANDER'S GREAT PAINTINGS FOR THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

The largest contract for mural decoration ever awarded a single American artist was that given to J. W. ALEXANDER for the decorations in the new Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh. These decorations, together with an appreciation by CHARLES H. CAPPS, are reproduced by courtesy of Mr. ALEXANDER in the May HARPER'S. They represent probably the most notable and certainly the most significantly American work that has been done in the field.

CAPTAIN MAHAN ON OUR NAVY BEFORE THE WAR OF SECESSION

Few officers could write of either the present or past of our navy in such delightful style and from so full a knowledge as Captain MAHAN—an acknowledged world authority. In the May HARPER'S he writes in an intimate personal way of the navy in that crucial and intensely interesting period just preceding the War of Secession.

THE TRIAL OF THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS

This is the most recent of the "Deceptive Battles of the Law" dealt with in FRANKERICK TREVOR HILL's notable series. For this very reason so much complete study as Mr. Hill has made has yet been presented. His vivid picture of the trial is the more interesting now because most readers will readily recall the intense interest excited at the time.

8 SHORT STORIES

No one type of story can properly be called a "Harper story." The best and most interesting stories of all types are the real Harper stories. The stories of the May MAGAZINE are good examples. GRACE ELLERY CHANNING, an American writer who has lived for years in Rome, contributes an amusing story showing the humors of life where no one can be presumed to do anything in time. NORMAN DUNCAN's story is a tale of a Labrador fisherman and his wife, and of their sacrifice of their plans in order to properly entertain a visiting parson—a story where humor and pathos are curiously mingled. LOUISE FORD-LUND writes of a delightful situation arising from the admission of an old man into a home for old ladies. RICHARD LE GAL-LENIEN's story is a poetic fantasy—"The Death of the Poet," a man who, having accomplished by his life-work the payment of his debts, feels at last that he is free to die. ROSE VOISIN's "The Substance of Things Hoped For" is a story of American child-life—of the great event in childhood where the first break is made in a group of friends and the dearest boy goes away to school. AGAY MERRILL KOACH has written a charming little romance of the South; the feeling of the aristocratic Southern family against the intruding strangers, and its final happy settlement in a romance, is delightfully shown. The humorous story of the number is a tale of how two cowboys almost deceived a Berlin archaeologist with manufactured relics. JAMES BRANCH CABELL's two-part romance is concluded.

**23 SEPARATE
CONTRIBUTIONS**

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S GREAT SERIAL
"THE WEAVERS"

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LI

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EVERY BIRD HAS HIS DAY

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COMMENT

Peace Talk at Pittsburg

THE addresses at the meeting of Mr. CARNEGIE's many distinguished guests at the commencement of his Institute abounded in evidence that the whole world is seriously thinking that war is drifting back into the savage past, and that the powerful men of the world are looking confidently to a time when universal peace shall be established, and when war between civilized nations shall have ceased to be possible. From Mr. CARNEGIE's own noble address to the most important speech, the occasion was more than a celebration of the growing sentiment for peace; it was an educational influence. It will be many a year, doubtless, before our eyes shall see the passing of the armed man from his control of government; and it is many a weary year that has passed since TENNYSON foreshadowed the day when

The war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled.
 In the Parliaments of men, the Federation of the World;
 And that the day is nearer is manifested by the development of the dream of a sister into a moral public question which practical men discuss as if it were possible; while, as Mr. STEAR said, the rulers of the world are in favor of peace, and profess to have abandoned all desire for gain by war. It is true, of course, that practical difficulties, like cost and other things, have helped to freeze the poet's dream with material considerations; but good comes often that way, and remains good. Mr. STEAR perhaps made too much of the influence of yellow journals. The year 1888 was possibly the last time when they could bring a country into war; and maybe they were then not so influential as they were thought to be. At any rate, it would be so difficult to convict an editor for causing war by misstatements that the crime which Mr. STEAR would faden upon the yellows might in time come to be as easy and safe as murder.

The Peace Congress in New York

The Peace Congress which is in session in Carnegie Hall in New York has already developed, as the WEEKLY goes to press, very interesting disparities of conviction as to the kind of peace that is wanted and the way to get it. President ROOSEVELT, who has concurred his sentiments and sympathies by letter, wants peace with righteousness, but not without it. Mr. CARNEGIE says there is an indissoluble union between peace and righteousness. He wants peace with arbitration. Professor MÜNSTERBERG felt constrained to point out that peace missionaries often weaken their influence by mistaken arguments, and to maintain that the military system of Germany was not unpopular, and that the German army was not felt by the nation as a disagreeable burden. Mr. CARNEGIE knew better. He had talked with immigrant Germans in the mills at Pittsburg, and ascertained that the chief reason most of them gave for coming to America was to keep their children out of compulsory military service. Mr. STEAR said

that talk of disarmament made him sick, and that it is not disarmament that we want, but less armament. Mr. CARNEGIE said that Mr. STEAR talked too much. A Frenchman pointed out that France had led all countries in promoting peace; a Scotchman maintained that King EDWARD prayed for the peace of all the world every night of his life; Secretary OSCAR STRAUS pointed with pride to President ROOSEVELT as an unsurpassed pacificator—the *Bark Fashaw*, as it were; of all the peace-makers. Mr. CARNEGIE would have the peace of the world preserved by an international police force which should discipline nations which insisted upon fighting, but before using violence on such nations, Mr. CARNEGIE would try the virtues of a boycott. Secretary ROOT was not so advanced as that. He found great encouragement in the unceasing process of diplomatic intercourse, by which moral standards, evolved and accepted in the slow development of civilization, are pressed upon the governments of every nation, backed by the tremendous power of the opinion of the civilized world. The Secretary thought the path to universal peace was through the development of peace-loving and peace-keeping character among men, and that development, though slow, he found to be unimpeachably proceeding with steady advance from generation to generation. That is a view which accords with Christian faith. It was reflected by Governor HUGHES, who said: "The security of peace lies in the desire of the people for peace."

Through Discussion to Harmony

Altogether, the Peace Congress seems a very healthy gathering, where speech is free, though good-natured, and the coining of the doves is diversified by notes in many keys and of various degrees of penetration. Better so, much better, than too much monotony of soft sounds. There are great differences of opinion among peace-lovers as to what is obtainable and how to obtain it. Some degree of harmony among the peace-lovers is indispensable for useful co-operation, and a very good way to make progress towards such harmony is to get together and talk things out, every speaker speaking his mind, and hearing such views as are opposed.

Public Questions Should be Discussed

It is conducive to the public health that some important questions are being discussed by important men, and that Echo is not having it all its own way in American politics. It will be better for the President, too, if he and the people hear the other side of questions which have been heretofore assumed to be settled as soon as he has announced his conclusions concerning them. This is true because he has raised, and, to his own satisfaction, has settled questions which ought to be thought about before they are finally decided. Universal and agile acquiescence is not complimentary to a man who, having carefully thought out a proposition, announces the conclusion at which he has arrived. Overcautious acceptance is like overquick testimony. It is inevitable that there should be doubt of its sincerity, of its genuineness, of its truthfulness. A good many people have been thinking, at least they have been saying, that any one who opposes what are called the President's policies are "plotting" or "conspiring" against them. This is nonsense. There is no treachery implied in merely opposing Mr. ROOSEVELT. In Ohio, Senator FORAKER has entered the lists against such people and such a theory. He has agreed with the President sometimes, and sometimes he has opposed him, and in each instance he has done what he has the right to do. As he has set forth, his responsibility as a Senator is to the people of the State of Ohio, who have sent him to Washington to speak his mind on public questions and to vote as he thinks right or expedient for the public welfare. This is his contention, and he is right in making it. No one but the people of Ohio can demand an accounting of him, and if they do not like what he says and does as Senator, or if they do not like him, the remedy is in their own hands. It may be that they agree with Mr. ROOSEVELT, and not with Mr. FORAKER, or that they prefer Mr. TAYLOR to him. They have the right to say this, but they would be very foolish to disapprove of Senator FORAKER merely for disagreeing with the President. If they decide against him, they ought to make their decision on the merits of the questions from which come the differences of opinion. Public discussion will settle such questions judi-

clouds and wisely, and as the President doubtless desires a judicious and wise decision, he ought to welcome such a discussion as that which Mr. FORAKER has inaugurated.

Mr. Spooner's Views

Mr. SPOONER is another eminent Republican who has entered into the discussion of an important subject. It is a subject on which Mr. SPOONER has, in an especial way, the right to speak. It is the subject of the relations of the State and Federal governments. It has been held apparently by some that any person who believes that the dual form of government should be maintained is in some way treacherous to the administration, or at least to the cause against corporations. But Mr. SPOONER, who has been by far the ablest defender of Mr. ROOSEVELT on the floor of the Senate, says that he is strongly opposed to the effort to wipe out State lines. He speaks very strongly on this subject before the Wisconsin Society in the city of New York. He declared that he refused "to be stampeded into a departure from vital fundamental principles of government embodied in the Constitution of our country," and he told his hearers that he regarded this as "one of the dangers which to-day confront this people." Recognizing a tendency to which we have already alluded, he said that by this utterance of his he expected "to be called a reactionary." The following paragraph of his speech is one of the best statements of a profound truth on this question that has been uttered for a long time:

In my view almost any evil can be better borne than the infliction of a previous wound upon our constitutional system of government, which is dual in its character, combining the sovereignty of the Federal and separately of the State governments. Through a hundred years, during which we have grown up a nation of over 80,000,000 of people, and the richest, and perhaps, all in all, the most powerful, in the world, the Constitution has been adequate, both in time of peace and in time of war.

It may be that some people disagree with Mr. SPOONER, although to us he seems to be sound; but it is a very poor American—indeed, a radical disbeliever in republican institutions—who will not agree to the proposition that the man who does believe this doctrine and who does see this emergency owes it to his conscience and his country to speak out, and to speak with all the power at his command.

An Opposition Wanted

Apparently the thinking on political questions is not confined to eminent Republicans. Democrats and independents have been giving tongue to views and feelings that are helpful to the country, because they betray the right spirit and because they show that universal acquiescence and surrender of principle are not much longer to be tolerated. Every thoughtful and patriotic mind is conscious of the fact that the political reform of which this country stands most in need is a real party of opposition. This truth lay at the foundation of the speeches that were made before the Democratic Club of New York on JEFFERSON day. We want a new party, or a regenerated party, a party that will mean something different from the party of the administration. Whatever the party of the administration hopes that it is, or says that it is, the Republican party is a party of class privilege, and, being so, it is natural, in order to cover up sins that have become too obvious, that it should for a time become a party of class restraint; that its remedy for the class evils which it has itself bred should be the exaltation of its own favorites. "The wealth that we have given by our laws we may take away by other laws," is the conclusion. That it both gives and takes away at the expense of the whole country, of all the people, is a matter which evidently concerns it very little. Against such a party, for the public health, should be arrayed a real opposition. Such an opposition can only be organized by a union between the conservative South and the conservative North. It cannot be formed among the discredited persons who are spending fruitless and meaningless days rejoicing that the present leader of the party of class privileges has stolen their ancient weapon and has successfully turned it against them.

Tariff-Reform Straws

Some persons, the principal among them being EUGENE FOSS and ERIC DRAPER, are constructing a great cotton-mill in East Boston. EUGENE FOSS is the Republican leader of

the Massachusetts reciprocity movement. He is thus in antagonism to the tariff views of Senator LUTCH and all the DRAPERS. But all the DRAPERS are now finding fault with the tariff. They are helping to build the East Boston cotton-mill, which is to be of enormous size. They think that Boston may be made a great cotton-manufacturing centre, and also that there is no reason why we should not compete with England for the cotton-goods trade of China. But they encounter hampering duties on machinery which they need, which is protected by a rate of forty-five per cent. They find that building is more expensive here than in England, and they are beginning to wonder why our laws should so discourage the cotton-goods trade. Mr. BLAINE reached a similar conclusion in 1881. The archbishop of the tariff hierarchy is JOHN DALELL, of Pittsburg, and he, too, is seeing a light. The Pittsburg Post says that JOHN DALELL has announced that though he continues to be in favor of the tariff as it is, he has learned that there is in the country a desire for tariff reform, and he kindly adds: "Consequently I believe that we should take up the subject immediately after the next President has taken his seat." This is significant of more than one thing. JOHN DALELL sees that tariff revision is coming, and he has determined that the "stand-patrons" shall go through the form of making whatever changes may be absolutely necessary for the allaying of public clamor. If there be any one who thinks that JOHN DALELL & Co. will give the country a genuine reform, or any "reform" that will not, in some way or other, continue the worst and most expensive of the tariff's special privileges, he is hardly fitted for the political life of a country in which protectionists and their legislative agents possess such influence and power as they have exercised in the United States, for these many years.

Governor Woodruff's Effort in Connecticut

The State of Connecticut is waking up. It is a long time since it held an enviable place in the Federal government, and perhaps a longer time since it occurred to any one concerned of public affairs to think well of its State and local governments. It is, if we remember correctly, the only State in the Union which has sent to the United States Senate a man who has testified in public to his belief in the propriety of bribing voters to do what he thought to be right—that is, to support his party or himself. At present Connecticut people have a Governor—Governor WOODRUFF—who is doing his best to bring some order and decency into State politics. So far as we know, Governor WOODRUFF has not successfully emulated Governor HURDIS in taking the public into his confidence, and, to the end of winning their confidence, in enlightening them on the conduct of the usual politicians who compose the State Legislature. But Governor WOODRUFF has some intelligent and efficient allies. In order to aid him in his struggle for "better things—for clean politics, a cleansed State House, economy, and business sense"—they have started a paper called *Publicity*, and in it they have undertaken to make the people of Connecticut acquainted with those who are making laws for them and trafficking in their secret things. The Hartford *Courant* gives the paper a motto: "Every one that doeth evil hateth the light."

A Good Forest Bill Lost

The official bulletin of the Massachusetts Forestry Association—"Hunting and Roadside"—expresses not only profound, but reasonable, regret because of the failure of Congress to pass the pending bill providing for the establishment of two Appalachian forest reservations. This measure has suffered defeat at the hands of Speaker CANNON, who in this instance has displayed more than his usual obstinacy in opposing a measure in the interest of the community—a measure that recognizes valuable attainments of science and of civilization. Here is an instance where the Federal government may well interpose for the purpose of improving conditions in several adjoining States. The cutting down of the forest trees in one of these proposed reservations is now costing several Northern States losses of property averaging from \$6,000,000 to \$7,000,000 annually. For an expenditure now of \$15,000,000 the United States may save this loss for all time to come. In the end it will be obliged to take this land at a higher cost and spend much more for reforestation, or see valuable farm-lands go to ruin for lack of water. The example

of France, which has paid enormously for her procrastination in protecting her irrigation, ought to teach Mr. Caxton, or Congress, a lesson.

Peace Again in Central America

Washington advices, dated April 13, represented that the dove of peace had again spread herself over Central America. Thanks in great measure to the skilful and timely mediation of Secretary PHILIP BROWN, of the United States Legation in Guatemala and Honduras, the Presidents of Nicaragua and Salvador were about to meet at Amalapa to arrange terms of peace. The nucleus of the war, as may or may not be recalled, was a revolution in Honduras to throw out President BONILLA. Nicaragua supported the revolution, and Salvador came in as the backer of President BONILLA. Signor BONILLA is now whipped, and is presumably at this writing enjoying the hospitalities of the United States ship *Chicago* at Amalapa. Nicaragua and Salvador, through their Presidents and with the help of our Mr. BROWN, are arranging terms of peace, which are expected to provide for the permanent absence of ex-President BONILLA from Honduras, and the resurrection of constitutional government in that state.

The Thaw Trial Disagreement

THAW was saved from conviction because some of the jurors were doubtful of his sanity. Their verdict represented fairly enough intelligent public opinion. It would be difficult, we take it, to catch in a trap anywhere twelve intelligent men, caught without previous knowledge of their opinions, who would agree that THAW is sane enough to be a proper subject for capital punishment, and it would be at least equally difficult to find twelve men selected by chance who would agree that he was fit to go at large. The trial, dragging along through nearly twelve weeks, became long before its close a public nuisance. The failure of the jury to agree on any verdict was a calamity, but one that had been consistently expected. The point wherein the trial failed was in the failure to give the jury convincing evidence that THAW was or was not insane at the time of the commission of the crime, and that he was sane or insane at the time of the close of the trial. A commission found him sane at the close of the trial, but the commission's finding did not disturb the conviction of the District Attorney to the contrary, and probably did not affect the opinions of those jurymen who believed him to be crazy. It appears that the jury paid little attention to the expert evidence for and against the prisoner's sanity. Who can justly blame them for neglecting it? To sift out of the conflicting testimony of the experts a reliable opinion as to the condition of the prisoner's mind at any time seems to us to have been more than the jurymen could reasonably have been expected to do. The culling of experts to testify for or against the sanity of prisoners in murder trials has come to be a farce. Some better way must be devised to satisfy justice in this particular.

The Sleepless Jurymen

In his treatment of the jury, Judge FITZGERALD followed precedent. He had them locked up, and while they were let out to be fed, no provision was made for the refreshment of their faculties by sleep. The men were out forty-seven hours. Of course, after they had discussed the case until late the first night, they were tired, and needed, of all things, to go to sleep and recover their mental equilibrium. But, as is customary, their need of sleep was ignored, nor were any appliances of slumber furnished them, nor the means of such refreshment as they might have got from a bath, during the whole time they were out. What is wanted of jurymen is that they shall use their faculties to the best purpose possible. It would seem, then, to be worth while to give them a chance to keep their faculties in working order. That was not done for the THAW jurors, who for two days and nights had to sleep in chairs or on tables or not at all. By a natural consequence they soon got worn out, quarrelled among themselves, and behaved as might have been expected.

The "Biggest Living Englishman"

Lord CROMER, who has just resigned from the mastership of Egypt, is named by Mr. MOSLEY BELL, (of the *London Times*) as the biggest living Englishman. He got his growth, as everybody knows, in Egypt. He was there first in 1877

as English member of the Public Debt Commission, but later became Finance Minister in India, and his reign in Egypt did not begin until January, 1884, following the rebellion of the Egyptian army in 1881, the British occupation in 1882, and the governmental chaos of 1883, when the Khedive's authority was gone and the English had not yet organized the government. On his twenty-three years' work as ruler of Egypt, Lord CROMER's reputation rests. He found Egyptian four-per-cent. bonds worth forty-five, and left Egyptian three-per-centa selling at par. He found the fellah in rags and squirming under exorbitant taxation. He reduced taxation and left the fellah (as Mr. BELL says) driving in his carriage and travelling first class. Land worth one hundred dollars an acre when Lord CROMER came is now worth one thousand dollars. Mr. BELL attributes much of Lord CROMER's success to his being satisfied with his job and willing to stick to it and make it his life's work. No doubt there is much in that, but it was an exceedingly interesting job, and it had the advantage of being in a very interesting country and not too far out of the way. India is a place of exile, but Cairo is almost as interesting a town to live in as Paris. Nobody need be buried there unless he is dead.

Disarmament in New York

Contemporaneous with the Peace Congress on Fifty-seventh Street, in New York, a lively little peace movement has been started from Mulberry Street with which there is universal sympathy. It started with the killing of two brave policemen in arresting an Italian—or Sicilian—who had fired a revolver in a street dispute. The policemen were good men, favorites in the force, and esteemed by the department. They made the arrest, but both were fatally shot. They were victims of the habit followed by a large number of the Italian residents in New York of carrying deadly weapons, contrary to law and to the prejudice of the peace of the community. New York has a great many decent Italians and a very considerable group of bad ones. An absurdly large proportion of the crimes of violence committed here are done by the latter. They are lawless and impulsive, and habitually go armed with concealed weapons. The Police Department proposes to break them, if possible, of that habit. Everybody will wish the department Godspeed in that work.

Mr. Rogers is an Optimist

Mr. HENRY H. ROGERS has gone on record as a prophet of prosperity. "The country is all right," he says. "Conditions will adjust themselves, and there will be no stagnation or halt on account of the Presidential campaign next year." Mr. ROGERS thinks that the production of wealth has increased too enormously for prosperity to be halted at present. He finds an element of economic security in the diversification of agricultural products and the lessened dependence of the Western railroads on the wheat crop. He is full of belief in the favorable attitude of Providence towards the United States, and finds evidence of it in the timely discovery of petroleum, which, providing illumination in homes all over the world, he considers to have been the greatest civilizer, outside of the Christian religion, that humanity has known. The people must see, says Mr. ROGERS, that settled conditions are necessary for progress and development, and he expects to see within a few months "a practically united demand for the strongest conservatism in the conduct of government." That is a reasonable expectation. The pendulum can't swing in one direction indefinitely. Nature settles that.

Why Railroads are Peevish

The World calls the Pennsylvania Railroad "a peevish railroad," because it has announced that it will undertake no further reconstructive work for the present, but will restrict expenditures to improvements now under way. Most of the railroads are showing "peevishness" of the same sort. We see it computed, however, that the money lately raised by the Erie road on one-year notes to pay for indispensable work cost it eleven per cent. Are not the railroads "peevish" about going on with their plans because the people who have got the money are "peevish" about letting the railroads have any of it except on short time and at very high interest rates? And has not the actual and impending "peevishness" of legislators a good deal to do with the peevishness of the lenders?

What the New York Peace Conference Might Do

MR. W. T. SPREAD, who has attended many a meeting of unofficial friends of peace, seems to take a pessimistic view of the outcome of the National Arbitration and Peace Congress, which was opened on April 14, in Carnegie Hall. The recommendations of such "congresses"—to use the somewhat ambitious term they give themselves—are, as a rule, too visionary to obtain serious consideration on the part of such accredited representatives of nations as will assemble on June 15 at The Hague. Those who wish the suggestions of the present "congress" to be committed to an attentive hearing advise that it should confine itself to trying two reasonable proposals, namely, that heretofore the private property of belligerents, not being contraband of war, should be exempt from capture at sea, and, secondly, that the unfortified seaports of a belligerent should be immune from bombardment. Both of these proposals would undoubtedly be supported by the United States, and, probably, by a very large majority of the powers represented at The Hague, but hitherto they have been opposed by Great Britain, which, relying on the superiority of her navy, has been unwilling to forego two formidable means of coercing an enemy. It seems to us that Great Britain, on the whole, has more to gain than lose by the acceptance of both rules. In the first place, no other country has so many unfortified seaports open to bombardment. In the second place, no country in the world depends so dangerous an extent on the receipt of food-supplies from overseas. It is manifest, that, if the private property of a belligerent were immune from capture on the ocean, the transportation of food staples from British's nurseries in British colonies would, even in war times, be uninterrupted. Thirdward she could never be confronted with the risk of being starved into submission by a coalition of European powers, provided, of course, she retained the friendship of the United States, which constitute her largest source of supply.

Outside of these two proposals, however, which, on their face, are practicable, there is another suggestion which the so-called Peace Congress opened on April 14 in New York might make with some prospect of securing for it consideration at The Hague. The economical argument against war has never been presented in an international conference with adequate fulness and force. As a rule, the advocates of arbitration have limited themselves to biding up the portentous aggregate of the sums annually expended by the principal powers on military and naval armaments, together with pensions to soldiers and sailors, and the interest on that great part of their national debts which was incurred in war. That aggregate has been computed with more or less accuracy at three billions of dollars. If diplomats have not been profoundly impressed by these figures, it is because the aggregate wealth of the same nations is estimated at ten billions of dollars, and three-fourths of one per cent, thereof seems to them no exorbitant percentage for use by way of insurance. A few of the more long-headed champions of international peace supplement the argument just named by an attempt to estimate the amount that might have been added to the wealth of the nations concerned had most of the skilled or unskilled labor of adult males now diverted to military service been employed in peaceful industries. It is probable enough that the capitalized product of the labor thus diverted exceeds in value the whole sum annually allotted to expenditure for war purposes, actual and inherited. There is, however, a third argument, seldom, if ever, put forward in an official conference, which far outweighs in cogency the two that we have named. That argument, which has decisive weight with bankers, ought also, if properly submitted, to have tremendous influence upon statesmen and diplomats. The visible cost of war, even when supplemented, as it should be, with the loss incurred by the subtraction of the combatants from the ranks of labor, is really trivial compared with the enormous shrinkage of value caused by the drop in the quotations of securities on the stock exchanges of the world. The disabbling effect is due to two causes, which could be duly appreciated by statesmen and diplomats if they could be taught to know as much about the fundamental conditions of modern commerce and finance as constitutions, as in speak, the elementary premise from which a competent banker reasons. The two facts are, first, that modern commerce and industry, thereby differing radically from their medieval and ancient counterparts, are transacted almost wholly—apparently ninety-five per cent. is a just estimate—on credit. The second is that capital has long ceased to be localized within the boundaries of a particular nation. It has become internationalized—world-pervasive. That is to say, the civilized world, though still politically divided, has become an economic unit. In our day a revolution in Russia, if accompanied by a repudiation of that country's foreign debt, would inflict an immense if not irreparable injury upon the invested capital of the French people. A similar catastrophe in Argentina would convulse the London Stock Exchange, and bring about a series of failures like that of the historic firm of Baring Brothers. Even the temporary failure of a country which had been a large borrower, to pay interest on the foreign debt, owing to the financial burdens of

war, would spell disaster all over the civilized world. The financial crisis which would be provoked would almost certainly be followed by an industrial crisis. That is why most financiers already are the most ardent advocates of international peace, and welcome with enthusiasm any antislavery progress made in that direction. It only remains for diplomats and statesmen to recognize facts which to bankers have long been patent.

An Incredible Yarn about the Southern Confederacy

ALL well-informed Americans, whether they are natives of the South or of the North, will repel with amusement the assertion made by a Berlin newspaper that the Southern Confederacy, had it achieved independence, would have proclaimed itself a monarchy, and would have offered the crown to Prince FRANCIS CHARLES of Hohenzollern. The authority given for the assertion is the late Colonel RICHARD VON BUNKE, one of the few Germans serving in the Confederate army, and the further statement is made that the plan has known to the prince, and was favored by Lieutenant-General STUART, the distinguished cavalry commander, and by General ROMNEY E. LEE.

The charge is a libel on the Confederacy, and the assumption by which an attempt is made to buttress it is equally unfounded—the assumption, namely, that a government based on the institution of slavery would inevitably tend toward a monarchical rather than a republican type. To dispose of this assumption it should be sufficient to recall that almost all of the Greek city-states, although each of them contained a relatively large slave population, clung to the republican form, until they were absorbed in the kingdom of Macedonia or submitted to the rule of Rome. As for those itself, the social structure of which was based on slave labor, it remained a republic for ages, and, even after the accession of the Cæsar, long continued to be nominally republican.

So of the Italian republics: for a dozen generations after they gained practical independence they would not brook local sovereigns, although they acknowledged a vague sort of allegiance to the head of the Holy Roman Empire. So, too, the seven United Provinces, which made good their revolt against Spanish rule, refused for centuries to renounce the rights of self-government, or, deep as was their debt to the Prince of Orange, to give them any other title but that of Stadtholder. Only in the short-lived English Commonwealth can a precedent or analogue be found for the voluntary acceptance of monarchy soon after successful resistance from a civil war. To allege that this unique example would have been followed by the Southern Confederacy, had its independence been acknowledged by the States loyal to the Union, is to betray amazing ignorance of the history of that section of our country and of the habits of thought, the predilections, and the aims of its eminent orators and statesmen. The greatest speech delivered in the colonies against the Stamp Act was uttered by a Virginian, and the Declaration of Independence was penned by a native of the Old Dominion, while it was reserved for MASSACHUSETTS, a citizen of the same State, largely to fashion by his voice, and principally to defend by his pen, our existing Constitution.

For seventy years after the adoption of our present Federal polity, Southern statesmen were jealous and inflexible champions of the principle of local self-government embodied in the demand for State rights. The first constructive act of the newborn Confederacy was to frame a Constitution in most ways identical with that wrought at Philadelphia in 1787, the essential differences being that it made of the institution of slavery an inextricable cornerstone, that it introduced the principle of ministerial accountability to Congress, that it embodied free trade in the organic law, and that it forbade the maintenance of internal improvements at the general expense. It will be obvious at a glance that these provisions tended irresistibly toward, not the strengthening, but the weakening, of the central Executive. A Constitution so narrowly and thoroughly decentralized was, as experience showed, unsuited for a tremendous defensive struggle, and even so sturdy a republican as JEFFERSON DAVIS found himself constrained to disregard in practice some of its restraints, not, however, without provoking vehement criticism and remonstrance on the part of such sticklers for State rights, even in war time, as Vice-President STEPHENS and Governor BURNES of Georgia. Nor is there any doubt that DAVIS, after peace and independence had been gained, would have incited by example as well as precept the most scrupulous adherence to the Confederate organic law. As for ROMNEY E. LEE, although he became the idol of his countrymen, and, perhaps, could have, had he desired, made himself a dictator, he never evinced the slightest disposition to subordinate the civil power to the will of the chief commander in the field, while, with regard to his political opinions, of which he made no secret, he was by inheritance, possession, and conviction a republican of republicans. He would have been shocked and pained, could he have heard a prediction that after his death he would be accused

of favoring the substitution of a monarchy for a Federal republic.

Those Germans who have put any credence in the preposterous story to which we have referred are evidently unaware of what is patent to Americans conversant with their national history—the fact, namely, that the slow, though quite distinguishable, tendency of the Southern States under the pressure of the institution of slavery was toward an oligarchy, which, of all forms of government, is the most stubbornly opposed to one-man power. It is not an oligarchy, but a democracy, which most easily resigns its liberties into the hands of a CÆSAR.

Sounds

A symphony ought always to be provided with a tin roof near at hand, either the eaveless in a projecting porch beneath the window, or a neighboring kitchen, or something of that sort, to catch the music of the rain-drops. Dr. JAMES has told us that there is no sort of sensation, feeling, or idea which does not tend to discharge into some motor effect, not necessarily into rude action, but into some alteration of the rate of breathing or of the heart action. There would seem to be no sort of doubt in the mind of any attentive observer of life that sounds can conquer passion, inspire courage, create hope, and work various other wonders in the mind and heart. To go to sleep to the drip of rain-drops on a tin roof is as soothing, as tenderly quieting an experience as to come unexpectedly from the glare and bustle of the day into a twilight room where a harp is softly giving out arpeggios or where a sweet-toned pianist is singing that little prelude in D-flat major of CHOPIN, the reiterated dropping upon A-flat and the occasional step up to B-flat and back exactly imitating the faintest song of the rain when it falls upon metal. Let a man who has a tendency to nurse wrath or brood over grief listen on every possible occasion to this nightly song and he will find his grief becoming insensibly acquiescent and his anger will soon out of keeping. The steadily low melody, broken only here and there by a louder splash, is no full of the inevitable necessity of things as they are, and the personal passions were before as inextinguishable as lightning.

Quite different and of varying import is the sound of cat-drops heard as they fall upon sodden earth and decaying leaves in the February woods. Then the song breathes mystery and merriment. To take shelter under a heavy-branching tree and hold one's breath while one listens to the rain pattering down, to its soft shuddering accompaniment and its occasional rippling arpeggio, is to be made very credulous, very open-minded, toward all the hidden wonders and underlying miracles of earth. No one, under such conditions, would be surprised to open his eyes and see a small yellow and brown wood-fairy with a peaked cap and beady eyes peered upon the toadstool at his feet all ready for a general Scientific dialogue.

To lie still and listen to a winter wind roar at night is a quite other phase of the spirit's life, though this no less than the patter of rain-drops can free one from narrow thoughts. For the wind hushes with it all the sorrows of the world, since ever a world began to be, all the moanings of the desolate, all the shrieks of the terror-stricken, all the groans of the hopeless, and all those are gathered together and played as a wonderful symphonic poem by the wind's great orchestra. And then a man's spirit comes within him, even as the spirit of JESUS did when the Voice from the whirlwind was hushed, and he says:

"Behold I am vile; what shall I answer thee?
I will put mine hand upon my mouth."

The sounds of rain and wind lead the most intimate messages to man, but birds' songs are direct appeals and never to be missed. So straight fall the notes of the skylark as he climbs upward, upon the head of him beneath, that the child who had listened and then watched the bird swoop low in another direction, turned and asked, "And who will be talk to next?"

"He rises and begins to mount,
He drops the silver chain of sound
Of many links without a break
In chirrup, whistle, snare and snare,
All interlarded and sparkling wide
Like water-dimples down a rill
Where ripple, ripple overflows
And eddy into eddy whirls."

How can the human spirit fail to throw off its shackles and its burdens at this wild haunting of the sheer delight of sunshine and being alive?

"The song scrupulously free
Of taint of personality."

the poet says of the skylark's song; but not the skylark only, the thrush in early spring lessons the bonds:

"Full lasting is the song, though he,
The singer, passes; lasting, too,
For words not lost in hurry
The capture of the forward view."

"With that I hear my senses fraught
Till what I am find shoreward drives.
They are the vessel of the thought,
The vessel splits; the thought arrives."

The calls of the hermit-thrush, heard in the woods when the sun's rays are slant and the forest spirit-still, are like trumpet-calls to noble action, with its threefold repetition, higher still and higher. And the song of the mocking-bird outside the window on a warm May morning, bubbling, bursting, wild and thrilling, this, too, tears open the spirit's wrappings and launches it floating, high and away beyond all worldly care. And the nightingale, she too sings freedom, freedom and all its inexpressible:

"How thick the hushes come crowding through the leaves,
Again—thou hastest?
Eternal passion!
Eternal pain!"

This is the power above all others of the earth's sounds, that they let us go free of our prisons and they send us out into the larger life, the wider world where are scope and joy and pain and vastness and endless wonder. "Who are you," they say to us, "to be lonely within yourself? Are you not of us—a part of the silence and the sphere of sympathy, a part of the ebb and the flow of being? Are not you, too, life and death and love and wonder and being and growth? Cast, then, the fetters; be free; and live and speak as we live and speak in the endless spaciousness of eternity."

Personal and Pertinent

THE REV. WALTER LOWRIE, late of Trinity Church, Newport, is the successor of Dr. LOWIE as rector of the American Church at Rome. A despatch from Rome to the New York Times says that the Rev. WALTER has begun his ministry by issuing parish notes, in which he announces:

"With my revered brother JOSEPH TAYLOR (the English of GUSSEPE NASTRO, PUEBLO), across the Tiber, I have no quarrel."

The inference is either that the new rector has never heard of the expediency of doing at Rome as the Romans do, or else that his job, as he finds it, is not to his liking.

Down Boston way the people continue to recognize and love their great. Envious people say that the Boston neighborhood produces no few excellent human specimens in three days that they hail with glee the appearance of any neighbor, or any neighbor's child, who gets into the front ranks. This is nice as it is, but as one knows better than Hester that it and its neighborhood are just as full of great men as it used to be in the days of the elder ADAMS or EPHRAIM CHASE or DANIEL WEBSTER (both New Hampshire men), or the PAMUNTY boy, or FARMHOUSE GERRY, or BENJAMIN F. BUTLER. At any rate, Boston is loyal to its great, and when GERALDINE FARRELL travelled there to sing in Mr. COVARD's cage, it took only one item in the newspapers to make many people pay as much as \$8.50 a seat to see her, while a good many paid as much, or less, to hear her. That item revealed the fact that she was from Melrose. "Gee!" they said, "ain't she fine! It's worth the money just to see her. Her father pitched on the Melrose side. It was a grand combination for stimulating Boston based patriotism—baseball and singing—and Mr. COVARD and the speculations profited by it; perhaps GERALDINE did too.

They say now that there is an mistake about it, that JOHN CARLSON is going to be married to Mrs. LOWAN, who was Miss TUCKER, and the world that knows them wishes them well and entertains, perhaps emboldened, the hope that the wishes will be realized. The TUCKERS are a good family, and the Virginians think most highly of them. HARRY M. GIBSON TUCKER, Mrs. LOWAN's brother, is the present head of the family, and he has no distinction in a mild way in Congress, and as head of the Columbian Law School in Washington, while he is the energetic head of the Jamestown Exhibition, which is being denounced so vigorously by the anti-imperialists and the most generally discredited of the negro educators. The union—if it is to be a union—or the people, at least, that it is, results the "restoration" at the beginning of the first term of GUYTON CLEVELAND. "We have come to our own," said the old Southern society who had harbored themselves during the long political winter in Georgetown, where they turned their backs on Washington, and pretended not to know where the Treasury was. It was a glorious evening when they took the horse-cars and went over to Washington to TUDOR CITY's first reception, or when they put on their old silks and laces and carried their old manners—pretty safe manners they were, too—over to the drawing-room of JESSIE BLANTYRE's daughter. BLANTYRE was the usual light of the time. He was the father of Mrs. LOWAN and HARRY M. TUCKER.

and he was counted the ablest constitutional lawyer of Congress. He had been Attorney-General of the Confederacy, and his constitutional history shows how fair a mind nature had blessed him with. He possessed great masculine beauty and such manners as one remembers. Everybody loved him and called him "RAN," just as every one loved his brother, who was said to be called a lobbyist, and called him "REV." It was "REV" to whom STUBBS A. THOMAS said: "What can I do for you, Rev. when I'm President?" "Nothing," STUBBS, except to put your arm around me in public, like you're doing now, and call me REV." In those days when the old Confederates were coming back to Congress, the strongest friendships were between them and, to paraphrase a Republican commonplace, the better element of the Republican party. The closest friend that RANDOLPH TYCKER had in his own party was JOHN CARLISLE, and next to CARLISLE stood "GLADSTONE," as the Virginian called the Ohioan. "GLADSTONE," said he one day as the two sat together in the House. "I'm sorry if they're going to make you President: it's a heap better for you to be Senator; you'll like it more, and you'll live longer." TYCKER went to Washington and Law University after he was weary of life in Congress, and taught law, and taught it, as they say in Virginia, "mighty well." When "RAN" TYCKER's daughter is married to JOHN CARLISLE, he can have many a pleasant evening if she'll make her husband tell her stories about her father, who, among other eccentricities, possessed qualities which made him the most popular man on either side of the House.

A Consideration of Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton

(From New York Times, April 14, 1907.)

In these days of radical reform, with political parties badly mixed and political policies almost lost sight of in the middle, it is a question whether or not a movement launched some months ago, and which has quietly been growing in some quarters ever since, is not to be regarded as most significant. The movement was that started in this city to make Woodrow Wilson, now President of Princeton University, the Democratic standard-bearer next year, and, if possible, President of the United States.

Considering the personality of the present incumbent, the stream under which the administration is laboring, the economic questions that are rapidly taking the temper of the people of the country, and the undoubted tendency toward radicalism in everything, it is, to say the least, strange that as conservative a man as President Wilson should even be mentioned for the Presidency, and students of national conditions are wondering whether the movement, and particularly the fact that it was not immediately abandoned, does not presage a return to extreme conservatism and the election to the White House of a man calculated to steady things down a bit, and thus insure the prolongation of the present era of prosperity.

The Antithesis of Roosevelt

To one who has met Woodrow Wilson, yet who knows him but slightly, the idea of his being President does not immediately appeal. It is hard to reconcile the quiet just now occupied by the strenuous Mr. Roosevelt with the tall, silent, quiet-demeaned college President. It cannot be imagined that Mr. Wilson is the antithesis of Mr. Roosevelt, and thus, were things at present unexpected to happen, and Mr. Wilson, by any chance, to be elected President, the American people would achieve conservatism by about as radical an act as they could be imagined to.

To say that Mr. Wilson is solemn is not necessarily to suggest that he is in any way lacking in humor. It needs but one glance at the man's face, however, with his long, somewhat severe chin, to convey the impression that he looks on life as a serious proposition, and, while he enjoys telling or hearing a joke, he is nevertheless strongly of the opinion that it is well to think long and hard before doing or saying anything in a spirit of levity which may have an effect on another person. And as the smallest actions and most unimportant words frequently have a remarkable effect, it need only be fair to assume that Mr. Wilson is a man who does nothing hastily.

The tall, somewhat gaunt form of Mr. Wilson, seen on the Princeton campus or in the garden of "Prospect," as the students term the president's residence, strikes the observer at once as that of the idealized, latter-day college president. It is well to any latter-day president, for Mr. Wilson is up to date and looks it. And it may be added that while Mr. Wilson impresses one as conservative, and is conservative, as all his actions show, he is not by any means an "old fogey." Unfortunately, if he seemed so, the two terms are often confused, to the great injustice of the real conservative.

Mr. Wilson has searching eyes, the forehead of a student and thinker, and the mouth of a kindly, but nevertheless firm, man. His whole face gives the impression of intellectuality, combined with deep thinking on a broad plane. It may seem here and there that this is in no view of what is known of the man, but were Mr. Wilson encountered in a clubhouse, dressed in overalls and a gardener's hat, he would nevertheless give one that identical impression, and he would strengthen the impression the moment he commenced to speak. And the first word he utters convinces the listener that he is sure of his ground, and so strong is this

conviction, and so deeply does it sink in, that one is inclined to mind his "p's" and "q's" lest Mr. Wilson ask a question of history or mathematics that his interviewer would find it impossible to answer.

There are many people who meet such emergencies readily enough by "looking wise," as the saying is, and saying nothing. Such tactics, however, would not for one moment prevail with Mr. Wilson. In every sense of the word he is of an analytical mind. He analyzes conditions, men, even thoughts. In this respect he sometimes reminds the present Governor of New York State, Charles E. Hughes, who, by strange coincidence, was at one time a college professor also. Occasionally an expression crosses Mr. Wilson's face which reminds one strongly of Mr. Hughes at moments in the insurance investigation when he was concentrating his mind on one single point in the testimony and analyzing it at lightning speed and with absolute accuracy.

Mr. Wilson appears to have retained the ideals that he set up in his earlier years. He has not become hardened and cynical by what has taken place around him in the last few years. He is of the type of man who insists in believing that the vast majority of his fellow beings are as honest as the day is long. He impresses one as a man who not only believes in what is good and pure and best, but also believes that what is right and honest will triumph in the end, and that what goes before is simply a process of evolution necessary to growth.

This trait is denoted clearly in Mr. Wilson's expressions on the position college life holds in this country. He is of the opinion that it is a very vital part of the nation's life, offering the young man the one place above all others where he can put himself in the way of the main currents of thought which are the very life of the world. He believes that universities, besides teaching, give all the great truths gained from the past, gives him a thorough appreciation of what has been accomplished in the years gone by and encourages him to emulate those of whom he has read, and carry on the work of endeavor, accomplishment, and progress.

Looks for the Best Side

There is in that thought something different from what is to be found in the every-day platitudes of the present time. Mr. Wilson's character is clearly denoted in it. He looks for the best, seeing the good side and the great side of things.

It would be interesting to observe Mr. Wilson's attitude toward "practical" politics were he ever elected President. He has never held public office and has had nothing to do with the "practical" side of politics, other, perhaps, than those which may sometimes be found in university life. His point of view would be very nearly that of Mr. Hughes, but whether he would meet situations in the same way is a question. That he would achieve results as ably as Mr. Hughes is certain, but his methods would probably be very different.

The extent in which the personal attitude of a man in high office toward a certain question can make itself felt all over the country was never more thoroughly demonstrated than within the last few months. While no man's attitude on one question can be taken as an exact index of his personal or his official position, it nevertheless must give an idea of the character of the man and lead to speculation. Mr. Wilson's attitude toward the movement to make him the Democratic candidate for the Presidency is interesting in this connection.

"In my opinion it would be presumptuous for a man to decide whether he would accept a nomination for the Presidency that had not been offered to him," said Mr. Wilson in substance, when the possibility of such a thing was first suggested to him. "However, I cannot see why any patriotic American could refuse such an offer unless the burden upon his physical system was too great for him to bear. If the Democratic party should call upon me in the hope of routing the discordant elements, I could not be so insensitive to the honor as to decline, without careful consideration of the subject."

It is well to note that in this statement Mr. Wilson is very guarded and that he is immediately inclined to regard the proffered honor from the standpoint of a "patriotic American." The thought of being presumptuous is something that seldom occurs to the politician of the present day, but every one who knows Mr. Wilson knows perfectly well that it was the first thing that entered his mind when the suggestion of a possibility of his being nominated was made to him.

"If the time should come when the leaders of the Democratic party believe they want me for their candidate and should assume me that it was necessary for them to know my willingness to permit the use of my name, I should first consult my physician and then try to weigh the matter carefully."

Could anything be more guarded and more conservative than that? Mr. Wilson, as President of the United States, were to approach every question that came before him in the same spirit, things might not be done with the rapidity that the Americans are learning used to, but they would surely be done right or Mr. Wilson would not do them at all.

While Mr. Wilson has had an experience with what are called practical politics, as has been said, he has studied political conditions long and deeply, and his after-dinner speeches denote the fact that he keeps closely in touch with the political affairs of the day, both here and abroad. As a student, lecturer, and writer on political subjects he has gained a renown, and while his knowledge of the "ins and outs" of politics may not be very much less than that of some district bosses, his knowledge of real politics, the politics that make for accomplishment and the upbuilding of a great nation, is probably as great as that of any man in the United States. It might worry the machine politicians to have to deal with such a man.

UNCLE SAM—CANAL DIGGER

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE ARMY ENGINEER CORPS
WHICH IS TO UNDERTAKE THE WORK AT PANAMA

By LIEUTENANT JOSEPH A. BAER

Sixth United States Cavalry

HALF a century ago former army officers were building the Panama Railroad, the first successful over-land route connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Today the Engineer Corps of the United States Army is assigned to the work of completing the Panama Canal, a work whose history is a romance of nearly four centuries of dreams, of plans, of intrigues, and of failures.

That the Engineer Corps is competent to complete this work will be evident to any one who will take the trouble to examine its record—a record remarkable as much for its unassuming modesty and lack of self-advertising as for its notable achievements. In preparing an outline of the various works of the engineers, it is but fair to include the works of those engineers who have received their education at the Engineer School, West Point, and in the practical school of experience in the corps, and have afterwards undertaken engineering work in civil life.

In two cases, indeed, I have included men who, through lack of vacancies in the Engineer Corps, have upon graduation at West Point been commissioned in the Artillery Corps, but have been engaged in engineering work. I feel justified in this including graduates of the Military Academy from the fact that up to 1868 West Point was purely an engineer school and a graduate was merely an engineer assigned to the engineers, or perhaps to the artillery, cavalry, or infantry.

Of the distinctively military engineering work no details can be given except to state that at a cost of \$130,000,000 they have drawn up all plans and have two-thirds finished the task of protecting 1000 miles of coast so thoroughly that not only do the great cities feel safe from foreign invasion, but also every Congressional district that borders on the sea sleeps in security from marauding landing forces.

The earliest work of the national importance that the engineers accomplished was the "National Road," the "Old Cumberland Pike," that ran from Cumberland, Maryland, to St. Louis and made possible the rapid settlement of the great Middle West. This road was thirty feet wide, 700 miles long, and was constructed at a cost of \$7,000,000.

But the most important service that

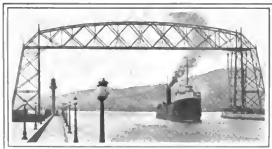


Lieutenant-Colonel George W. Goethals
WERE, AS CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE PANAMA CANAL, WILL DIRECT THE WORKS OF THE ENGINEER CORPS ON THE Isthmus

ford; Boston & Albany; Long Island; the Lake Shore; parts of the New York Central; most of the Southern R. R.; the Ohio & Mississippi; Tennessee R. R.; Mexico & Pacific; Cumberland Valley; Virginia & Tennessee; Cuban R. R.; and a list of smaller roads too numerous to mention. General McJannet built Illinois Central, and was President of the St. Louis and Cincinnati.

General H. H. Briggs built the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fé.

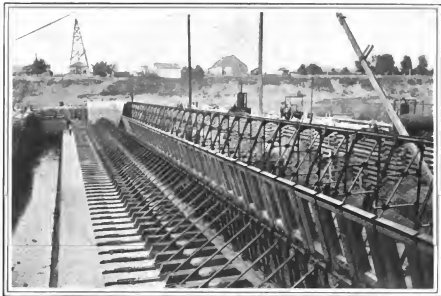
Whistler (who, by the way, was the father of the celebrated artist of that name) designed and built the last locomotives and rolling stock of the time. So wide-spread was his fame that when Russia wanted to construct the St. Petersburg to Moscow R. R., Whistler was chosen by the Czar to engineer the project. While constructing this line he built the famous bridge over the Neva and the fortifications of Cronstadt. In this work he had first to educate his workmen



An Example of the Expert Work of the Engineer Corps—the "Aerial Ferry" over the Duluth Canal, the suspended Car at the Right



The Fox Lock on the Sault St. Marie Canal built by Government Engineers.
This Lock, the largest in the World, is 800 Feet long and 100 Feet wide.



A Lock and Dam under Construction on the Great Kanawha River in West Virginia—one of
the many important Undertakings which the Government Engineers have ably Accomplished

**IMPORTANT WORKS ENTRUSTED TO THE ARMY ENGINEERS, WHO NOW
FACE THE FORMIDABLE TASK OF COMPLETING THE PANAMA CANAL**

before he could proceed. He died in harness with the Missouri road not quite completed; he was succeeded by Lieutenant Brown, of the Engineer Corps, who carried the work to its completion. Counting engineers and other army officers, forty-nine have been chief engineers, twenty-two served as railroad presidents, and counting assistant engineers and superintendents, the list mounts up into the hundreds.

During this same period the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal, the old Erie Canal and the Morris Canal were built by army engineers. At the present time, Colonel Symonds, of the Engineer Corps, is one of the board of consulting engineers on the enlargement of the Erie Canal. The great transcontinental railways were all surveyed and projected by the corps. Among the familiar names connected with this work are those of General McVittie, Hood, Parke, Weaver, Abbot, and Humphreys. Army officers explored the West and mapped it, especially from 1810 to 1830. For years one department of the Engineer Corps was the Topographical Engineers. They have rendered the country invaluable services in their mapping work. The Missouri country, the sources of the Mississippi, the basin of the La Platte, Green, Nelson, and Sacramento rivers, the Great Salt Lake, Santa Fe Trail, and Pike's Peak were all explored and mapped. The first extensive topographical work undertaken in this country was the survey west of the 100th meridian by Lieutenant Wheeler. To show the value of this work to the country it is only necessary to say that in England as high as \$100, and in Germany as high as \$65, has been the cost per square mile for topographical mapping. When the Wheeler Survey stopped for lack of appropriations it had completed 350,000 square miles at the average cost of \$1.48 per square mile.

Practically every boundary of the United States and most of the State boundaries were surveyed and marked by the Engineer Corps. The Coast and Geodetic Survey was reorganized, and the geodetic survey of the Great Lakes was made by the corps. In this connection Captain Talbot invented the zenith telescope and the zenith method of determining latitude.

Although the maintenance and construction of the lighthouses is under the Light-house Board of the Treasury Department, they are maintained by the navy and constructed by the Engineer Corps. The tale of the building of some of these lights rivals in interest that of Elysianum and Skerryvore.

The Tillamook Rock Light is probably the most exposed light in the world. Its site is a precipitous rock rising ninety feet from the Pacific about twenty miles south of the mouth of the Columbia River. On three sides the waves curl over the top of the rock, on the fourth is a treacherous swirling current. The first man who attempted to scale its side slipped and fell into the current beneath. His body was never recovered. After a month of scheming a few men were successfully landed and communication was kept up with the ship by means of a cable and breeches buoy. Due to the rocking of the ship, the cable whipped up and down so violently that one man who made the passage to the rock refused to return, and spent the many remaining years of his life a prisoner on the rock. The workmen had first to dig a niche in the rock in which to live. The roof and front were anchored by heavy ship's anchor chains to keep them from being washed away. The waves dashed over their roof and practically compelled them to live underwater. All material was landed by means of the cable. After six months the light was completed. An idea of the fierceness of the sea with which the builders contended can be obtained from the fact that the glass in the lantern, 140 feet above low water, had been protected by wire netting, has been broken by the waves during a storm. There are in all Bush, Indian, beacons, and ranges,

of which 1243 are lights. These have been constructed at a cost of \$65,000,000.

The regular peace work of the corps is the river and harbor improvement work, a work so diverse in character and so distributed over the entire country that a mere outline would fill a fair-sized volume. The general character of the work may be seen from the following comparison:

Taking the fourteen principal harbors of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, the average available depth has been increased from 12 feet to 25 feet; a harbor of refuge at the Delaware capes has been constructed that has sheltered 450,000 vessels; docks and breakwaters have been added to the harbors, so that the cost of sending a ton of wheat to Liverpool has decreased from \$5.75 in 1868 to \$1.90 in 1900.

Taking thirty-seven out of forty-one of the present important lake harbors, the average available depth has been increased from 2 to 14 feet. Fifteen important harbors have been made by the construction of breakwaters and a 26-foot channel has been opened between Buffalo and Duluth. This includes the South St. Marie locks and canal. The canal is 1.6 miles long, faced with timbers. There are two locks side by side, one, the Wellin lock, 515 feet long, 80 feet wide, 145 feet available in chamber; the Fox lock is 800 feet long, 100 feet wide, with 20 feet available over the sill. This lock is the largest in the world. More tonnage passes through these locks annually than clears from the port of New York. In addition, the Hudson, Mississippi, Ohio, and Columbia have been made more navigable by a system of dredging and locks. The statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission states that the saving to the United States due to these interior waterways alone is \$340,000,000 annually. The total expenditures of the Engineer Corps since 1820 on rivers and harbors have been \$315,000,000.

Of this immense work it is difficult to select the most noteworthy examples. The most important from a commercial standpoint is the improvement of New York Harbor. The main channel has been deepened from 23½ feet to 30 feet, and when the dredging is finished a straight channel 2000 feet wide and 40 feet deep will be made. All New-Yorkers are familiar with the removal of the reefs at Hell Gate. In this work the engineers blew up Hallett's Point and Flood Rock in two simultaneous blasts of numerous mines of high explosives with which the reefs were bombarded—100,000 pounds in Hallett's Point and 250,000 pounds in Flood Rock distributed in six miles of galleries; 400,000 cubic yards of rock were shattered. In their dredging work they have designed a type of self-containing dredge that is the most economical machine of its kind in the world.

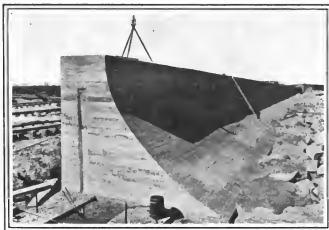
This dredge is as big as an ocean liner and works up mud from the bottom of the channel until its hold is full. Then it steams out to sea, dumps its load, and returns.

Galveston Harbor is the most important port on the Gulf of Mexico west of the Mississippi. Up in 1890 there were but thirteen feet of water over the bar, and large vessels were loaded by lighters five miles from shore. To-day the jetties built by the corps aggregate twelve miles in length, and with the dredging and scouring from currents thus created there are now thirty feet of water over the bar. In building these jetties 2,000,000 tons of rock were used that was hauled from quarries 210 miles distant. On the Pacific coast Captain Mendell's name is associated with the improvement and creation of harbors, irrigation work, and the diverting of rivers from their courses that their beds might be mined for gold.

In 1833, President Pierce sent a note to Lieutenant Montgomery C. Meigs saying that he wanted him to build the most beautiful dam in the world. Meigs replied, "I will, sir." The



Government Engineers laying Concrete Blocks for the Breakwater in Cleveland Harbor
THE WORK OF THE WATER CORPS IN THE IMPROVEMENT OF OUR NATION'S INTERIOR WATERWAYS SAVES THE GOVERNMENT \$240,000,000 A YEAR



A Portion of the Twelve Miles of Sea-wall and Jetties, built by the Engineer Corps, which helped to make Galveston Harbor the most important Port on the Gulf of Mexico

wings and dome of the Capitol Building at Washington were the result. Thomas W. Walter was associated with Meigs as architect, but the beauty of the structure was mostly due to the latter and all the plans of construction were of his designing. In this work Meigs invented the process of turning stone columns in a lathe. Meigs also built the Washington Aqueduct which crosses a ravine by Cable Joses's Bridge, a single masonry arch of 328 feet span. This was for years the highest masonry arch in the world. Meigs afterward was Quartermaster-General during the Civil War.

To Thomas L. Casey was given the task of building a foundation under a masonry structure then 150 feet high, weighing 35,000 tons—the half-completed Washington Monument. This was successfully accomplished by a system of opposite tunnels, and the monument was continued to a height of 555 feet. Casey afterward built the State, War, and Navy Department Building, and afterward the Library of Congress. This was Casey's life-work—a monument that he left to the corps. The Post-office Building at Washington is another of the corps' structures. F. V. Greene, when an engineer officer, conducted his famous experiments on paving material. He resigned to become president of an asphalt company and has developed, practically single-handed, the asphalt pavement of to-day. Another engineer, Captain Eugene Griffin, made an exhaustive examination of street-railway traction. His treatise, distributed through the country, started the electric traction system. He resigned to organize and manage the railway department of the General Electric Company.

Army engineers were associated with the Croton Aqueduct, Philadelphia Water Supply, plans for the Elevated Road (George S. Greene), and General Raymond (retired) is at present engaged in the digging of the East River tunnels. Professor E. S. Holden, formerly a lieutenant of engineers, built the Washburn Observatory in Wisconsin and also the Lick Observatory.

Scientific books and publications too numerous to mention have been written by members of the corps. One of the latest is by Major D. B. Gaillard on *Rare Action in Relation to Engineering Structures*. Major Gaillard is one of the engineer officers detailed as

assistant to Lieutenant-Colonel Goethals in the work of completing the Panama Canal. The treatise is on an entirely new field and shows the originality and thoroughness of the author. This same originality he displayed in his work on the Duluth Harbor improvements. In the construction of his breakwater he evolved a method of moulding his concrete blocks in place underwater. A folding form to mould a block of required section was lowered into the water and filled with concrete. When this had set the form was opened, drawn up, and moved two form lengths forward and another block moulded. The space between these two blocks was then moulded in by a second form and a continuous concrete wall thus built. From Duluth Major Gaillard went to Washington, where he served on the General Staff.

Major William L. Silet, the second assistant of Lieutenant-Colonel Goethals, has lately been on the Ohio, Allegheny, Monongahela, and Kentucky river improvements. This is an enormous work, including thirty locks and dams and

maintaining a six-foot channel for the coal and iron barges throughout the year.

Lieutenant-Colonel Goethals, who has lately been named chief engineer of the Panama Canal, has been in charge of the Mussel Shoals Canal on the Tennessee River, the Culbert Canal, and the twenty-six foot lift lock at Riverport, and of the defensive works at Newport, Rhode Island. He has been four years in the chief of engineers' office as assistant, and four years on the General Staff. Not the least important river and harbor service that the Engineer Corps has rendered the country is the work of the Engineer Board in killing unworthy improvement appropriation schemes. This and their construction work are necessarily so important in the eyes of Congress that there is danger that the true weight of the Panama Canal work may be lost sight of. The digging of the canal is a project that has baffled engineers for four centuries. It is the greatest administrative problem of the age. To succeed, the office of the chief of engineers must be free to concentrate all its energies upon this one project—everything else is secondary. Until the canal is well under way, let the army engineers alone.



Showing the solid Constructive Work on the Breakwater at Marquette, Michigan. The Government has expended, through its Engineer Corps, over \$500,000,000 on River and Harbor Improvements

THE GOLD AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW

SOME FALLACIES OF SOCIALISM

By W. H. MALLOCK

I HAVE been asked to give, in a brief and condensed form, the main points on which I insisted in a series of addresses on socialism lately delivered by me at various universities in America. All that is possible here is an outline or bare skeleton of my argument.

We hear a great deal about the rise and spread of socialism; but when we speak about this, whether as sympathizers or opponents, there is one thing which we are often apt to forget. We are not speaking of the rise and spread of socialism in a sense like that in which socialists and other historians speak, and very rightly, about the rise and spread of capitalism—which, in its modern form, as socialists correctly say, began to rise and spread about the middle of the eighteenth century, and has thereupon been establishing itself in all the civilized countries of the world. When the rise and spread of modern capitalism is spoken about, what every one means is the rise and spread of an elaborate method of production in actual and successful operation—a method whose practical success is the multiplication of wealth is insisted on by no one more strongly than by socialist writers themselves. In this sense it is impossible to say that socialism has ever spread, or even risen at all. For up to the present time no example exists—except those provided by a few small and unsuccessful communities of anything like productive socialism in practical operation at all. Socialism as an existing fact stands not for a new organization of industrial society, which spreads because it is successful, but merely for a theory, a belief, or a vague hope or feeling that an industrial reorganization of society on socialist lines is possible. In discussing socialism, then, we are discussing not a fact, but a theory—a theory that a new system is workable, and would, if tried, be successful.

Socialism, then, being a belief that some new system of production, which would co-exist with—as a consequence result in—the distribution, is possible, the next thing to ask is what, in its distinctive features, the proposed new system would be. How far would it resemble the present system, and in what specific points would it differ from it? And to this question it may well seem, at first sight, that it is not possible to get any intelligible answer; for if we address ourselves to the different types of people who to-day call themselves socialists, some will give one answer, some another, and some are unable to give any at all.

Two Kinds of Socialism

It, however, we consider the matter farther, we may soon reduce this confusion to some sort of general order. We shall find that so-called socialists divide themselves into two classes, one of which has nothing to give us but sentiment, and has no detailed knowledge of the industrial or productive process at all; while the other class, whatever may be its errors and crudities, attempts to deal in detail with the forces which produce wealth; and having laid down certain propositions as to how wealth is produced at present, proceeds to specify, with as much precision as is practicable, in what special respect the existing method of production, and of the distribution arising from it, may be changed.

But here, again, a new crisis for differentiation. These socialists themselves with whom alone it is possible to argue—for they alone give us anything to argue with—divide themselves into two classes, according to the degree of sustained thought which they bring to bear upon the problem; and we shall find also that, in proportion as their thoughts elaborate themselves, there arises amongst them an increasing difference as to details, and as soon as one of them has told us that he believes and thinks so and so, another instantly tells us that they want and think something different. Still, even amongst them, it is possible to find some general points of agreement; and to these I shall refer presently. But another kind of simplification—and one still more important—is one which can be made at once. This results in a discrimination between socialisms as preached to the masses—to miscellaneous public gatherings, or to the passing workmen in the street, and to socialism which is mainly confined to more or less thoughtful cliques. And for practical purposes, that which concerns us first is the former kind of socialism, as distinguished from, and in many respects opposed to, the latter. For in so far as socialism represents anything which could enable socialist principles to be actually tested, by experiment, through any legislative change in the Constitution, this is the want of men, whether any regard to their intelligence, who could be induced to vote for whatever change might be proposed.

We must, then, begin with popular socialism—the socialism of the street corner, of the leaflet put into the hands of the passing workman—which alone is addressed to, and is alone comprehended by, the multitude.

Utopian Promises

The socialism of the street corner is calculated to attract those who listen to it, solely because it embodies an exceedingly simple

promise—the promise, namely, that the ordinary manual laborer, may, without any additional effort on his own part, decide or trouble, or perhaps quadruple, his income, if he is a only vote into power a certain class of legislators; and this pecuniary promise is frequently reduced to figures. But a promise alone is not enough for the most thoughtless. Utopian promises have been made over and over again, from time to time, during the past two thousand years, and more especially during the past hundred. Yet they have not moved the masses to any important degree, because the latent common sense of the masses has instinctively dismissed them as Utopian; and in the modern world more especially the general feeling has become prevalent, even amongst the least instructed, that no promise will do the workman any good which do not rest upon some intelligible and scientific truth. This fact has been illustrated by the actual history of socialism. Its promises never formed the nucleus of any practical movement until they were supplied with a foundation in some intelligible formula which professed to be scientific, and which was capable of being accepted as such. This desideratum was supplied by Karl Marx, who, in his work on capital, succeeded in exhibiting, as the outcome of elaborate economic reasoning, a doctrine which has been crystallized into the following well-known formula: "All wealth is due to labor; therefore to the laborer all wealth is due."

An Abandoned Formula

The meaning of this formula, when expanded a little farther, is as follows: The wealth of all classes, other than the manual laborer, who alone are really productive, is derived from the products of labor, which are only rendered possible because, owing to bad laws, a minority has been able to appropriate all the modern implements of production—or the great machines and so forth, now in use—while as so monopolized by a minority consisting, according to Marx, the substance of modern capital. Let this minority, which represents an absolutely ineffective overclass, be only dispossessed by law, and the elaborate machinery of to-day made over to the laborer, and the laborer will have nothing to do but divide amongst himself the enormous wealth which he has thus produced into the pockets of others. Moreover, each laborer, according to the hours for which he labors, will be entitled to an equal dividend; and this last doctrine illustrates with the utmost precision the nature of the efficiency which Marx attributed to ordinary labor. He declared that its productivity was in all cases so exactly the same, that the claims of the laborer, individually on their share of the total product should be accorded to them by means, not of money, but of labor certificates, the possession of which by each man would be a guarantee that he had worked for as many hours as matter on what, or how, and was therefore entitled to receive any assessment of commodities he chose, which had involved the expenditure of an equal number of hours of labor, no matter what or whose, in making them.

The more thoughtful socialists of to-day have now abandoned this doctrine; and if it is attacked declares that they no longer hold it. Indeed, Marx himself unconsciously repudiates it as soon as he comes to consider socialism as a practically constructive scheme; for in order to make socialism workable, he assumes the authority of the state, which is supposed to be able to impose labor some sort of control. But meanwhile the fact remains that the doctrine to which socialists appeal when addressing the laborers generally, and in virtue of which their theory gains the vast majority of its adherents, is simply the crude and primary doctrine of Marx, that the mass of manual laborers alone produce all wealth, that each of them produces a virtually equal quantity, and that every man, let him be what he may, is entitled to an equal share. In illustration of this I may quote from a socialist leaflet, at this moment being distributed amongst thousands in New York. "You know, or you should know," it says to any workman who may read it, "that you and you alone produce all the good things of life; and that by so simple a process as casting your ballot intelligently you may gain—" What? The writer a little later tells him, "He does a sum which shows, in his own opinion, the amount of income which would go to the manual laborer if all the wealth of the United States was divided equally among the laborers, and the amount of income which, on the average, each laborer actually receives; and he tells the laborer that, by simply casting his ballot intelligently, he may secure for himself the entire difference between the larger sum and the less."

This doctrine, then, being as an actual fact the main doctrine by which socialism gains adherents amongst the multitude, one primary concern must be to analyze it, and see whether it is true or false.

Labor and Wealth

We find here that we have a definite starting point in the fact that in certain states of society labor really does produce all the wealth that exists, including the rude implements of production which are capable of being made by anybody. These states of

END

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THE BUILDERS

SETTING FOUNDATIONS EIGHTY FEET UNDERGROUND FOR A TOWERING NEW YORK OFFICE BUILDING

DRAWN BY JOHN EDWIN JACKSON

society are the savage, the semi-savage, or certain isolated modern peasantries, which still may be found existing in more or less inaccessible regions. But in such states of society the wealth produced is very small; and civilizes themselves are constantly increasing on the contrast between the insignificant results produced by labor under these conditions and the immeasurably greater amount which is annually called into existence in those parts of the world where the modern system predominates. Man for man, the productivity of industrial effort with the former is as one to a million; in the latter case it will be as six. What is the cause of the five, or the difference between six and one? The only answer which socialists of the school of Marx can give is that labor has become more productive. But this is merely to state a fact. It does nothing to explain it. The obvious explanation of it lies in a further fact, by which the theory of Marx allows no place whatever; and this is the fact that labor, in proportion as industrial effort has increased in productivity, has been steadily brought under the influence of a human force other than labor itself; and this force consists in the increasing concentration on the industrial process of certain mental, imaginative, and executive powers on the part of exceptional men, by means of which powers labor is directed and coordinated, so as to yield results unobtainable, and generally, indeed, incomprehensible, by the laborers themselves. This can be illustrated, without recourse to history, by the most familiar facts of to-day. Let us take, for example, the case of two printed books, of each of which there are printed ten thousand copies. Both books are put in type by the same compositors; but one book is worthless. The other is a work of genius. Ten thousand people want to read the one. Nobody will read the other. The ten thousand copies of the one are a mere encumbrance in the publisher's warehouse. The ten thousand copies of the other are articles of economic as well as of literary worth. To what is the difference between these two piles of printed matter? It is not due to the labor of the compositors, for this is just as skillful in the one case as in the other. It is due to qualities residing in the manuscripts of the respective authors. These manuscripts, on their economic side, constitute a series of minute orders, emanating from a single mind, by which the movement of the hands of any number of compositors are simultaneously guided for as long as their technical labor lasts; and their labor results in commodities, namely, books, which are valuable or valueless, not in accordance with the compositors' manual skill, but in accordance with the quality of the author's mind, by which the manual skill of all of them was simultaneously coordinated and directed. And so it is with all commodities which are due to these modern methods which alone produce the enhanced wealth which distinguishes the modern age.

And the same is the case with modern production generally. Industrial effort increases in productivity only in proportion as manual labor ceases to be the sole form of effort, and passes under the guiding faculties of other men who are not laborers. To these faculties I propose to give the name of *ability*; and I shall use the same of ability; and the essential difference between labor and ability in this—a difference not of degree, but of kind. Labor is the application of a man's faculties in one task at a time, whether this be the wheeling of a wheelbarrow or the juggling the most delicate of delicate jugglers. Ability is the faculty which directs and coordinates the labor, whether skilled or unskilled, of any number of laborers at once.

The Meaning of "Wageless"

Now I need not for the moment insist on this point farther, and for this reason. The more thoughtful amongst the recent socialists admit the general fact themselves, though they have not submitted it to any very close analysis. They have indeed adopted the very same ability as standing for these directive powers on which the greater or less efficiency of labor in the modern world depends. I will speak of this again presently; but meanwhile a further immediate question confronts us; and this is the question of how the directive powers of the few manage to impress their guidance on the manual operations of the many; and the answer is that they do so through capital under one of its several forms. This form of capital is wage-capital, or a collection of the daily necessities of life, which the capitalists do not monopolize in the sense of keeping them for their own consumption; but which they monopolize merely in the sense of controlling their distribution so that they are apportioned to the laborers on certain special conditions—those conditions being that the laborers shall use their hands from moment to moment in accordance with special instructions. In the making, for instance, of the Panama Canal the first thing required is food and clothing for twenty or thirty thousand workmen, which will supply their requirements for all the years which will elapse before the work is completed; and these necessities are apportioned to them at convenient intervals on condition that each man performs the special task assigned to him. Wage-capital becomes thus the means of ability, by means of which the whole innumerable team is guided. "Fixed capital," such as machinery, is merely the result of this application of wage-capital. Capital is primarily the mind of the few guiding the labor of the many; and it is secondarily the mind of the few directing the machinery which enables the many to cooperate in producing. What socialists call wageless is, in the modern world, simply the means by which superior minds impose their technical guidance on average mind and muscle.

And now let us go back to the socialists. In spite of their wild talk about the emancipation of labor under capitalism, the more thoughtful of them admit that this guidance must still be a necessity, unless society is to relapse into the methods and the poverty of primitive barbarism; and that such is the case they not only admit by implication, they have actually formulated the fact, and devoted special attention to the problem on which I have just been

dwelling—namely, that of the means by which the few may impose their guidance on the many; and their main preoccupation has been precisely this—how to provide a means by which this guidance may be accomplished, which shall not be the existing wage-system called by another name. This problem is dealt with specifically in a volume published not many years ago by the most thoughtful socialists in England—a group which comprises Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Sidney Webb; which book was subsequently republished in America, under a special preface by the same group of writers. In this preface it is stated that no scheme is really socialistic which will not abolish all inequalities of remuneration, and "prevent the possibility of their ever arising again"; and the only way to do this, the writers continue, "is to make an equal subsistence for all men the inalienable right of each man, quite independently of the specific services rendered by him." On the other hand, the writer continues, the requisite services will be exacted from each by the able directors of industry under a uniform law, just as taxes are now collected, and military obedience exacted from soldiers.

Now no doubt, so far as ordinary labor is concerned, this proposal is not theoretically unworkable. Indeed, it is a system which has been in operation for the greater portion of human history. It is, in fact, the system of economic slavery; for the essential feature of the system of slavery is this—that the subsistence of the slave is guaranteed to him by his master, just as the subsistence of a house is, and the requisite industrial obedience is extorted from him by direct coercion—by the lash, for instance, or by the fear of it.

That the laborers of America would prefer this system to the present one, which is far from being as good as the one as ordinary labor is concerned, it is not theoretically unworkable.

But there is a further point to be noticed. It would be theoretically possible by coercion to extort any prescribed form of manual labor from the ordinary man, because anybody can tell approximately what the ordinary man is capable of doing, and the one could have told that Shakespeare was capable of looking horses, and made him hold them. But no one could have told, by looking at him, that he was capable of writing "Hamlet." The same is the case with exceptional industrial ability. The only way in which it can be elicited is by the offer of some inducement or reward which the possessor of these talents will himself feel to be adequate.

Now here again, somewhat unexpectedly, we find ourselves in touch with the more thoughtful socialists of to-day. For they have not only been discussing this very question of what kind of reward, inducement, or motive, could be offered by a socialistic state, of a kind which would really stimulate the faculties of the exceptionally able man; and have admitted that, unless they were stimulated, they would be practically non-existent.

Thus, in proposing this system of industrial slavery, instead of slavery, tends step by step to resolve itself into a constitution of society like the present; still at last we find that its one distinctive feature consists of a scheme relative to this single problem; namely, how to secure the services of the able man cheaply—how to get the best of him, and give him something or anything as long as it is not dollars.

Art, Warfare, and Drudgery

In order to discuss some substance of the kind in question, the intellectual socialists have turned their attention to fields of human activity other than that of economic production—the activity of the great painter, for example, and more especially that of the soldier; and have argued that because a *Vincent* will paint a Christ or a Madonna, or because a soldier will risk or lay down his life in battle, without a thought of gaining any monetary or commercial recompense, the same temper of mind can easily be produced in the men whose talents are devoted to the multiplication and cheapening of neckties, carpets, stay-laces, and the trifling for women's petticoats. Nor, indeed, is this idea peculiar to professional socialists. Ruskin declared that his whole system of political economy was based on the possible assimilation of industrial activity to military; and Mr. Frederic Harrison, to the delight of many English socialists, has asserted that the readiness of the soldier to risk his life in battle shows how readily the human being can be induced to dare and to do anything out of devotion to his country's welfare, if he will die for his country without monetary reward. It stands to reason, say the socialists, that he can easily be induced to work for it on similar terms.

This attempt to establish a connection between industrial activity and military is a type of the childish superficiality with which socialists are accustomed to reason. If they really took, as they profess to be taking, a scientific survey of the human character as a whole, they would see that men's conduct as fighters is altogether exceptional, and that, though they are often stimulated by attachment to the country or cause for which they fight, their activity as fighters has some other cause behind it, with which attachment to cause or country has nothing at all to do, and in without a parallel in action of any other kind. The instinctively about the fact, which Mr. Harrison seems to have forgotten, that the most reckless and boldest soldiers known to history have been mercenaries who would fight as willingly for one country as for another. The fundamental explanation of the fighter's conduct in this—his constant eagerness of the intestine struggle to which the development of the human race is due, the fighting instinct is ingrained in the nature of the dominant races in a way in which the industrial instinct is not; and will always prompt numbers to face, without ulterior motive, toil and pain and danger, which in the field of industrial activity we find only when the stimulus of some ulterior motive whatever. We may see this by the conduct of boys at school, who will risk having their noses broken for the mere pleasure of fighting, when they would not run the risk of a headache for the sake of learning their lessons.

(Continued on page 612.)

A black and white photograph capturing a large crowd gathered for a parade or festival. In the foreground, a large, ornate float is visible, heavily decorated with many small, light-colored objects, possibly balloons or flowers. A large American flag is prominently displayed on the float. The crowd is dense, filling the street and surrounding areas. In the background, a street lined with buildings and trees is visible, suggesting an urban setting. The overall atmosphere is one of a significant public event.

From photomicrographs prepared, after, by Goldmann & Goldmann (1963), it is possible to see that the



In ancient times the fabled ostrich left her nest to seek means of alleviating her thirst, and a bear came along and saw the eggs



Adams Inc.



And he made a great speech and savagely denounced the faithless ostrich



And investigated its eggs



But mere speech did not suffice; to act was his motto



"Behold!" he said, "the world is to perform her duties. A never-ending

THE ORIGINAL

DEATH BY



roared loudly



And drew a big audience



ice against race suicide, and



Deep was the awe of those who heard him



has proven her incapacity or unwillingness
over is required. I will hatch the eggs"



And he proceeded forthwith to do so

, TEDDY BEAR

W. A. ROGERS

THE REVOLT AGAINST THE WHISKER



EXHIBITS BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

PERHAPS no greater evidence can be found of the sure and rapid growth of the aesthetic sense of the American people than the present revolt against whiskers. Originating in Upper Montclair, New Jersey, a suburb of New York, inhabited by patriots whose feeling for the beautiful is equalled only by their Spartan readiness to die, if need be, for the right, the revolt has run like wild-fire over the land, leaped lightly across the Atlantic, and spread with marvellous rapidity throughout his latest England.

Mr. Cornish, a Democratic Assemblyman from Essex County, is the embattled hero who fired the shot that is heard around the world—at least the civilized world. He introduced in the New Jersey Legislature, on April 1, a bill to tax whiskers. There was some sharp debate, during which cowardly attacks were made upon the measure by low-minded persons emboldened behind No. 1 Red Winter whiskers; but at last right prevailed, and Speaker Edwin referred the bill to the Committee on Fish and Game.

Of course it was necessary to emphasize the utilitarian as well as the aesthetic side of the project. Mr. Cornish showed: (1) the tax on whiskers will go far toward paying off the State debt; (2) the discarding and suppression of whiskers will give employment to 3000 New Jersey barbers, and make life happier for the 12,000 wives and children who look to them for bread. He also reported the deplorable fact that in northern and central New Jersey there is a growing tendency to cultivate whiskers.



Involved Breese-Involters

"I made," he said, "many inquiries and collected much valuable data. Many whom I questioned were coarse and vulgar men, whose language to me when I politely asked the reason they wore whiskers is not fit to repeat. The majority said that they wore beards as a matter of economy, to save both barbers' fees and the cost of neckties."

Mr. Cornish thought that an equitable schedule would be about as follows:

Common or garden whiskers, \$5 a year.

Mutton chops, or Senatorial side fuzz, \$10.

Square chin and side pattern, \$30.

Red (of any design whatsoever), 25 per cent. extra.

Here we find the germ of a great idea which, as these lines are written, is being developed and elaborated in committee. The following cuttings have been added to the whiskeriferous schedule:

Dandycary, or lamproquin style, \$8.
Ministerial sideboards, \$10.
Imperial, paint-brushes or ordinary camel's-hair pencils, \$30.
Geometrical reticous dusters, \$30.

A secret rumour of the Legislature reveals the fact that the members of both Houses are eager to tax the capillary molecule-carriers, but they fear reprisals. It is reported that even now groups of sturdy, burly men are gathering in the mountain fastnesses of Museum-Long, Pennsylvania, Watkinson, and Pumpton, resolved to take hideous revenge. The pen trembles to write of the ingenious and horrible tortures they purpose to inflict. Pale accents bring in word that these vandals have bound themselves by oath to weave their whiskers into barbed and thereafter to rope and hang all legislators who vote for the tax. The barbers were ever a cruel folk.

No matter. If worse comes to worst the Loyal League of Defenders of the Face will afford a refuge for the hairied legislators.

A picked corps of commuter warriors from the Upper Montclair Democratic Club has promised to go to the aid of the whisker-tasters at Trenton, and, armed with rapid-fire lawn-mowers, to disarm the hairied legislators.



Square Chin and Side Pattern



The Walrus

Enthusiasts for hygiene no less than lovers of the beautiful will be gladdened to hear that the good work is surely advancing in England. That eminent capillary connoisseur, Frank Richardson, called Frank Whiskerson by Punch, because he is the greatest living English authority on whiskers, is doing all he can to help the taxation plan.

"It is the best thing in the world," he said, in a recent interview. "The idea is splendid. It ought to be introduced in England at the earliest opportunity, but the taxes are not heavy enough. They should amount to £20 per whisker. I've never seen a man wearing a single whisker, but I don't see why it should not be done, just as a single eyeglass is worn. If men insist upon going about as if they were blebs on the hind-



Geometrical reticous Dusters

scape I don't see why they should not pay a high price for the privilege. Of course the tax would be difficult to collect, and the only way out of the trouble would be to make people take out whisker licenses, just as they take out dog licenses. Police constables should be empowered to stop any man they saw between whiskers and nail upon him to produce his license."

Mr. Richardson supplied the first official list of known face furnishings. It is as follows: Whiskers, ear guards, face fins, weather-crecks, face fagias, bodalls, bearth-rugs, cutlets, paint-brushes and the whiskered, mustaches, the inverted eyebrow, and the walrus. He said:

"There is no reason why mustaches should not be taxed also. A modified mustache like an inverted eyebrow, such as I wear myself, might retail at a pound, whereas a walrus should not be allowed in the street until the man behind it had paid \$20 to the government."

But much remains to be done. The New Jersey legislators may still find certain species of the crafty whiskerifics escaping just taxation because of a discrepancy between the State's schedule



Mormon Elders' Face Mats



Hackensack Tufts

—hop whenever the wearer eats, talks, or smokes. To resume the list:

Sprinklers, whether straight or curly, \$75.
Highway slingers, except red ones, \$40.
Comely Antrim life-boats, \$35.

Hockeloren Kaiserliche schnurrbartbinden, \$100.

Mormon elders' face mats (with shavers upper lip), \$500.

Oriental baggies, \$30.
Black, brown, or gold-throat-latches, \$3.

Upholstery on points of jaws, \$25.

Neck-white-hair red banners, \$100.

Unintentional lavatories between-livers, \$1000.

Birds' nesting-grounds—usually, VINIFLATHIN.

This may look rather savage, but the punishment doesn't half cover the crime. It is designed to prevent the propagation of the duck,

noisome, unbarbered, deep-angled wildwood whidgerage to which Edward Lear so pointedly drew attention in this wise:

"There was an old man with a beard
Who said, 'It is just as I feared,

An owl and a hen, two
birds and a wren.
Have all made their nests
in my beard.'"

Prudent barbers and economists will work harder than Dingley-tariff schedule-makers and find still other taxable capillary forms. For example, there are the chin-chills, and guards, farmers' field-mouse traps, bad straps, whiskerets, whiskereras, whiskerados, whisker-crowns, and whiskerolls, to say nothing of the many styles of pseudo-whiskers or false beards worn by actors, highwaymen, second-story operators, and other indistinguishable persons who must needs conceal their identity.

The owners and trainers of whiskers may fight the tax as arbitrary and unconstitutional, but they cannot prevail. For, as Paracelsus, or some other fellow, very truly said,

"Whiskers have no friends."



Imperial, or Paint-brushes



Birds' Nesting-grounds

and their particular sort of whisker parterres. To aid in the capture of such evaders these amendments to the whisker tariff are submitted:

Fairbairns, plain or curly, \$30.

Hackensack tufts, \$127.

These latter are the sprouts spoken of by the poet Tony Pastor in his exquisite romance whose refrain runs:

"And he went back to the town of Hackensack
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin."

For the benefit of dwellers out of Jersey let it be noted that the Hackensack tuft is shaped like a thick dove, and thrusts boldly downward and forward from the end of the chin. The reason for taxing it so high is that it intrudes itself into all conversations and makes a noise like hop—hop—hop

OUR ELDER STATESMEN

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I see beside me those who are described by Mr. Choate as "back numbers" and "ex-officials," but whom I think could be better described by the Japanese term of "elder statesmen."—*Mr. Bryce at Pilgrim's Dinner*

WHAT a tactful, gracious way
To speak of those who've had their day,
And sought Salt River's saline spray,
As "Elder Statesmen!"

Just think of Chaucery M. Depew,
And Thomas Platt, and Hayden too—
The idea's really fresh and new—
Our "Elder Statesmen!"

O who can estimate the scale
Of tact it takes this way to hail
A Kansas Senator in jail—
An "Elder Statesman!"

Then there's the genius near the Park
Who owns that architectural lark,

His name, as we recall it, Clark—
The "Elder Statesman!"

And Richard Croker, now of Cork,
Who used to grill the towns of York
Upon his private toasting-fork—
As "Elder Statesman!"

Moran and Hearst, and dear old Murph,
Care masters strong, not one a wolf—
Now twenty-three along the turf—
All Elder Statesmen!

I wonder if we'll ever see
The day when we shall dub the P—
B—E—S—I—D—E—N—T
An "Elder Statesman!"

THE THORN IN ENGLAND'S SIDE

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

WHEN Parliament reassembles after the Easter recess one of the first matters it will take in hand is bound to be the Irish question, and it is fair to say that Irish will be only in the programme in so far as a forward-looking measure for the better government of the country, but it is also announced its initiation of tackling the problem of Irish university education. Both are thorny issues; both are sure to stir feelings even more than the normal level of the Irish question, and they will accordingly absorb the energies of Parliament for many months to come. Of the two, the government's devolution project, while really less important—for the supreme need of Ireland is education—is from the purely political point of view more so. To meet that need, the Government has been endeavouring since Dublin, through no fault of its own, has enjoyed almost since Queen Elizabeth's day, is to rouse a fierce but restricted antagonism. To take an avowed even of a tentative step towards home rule is to summon up in opposition an hazy but very real legacy of centuries of English misgovernment, and the Government's devolution scheme that the full force of the storm will burst. There is evidence here of that sense of disproportion which is the hallmark of politics. But there is no use in fighting against the wind. The Irish question is a fact of life, and it is a fact of life for Ireland that the most important thing is home rule. The only thing in the Irish question that really engages outside opinion is the struggle for autonomy, and as devolution represents a phase of that struggle, it at once becomes the centre of a commanding interest. It is not surprising that the Government should write, merely prefacing it with my private conviction that while self-government of some sort is an essential aid to Irish regeneration it is by no means the most essential aid, and that the Government should be more than anxious to see that the Government will, in due time, be shown that the House of Commons

To any one who wishes to get a clear idea of the Irish situation I would most heartily recommend a book just published by Lord Dunsany, *The Gaelic in Ireland*. Lord Dunsany has played many parts, but none more conspicuously useful than his part as a student of the Gaelic language and the Gaelic Irish landlord, he has risen clear above the narrow traditions of his class and environment. A Unionist, he is yet an ardent Irish patriot whose mind, within the ample limits of its political range, plays with a dispassionate neutrality over the whole gamut of the political and social problems of Ireland. He is, he says, a Protestant, and a Unionist. I hold to my class, my creed, and my political faith." But he has proved that to be a Protestant is not to be a bigot, that to be a landlord is not necessarily to have any sympathy with the aloofness of the ascendant class, that to be a Unionist is not to be a traitor to the Irish people. He acknowledges all that is unsatisfactory, anti-national, and strife-producing in the scheme of Irish administration, and falls on his knees behind the most fervent Nationalist of them all in his desire for reform. Lord Dunsany stands in the very front rank of those who are doing their best to clear up the Irish situation, and it is out and that if it is to have any usefulness and any justification in the future it must put itself in touch as far as it can with national sentiment, he more than any man was responsible for that incredible coming together of landlords and tenants that held the country together in the time of the famine.

He presides over that historic conference with an ability and a grasp that in my judgment will always procure for him a high place in the too small list of those who have worked for Ireland with a thought of self and along lines of scrupulously practical conduct. He has the gift of a clear and simple style of expression, and the same happy talent for progress-linked with reconciliation, to the wider hopes of Irish government—hoping to establish a common ground on which rational men of all parties may meet and work for the national good. This book, admirably written and ably illustrated, is a most valuable and interesting summary of what has been achieved and a strong and consistent plea for a further advance. I know of no volume which presents so clearly, acutely, and persuasively or with so much of the true statesmanlike insight, the determining realities of the Irish

It is the custom of Lord Dunraven's case that with the least question at last in its way to settlement, a unique chance of effecting a durable harmony is offered to both England and Ireland. If the Irish will only show themselves more conciliatory, more willing to believe that justice will follow upon reasonable demands, and if the English will only get out of their heads that notion of a "Anglo-Irish" alliance, and realize that Ireland cannot develop on her own lines and that in Ireland, as in the great self-governing colonies, imperialism, to be worth anything, must follow and cannot possibly precede, the sense of nationality—then there is no reason why the two peoples should not join together in the practical march of betterment. The need for such cooperation is more pressing, and the opportunity more favorable, than has ever been facing away. Nearly four and a half millions of them have left the Irish shores since 1841 and partially all of them have been in the full vigor of life, and those who have remained have, for the most part, been the less physically fit, the most mentally deficient, and those who correspond to the lowest industrial standard, and this unparalleled exodus, besides all the other political and economic consequences, has left Ireland less a later acquisition of need than any other country in the

King's rheumatism, means also that among those who lay behind labour, pauperism, consumption, are terribly on the increase, that the Irish birth rate is the lowest in the world, and that the wages of the Irish agricultural labourer touch the appalling average of £2.75 a week. We might Lord Dunraven exclaim, "Ireland is the poorest of people." But he sees signs of hopefulness in the gradual growth of wealth. He has seen the progress of agriculture, the reform, of the long agrarian strife, in the comparative peace that has settled over the country, and in the almost universal agreement that the Dublin Castle system of government stands condemned. He makes, however, no attempt to hide the immensity of the work which must yet be done. The administration of the Wyndham Act needs improvement; it needs more energetic supervision by men who write with unequalled knowledge and authority; the uneconomic holdings, of which there are 200,000, must be enlarged and their occupation must be encouraged and assisted to supplement their incomes from other sources; the railways and the post-office need reorganisation; there must be radical changes in the taxation which at present paralyses the manufacturing industry; the very poor; drainage and harbor works ought to be prosecuted by the state; relief must be had from the overwhelming financial burdens under which Ireland is staggering; and the whole educational system should be pulled down and rebuilt from top to

To all these, others Lord Dunraev devotes paragraphs or chapters of extreme clarity and good sense. His conception of Ireland as a whole is this: "A country not naturally adapted to the growth of a great manufacturing power, but one of great power and of some coal; a country extremely well adapted to agricultural industries of all kinds, but containing a large number of uneconomic holdings; a country poor in this world's goods, but rich in the goods of nature; a country with a high level of development; a people endowed with great natural capacity for industrial manufacturing pursuits, especially of an artistic character, but forced to depend upon agriculture through a lack of capital; an industry of the land, but with a large part of its labour earned, engaged largely in a speculative branch of it; a people hourly handicapped in respect of agriculture by the weight of the rent; a people who are largely ignorant of the conditions of the districts under the land of local rates, feeling the burden of indirect taxation more acutely than any of the other units of the United Kingdom, England, Scotland or Wales; a people suffering from a general loss of initiative and energy, and from a number of restrictions upon their natural development." Estimation, the light of modern science and modern thought, and more all "the self-regard begot by power, the self-esteem derived from duty," are the chief causes of this state of affairs. "The chief cause of apathy, lifted out of despair, and though much may be done in minor directions, the real motive-power can only be found in self-government—in an active interest in the management of their own affairs."

Insisting always on the necessity of the crisis and appealing to all Irishmen to lay aside their factional wranglings, Lord Dunsany went on to develop his scheme for reforming the system of government in Ireland. He describes, with all the mastery of a man in whom administration is an instinct, that amazing jumble of a system, which is at once a chaos, a confusion, a waste of time and sort, and a very bad sort, of bureaucracy—a government by departments in Ireland, uncontrolled by Parliament, uncontrolled by any public body in Ireland, subject only to a department in London. . . . It is the most expensive system of government in the world." Lord Dunsany estimates that if it were properly reformed, it would save the country £1,000,000 a year, and if at the same time the judiciary were reformed, economies to the extent of from one to three millions sterling a year could be effected. I do not propose to describe in any detail his plan of devolution. It is set forth with the utmost conciseness and lucidity, and if it were to be realised Parliament would be free at last to do its duty. The only question is whether it can be properly, Ireland's claims would be dealt with by men who know the country, and all the savings effected by Irishmen in the administration of their own affairs would be spent in the country. Those are the objects to be kept in view, and Lord Dunsany shows that they can be attained without in the slightest degree impairing the efficiency of the Government. His plan is consistent with Unionism, and that at the same time they put the effective administration of Irish affairs at last in Irish hands. In some admirable chapters he points out that devolution has been the key-note of British success in Imperial rule. To whatever country it has been applied, that country has been prosperous and powerful. It is the only policy which has been successful, and it is, neither nepotism nor loyal. May there not, he asks, be here an instance of cause and effect? And he answers decisively that until the Irish are associated with the work of government, the country will never be contented and never feel the impulse and the stimulus to betterment from within which only responsible government can give. "The only way to bring about its complete effective supremacy is my circumstance; but, emanating from that centre, and within that circumscriptible limit, I desire to see the largest possible freedom of action and self-governing power delegated to Ireland." That, of course, is not Nationalism, neither is it the old form of Unionism. But it represents a half-way stage between the two. It is a policy which is not only perfectly practicable for ten and possibly twenty years, confident and



The Assembly-room on the First Floor of the new Club-house. There are Facilities at the End of this Room for erecting a Stage and Proscenium Arch



The "Lift" which elevates the Cars of Members and Guests from the Street Level to the Garages on the Second, Third, and Fourth Floors of the Club-house

THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S NEW HOUSE

THE LIVINGSTON'S NEW CLUB-HOUSE AND GARAGE OF THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF AMERICA IN WEST FIFTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK

TWO GILBERT STUART PORTRAITS RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM



The First Spanish Minister to the United States, Don Josef de Jandenes y Nebot, and his Wife

A CERTAIN historic interest attaches to the two portraits by Gilbert Stuart recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, apart from their noteworthy intrinsic merit. They represent Don Josef de Jandenes y Nebot, Spanish Minister to the United States, and Dona Matilde Soughton de Jandenes, his wife, and were painted in New York in 1794. The paintings were taken to Spain on the recall of the minister, and have remained in that country until their recent purchase by a firm of art dealers in New York. Don Josef was born in Valencia on March 25, 1764, and was therefore thirty years of age when this portrait was taken, while his wife was only sixteen, having been born in New York on January 11, 1778. Both canvases bear the signature and date, G. Stuart, R.A., Sept. 8, 1794. "Rapidly and lightly as the pictures are painted," says Mr. Kenyon Cox in an interesting appreciation, "they can hardly have been done both in one day, and one is left to wonder what this precision of date may mean. Not improbably September the 8th was the day of this early international marriage which the pictures were intended to commemorate. It should not be difficult, by a little research, to determine the question."

"The pictures are very similar in general composition, the man facing to the observer's left, the woman to his right, the heads occupying almost exactly the same place on the canvas. The Spanish minister is dressed in a dark blue coat lined and faced with scarlet, a scarlet waistcoat and breeches, and white stockings. The coat and waistcoat are profusely decorated with silver lace. He wears a dress sword, and his high cocked hat and gold-headed cane lie on the table at his side. The chair is upholstered in light blue, and the taboleths and obligatory curtain are green. The looped-up curtain shows a conventionally treated bookcase with a few books. The lady is all in white, with a high head-dress of feathers, and wears a profusion of pearls and jewels. The curtain is a brownish pink, the chair and taboleths red, and in place of the bookcase there is a glimpse of blue and pink sky."

"Stuart was thirty-nine when he painted these pictures, and had been two years returned to this country. Some of his later work was in its broader, softer, with a vaporous quality about here, but nothing so very did is cleverer in its way, and portraits by him in which so much attention is given to the costume are rare. The portrait of the lady is the more agreeable of the two.

The high head-dress gives an apparent reason for the placing of the head low on the canvas, which was a habit with the artist, and the gray-whites and sharply touched jewels have been softened by time into an agreeable tone. Even a hundred years have not availed to mellow the blue and vermilion of the male portrait, which is still somewhat thrill in color, while the position of the head, probably painted first on a black canvas, has forced the painter to a reduction of scale in the figure which makes it rather absurdly tiny. In sheer economy of means, and ease and freedom of touch, both portraits are astonishing. The pearls and jewels and the gold stripes on the lady's dress, the man's habit and cuffs and silver embroidery, are marvels of prodigality, as far as the handling alone is concerned. But it is the freedom of routine and recipe. There is no serious study of drawing below the faces and no serious study of values anywhere. Compared with the workmanship of the great masters this is the handling of a clever journeyman decorator, who has painted the same ornaments a thousand times until he knows exactly how many strokes are necessary to produce his effect, and who never puts in one more than is necessary. He is not concerned with any subtleties of form or tone or color; he is producing with the utmost expedition and the least possible labor what will pass for a satisfactory portrait."

"Even in the heads there are evidences of routine—notably the high-lights in the eyes, which are touched in sharply to give the desirable sparks which others tread upon, without any regard to where they would actually occur. But the heads show also that sense of character and of construction which is absolutely essential to success in portraiture, and that of the lady is distinctly charming. They are evidently likenesses, and what are called, by friendly friends, "pleasing likenesses," of his sitters. The pictures reveal Stuart as essentially what used to be called a "face painter," and this he became more and more as time went on. The bodies, the hands, the draperies, here treated cavalierly enough, are increasingly neglected until he is tolerably successful in such canvases only as were left unfinished after the first sitting, with so impossible bodies to distract the attention from the admirably suggested heads. Never a great artist, he was, for long, the best painter America had produced, and the museum is to be congratulated on possessing two such important and well-preserved examples of his relatively early work, painted before his greatest faults had reached their final stage."

LONDON'S VAN-HORSES SHOW THEIR POINTS



Experts Judging the Exhibits in Regent's Park—
Strength and Endurance are Indispensable Qualities



Lady Helen Gordon Lennox,
who presented the Prizes

THE GRACIOUS AMUSEMENTS OF ROYALTY



The Princess of Wales

At the recent Army Football Match at Aldershot the Princess of Wales presented Medals to the Winning Team, the Royal Engineers

MOTOR-CARS IN THE EGYPTIAN DESERT

HOW BUSINESS AND PLEASURE PROFIT BY THE NEW MACHINES

By W. G. FITZ-GERALD

THIS season has seen a greater number of motor cars than ever in Egypt, nor have they been all of the touring or pleasure variety; for the desert is being opened up in all directions by big corporations, both agricultural and mining, and the pioneer staffs of these concerns are using entirely new types of machines, especially that known as the tri-car, which weighs about seven hundredweight, and costs, with a nine-horse-power engine, \$725. It is fitted with a double cylinder, water-cooled engine, with forced circulation, high-tension ignition, three forward speeds and reverse, roller-chain transmission and wheel steering.

It is amazing to see how the Libyan Desert is overrun with these curious little engines, carrying inspectors, pioneers, agricultural experts, and members of the home staffs of big agricultural and mining interests, such as have been attracted to Egypt lately during the season. The car covered 2500 miles with an average of 25 miles for each gallon of petroleum.

The ordinary pneumatic tires are protected from the burning sand by leather and iron-studded bands; and companies have been

The number of automobiles in Egypt during the past winter has shown an intense increase. There were nearly 300 powerful machines registered in Cairo at one time, as against about 105 last season; and several new garages have been built in the city of the caliphs.

The opinion of everybody is in favor of cheap cars which have an enclosed top and are of low horse-power. There are no hills to climb, and admirable roads for police service in the Eastern Desert are in construction by the Mining Department of the Ministry of Finance. The road from Edfu to Iking has just been completed, and is a magnificent racing track 80 miles long.

From Iking it will branch both to the north and to the south, the latter way going through the oases, while the northern branch is to join the Keneh-Cosseir road from the Nile Valley to the Red Sea. Keneh is another base for a road running north along the old Roman way, constructed in ancient times to bring down porphyry and precious marbles from the Red Sea coast to the Nile, where it is to be used for the construction of stately palaces. The Edfu Iking road has been very largely used for motorcars; and new types of cars have been specially built for the Department of Mines, and have proved most satisfactory; for, strange to say, they are a far less costly and difficult means of conveyance than the camels, which from their immemorial have ruled all things in the desert.

During the last trip of the Mining Department tri-car, 773 miles were accomplished in four days, which were spent in the ordinary work of inspecting roads and government and private mines. The corporation in western Egypt is also using the new tri-cars for its officials, striking away from the Nile and making for the Western Oasis. The rulers take provisions with them, and sometimes small shelter-tents. And with this unrivaled means of transport they are able to cover immense areas and take valuable notes about the possibilities of irrigation, especially in the way of sinking artesian wells, such as have already made Nile valley land worth \$75 an acre.

More of these tri-cars are ordered for the alum, ochre, and salt prospects; and even some of the French and German scientists engaged in excavating desert tombs use these motors, and find they can accomplish in an hour or two what it formerly took a fleet and the greater part of a working day to do.

The Egyptian cotton planters of the Delta, too, are turning their attention to these light fleet tri-cars, which have a petrol capacity of about 120 miles, and have proved themselves the ideal means of transport in the Egyptian desert.



Egyptian Mining Inspectors setting out from Cairo on a Tour into the Libyan Desert on one of the new nine-horse-power Desert Tri-cars

formed, such as the one at Port Said, to inaugurate special desert services. The Port Said motors accommodate twenty-five passengers each, and, by taking short cuts to the Arab villages, do the journey in less than half the time taken by the ordinary horse-drawn.

The Government as a Lumber Merchant

From several aspects a striking interest attaches to the recent sale by the government of about 50,000,000 feet of timber on the Montana division of the Yellowstone Forest Reserve to a contracting company, which will convert most of the timber into railroad ties.

This is one of the largest sales ever made of government timber; the price is advantageous, and a large percentage of the cut will be of a species which a few years ago was without market value, namely, lodgepole pine. Further, it may be said with assurance that had not the preservative treatment of ties been shown to be both profitable and economical, such a sale could not now have been made, for sixty per cent of the cut, or approximately 1,000,000 ties, is to be treated with preservatives by a

process which experiment and trial have placed on a sound business basis.

The purchasers of the timber have contracted to supply the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy and the Northern Pacific railway companies with ties for a period covering three years. The timber for which they applied in the government consists of lodgepole pine, red fir, and spruce. A large proportion of the stand of lodgepole pine grows very densely. Consequently, after all the specified timber has been removed, a plentiful stand of young trees will be left, which in a few years will again form a forest of merchantable dimensions.

The government will receive a stumpage price of \$2.50 per thousand feet for the red fir, and \$2 per thousand feet for the spruce and pine.

The story of the strange use of lodgepole pine into the timber market is an interesting chapter in the history of the use of forest products. Five years ago this tree

was classed among the nearly worthless, inferior timbers growing in the Northwestern States. It had never come into extensive use. Its liability to attack by insects and its check in drying, its softness and lightness, and the large percentage of sapwood in its structure were disadvantages which seemed to handicap it permanently. Yet the possibility and the need of finding substitutes for scarcer woods had already led to the closer study of a number of unexploited species, and efforts were being sought by which artificial treatment might be made to take the place of natural adaptability to a specific insect.

Among these devices were improvements in seasoning methods and the use of preservatives. It was found that preservative treatment, which greatly prolonged the life of certain timbers, depends largely, for its success upon the penetrability of the wood, which permits the preservative to enter the wood substance easily.

The Gold at the End of the Rainbow

(Continued from page 638.)

But the fallacy of the socialistic reasoning, in this respect, is still more strikingly shown by the arguments which they use themselves when they turn from human nature, as they say that they can easily make it, to human nature, as they actually find it at present. The more thoughtful socialists of to-day, such as Mr. Sidney Webb, admit that "business ability," or the higher directive faculty in its higher forms, is the "natural monopoly" of a minority, and he and other modern socialistic writers recognize in these monopolies a class which, in virtue of its talents and temperament, is clearly distinguishable in all periods of history; and applied this class their main moral indictment is that from the days of Tyre and Sidon till now its industrial activity has always been dependent on one motive—namely, its desire to be paid in kind—that is to say, a desire to retain under their own control an amount of wealth proportionate to that which their own exceptional efforts have contributed to the total stock. And these men, in whom they declare this temperament to be innate, and are the precise portion of the human species whose characters they propose to transmute by a decade or two of popular legislation.

This is not all. There is a stronger argument still, supplied also by themselves, which shows how completely futile their ideas are to this subject. An educated socialist, who was one of my listeners at Philadelphia, had some private conversation with me; and he told me that, in his own case—he being an official employed by some large business firm—and in the case of all the working men to whom he preached the socialistic gospel, the root-idea which made men socialists was this—the idea that, under the present system, the wages or the salaries which they received were not in all respects equal to the service which was actually done in their various personal exertions. Some portion or other was always subtracted by the employer. This supposed situation, my socialist acquaintance told me, was what he and socialists generally could not stand, and it was this situation which he looked to socialism to remedy. And in the teaching of other socialists the same thing is implied also. This is the moral implication of the doctrine of Karl Marx as to labor. Since all wealth is due to labor, the laborer is unrightful unless he gets everything; and on these grounds he has a sacred right to demand it.

Now, this state of mind which the socialists assume on the part of the employed, and the demands arising from which they appeal to as the instinctive expression of the normal man's idea of justice, stand precisely for their state of mind which, when it occurs in the case of the employers, they represent as easily changeable by the workman's use of the ballot-box. In short, the socialists virtually say to the employer: "You, the vast majority of mankind, naturally desire, and always will desire with justice, to possess to the utmost dollar's worth all that your labor produces"; and they then turn to the man by whose ability labor is directed, and who, as they admit themselves, contribute most to the productive process, and say: "As for you, we will turn your nature upside down. Instead of securing to you all that you produce, we will take away ninety-nine hundredths of it; and we will raise you, by means of our ballot-boxes, to receive as a delightful privilege the same kind of apportionment—that on a very much more extensive scale—that we are giving the majority of mankind to reward as an intolerable injustice." And that such is the case has been recently admitted by Comal Toloday in one of his publications, entitled *The Only Issue*. In that work he confesses that the desire of the great director of labor to retain an amount of wealth proportionate to the amount produced by him is merely an equally admitted desire which is equally operative in the case of all hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand workmen also. In other words, according to Comal Toloday's admission, the desire of the producer to

possess in proportion to his products is the normal desire of every man, and the most ordinary laborer or the most gifted director of labor; and such being the case, he proceeds, with a truly magnificent naïveté, "all that is necessary, in the present state of affairs, is that men of all classes should abandon their present motives, which have been inoperative in human nature from the dawn of civilization till to-day, and suddenly invest themselves with a new character altogether."

This proposition, when put in its naked form, is too chimerical for the more thoughtful socialists themselves, though it is precisely this proposition to which they have been reasoning concrete them. They have been forced to admit that some men produce indefinitely more than others; and they realize the absurdity of proposing to mankind at large that they should make the human race, who produce comparatively little, are to lose something on their right to the whole of their own products, the minority, who produce much, are to have it on an imperative readiness to let their products be taken away from them. But being still determined to secure the adherence of the laborers, and to justify the claims of labor with which they originally started, the intellectual socialists of to-day, whenever they address the masses, give all their attention to making the admissions which they eagerly make when confronted by competent critics, and still insist, in the presence of men of sense, or the old doctrine of Marx, that labor produces everything, that the directors of labor are a wholly negligible quantity, and that all wealth ought to go to the manual laborers. They are, in fact, like Oriental, who profess to have been converted to Christianity, and who, when in the company of educated men, recite the Athanasian Creed; but who, the moment they go round the corner, and find themselves in an alley, begin shouting to the inhabitants that there is no God but Allah, and that the blessed Mohammed is his prophet.

Open Sesame!

A WELL-KNOWN New-Yorker who spends a good part of his time in Paris relates how he once met a fellow countryman who favorably sported a huge red badge bearing the legend of the National Republican Committee.

After a time the New-Yorker's curiosity got the better of him, and he asked his fellow countryman why he was displaying such an emblem to the foreigners.

"It's just this way," cheerfully explained the other. "One day, at one of the big hotels, I reached a number of shops who got the best of me at all times. I brought me that it would be a good idea to consult one of the waiters as to the reason. Incidentally, I tipped him."

"A great light burst upon me when I was politely informed by the waiter that one of the gentlemen indicated to me the Legion of Honor, that the other sported the insignia of the Order of the Star of India, and that the third was the proud possessor of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. Catching meaning those and other replies, I added the waiter, were invariably given the utmost consideration."

"It didn't take me long to drop in this. I dug down into my trunk and pulled out the badge you are now adorning my manly chest. I put it on and have worn it ever since. Of course none of our French friends has the least idea what it represents, but it's a decoration, and—well, there! Since I desired it nothing has been too good for me."

The First Vote of the Filipinos

On July 30 next, all males in the Philippine Islands not under twenty-three years of age, and not citizens or subjects of any foreign power, will be permitted to vote for members of the Philippine Assembly, and for provincial Governors, a third member of the provincial board, municipal presidents and vice-presidents, and municipal com-

missioners. This will be the first step towards Filipino self-government. The first Assembly will convene early in October of this year. Secretary Taft will be present at this meeting of the Assembly.

American citizens residing within the requirements will be permitted the right of suffrage, for American citizens are not considered "subjects of any foreign power."

The first Philippine Assembly will consist of eighty-four members, apportioned on the basis of one delegate for each 50,000 of population. Provision is made to increase this number, but the total number of delegates cannot exceed one hundred. All acts of the Assembly must secure the approval of the Philippine Commission before they become laws.

A Distinction Without a Difference

IN Mississippi there was a colored preacher noted in these parts for the extreme frankness and candor of his exhortations to his wicked brethren to reform. On one occasion, rebuking Representative John Sharp Williams, the divine was talking forth on the sin of theft. Among other things he said:

"I am lef' me ten chicken-thieves, includin' Dan Samson."

This bold statement of fact rather aroused the resentment of the aforesaid Samson, and he threatened the minister with personal violence. The latter's friends persuaded the divine to withdraw the accusation if Samson would promise not to offer the minister any hurt. The question seemed about to be adjourned, it being settled that the clergyman should, on the following Sunday, publicly retract his statement as to the honesty of Mr. Samson. Therefore, rising in the pulpit on the day appointed, the minister said:

"It 'pears dat a remark of mine, in de sermon of last Sunday, has been de cause of offence, an' I derefore amends it. What I should have said was dis: 'I am lef' me ten chicken-thieves, not includin' Dan Samson.'"

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THE EASON'S PLAYS

EUROPEAN COMEDY AND
AMERICAN FARCE

By "I"

THE artistry and versatility of Madame Alla Nazimova have, in a sense, become a legend in New York. From *Insidious Hilda* she changed to impulsive Nora; now she has turned, with as great skill, to the interpretation of the half serious, wholly amused, and most delightful character of *Contesse Vona di Lorence* in Roberto Bracco's brilliant comedy, "Contesse L'opette." As the portrayal of Vona's two remarkable features demanded the employment of widely ranging talents, so the rôle of the Italian contesse requires methods strikingly dissimilar from either and served as a most potent token of the art of this Russian actress. In the part of the contesse Madame Nazimova has an opportunity to reveal such a new facet of her brilliancy that it was difficult to recognize in the figure on the stage, other the gloomy, compelling personality of "Hilda Under" or the high, dominant figure of "A Doll's House." The Italian play imposed an entirely new personality upon the actress, that of the thoroughly conceited, older woman of today, with an inordinate vanity and love of admiration; yet, with these, a very keen appreciation of her duties and obligations as a wife.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Madame Nazimova achieved a marked success with her interpretation, because even in this short time New York has learned to look to her for success in everything. The play deals with an agreement which the contesse has made with her husband regarding the personal liberty of each, to the end that there shall be no jealousy on the part of either. She warns him that the first time he makes direct charge against her she will give him ample ground for the accusation. She is at heart what she says, "a good woman, but a bad wife." She is devoted to the admiration of men, and prone to be indiscreet for its accomplishment. The indiscretion leads her into a duel with a friend of her husband's who is much enamored of her. He challenges her in order to his villa, which she does, and the temperature of the water she dips upon his armor may be well imagined by her speech to him as soon as they are alone and the doors are closed upon them. She waits herself in the middle of the room, feels her arms, and says: "Now, here I am, tempt me!" Very naturally, progress is quite slow. Suddenly word is brought that the husband of the contesse is without. The key to a secret cell is offered to the contesse for the price of a kiss. Instantly she declines to purchase it, and her indignation is expressed. She bids that her husband be shown in, and the act, instead of ending in a duel between the husband and the contesse, comes to a close with the most delicious comedy, the contesse and her husband being by far the least

discovered. The third act of the comedy is the most artistic. It opens revealing the contesse at tea in her boudoir. She waits for her husband to join her in their first informal meeting in a long time. It happens that she has made an engagement to receive the would-be tempter, but she sends for her husband instead and tells him of the engagement. Later the suspect enters, feeling that at last conquest is to be his. However, a moment after he has looked at himself in a hand-mirror to realize his self that there is really no reason why the contesse should be so dying of love for him, he sees the door of her inner room open and catches a glimpse of her with her husband's arm around her and hears their much-amused laughter. With rare discretion he tips her from the room and the final curtain falls.

Madame Nazimova plays her part with rare charm and distinction. The world's singer, *Glass Records*, of Mr. Stanbury, was much interested in her telling, and the part of the contesse, by Mr. Arthur Forrest, was only possibly impressive. The play itself is one of the most effective comedies which has been played in New York in many a day.

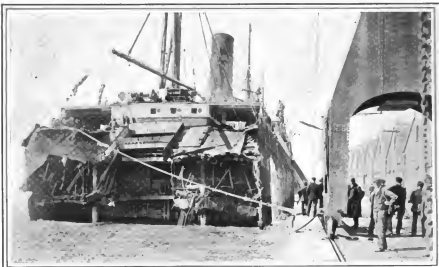
Those who, attracted by its martial title, may be tempted to visit the Lyceum Theatre to observe Mr. Arnold Daly in "The Boys of Company 'B'" will be disappointed if they expect to be stirred by a representation of the bravery and danger of warfare. This play the authorship of which is acknowledged by Edith Johnson Young, the author of "Boys of Harvard" is yet heralded as "a comedy of New York National Guard life." Therefore, we know that it is a comedy, but does it depict faithfully the inner life of the Nation's volunteers? Are their sacrifices, upon whom our security so greatly depends, such dreary, dull cut ups as the author presents? Do they interpret their exercises by the singing of "own" songs and college songs, by plane playing and hop frog? (One hesitates to think so. Let us assume that some one has been cruelly mistaking this excellent playright—who is her "Boys of Harvard" told us the "real truth" about college life; let us assume that those glimpses of hidden and sinister doings are base, laugh atrocious, calamities.

It would be ill-advised to set forth in detail the ridiculous wickedness of these doings as they are mercilessly set forth in "The Boys of Company 'B'."—such matters are not in the stern and unequivocal glare of relief. Let it suffice to say that Miss (or Mrs.) Young is singularly fortunate in the person who makes actual "comedy" time. Mr. Daly, abundant for a close-though one hopes not for long—the exposition of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's light-fifteen imaginations, reads the



Mr. Arnold Daly as "Tony," the immaculate hero, in "The Boys of Company 'B'."

HOW THE SHIP SURGEONS BROUGHT THE "SUEVIC" TO HER HOSPITAL



THE STEAMSHIP "SUEVIC," BOUND FROM BOSTHAMPTON TO AUSTRALIA, WENT ASHORE NEAR THE LIZARD ON MARCH 17. IT WAS FOUND IMPOSSIBLE TO GET HER BOW OFF THE ROCKS, AND IN ORDER TO SALVE AS MUCH OF HER AS POSSIBLE, SHE WAS CUT IN TWO BY THE AID OF A DYNAMITE CHARGE A LITTLE FORWARD OF THE BRIDGE; THE BELONGED PORTION WAS THEN TOWED INTO BOSTHAMPTON, WHERE A NEW BOW WILL BE FITTED TO THE HULL. THE PORTION WHICH WAS DELIVERED IS 400 FEET IN LENGTH.

A SPRING DAY IN NEW YORK



FIVE AND A HALF INCHES OF SNOW FELL IN NEW YORK CITY ON THE 17TH OF APRIL BETWEEN 6.25 A.M. AND 5 P.M.—A RECORD SNOWFALL FOR APRIL. THE PHOTOGRAPH PICTURES THE VERNAL ASPECT OF CITY HALL PARK DURING THE DEMONSTRATION.

Chance for American Autos

The Scottish reliability trial for touring-cars which will begin on the 25th and end on the 28th of June next, will afford an excellent opportunity for the manufacturers of American touring-cars to make good their claim that their output equals in reliability and staying qualities the best of the foreign manufacturers. The course over which the trial will be conducted will be from Glasgow to Inverness, a distance of 754½ miles.

At the Scottish trials last year five American touring-cars were entered, and while making a good showing as to reliability, were rather outclassed in the matters of hill-climbing and fuel-consumption. These Scottish trials have a very great effect upon public opinion in Europe and other divisions, as people are beginning to realize that the best machine is the one which will give the most satisfaction under, not the best, but the worst conditions. Thousands of machines are being used in the mining districts of South Africa, and this, as most of the other foreign markets, demands a thoroughly reliable car. Entries for the Scotch reliability trial must be made on the forms supplied for that purpose not later than May 14 next. The Bureau of Manufactures of the Department of Commerce and Labor is prepared to furnish manufacturers with these forms.

Don't Shoot the Actors!

Tuesar is a theatre in New York not more than a Sabbath-day's journey from the White Light Trail in which a roaring burlesque has been played since early last fall. Singularly enough, the programme presents to the patrons of the house this naïve announcement:

AFTER THE SHOW

If you feel like Shooting come around the corner to — West — Street

Getting a Line on Him

AN Alabama man tells of an odd character in a town of that State for whom the local creek had more attractions than the but and grassy cotton-field. Not long ago "Tobe," as the dorky is called, took a day off in pursuit of his favorite amusement. Tobe baited his hook, and long and patiently sat upon the bank of the creek vainly waiting for a bite. At last, under the combined influence of the warmth of the day and the sluggish movement of the creek, Tobe fell asleep.

As the weary angler dozed a big fish took the bait and almost pulled the dorky into the creek.

"Good Lord! Good Lord!" exclaimed Tobe, with a gasp, as he awoke, "Is dis almighty a-fishin', or is dis fish a-nigger?"

Fetched Him

A YOUNG New-Yorker of means who maintains a residence, at certain seasons, near Liverpool, Connecticut, recently nursed a grievance against his hamlet-neighbor. The latter, it appears, has been appealed to in vain to put a stop to the foraging of his hens in the New-Yorker's garden.

Finally the New York man decided to use a little strategy when appeal and persuasion had failed.

One day a friend, who knew of the trouble between the neighbors, asked:

"Still troubled by Blank's hens?"

"Not a bit of it," answered the New-Yorker, with a chuckle. "They're shut up now."

"How did you manage to accomplish it?"

"Well," explained the New-Yorker, "every night, for a week, I put a lot of eggs in the garden under the grape-vine, and every morning, when I was sure that Blank was looking, I went out and brought the eggs in."

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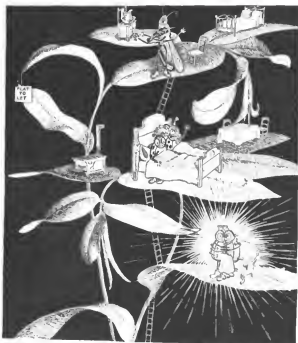
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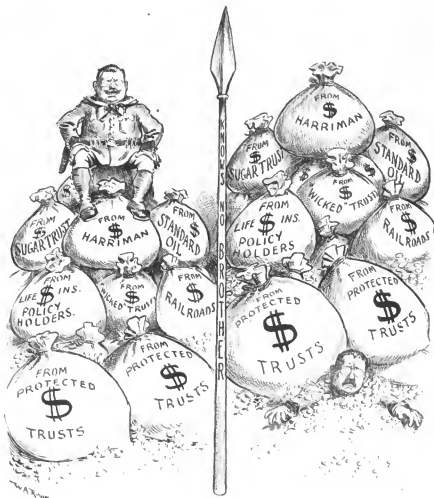
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COMMENT

Roosevelt, Wadsworth, and the Civil Service

THE quarrel between Congressman WADSWORTH and Mr. ROOSEVELT is one in which the country may well refuse to take any interest except as it illustrates or emphasizes the character or the practices of the principal party to it. Mr. ROOSEVELT has turned out of the office Collector-of-Internal-Revenue SANDERS of the Rochester district, a man who was recommended by Mr. WADSWORTH, then Congressman. Then, are others apparently to go. Some people say that Mr. ROOSEVELT does this to punish Mr. WADSWORTH, who has become his enemy; some say that the action of the President is part of a general plan to reorganize the Republican party of the State of New York; no one says, so far as the public is informed, that the removals followed by appointments on the recommendation of the new Congressman, are for the improvement of the Federal service. It is well known that the New York Republican machine is not enthusiastically loyal to Governor HUGHES, and that Mr. ROOSEVELT intends to do all in his power so to change and improve the organization that it will think better of the Governor. It is perfectly right and it is judicious for any individual Republican to do all that is in him for Governor HUGHES and good State government; but the President of the United States has no right to use the Federal offices for this purpose—no more right to do it than Mr. HAYES would have, if he happened to be President, to fill the collectships in cities and all the postmaster-ships with men who would be expected to devote themselves to preaching government ownership of railroads. If Mr. ROOSEVELT is doing this to punish Mr. WADSWORTH, it is unnecessary to characterize his conduct; self-respecting men need no instruction on this point. If he is doing this to aid Governor HUGHES, he is treating the Federal offices as party or factional spoils, and the President who uses the Federal offices for spoils in order to accomplish what he thinks to be good is violating the principles of the merit system, and is laying up a precedent for some President who will use the offices to accomplish any object which he may have, bad or good or indifferent, for the country's interests or against them, for the country's welfare or for the gratification of his own ambitions or his own desires. Against the sort of thing with which he is freely charged Mr. ROOSEVELT has preached for the better part of his life; and now the time is here when the country has the right to ask him to practise what he has preached, notwithstanding its possible effect on his personal desires.

Where is Mr. Hughes Coming Out?

It is possible that the use of Federal patronage in New York State in support of Governor HUGHES will be effective, and will constrain the Legislature to do the things that the Governor wants done—dismiss Commissioner-of-Insurance

KELSEY and pass the public utilities bill. But it is still matter for discussion whether the President, by using the Federal power to help the Governor, is doing him a real political service, or the contrary. The Governor, by his intimacy with Mr. FRANKLIN C. STODOLSKY, whom he has put in charge of the building of the barge-canal, is already sufficiently at odds with ex-Congressman WADSWORTH, but he has not yet broken with any considerable faction of his party in the State. If he should win his own fight in his party, it would leave him in a very strong position in his State; if he should lose his fight, his position might still be strong, for he could put the responsibility for the defeat of his programme where it belongs, and invite the voters to choose between him and his measures and those Republicans who had opposed him. But if he wins by the aid of the President and by a use of Federal patronage which a good many of his best backers will disapprove, where will he be? Who, in that case, will really have succeeded—ROOSEVELT or HUGHES? It is these considerations which make observers wonder how far the Governor has liked and welcomed the assistance that the President has been so ready to afford him.

A Jarring Note in the Peace Symphony

During the session of the Peace Conference on April 15 a letter was read from Mr. ROOSEVELT in which he reminded the auditors that it is not peace but righteousness that exalteth a nation, and that if peace and righteousness are ever at odds we must stand for the latter. This somewhat familiar homily provoked the wrath of Mr. CURRIE, who insisted that under no circumstances could a distinction be drawn between peace and righteousness, and invited his hearers to imagine the confused mental state of a man who could draw such a distinction. We apprehend that on this occasion the ironmaster was at fault. Not long afterwards Ambassador FINCK pointed out that there are contingencies in which an inflexible, not to say pusillanimous, determination to maintain peace at any cost could not be reconciled with righteousness. He told his audience that he could recall at least one such situation in the nineteenth century, but left them to name it, evidently having in mind our Civil War, wherein each of the sections at the time of the firing on Fort Sumter honestly believed it to be its duty not to keep the peace. The only influential man at the North who advised that the Southern States should be allowed to depart from the Union in peace was HOWARD GARDNER, and even he ultimately restricted the proposal and became a zealous advocate of coercion. On the whole, we find it hard to believe that Mr. CURRIE can have intended to condemn a resort to arms in self-defence. According to MALCOLM, there was once a war in heaven, and the task of repelling the rebellious angels was committed by God Himself to His Son. Earthly wars are sometimes wantonly aggressive, and we are not likely to see the last of such contests until the Hague Congress succeeds in very much widening the field of arbitration. Mr. ROOSEVELT said truthfully enough in the same letter that the speakers at the New York Peace Conference would do well to urge the extension of arbitration rather than disarmament. The President did not hesitate to rebuke the custom of uttering or applauding sentiments which represent mere wind, and neither have been nor can be translated from words into deeds. He justly said that harm and not good would result if through general disarmament the most civilized and peace-loving peoples, maintaining the highest standards of municipal and international duty, should be placed at the mercy of other peoples still in the stage of military barbarism or military despotism.

A Man of War Denounces Warfare

Another speaker was during a part of his discourse must have worried Mr. CURRIE a little was Colonel Sir ROMNEY CRANSTON, formerly Lord Provost of Edinburgh. Sir ROMNEY, although ultimately he condemned on biological grounds warfare between civilized human beings, began by denouncing at some length on the tremendous indebtedness of organic life in general and of the human race in particular to warfare of the most incessant, ruthless, and atrocious kind. He reminded his hearers that "Nature, red with tooth and claw, with raving shrieks against the cruel" of the peace-lover, and recalled the indisputable fact that but for the hideous and exterminating warfare which has gone on for countless ages, and which is only another name for the struggle for existence,

nobody present at the Peace Conference would have been as intelligent as a jellyfish. Modern warfare between civilized peoples Sir ROBERT denounced, mainly for the reason that it is conducted on the principles of chivalry instead of on the scientific principles exemplified in the survival of the fittest and the evolution of species. Civilized man for his warfare picks out all his strongest and most virile representatives and exposes them to all the risks of conflict, while females and all the weaker males are left safe at home. By such discrimination the human stock is physically not improved, but deteriorated, by warfare. Modern warfare, therefore, is a crime against nature, and the human race must pay the penalty. It was at this point that the frown vanished from Mr. CANNON's forehead.

Europe on the Peace Conference

It is reported by cable that some European statesmen and writers do not take the Peace Conference seriously, and that they accuse us of an inconsistency between our words and our recent warlike enterprises. We cannot argue any more intelligently about a nation's character than of an individual's from a single act. We must have a consensus of the whole to reach an intelligent conclusion. The United States government has done more to promote the peaceable settlement of international disputes than all the governments of Europe, and more than any other power to influence the civilizing of war and the just treatment of neutrals. In a word, it has done most to establish and extend the principles and teachings of GORTRES. Recognizing this, the American delegate to the Hague Conference in 1899—ANSWEL D. WHITE—was recognized as the proper person to eulogize GORTRES in the church at Delft. When foreigners are inclined to magnify what they call our lapses, they might do well to ponder on the broad, deep, and almost constant current of our influence on international relations before they let fly their shafts of wit.

Searching for Candidates

The suggestions of other names than Mr. BEVAN's for the Democratic nomination in 1908 are not the outcome or result of any factional movement, as is usually, and perhaps not unreasonably, intimated. There is no combination of Democrats looking for a candidate with whom Mr. BEVAN can be beaten; there is, however, a strong feeling which is governing and directing the thinking of many men who are patriotic and who patriotically differ both from Mr. RANSWORTHY and Mr. BEVAN. There is, too, a good deal of hard thinking on the subject by men of both parties, men who are anxious to lead their party into another direction than that in which it is moving, and other men, of higher ideals, perhaps, who are thinking much less of their party than of their country. This feeling and this thinking are not to be considered as having for their object the capture of the Democratic party by those who are called "conservative Democrats." The thoughts of all men who comprehend the serious conditions of the time are turned to the Presidential election coming on, and both Republicans and Democrats who do not like existing conditions are looking about for some one who will help restore to us the government as it was; who will keep the faith of the Constitution; who will respect the conceded sovereignty of the States; who will restore, so far as an Executive can, the independence of the legislative branch of the government; and who will again grace the high office with the dignity, the absence of which good men have so often and so regretfully remarked. It is true, perhaps, that even Republicans who desire a change recognize that it will be much easier to elect a Democrat who believes in maintaining our constitutional government than a Republican, and this for obvious reasons.

Some of the Candidates Suggested

In looking about for some one who might be the candidate of a real opposition party, many names have been suggested. Governor JOHNSON of Minnesota is a recent one, and still more recent are the names of Judge GRAY and of JIMSON HARMON. All these men have elements of strength among the Democratic voters, Judge GRAY and Mr. HARMON, perhaps, especially among the Democratic voters of the Southern States. Both of them possess also the respect of the better element of the Republican party with whom they have come

in contact. They are public men of character, of patriotism, and they possess those qualifications of statesmanship which, in England and in all European parliamentary countries, almost inevitably insure their possessors continuous public careers. It is especially worthy of note in discussing this subject or in mentioning contemporaneous phenomena that the serious suggestion that, next year, the Democratic candidate ought to come from the South is made by Northerners. It is the well-known fact that the Southerners themselves hesitate; they are not sure that it is yet their time, or that they possess precisely the man whom they would be willing to see nominated. There is one name that is constantly recurring to the minds of men who are looking for a possible candidate of the kind who desire a President who will put an end to spectacular turmoil; who will be a true reformer, but who will not be willing to break the law or to play obnoxious politics for the purpose of securing what he regards as reforms. Mr. WOODROW WILSON's candidacy was first suggested, in print, in these columns. It was accepted kindly, notably by the South, whence he came to the North, but at first the suggestion was often regarded as academic; but it becomes more and more apparent, as time goes on, that it was a very practical suggestion, so that the thoughts of serious men are coming back to it again and again, as was pointed out in the article copied from the New York Times in the last number of the WEEKLY. So far, WOODROW WILSON is the man who most satisfies the desires and convictions of men who for good and patriotic reasons would like to see a change; who think that Mr. ROOSEVELT's administration is injurious to the country; and who will strongly desire to defeat any candidate whom he may impose upon the Republican party—a desire that has within the week been severely rebuked by more than one prominent Republican newspaper.

The Conference of Colonial Premiers in London

The home politics of the United Kingdom is likely to be affected sensibly by the firm demand put forward by most of the colonial premiers now participating in a conference with Sir H. J. CANNING, BARTON, the British Prime Minister, and Lord ELGAR, Secretary of State for the Colonies. What the colonial premiers demand is exactly what Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN desired to give, to wit, a preference in the British market for colonial products over similar commodities imported from foreign countries. Evidently the protectionist snake was only scratched, not killed, by the tremendous victory of the Liberals at the last general election. It is now becoming pretty clear that the victory was not gained solely or even mainly on the issue of free trade versus a preferential tariff for the colonies, but was due largely to an organized revolt of English Non-conformists against the Education Act put on the statute-book by the Balfour government, and to the resentment aroused among the representatives of organized labor by the Maida Vale decision rendered by the House of Lords, which made the funds of a trade-union liable for damages caused by its members when the latter were obeying the union's orders. The House of Lords has shamefully permitted that decision to be annulled practically by a statute, with the result that the Laborites are already tending to separate from their Liberal allies. If the Lords could also see their way to accepting such amendments of the Balfour Education Act as would conciliate the English Non-conformists, and would sanction such a moderate installment of home rule as Mr. WYNDHAM, formerly Irish Secretary, was at one time inclined to favor, the Unionists could insist on making the next election turn on the naked issue of a preferential tariff for the colonies, in which event, should the present drift of public opinion continue, they might recover control of the House of Commons and insert the thin end of the protection wedge. We need not say that Americans are deeply interested in the matter, for if ever a tariff preference is conceded to the food staples and raw materials of the British colonies in the markets of the parent state, it will be principally at our expense.

The British Budget

It was a very interesting budget that Chancellor-of-the-Exchequer ASQUITH opened the other day to the vision of Parliament and to the world that reads cable despatches. The expenditures of the Empire of Great Britain are not as great as those for the United States, judging by the appro-

prisons of the last session, and it is reducing its public debt. It is proposed to change the income tax radically, making a difference between earned and unearned incomes. This is a logical step in a direction in which England has long been moving. The tax on earned incomes of less than \$10,000 is to be lowered, and a rebate of sixpence in the pound being granted. The two principal objects which the Chancellor announced as the fiscal policy of the Liberal government were the continued reduction of the national debt and provision for social reform. The reduction of the debt last year was \$68,570,000. Social reform is to be advanced, says Mr. Asquith, by the adoption of old-age pensions. In saying this, Mr. Asquith denied that he is a socialist, while contending that the reform is the most important that is before the government. It will be difficult for Americans to agree with the Chancellor that old-age pensions can be anything but socialist. However, we can wait patiently until the government's policy is formulated in a bill.

Appeals in Criminal Cases

A good many remarks have been made about the delays in this country in criminal cases owing to the liberality of our laws in permitting appeals. There has been much truth and some folly in them. It is not so much the liberality of the law as the weakness of judges in interpreting the law that is our peculiar fault. The English system has been usually referred to as an illustration of the right way to conduct criminal cases. The English system is, indeed, admirable, and especially is it admirably conducted by able judges, who are selected for appointment by an acknowledged leader of the English bar, and who hold during good behavior or for life. One of the characteristic features of English administration of the criminal law was that appeals have not been allowed. But the English bar is now saying that this has been a mistake, and that it has resulted in the conviction and execution of many innocent persons. A bill for the creation of a court of criminal appeal has, therefore, been introduced in Parliament. This court is to consist of seven judges of the King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, to be selected and presided over by the Lord Chief Justice. An appeal on questions of law is to be permitted as a matter of course; appeals on questions of fact are to be permitted in the discretion of the court. One evil, which is peculiar to us, is to be avoided. There is to be no new trial. The court may determine whether the conviction shall stand, be modified, or set aside, but this work of review is to be done at public expense. The poor man as well as the rich man may avail himself of it. An official is to be appointed to collect new evidence, and the government is to appoint and pay solicitors and counsel for poor prisoners. The decision of this court, it is expected, will be of great assistance to the Home Secretary, who is to continue to possess the prerogative of pardon. Here is law reform of a substantial kind, doing away with recognized evils and promoting justice. Our principle of appeal is recognized as sound, but its practice is to be greatly bettered.

Taxation of Education

The universities and colleges in Massachusetts are up and doing, and President Eliot is their leader. Moreover, the newspapers and churches of the State are taking a hand in the conflict. The cause of the uprising is a favorable report on a bill before the State Legislature providing for the taxation of the houses of presidents and professors of institutions of learning. The tax would be very small. To some of the colleges, to Harvard especially, it would be an inconsiderable burden; to others it would be greater; but all are standing together, for the very little profit which such a tax would bring to the several towns indicates to the minds of Dr. Eliot and his associates that the bill is intended as but an entering wedge, and that those who favor it are intent upon eventually taxing all college property. This is also the view taken by the newspapers of the State, notably by the *Springfield Republican*, the *Boston Herald*, the *Boston Journal*, the *Boston Post*, and the *Boston Transcript*. The real interest of the incident is to be found in the issue as it is stated by Dr. Eliot. He says, and he is followed by the others, that this is a movement to revolutionize the historic relation of the State towards higher education. Other States, notably the Western States, support their own universities, and the

towns in which these universities are situated not only do not desire to tax their property, but willingly pay their contributions to the support of the State institutions. Massachusetts pays practically nothing directly for the support of higher education, but aids it by exempting the property of universities and colleges from taxation. The Supreme Court of the State has decided that the houses sought to be taxed by the pending bill are within the exemption. With the exception of some inconsiderable sums given by the State in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries especially, higher education has been supported by private gifts made largely by the citizens of other States. When this money has been given, the State has promised through its laws that none of it should be taxed. This exemption was the contribution of Massachusetts to higher education. To tax college property now would be a reversal of the State's attitude towards education, and would imply a refusal to make any contribution to a cause which Massachusetts has always been supposed to have peculiarly at heart.

The Jamestown Fair is Open

The opening of the Jamestown Exposition (on April 26) is impending as the WEEKLY goes to press, and its readers will already have learned before these lines reach them how the President came down from Washington and made an address and pressed the traditional button that set the machinery of the show in motion. The Exposition is reported to be at this writing about four-fifths completed, and may be expected to be very shortly in full running order. The entertainment side of it, including the marine spectacles, has doubtless made most impression on the public. The army and navy features, about which there has been so much lamentation, are the two most notable exhibits in that department, but there is a great deal else to see—the various State buildings, in which famous old mansions are reproduced, the exhibits usual to great fairs, of manufactures, the liberal arts, machinery, transportation, agriculture, and the like, and a historic exhibition of very unusual scope and quality, including very full and detailed social economy and educational exhibits, and, among other things, what is said to be the best collection of relics and heirlooms that have ever been brought together in this country. The setting of the fair is exceedingly pretty. The site includes four hundred acres of land and an enclosed forty-acre water-basin, all looking out on Hampton Roads, and embellished with beautiful buildings and charming evidences of the landscape-gardener's skill. The Exposition promises to be very pleasant and profitable, and we trust that the reports of the early visitors will be such as to bring to it a generous and continuous attendance.

The Moyer-Haywood Conference Answered

There is not much comfort for the Cook County (Illinois) MOYER-HAYWOOD Conference in the President's reply to the letter of its chairman asking him to retract his classification of MOYER and HAYWOOD along with HARRISMAN as "undesirable citizens." The conference took the ground that MOYER and HAYWOOD, being about to be tried for the murder of Governor BREWSTER, were prejudiced in their choice of acquittal by the President's expression of an opinion so unfavorable to them. It rebuked the President for an utterance which it found to be designed to influence the course of justice. The President agrees heartily with the conference that such a design would be exceedingly improper. But what, he says, is the conference doing, writing letters which bear the heading, "Death cannot, will not, and shall not claim our Brothers." "You are not," he says, "demanding a fair trial or working for a fair trial, but are announcing in advance that the verdict shall only be one way, and that you will not tolerate any other verdict. Such action is flagrant in its impropriety, and I join heartily in condemning it." He is right about that. What the conference exists for is to secure the acquittal of MOYER and HAYWOOD by such means as it can command, and it is in no position to accuse the President of impropriety in calling them "undesirable." As to his own words, the President denies that they have any bearing at all on the question whether the men were guilty of murder, which is what they are to be tried for. Nevertheless, they were words the President had no call to speak, and which, considering his position, he had better not have spoken.

Mr. Root's Speech at the Peace Conference

MANY admirable speeches were made at the Peace Conference held in Carnegie Hall during the week ending April 30, but the most illuminating and weighty of them all was that delivered by Secretary Root. He began by directing attention to the memorable difference between the attitude of the world toward the Peace Congress which will meet on June 15, of The Hague, and the view generally taken of its predecessor, which was held in the same city eight years ago. There is no doubt that the feeling with which the previous gathering was regarded by most of the participating powers was one of polite incredulity, whereas the practical significance of the approaching second Congress is universally recognized. Such a gathering is no longer looked upon as an occasion for the mere academic discussion, but is accepted as one of the agencies by which the world is governed and guided forward. Mr. Root proceeded to remind his auditors that three broad questions affecting the conduct of nations toward each other were relegated by the Congress of 1899 to its successor. These questions had to do with the rights and duties of neutrals; the inalienability of private property in naval warfare; and the bombardment of undefended towns, villages, and ports by a naval force. In addition to this specific programme for consideration at a second Congress, the famous *accolade* at The Hague declared itself that the restriction of military charges, which are at present a heavy burden on the world, would be extremely conducive to the material and moral welfare of mankind, and expressed the hope that the next Congress would at least examine the possibility of an agreement as to the limitation of armed forces by land and sea. It is well known that, at an early stage of the international parleys surrounding the programme of the second Hague Congress, the United States government, through Secretary Root, reserved the right to present the subject of a reduction of armaments, and several European powers have since indicated an intention of supporting the proposal made by our representatives. Evidently, Mr. Root does not expect that the discussion of reduced armaments will lead to any definite and practical conclusion, for he is aware that Germany and Austria have declared against such a reduction, and he knows that there can be no effective agreement which binds some of the great powers and leaves others free.

The Secretary of State also recalled the purpose of our government to urge, through its representatives, the second Hague Congress to put some limitation on the employment of force for the collection of ordinary contract debts due by one government to the citizens of another. He brought forward the indubitable fact that it has long been the policy of the United States not to use its army and navy for the collection of contract debts, for the reason that we do not deem the use of force for such a purpose consistent with that respect for that independent sovereignty of other members of the family of nations which is the most important principle of international law, and the chief safeguard of weak nations against aggression. We have considered the practice injurious to the welfare of weak and disordered states, because it offers frequent temptation to bullying and unnecessary warfare. Mr. Root recognized, indeed, that the non-payment of public debt may be accompanied by such circumstances of fraud and wrong-doing or violation of treaties as to justify the use of force as a last resort, but he held that an attempt should be made by international agreement to discriminate between such cases and the simple non-performance of a contract with a private person, and to prohibit a recourse to violence in order to insure specific performance in the latter case. Some of those who heard the Secretary would have liked to know whether he would draw a distinction between a government's failure to pay the foreign holders of its bonds and its withdrawal of a concession made to a foreigner—such as the privilege of constructing railways or public works—a concession for which the grantee may have paid a valuable consideration, or in reliance upon which he subsequently may have invested money. We presume that Mr. Root would draw such a distinction, and expects to see it drawn if the principle of arbitration can be so extended in its application that the class of adventures who have long been in the habit of trading upon the necessities of weak and disordered governments may be required to submit their demands to an impartial tribunal. That the claims of such adventures are often exorbitant and unconscionable is evident from the record of the cases submitted to arbitration during recent years, which record shows that the total awards made by the arbitral tribunals have amounted to only a very small percentage of the demands submitted.

In the general field of arbitration Mr. Root thought that much progress might be looked for if the coming Hague Congress would recognize that the chief obstacle to the universal adoption of arbitration is not the unwillingness of civilized nations to submit their disputes to the decision of an impartial tribunal, but rather an apprehension that the tribunal selected will not be impartial. The Secretary is convinced that what we need for the further development of arbitration is the substitution in the arbitral benches of judicial action for diplomatic action, the substitution

of the judicial sense of responsibility for the diplomatic sense of responsibility. We need, in other words, for arbitrators, not distinguished public men, actively concerned in all the international questions of the day, but judges who will be interested only in the specific question appearing upon the record before them. It is plain to Mr. Root, who is familiar with the different kinds of responsibility accepted on the bench and in the council-room, that the end in view is only to be attained by the establishment of a court of permanent judges, who will have no other occupation, and no other interest than the exercise of the judicial faculty under the sanction of the high and acute sense of responsibility which has made the courts of justice in enlightened nations the representatives of all that is best and noblest in modern civilization.

One heard, of course, in the conference at Carnegie Hall—no avoid the too ambitious term of "Congress" for such an unofficial gathering—a great deal of frostiness and rudeness; an outpour of extravagant aspirations and baseless hopes is characteristic of such irresponsible assemblages. The Secretary of State did his best to check by cool and sober words the tendency of some of the speakers to become hysterical. He warned his hearers not to expect too much of the second Peace Congress at The Hague, pointing out that it is an essential feature of such international official meetings to deal, not with matters upon which nations differ, but with matters on which nations are selected or nearly agreed. Insurmountable differences, no doubt, may be smoothed away; misunderstandings may be explained; consideration and discussion along lines that do not run counter to any immediate and specific interest of a participant may work out methods of applying general principles in such a way as to prevent future differences; some progress, at least, may be made toward agreement upon matters not yet ripe for complete adjustment; but Mr. Root cautioned his hearers that if an attempt should be made to give the Hague Congress any coercive effect, if even any number of nations should endeavor to use the Congress for the purpose of compelling any one nation to do what it deems inconsistent with its vital interests, the Congress will be doomed to failure. Nevertheless, although the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World, shall be seen to be still far off when the Hague Congress of 1907 adjourns, a forward step will really have been taken; a positive advance will have been made towards the reign of peace, and justice, and righteousness among men, and that advance will go just as far as the character of the great mass of civilized men permits. In the general standard of character upheld in a given community lies the true measure of its capability of moral progress, and the true origin of its reforming force. Too often overlooked is the fact driven home by the Secretary of State that arbitration and mediation, treaties and conventions, peace resolutions, declarations of principle, speeches and writings, are all so much as nothing unless they truly represent, and find a response in, the hearts and minds of the multitude of the men who make up the nations of the earth, the average men, whose desires and impulses determine the issues of peace and war. No one knows better than Mr. Root the ruinous cost of huge armaments, of the withdrawal of millions of able-bodied men from the walks of productive industry, and of the industrial and financial catastrophes caused by protracted warfare, yet he remains thoroughly convinced that the path to universal peace is not through calculation, or reason, or intellectual appreciation, but through the development of a peace-loving and peace-keeping character among the mass of civilized mankind, and that this development, slow though it be, as measured by the shortness of individual lives, is proceeding with steady advance from generation to generation.

Polonius's Saws

HAMLET, being King in the realm of ideas and words, naturally enough felt Polonius nothing more than a dry old chatterbox, uttering dull, traditional saws without vital significance. But there comes a time in most mature lives when we speed our young not into the world, and the pose of Polonius seems for the moment to be forced upon us. If at the critical instant we seem to lack the necessary epigrammatic wisdom or those flashes from the infinite that occasionally shed light upon the affairs of this finite world, we can at least console ourselves with the thought that words, except to a born lover of words, are a rarity of rarities, and that not our utterances will engrave themselves upon the young memories, but our little daily ways and habits, our smiles and silences and ordinary courses.

It is futile to drop the burden of our mature comprehension of life upon the young mind about to go out from us, for the knowledge of virtue, like the knowledge of letters, is progressive, and only the prodigy learns his letters from KATY'S Critique. So to tell the child as he departs that he projects from his own spirit the world into which he is going, and that according to the force of this spirit shall his control be over that world, is worse than wasteful. Indubitably true as it is, the child will never be-

lieve it. The illusion of the outer reality is a step in nature, and is for certain stages compelling. Only after hard experience do we grasp that as would the counters we look upon by the light shod from the depths of our own spirits.

There is nothing to be gained by telling the child that there is no true happiness to be had until we have overcome fear and desire, for the young person is compassed of desires and the fear that he may miss them. Like the rest of us who have attained to Patmos's years and wisdom, he must go through the tragic discipline of tasting his desires and finding them bitter as Dead Sea fruit; he must grasp the prizes of life and see them crumble to ashes as he holds them in his hands, for in such wise only does the spirit get understanding. All the true realization that the donor (andeth and the grass withereth and that man is but a grasshopper on the circle of the earth is a later acquisition, and that sense of proportionate values which the Catholic Church teaches us is a gift of the Holy Ghost can only come to the young through miraculous interposition.

However, truth and good nature are virtues that may be described and extolled to him, and if it be an intelligent child we are addressing, we may learn upon his attraction the fact that in the eyes of the Almighty our creature is as vital as another, and that in as far as he can realize and act upon this truth is he likely to find peace and harmony in himself. There has been published recently a picturesque and amusing story called *The Beloved Unpleasant*, where this was the one necessity stressed. The vagabond was a Glaxo, with all the brilliant elegance and veering moods and compelling impulses of that odd race; he had a distasteful leaning toward disorder, dirt, and dissipation, but he instinctively recognized the worth of a soul and the honor of a human conscience, and thereby he became the hero of a book and a real and a forcible being amongst men.

We can offer the child some glimpses, too, of the compelling beauty and order of the picture in which his life is set. There are both distraction and solace to be derived from the holy method and regularity with which the sun is lifted above and dropped below the horizon, the secret journeys of the moon by day and its luminous wanderings by night, from the lighting up of the stars, and from the fellowship of beasts and birds and plants. We can assure him that life is indeed like a garden wherein an industrious insect will seek honey and store it away for higher purposes of which he may know nothing, and that even if there are poison plants, poison is often medicine.

But if, as may chance between the aging and the budding minds, our best wisdom may emerge dusty as Patmos's saws seemed in the young *Reader*, there is the consolation of knowing that atmosphere is more convincing than advice, and environment begets safer effects than sermons.

Moreover, it is not all our own fault but a part of the order of nature that morality must be backed out of the rough block of life anew by each workman. Like religion, it is not a great thing outside ourselves to which we may be led, but it is the transformation we make of the brute facts of life, in return again to the spirit which begot it. The generations of man rise and pass like a wind, and no man knows whence they come nor whither they go—but the ethical intent of life stands firm and rock-fast, while the wind of destiny blows into the world and out again the little lives of men.

Personal and Pertinent

WHEN THOMAS NELSON PAGE drops into poetry, as he has done in "The Coast of Bohemia," and WILLIAM MONTEY PAINE says that PAGE can do well anything that he tries to do, everybody will be satisfied with the lyric and gratified by the comment. Everybody likes to think that PAGE has succeeded in anything he has undertaken, for not only has he great merit in flustering things from the pen, but he has induced the world to look upon him as he looks upon the world. And this is how it is: One day in a club some men were handling an absent man's character with freedom. They had concluded that this man was a contentment, smiling maliciously, deflating wretch, who had started out well before he was understood, but had finally reaped the reward of his bad manners and his mean nature.

"What I can't understand," said one, "is that TOM PAGE likes him."

"Oh, that's easy," spoke another. "Tom's such a good fellow himself that he thinks that every one else is a good fellow."

Something was said in the WEEKLY a fortnight ago about "the overcast incident" at West Point. A correspondent who writes from there finds the WEEKLY's comment to have been "misconstrued and unjust," and "injurious to the character of Colonel HOWZE," the officer most concerned. The WEEKLY said nothing, and knows nothing, of the propensities of Colonel HOWZE's character. West Point correspondents are very liable to be mischievous or misinformed in the newspapers, and perhaps the WEEKLY would have done better to say nothing about the "overcast incident," especially since

It appears that Colonel HOWZE's order to have the girls take off the cadet overcoats has brought down upon him the criticism of some very energetic women, which is trouble enough for any man, without reflections from the press. The order coincided with the letter of the rule at West Point, and was within the commandant's authority, and however hard it may have been taken, it should not hurt the officer's standing as a soldier.

It is interesting now to recall, and it may be suggestive, that HENRIETTA OLNEY was the candidate of the Massachusetts Democratic organization in 1904. They tried to persuade the party that he was the best man for it to nominate against ROOSEVELT. Mr. OLNEY never had any faith in the scheme. He is a pretty determined man, and he forbade his friends to mention him in the convention. He was disagreeable about it; his friends persistently avoided his society for a good many weeks. Finally he thrust into the hands of "PAT" COLLINGS, then Mayor of Boston, and the head of the Massachusetts delegation, a letter in which he forbade COLLINGS to put him in nomination at the convention. COLLINGS talked over the subject with CHARLES HADLEY and other delegates, but these men, with the pleasant assent of COLLINGS, all said that they did not care to see the letter, and that they did not think that Mr. OLNEY had any particular concern with their affairs; that his opinion on such a subject was of very little importance in their eyes; that they were going to the convention to express their views and their choice for candidate, not Mr. OLNEY'S. Therefore COLLINGS kept OLNEY'S letter in his pocket and put him in nomination. It was a precedent, perhaps, and perhaps it was suggested by Mr. BRYAN'S conduct at Philadelphia in 1900.

The recent eulogies of JOSEPH R. BRYAN against President ROOSEVELT recall that BRYAN, then Senator from Kansas, was a figure in the Philadelphia convention. He has as eloquent a manner and almost as profuse a vocabulary as Senator REVERIDGE. In their efforts to push Mr. ROOSEVELT out of the Governor's chair at Albany, the "bosses" resorted to BRYAN. The New York delegation, or Mr. PLATT and Mr. ORRILL, had promised not to nominate Mr. ROOSEVELT for Vice-President, and they were forced to keep the promise because Mr. ROOSEVELT'S friends on the delegation—and they were numerous enough—would not vote for him against his desire. Mr. PLATT, of course, could not consistently with his title—the organization—vote a divided delegation. As one of that statesman's friends remarked: "The Governor stood the old man on his head." Mr. ROOSEVELT having requested his friends on the delegation to vote against him in the convention, if Senator PLATT urged himself so far as to name him on behalf of New York, Mr. BRYAN was sent, at the head of his Kansas, to announce, with fiery eloquence, that Kansas would put him in the field whether he wanted to run or not, because Kansas believed in him, and "because, sir, your comrade, General Grant of the Civil War, and your comrade, Private —, of the Spanish war, demanded it, sir!" But on this fervid occasion, a friend of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S was heard to remark: "That fellow delivered a paid speech; TOM PLATT sent JIMMY to him this morning. BRYAN was defeated for the Senate the last time; now he'll have plenty of money to win." This may have been a grave injustice to Mr. PLATT and JIMMY. It was one of the rude speeches characteristic of politics; but men accepted it, and their belief was strengthened by BRYAN'S subsequent election. It might be better for them if they were not so ready to credit scandal, but the man of whom such scandal is credited loses impressiveness. Men look at him askance.

Somebody has been reciting the tale that the German Emperor is to be credited with the defeat of the suggestion, made by the Austrian minister in Washington, to unite Austria and Germany in a protest against our war with Spain. This time it is true said that Lord PALMERSTON, who was dean of the Diplomatic Corps in Washington, favored the movement which Austria, as in duty bound to its relative the queen-regent of Spain, had inaugurated. This is not a new tale, having been invented in 1902 in seeming preparation for Prince HENRY'S visit to Mr. ROOSEVELT and the rest of us. Lord PALMERSTON was deeply grieved because the queen of the country accepted the German theory, and JOHN HAY was much annoyed. When JOHN HAY was annoyed he used to express himself in remarkably sound English, the kind that TRUSSARD liked to see. Mr. HAY used to say that if he hadn't a profound reverence for words to that effect—and the singular generosity of the German Emperor, or of his remarkable power of reticence, he would think that this story had been invented to grease the ways down which his brother might slide the more easily into America. From him it was learned, at the moment, that Lord PALMERSTON had always been of great service to WILLIAM MCKINLEY at the beginning of the war, and had accomplished much in keeping the Continental Europeans off our back. As dean of the Diplomatic Corps, he headed that distinguished group on one fraternal visit to the White House. The group desired to give expression to their hopes that the United States would not make war on Spain. It was Lord

PAUCKER'S intention that nothing should be said that would mean much, or would look like interference, or would cause the American government embarrassment, and JOHN HAY agreed with him and approved of his disposition. Both of them knew what was going to be said by both sides, before the visit was made. When the Austrian minister, subsequently, wanted to bring about a union of European powers to prevent war, Lord PAUCKER declined to participate, although, as dead, he was forced to call the meeting of the corps on the request of the Austrian minister. But he prevented another visit to the White House, asserting that he had once been told to mind his own business and that he did not need the lesson over again. This in the PAUCKER side of that story, and JOHN HAY'S resolution agreed with that of PAUCKER.

Correspondence

A VARIABLE YAKINTICK

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

St. Louis, Mo., April 3, 1907.

Sir,—At any time you run short of ammunition don't forget that, as every one knows who stops to think, the moral judgment, i. e., the judgment as to "reasonableness," "fairness," "squareness," etc., in any given "deal," is peculiar to the individual, and more or less variable, from time to time, with him. The popular belief in a discoverable yardstick of "squareness," usable in all social relations, and acceptable to all "decent" and "honest" men—a belief which, curiously enough, many railroad officials, and also some high-finance bankers, appear to share with the President—is a belief in a thing that does not exist.

I doubt if historians will have any more seething criticism to pass upon our latter-day statesmanship than will centre about our current "fair-trade" and "square-deal" legislation.

I am, sir, etc.,
S. R. MERRON.

A WIDE RANGE OF FEELINGS

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Worcestershire, Mass., April 3, 1907.

Sir,—I have just completed the perusal of the first five or six pages of your issue of April 6, with feelings ranging from indignation to amusement. I don't know how suitably to care for expressions of opinion from individuals of no especial note, and I have no ambition to get into controversy with the editor of one of my favorite magazines, but the spirit moves me to testify.

You are very fair in quoting some of the disconcerting opinions of the press on that "wonderfully effective address" made by the "strong and able" military hero, Colonel Harvey, at Charleston, and I am very sure that those disconcerting opinions are not only in harmony with prevailing public opinion, but are in themselves mainly just. The brilliant effort of one Perkins, under the heading "Some Letters," is a touching illustration of the state of mind described in the last paragraph of your extract from the Savannah News.

Reverting to your discussion of "Woodrow Wilson on Class Legislation," you say many reasonable things. The extract from Mr. Wilson's speech is very interesting, especially in the side-light it throws on his habits, indicating that he (and you?) does not play cards. The rest of us have taken the President's "square deal" to be a figure of speech taken from card-playing, and "so deal at all" means no game at all. To Mr. Wilson (and you) "deal" seems to have no other meaning than "hargula." On the whole, however, there is considerable cogency in much of what you say, especially about our own laws having created the opportunities of which the men now so vigorously assailed have availed themselves. It is true. But it is true that these men resist efforts to change these laws. And it is true that the circumstances, while mitigating the offence to some extent, does not entirely efface it. In the same issue you yourself say unkind things of the predatory gangs at San Francisco and Hurlburg, without allusion to the mitigating circumstance that lax laws and insufficient scrutiny had their share in trapping these miscreants to their particular form of evil-doing.

I have for some time noted with pain your growing animosity toward the President. It took, at first, the form of "praising with faint praise." I think I shall like you and your paper better if you drop all pretence and come out with hammer and tongs, though, I think, you will find your position a somewhat homelier one.

I am, sir, etc.,

A. C. ANASTAS.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

—Ore., March 21, 1907.

Sir,—Not being really scared from a course once well thought out, the criticism which I notice in the WEEKLY will have very little effect on you. However, I feel that it will not be out of place for me to make a word of encouragement. I therefore congratulate you upon the stand you have taken.

The letters from our Ohio friends, Persons and Dickey, published

in the issue of the sixth, are rather amusing. Living in Ohio myself, I know something of the situation here. I do not know what may happen to Mr. Forsker. I know what happened to him at the last State convention. That being the last square deal contest, I would not assume to speak positively as to the situation up to date. At that time the opposition at the show-down on the question of endorsement was too thickly to show itself in the open, I believe, though, that Mr. Forsker is stronger to-day than he was then. One thing is certain. Whatever may happen to Mr. Forsker individually, no one will be so silly as to attempt to pinney the assumption that such persons as he and yourself are bringing the country back to its senses.

I am, sir, etc.,

THE STATE CAN DO IT

St. Louis, Mo., March 29, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Your editorial on the "Exactions of the San Francisco Labor Union" has attracted my attention. Owing to the great misfortune which San Francisco has suffered, the labor-unions are shown up in very bad light. It, however, resolves itself into a simple question of protection. There are thousands of workmen ready and willing to come to the relief if they are only assured of protection from personal injury. If the State cannot afford that protection, it seems to me that it is the bounden duty for the national government to do it. A government that cannot protect its citizens in the ordinary pursuits of life is certainly in a bad way.

Adequate protection will instantly settle any and all labor troubles.

I am, sir, etc.,

W. M. HALEY.

DIVIDE THE BASEBALL HONORS

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—The New York baseball season being lately opened promptly we put forward the following argument:

The New York "Giants," of the National League, and the New York "Yankees," of the American League, are made up of players "discovered" throughout the country. The way I have found it is that about one out of nine players happens to be "local talent."

Now, if it should happen that at the summing up at the end of the season either team had won the pennant, why should the credit and honor (what little there is) go to New York?

Why not divide up the credit (and honor), and publish a report crediting each and each a town for so much for producing such and such a player?

I have a relation who lives in a small town just outside of the city. Why could he (if he wanted to invest the money) establish a team of players "discovered" all over the country, and call them the Haverstraw Giants, or whatever the case might be?

And I at the same time establish a team here in the city. After both teams were playing all right, and things running smooth, a league could be formed.

Now, if I were to "sell," as it is called in the "A." and "N." leagues, seven or eight of my players to the team in —, and the manager there were to do the same thing, would I be managing my team and he his, or he mine and I his?

For the last two or three seasons it has been the custom for the American and National leagues to "sell," or, in other words, exchange, their players, so that it has become most difficult for even an expert baseball enthusiast to tell what team is what.

As for the pennant, the way I see it is that it can be placed according to the manoeuvres of an energetic manager, who knows how to "cray," or "something," for "something"; that is, to pick out the poor ones and keep the good plays in one barrel.

And naturally the best players constitute the best team, and the best team gets the pennant.

I am, sir, etc.,

ROBERT CARPENTER.

JAMESTOWN ISLAND AND THE EXPOSITION

New York City, March 21, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Please be kind enough to make a correction in regard to the Jamestown Exposition. In the article in your issue of March 21 it is stated: "The Exposition is held in sight of the place where, in May, 1607, three small boats first anchored, just off the peninsula which jutted into the James River, thirty miles from its mouth." This is not correct. The Exposition is being held on Sewalls Point, at the mouth of the James River, while the site of the first settlement is on Jamestown Island thirty miles up the river, and the Jamestown Exposition has no connection whatever with Jamestown Island, the historic spot.

I am, sir, etc.,

LORINE J. BARNET.

It depends on the place and the atmosphere whether one see thirty miles or not. Perhaps we should have said, "Almost in sight of the place," etc. Jamestown Island is within excursion distance of the Exposition, and the public reservation on the island, which includes what is left of the old settlement, will doubtless be visited during the continuance of the Exposition by thousands of people. There will be that much connection, at least, between the island and the Exposition.—EUREKA.

THE BACKSLIDING OF PHILADELPHIA

FOLLOWING THE GREATEST VICTORY OVER A POLITICAL MACHINE EVER ACHIEVED BY A CITY IN THE UNITED STATES, PHILADELPHIA—OF HER OWN CHOICE—HAS RETURNED TO THE SAME CORRUPT GANG WHICH MISRULED AND PLUNDERED HER

By T. EVERETT HARRY

ON the night of Friday, November 10, 1905, more than 3000 of the great citizens of Philadelphia met in the Academy of Music to celebrate the glorious victory of the reform movement over the Republican machine at the polls on the previous Tuesday.

The great building blazed with electric lights. From floor to ceiling it glowed with colors—red, white, and blue—hanging draped the galleries and boxes, the blue and yellow colors of the City Party hung in festoons over the stage. In the hand of every man, woman, and child was the national flag. Over the stage, in iridescent lights, flashed the glad tidings—

THE VICTORY OF THE PEOPLE

An intense silence, breathless expectancy prevailed. Below the stage the band waited, their eyes, in that tense moment, fastened on the leader's baton poised high in the air.

Then, arms in arm, to the stage marched John C. Winston, chairman of the Committee of Seventy; Francis B. Reeves, chairman of the meeting; William T. Tilden, George W. Norris, Sheriff-elect Wilson H. Brown, County Commissioners-elect Rudolph Minkenberg and E. A. Anderson, Comptroller-elect J. M. Rush Johnson, and other crusaders of reform.

As they appeared, the leader of the band impetuously swept the air with his baton—the musicians bent to their instruments, horns whined across the strings, horns shrieked, and "Forward, Christian Soldiers," rolled and swelled voluminously through the building.

Rising to their feet, the audience broke into song—wild, unrepentant; flags fluttered and waved; the words of the hymn as the band ceased were translated into cheers, and salutes of exultation rolled deafeningly through the vaulted halls of music. Men shouted until they were hoarse, whistled and clapped their hands and frenziedly stamped the floor; and women, caught in the storm of enthusiasm, cheered and screamed over the wonderful success of the City Party, the redemption of the city.

And why should they not cheer? Overwhelmed by a majority of 50,000 votes, the gang was routed unanimously; Israel W. Durham, in one instant and disgrace, had left the city, the gang's henchmen were deserting the discredited leaders—and this after an unbroken reign of more than thirty years!

The meeting was the climax of the campaign which resulted from the gas-lease upheaval of the preceding May. How City Councilman-elect Durham, boss and city contractor, attempted to pass an ordinance leaving the city gas

works to the United Gas Improvement Company for seventy-five years, leaving the citizens and their children to pay 41 per thousand cubic feet of gas until 1927, and ninety cents until 1940; how the one and one-half million people arose in their might, how they held meetings of protest, carrying their objections into council chambers, and denouncing the municipal legislators as "robbers" and "thieves"; how prayer meetings were held and pulpits rang with denunciations; how Mayor Weaver took a stand and defended the people against their betrayal by the iniquitous "combine"—all these things were fresh and green in the minds of those assembled.

Philadelphia was redeemed! Over the entire country had spread the wonderful news of the city's emancipation. "Philadelphia the Most Corrupt" had risen and cast aside her yoke of shameful bondage. After the most spectacular civic uprising of a century, she had attained the most glorious height of civic purity of any of the cities of the entire United States!

Philadelphia was redeemed! And its citizens were on a debauch of reform. They were intoxicated with exultation and self-glorification. They were drunk, reeling, mad with municipal self-righteousness.

"We have met," said Mr. Winston, "to celebrate the greatest victory the people of any municipality have ever accomplished. First, the people have won a victory over themselves and their own indifference. Secondly, they have been victorious over the greatest enemy of free government the world has ever known."

"Our watchword is 'Forward!'" cried Mr. Francis A. Lewis, "Forward—until every Councilman shall represent all the people and not a boss! Forward, until the ballot box is restored to its sacred functions as a palladium of liberty! Forward, until ballot-box stuffers and repeaters are exterminated! Forward, until our city representatives, in the State Legislature are not representatives of a Durham or a Penrose! To-night again this old town-meeting proclaims 'liberty' throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof."

The sound of our Liberty Bell is now ringing forth throughout the nation, God bless! Our city is saved! Let us thank God!"

"The battle is over," declared Franklin S. Spencer, Edmunds, and Philadelphia is free! We should pledge ourselves to even greater efforts than before!"

"We are not going to stop fighting," affirmed Rudolph Minkenberg, "We shall not stop until we have effaced the last vestige of the Organization from the face of the earth. It is our duty to stand by the guns and be ready to shoot the enemy shows its head."



Mayor Bryson

Mayor Weaver

Exit John Weaver, the Political "David" of Philadelphia, reviled by those who once acclaimed him as the "Savior of his City"

HERE HE IS LEAVING HIS HIGH OFFICE AND WELCOMING HIS "MACHINE" ADVENOR, JOHN E. REEFER

There were thunders of applause. Outside on the street thousands who were unable to enter roared their jubilation. Broad Street was crimson with a noonday of sky-rockets and red lights. The meeting in the Academy ended with the singing of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Men and women and children went to their homes singing the Doxology—trolley-cars buzzed to the words of "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."

Since that November victory seventeen months have passed. What, the country is asking, has Philadelphia the Victorious done?

Since then a new Governor has been elected in the State. Another Mayor has taken the seat of John Weaver. And another great and overwhelming change has passed over the City of Brotherly Love.

Following the greatest victory over a political machine ever achieved by any city in the United States, Philadelphia—of her own choice—has gone back to the same corrupt "gang" which misruled and plundered her. By her own free will the city has deserted a reform administration for the one from which she so valiantly strove to free herself. Philadelphia the Victorious has fallen!

Durham, who fled from the city in fear of imprisonment one and one-half years ago, has returned, and again controls municipal affairs from the eleventh floor of the City Building. Snaring his power as a twin loss, is State Senator James P. McNiheol, of the contracting "Combine" which was charged with robbing the citi-

zens, on his return from the South several days before he took office, held a conference with former Insurance Commissioner Durham and David H. Lane. Lane, a month or two before, at a banquet in the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, declared, "Let us be done with this talk of civic righteousness."

Before deciding on his department heads, Mr. Reysburn held a conference in the office of Senator Penrose in the Arcade Building, at which were present "Boss" Durham, Senator McNiheol, Recorder of Deeds William N. Vaux, boss of the southern section of the city, and Senator Charles L. Brown. Reysburn later announced his selection of Henry Clay as head of the Department of Public Safety; for the Department of Public Works, George E. Strass, an engineer of some repute, said to have been selected by Clarence Wolf, a banker who loaned the Organization thousands of dollars for campaign purposes; for Director of Health and Charities, Dr. Joseph S. Seff, a loyal adherent of the machine, and for the Department of Supplies, Joseph H. Klemmer—Klemmer, popularly known as "Durham's valet," the man who accompanied the former "peerless leader" on his jaunts South and made arrangements for hotel accommodations, boss of the notorious Eleventh, or "Police Ward."

Commenting on the appointments, the *North American* said: "If John E. Reysburn had sold himself, body and soul, to his evil counselors, he could not have advertised the barrier more eloquently than by the course he has pursued. If the old gang felt itself strong enough to restore the reign of vice and lawlessness and corporate plundering, it could not have chosen fitter

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A FEW MONTHS MAKE!



FATHER PENN. "And I Stand with You"

From the Philadelphia North American for May 24, 1909



It Crawls Back

From the Philadelphia North American for November 3, 1908

area of Philadelphia of more than \$5,000,000. The new Mayor, John E. Reysburn, has bared his neck to the yoke of the reinstated bosses, daily confers with them, making changes in his administration and appealing men to offices at their discretion. City Council, reorganized and freed from political assessments under the reform director, Cubert Sheldon Potter—has been placed Henry Clay, a man who for twenty years has been a tool of public-service corporations in City Council, the man who championed the very gas lease ordinance which, like a faint star on the horizon, developed into the bonfire of reform.

Philadelphia has backslid. Her reform movement, like a summer thunder-storm, has passed. Her armor for good government has cooled. She again has folded her hands in her lap and with a smug, sanctimonious smile has relapsed into apathy and content. The City Party, torn with intestine warfare, is disrupted. John Weaver—battled two years ago as the "New Deal," "the Savior of his City," "The Twentieth-century Moses"—after returning to the gang, has gone out of office reviled and maligned by those who hailed him as a hero of heroes.

Philadelphia again is in the hands of the most corrupt organization that has ever held its pestilent head over a city.

John E. Reysburn took the oath of office as Mayor of Philadelphia on Monday, April 1. After his election last spring, he declared: "I don't pretend and I don't want you to think I am going to be non-partisan. I was born and raised a Republican, and propose to make my administration a real out-and-out Republican administration for the city."

With this purpose in mind, it is not surprising that the Mayor

instruments than some of those whom his servant has placed in office."

Philadelphia elected John E. Reysburn, Mayor, on the Republican ticket, believing the Organization had undergone Quay's "reform within the party." Mr. Reysburn's appointment of Henry Clay as head of the Police Department made even the back-sliders sit up. Philadelphia realized the Republican machine had not reformed, after all—that it had merely worn the mask of virtue. The appointment of Clay was a give-away. Machine leaders have since expressed regret at his selection. Of his record the Committee of Security declared:

"Mr. Clay has long been the Organization leader of his ward. He was elected to Select Council in 1892, and has always been an advocate of corporate interests and an active supporter of the organization."

Clay championed the extension of the Gas-lease Ordinance in Council in May, 1902. Last February, Councilman Trainer offered a resolution which would force the United Gas Improvement Company to reveal the secrets of its books. Clay opposed it.

"The election is over," he lazily declared. "The people have shown they have had enough of this appeal to the gallery. No attempt has been made by the gas company to day the information to which the city is entitled. The gas company has taken up old leaky pipes and put down new ones of a larger size." And he added, "I have known Thomas Duhan since the time I knew myself and to more honorable men lives."

"Do you rise as a stockholder of the U. G. I.?" asked Mr. Trainer.

"I look upon Thomas Duhan as a friend," Clay replied. "A charge that Clay had sold \$100,000 on stock and had politicians go on his note before his appointment was withdrawn.

Within three days after Mayor Reysburn's appointments, United Gas Improvement stock jumped from \$14, to \$16 1/2, or \$2 1/2 a

THREE LEADING CONTRIBUTORS TO THE DEFEAT OF REFORM IN PHILADELPHIA



D. Clarence Giboney, the "Reform" District Attorney, whose wholesale Raiding set the City by the Ears



Israel W. Durham, Philadelphia's "Boss," returned from Exile, who says, "I've got all I wanted"



State Senator James P. McNichol who, with his Partner, Durham, holds the Whip over Philadelphia

share. In financial circles this was regarded as a sign that all danger regarding any unfavorable development of the lease of the city's gas-works was at an end.

Two days after Reburn's inauguration Durham visited the Mayor and Clay in their offices in City Hall. Outside of Clay's office was a crowd of ward leaders and purple-faced, half-intoxicated boozers.

"Durham is the saddle again," one remarked. There was a chuckle of satisfaction. At that moment Durham came out of Clay's office. Edward A. Berlin, mercantile appraiser and leader of the Eighth Ward, grasped his old chief affectionately by the hand.

"Well," declared Durham, triumphantly, "I've got all I wanted."

"Well," laughed Berlin, "have you got anything for us?"

Durham met Clarence Wolf, the organization's banker, Insurance Commissioner and former "Boss" David Martin, and "Nestor" David H. Lane. This was Lane's first visit to City Hall since the gas-lease agitation of 1903. McNichol, for the first time since Mayor Weaver's stand for civic righteousness, visited the Mayor's office on April 6. The settlement over McNichol's claims against the city for \$2,500,000 for annulled contracts is pending.

This is a picture of conditions in the city whose reformation attracted the attention of a nation nearly two years ago. Inspiring and glorious as was its reminiscence of political wickedness, just as pathetic and tragic has been its fall. It is a story of men leavening wrathy of well-doing, of reformers becoming self-seekers, of indifference and apathy on part of a people—the story, in a way, of all great cities where men, immersed in business for private gain, lose interest in their government and the public weal.

Those who read of Philadelphia's pyrotechnic revolution of 1905 perhaps will find it hard to understand its reversal to old conditions. Should other cities again point to Philadelphia as "the most corrupt," the city's own reformers will be much to blame.

How has Philadelphia relapsed and why? Through John Weaver Philadelphia accomplished its work of reform; through him, in a way, the reform cause was finally lost. Of the figures who took part in the spectacular civic revolution none has passed out of active public life more pathetically than he. Once, after his stand for the people and their rights in the spring of 1905, his name was blazoned before the action. On the street his appearance was a signal for stirring emotions; hundreds crowded about him, following and cheering him as he went for luncheon from his office in City Hall to the Union League. Councilmen who had fought for the gas-lease ordinance fell head over heels in pledging him their allegiance. With sweep after sweep of his pen he severed the heads of the machine dragon, appointed just and good men to office, cleaned out the Police Department, had McNichol's contracts annulled. He was honored, petted, flattered. By his advisers he was crowned the Governorship, and hailed by many as the future chieftain of his party.

Today the newspapers which pictured him in cartoons as an angel writing words of doom at Debbanaz's feet, and a "Boss" leading the people from the wilderness of machine rotteness, scathingly picture him as a ringing ear flapping McNichol's boots. For John Weaver, after charging the City Party with parading old "gang" methods, and alleging the formation of a new combination, flipped back to the machine and, it is charged, used the police as a force to reestablish the organization in power. Despite the contumacious brazen upon him, John Weaver—it is his conviction—acted sincerely, and mistakes though he was, his part in discrediting the reform movement was taken without any ulterior motive. Turned down by the men who promised him the Governorship, he was plumed; this was natural. His vanity was

wounded; and, it must be confessed, John Weaver's besetting sin is vanity.

The success of the City Party at the polls in the fall of 1905 was influenced to a large degree by the sympathy of the administration at Washington with the reform cause. Elkins Root's designation of Durham's machine as "a corrupt and criminal organization masquerading as Republicans" was taken

as the sentiment of Roosevelt's. As will be seen, the success of the machine in the fall of 1905 in a large measure was brought about by a feeling that Roosevelt's sympathies had changed. Mr. Roosevelt sent to Philadelphia Speaker Joseph Cannon and Senator Knox, who urged the people to vote the "full Republican ticket."

With Elkins Root, whom Mayor Weaver selected as his legal adviser during the gas-lease agitation in 1903, was associated former Judge James E. Gordon, a man of great forensic power and a potent though invisible factor in Philadelphia reform politics. It was Gordon, and not Weaver, who inspired the gas-lease agitation and effected a victory over the "Boss."

While Weaver was getting the laurels, those on the inside saw Gordon pulling the strings and Weaver, marionette-like, playing the part of hero. Through Weaver men heard Gordon speak and saw Gordon act. Mayor Weaver chose an advisory board composed of the best citizens of the city, he acted on many measures by their advice, and, it is said, was goaded to wage battle by the promise of the Governorship. With this decoy before him he was led to believe that he, and not his advisers, was the leader, the heart and soul of reform.

When the last breath of the "Gang" seemed to have expired after the election of November, 1905, John Weaver began to observe his advisers and friends looking for office themselves. In December, 1905, a month after the victory of reform, city department offices were delayed by 3000 applications for "jobs" from City-Parties; City Party leaders themselves, to the astonishment of John Weaver, looked from one to another as a candidate for Governor, and, it is said, with "no little animosity." Weaver was soothed by adulation and gently yet firmly told he was "needed in his present capacity." At the convention of the Lincoln Party, which fused with the City Party in Philadelphia, Lewis Emery was nominated as the Fusion candidate for Governor. John Weaver's hopes were killed. The promises made to him were broken.

There were many in Philadelphia who contended that Weaver should have had the reward. His advisers, however, said that he was too weak a man for the position; that to keep him in line constant prodding, urging, pleading, expostulation, demands, and threats were needed. It is doubtful, however, if Emery was really better fitted than Weaver. Weaver, recovering from the jolt, felt that he had been deceived. He still believed himself a power in his city and that his influence would have to be considered. He advocated the nomination for District Attorney of the friend of his stenographer days, Frederick J. Shoyer, who then filled the office of Director of Supplies. Shoyer is a nice young man, a lawyer of fair ability, of good reputation, and a favorite speaker at Sunday-school meetings.

Instead, the reform leaders slated as their candidate D. Clarence Giboney, a whimsical clerk, secretary of the Law and Order Society, and Philadelphia's Anthony Comstock.

At the convention of the City Party delegates in the Academy of Music on September 18, 1906, Giboney was nominated over Shoyer by a vote of 550% against 321%.

In nominating the tall, florid, secretary of the Law and Order Society Mr. Lewis said:

"Go into the streets and lanes of this town and ask anybody, man or woman who, in these fifteen years, has hunted evil-doers in Philadelphia, and it matters not whether they honor him or fear

him, whether they love or hate him, they will all give you the same answer.

"Search out the nearly 300 cases he brought to trial in the Criminal Court against all the power of a hoodlum and corrupt Police Department, with convictions of 97 in the 100, and match it if you can with the record of any member of the bar!"

"Is it small wonder that in this hour of his need Philadelphia turns to the man who has jailed so many criminals, and, as more than one, calls to him to jail more?"

Philadelphia was to have reform with a vengeance—it is the old case of the city which, having done with crooks, turns to croaks.

The meeting took a recess until the following Friday, and in the mean time Mayor Weaver struck his blow at the reformers. Denouncing the convention as "more corrupt than gang tactics," Mayor Weaver charged that Gibbons was nominated by bought votes. He declared that within the City Party had been formed a combination as arbitrary and malignant as the old "Gang."

"For two years," he said, "I had a gang on my hands. Then when I arose in all my might and cast it out, it seems that another phalanx took its place. I have both to fight now."

Mayor Weaver embodied his charges in a letter which was read at the resumed convention, and enclosed eighteen affidavits to support his allegations of bribery. A committee of seven was appointed to investigate the charges and the meeting adjourned. At midnight of the following day Gibbons wrote a letter to Franklin Springer, chairman of the convention. He said he had been shown a copy of the Mayor's letter, that he observed that there were only three specific cases where bribery was charged, but declared that he could not allow the reform movement to be smothered by the Mayor through him.

The Mayor's charges raised a storm of protest within the City Party. Embittered by his "turn down" for Governor, they said, he tried to discredit the reform movement. The old Organization, creeping from its lair, howled with glee. On September 22, by request of the Mayor, Colonel Sheridan Potter resigned as head of the Police Department. In a public statement Mr. Potter charged the Mayor with attempting to use the heads of the official departments to further his political ambitions, and secondly, that the Mayor had demanded the discharge of his assistant director, Thomas W. Smith, and Superintendent of Police John R. Taylor, because they failed to use their influence to have Mayor nominated for District Attorney. In a letter written to the editor of the Philadelphia Press, on September 24, Mayor Weaver declared that, six months before, he found a new political combination had been formed, headed by John M. Mock, a former contractor and financier. On September 26 the Mayor held a conference with Alexander K. McClure, said to have been acting as the agent of James McKeloh, who, in the absence of Durham, had taken the reins of leadership and was quietly gathering together the fragments of the Organization. On September 27, the investigation committee of the City Party convention declared that Gibbons's nomination was clean; that it had held six meetings, examined forty-three witnesses, and found attempts of bribery on the part of only one delegate and by a person not connected with the convention. At the last and third session of the City Party convention Gibbons was renominated by an increased majority of 202½ votes. On October 19 the Mayor's Advisory Board resigned.

The resignation of the gentlemen who had acted with the Mayor during the tumultuous months of the gas-house agitation was presented to the Mayor in person by Charles Emory Smith, William Potter, W. W. Justice, Morris Newburger, Charles H. Harling, Walter F. Hager, Hugh McCaffrey, and Francis B. Reeves.

"We do not wish to embarrass you and we are unwilling ourselves to be embarrassed," the resignation ran. "We cannot render you or the city through you any effective service unless we have full measure of your confidence and, at the same time, the approval of our conscience."

By the public this was backed up as the termination of the Mayor's alliance with the reform element. On November 2 Mayor Weaver announced that he would support the Organization candidates and vote for them at the November election.

The City Party passed away on John Weaver's guillotine.

In the mean time the Organization had not been idle. The Republicans party formed a new City Committee. It adopted the mask of virtue. It meekly and humbly acknowledged it had committed sins in the past, but would do good in the future. It nominated for Governor Edwin S. Stuart, a former Mayor of the city and a man of unimpeachable character, and for District Attorney a little-known lawyer of the name of Rotan. For County Treasurer the City Party put up W. W. Allen, and for Register of Wills a magistrate, Albert H. Loden. The City Party ticket was endorsed by the Democratic Convention. For City Treasurer the Organization placed on its ticket Mr. Robert Bringham, a former Councilman and a City Party leader in the former campaign, one of the first to return to the folds of the old Organization.

Upon Mayor Weaver's announcement that he would use his influence for the Organization, candidates the City Party newspapers opened upon him with a flood of unmerciful abuse. Nothing was too dirty to say of Mr. Weaver, no adjective too extreme to place before his name. I attended a meeting where fusion spellbinders spoke one Sunday in the southern part of the city. There Mr. Blankenship, William T. Tilden, Charles F. Carpenter—who later dropped back to the "Gang"—spoke, and the unmentionable terms by which they vented their spite on Mr. Weaver, the unprintable epithets which they hurled at him, would have made any auditor doubt the sincerity or good of a reform for which they stood. Mr. Weaver had undoubtedly acted unwisely, but after the meeting I heard men asking each other the question, as I heard them asking it in other parts of the city after the meeting, could a man who had been so upright as these men a few months before had declared Mr. Weaver to be, change so utterly, and become so low and so abominable a traitor as they now designated him charged? Personally, Mr. Weaver's following could not have influenced the election by a large number of votes. The denunciation of the man, however, by his former colleagues and co-partners turned thousands to the Organization.

Into the City Party itself had come dissension. As in other cities and before in Philadelphia, the spirit of selfish ambition had crept into the Garden of Eden of reform. In the previous July the Committee of Seventy presented a report on the Filtration scandal, prosecuting the Durham-McNichol combine guilty of fraud, but legally absolved from prosecution. And this after the same reformers had declared that Durham, McNichol, et al., should be sent to jail. Besides this, the Committee of Seventy, charged by trying to "run" the City Party organization, demanded that all place-holders in the City Committee of the City Party should resign, whereupon there was a great hue and cry. People lost confidence in the reformers, and they had no confidence in Gibbons. Edwin S. Stuart, the Republican candidate—while the reformers stormed, while Lewis Emery went through the State Capitol, as though the exposures of Treasurer Berry were not strong enough—went frankly before the people, pronounced an investigation of the State (spit) scandal if elected and a pure and just administration.

Mr. Stuart in one of the most magnetic men I have ever seen—the Organization owes his victory to this honest, right-minded gentleman.

Mr. Rotan, who ran in the city for District Attorney, never did anything that was noteworthy, but he said this of Mr. Gibbons:

"Gibbons is a man whom you could see any night hounding unfortunate women in the Tenderloin, serving warrants on poor wretches whose lives were sinful and sad enough. But when you heard of Mr. Gibbons waiting at the gates of Moyamensing Prison the morning the poor women he had arrested were freed, taking their heads and leading them to a better life."

Mr. Rotan's simple remark rang true. Philadelphia cheered. The people had not forgotten that, in the previous May, Gibbons's men carried on one of the most wholesale raids ever perpetrated in a city that seventy-five places were invaded on one night, that 200 persons were arrested, cuffed and belted by policemen, and driven in patrols to the central station in City Hall. They returned

(Continued on page 618.)



Philadelphia during the Fever of Reform.

REPEATERS, BALLOT-BOX STUFFERS, AND GANG HENCHMEN ARRESTED AND BROUGHT TO CITY HALL ON ELECTION DAY, NOVEMBER, 1905

THE LAW—OR THE POLICE?

THE HAND WHICH ONE NEW YORK CITY MAGISTRATE HAS
TAKEN UNBIDDEN IN AN OLD-ESTABLISHED POLICE GAME

By ROBERT JERMAIN COLE

THE first court to which a prisoner is brought after arrest is sometimes called the magistrates' court; more often, the police court. Which is it? Seventy per cent. of all complaints there are policemen. If the police system is corrupt the whole court is affected. An honest magistrate feels the humiliation of the alliance between police and criminals with a sting that does not end to the ordinary citizen. The court is asked to make bricks of justice, in many of the cases brought before him without a trace of evidence. Such cases are not brought there for the ends of justice. From a place in which the innocent are protected and the possibly guilty held for a higher tribunal, the magistrate has often seen his court transformed into a police whig to lock refractory criminals into obedience to the law of the station-house. For the police, he has been forced to discipline the saloon-keeper, the gambler, and the woman of the streets who did not pay up. Worse yet, the bench is held as a shield to ward off police charges. The lawless, admirable police make many arrests, shrug shoulders and say:

"We done our duty, but the judge he turned 'em out." Previously, he had no choice on the evidence, or no evidence, offered by these same policemen. The more conscientious the magistrate, the more effectively he serves their ends. The more strictly he enforces the law of the State, the more useful he becomes to a corrupt official in extorting blackmail from lawbreakers. Any wise police captain knows exactly what a really good magistrate is going to do and makes his plans accordingly.

The police captain and his men Friday—likewise his man of all the other days of the week—know the precinct like a book. They know it far better than all the books, as the old steamboat pilots knew the Mississippi River bottom. They take soundings often, with greatest plummet, and there's more than sand on it when they haul it in. In plain English, they take tribute from saloon-keepers for allowing them to keep open at unlawful hours. Now and then a dealer resists this and rebels vigorously. Not long ago one of these men approached a lawyer of good standing. "I want to retain you to defend my rights," he said.

"What rights?" asked the lawyer.

"The right to keep open on Sunday." The man appeared to believe that the captain had taken away an honest citizen's privileges by force. Now a really successful captain must be able to deal with such unreasonable demands against his own law, so that others shall see, fear him, and obey. He knows the other law, the written will of the people. He knows exactly what evidence will force a magistrate to hold the prisoner, and what lack of evidence will result in a discharge. Sometimes, however, his honor is in a fogging mood when the captain, for reasons of his own, wants the prisoner held. Sometimes he holds when he ought to discharge. But here is where the faithful, law-abiding magistrate serves the station-house best. By judging strictly upon the evidence he brings about the result foreseen and desired by the corrupt official who directed the gathering of evidence, complete or incomplete. Thus the just judge aids in the working of the most scientifically automatic injustice. As the inspectors and captains plan, so he executes. When they wish to make a show of enforcing law without having faithful taxpayers they raise many arrests, the policemen testify to nothing vital, and all prisoners are discharged. If they wish to punish those that refuse tribute, the evidence is easy to get and the result certain. To a man of Whitman's type the court's position is unenviable.

The creation of the night court will not only make it possible for innocent persons wrongfully arrested to obtain their liberty forthwith, but will put an end to the barroom business of the professional bondsmen. These ventures are always warned when a raid is to be made. One morning I saw forty-two women arraigned before Magistrate Whitman in the Jefferson Market court, the first after they were discharged for lack of evidence. In one case, typical of all, a policeman of the "Tenderloin" who had made the arrest testified under oath that he had seen the woman talking with a man.

Q. Did the man complain to you? A. No.

Q. Do you know what she said to him or what he said to her? A. No.

Q. Have you presented all the evidence there is in this case? A. Yes.

By THE COURT: The defendant is discharged. Why, then, were the forty-two women arrested when it was well known that they were not breaching the law? Because each one paid the bondsmen five dollars to bail her out—\$250 for one evening's work. The \$250 is the price of the professional bondsmen divided with those who provided the victims.

The city magistrate works in the raw material of crime before ever it gets to the slow grinding mills of the higher court. At his bar, justice has that intimate personal air it had in the ancient cities when the Cui sat at the gate. The Court may be as

paternal as a patriarch. His fines or forgives the drunkard. Whether or not the man who sold the liquor shall be dealt with at all by a higher court, he must decide. But he may decide only upon the evidence. He can find some threads for patching up the tangles of two gossip in a tenement, because one gossip brought the other to court, and rack is thoroughly in earnest. But in twelve cases the policeman-complainant has made the arrest only under compulsion, and he rarely brings evidence to show that the saloon man has actually broken the law.

There are two vices of the magistrate's duty. One was expressed by a man who used to sit upon the bench.

"Yes, there is plenty of graft among the police. There is graft everywhere, and violation of the law. As long as hope remains in the human mind men will gamble; as long as there is third men will drink. You can't stop it. Only a young man would think it possible to change anything. No young man should be a judge, or a judicial position, one greater than a longer life, and we can see these things pass before him without being thrown off his balance."

Magistrate Charles S. Whitman is a young man. He has not been content to let the police have their own way. For three years, he killed his time. He is naturally a conservative. Those who have watched his course on the bench were surprised when, a short time ago, he entered a saloon after closing-hours, proved that it was easy to get the evidence policemen had refused to bring before him, and heard from the policemen on the beat and from the bartender of the saloon the shameful reason why such violations are allowed.

A second time Magistrate Whitman entered a saloon in the same precinct and purchased liquor, proving that the condition was a permanent one. He says he has acted, primarily, to stop the other side of the evidence. He has seen the corrupting effects of repeated falsehoods into his court.

It is only a step from the corruption of the police who bring false evidence, to the corruption of the clerks who sit behind the desk and of the other employees of the court. Anybody who has been familiar with police courts knows how ready the clerk is, in many instances, to give stage advice to policemen and complainants. It is very easy for a clerk to change a "sale" of liquor into a mere "exposure." He has clever enough to see to it that the other side of the desk, I do not mean to say that all clerks as a class are corrupt, but I do assert that even the best of them are affected by the general situation. They hear the testimony of the police, they note the number of cases turned out for lack of evidence, and they get in the habit of thinking that the simplest way is to make a complaint as light as possible. That clerical habit has its part in making it more difficult to check all sorts of crime.

The records of one year with which I happen to be familiar in Jefferson Market, then the heaviest court in town, showed forty-eight arrests of gambling-house keepers. Fifty-five of these had been discharged for lack of evidence. The excise arrests numbered two hundred and forty. At one violation a day that brava yet a hundred and twenty-five dry and peaceful days when nobody took anything to drink after hours or Sunday and of these cases more than half were dismissed—no evidence! They after day I stood and listened to the policemen chanting their little ditties—like a refrain perverted from *Treasure Island*:

"Sixteen men on the tickle-down chairs,
Sixty-hen and no bottles of rum."

But the singing policemen and the rummy clerks are not the only allies of the saloon-keeper. If the liquor business were generally admitted to be as useful as the selling of iron or oil, there couldn't be more than one honest opinion about its right to any special influence in courts of justice. Yet this business has put two of its own former counsel on the bench in the last few years, and one of these has been "promoted." I have heard this man berate poor bartenders in a voice like thunder for being so foolish as to get caught. It may be that he is too terribly angry to be compelled to hold one for trial. The point is that sometimes he was compelled to hold them; and when the police are made to get evidence even a sympathetic Court can have no alternative.

Well, but what if they be made to get evidence? A week after Magistrate Whitman showed them the way by getting evidence himself, he opened court in Jefferson Market. It was more like the Supreme Court than the police court of other days. The jostling rabble of lawyers and friends of the prisoners were thrown out of the courtroom. The judge, who has often let his record as if everything that could be an obstruction to justice were heaped within, while a vigilant guardian turned the few harmless citizens that had no "business" there sternly away! On this fine Monday after Magistrate Whitman's visits to early morning saloons, every policeman who brought an excise case had the



Copyright by E. J. Ralston

Magistrate Whitman on the Bench at Jefferson Market, the busiest Court in Town

"FROM A PLACE IN WHICH THE INNOCENT ARE PROTECTED, . . . HE HAS OFTEN SEEN HIS COURT TRANSFORMED INTO A POLICE WHIP TO LAKE REFRACTORY CRIMINALS INTO OBEDIENCE TO THE LAW OF THE STATION-HOUSE"

evidence on his tongue's end—instead of leaving it in the inspector's pocketbook—and it came off the policeman's tongue trippingly. He had learned his lesson.

"Suppose they forget after a while?" I asked the magistrate.

"Then I'll go out and show them over again." Magistrate Whitman is not a "rascally judge," as he has been called, nor has he undertaken to do the work of the police. He does not love it, but he cannot shirk it. He is in the business of court-cleaning now and nobody can get that beam out of his hands. All kinds of weapons have been used against him. His foolish enemies made themselves laughingstocks by saying that he was drunk. Another more disgraceful charge was discussed in their plotting; but that was abandoned as transparent. It is almost too bad they did not make it.

The magistrates' bench is a hard test of a man's quality. Even those of clean purpose are likely to grow weary or cynical. The very fatality of their efforts to find out the truth from the police ruins upon them. They are kind to the women whose husbands have beaten her, and if the police are more kind to the man who sold the husband the whiskey—why, that is the policeman's fault.

Mayor Strong, in the old fighting days of reform, appointed a number of excellent men to the magistrates' bench. Mayor Low respected some of these and added wisely to their number. Survivals of more antique days remained long to honor themselves and the city they served. The first magistrate I knew was Judge Hagan. Some time before his death he told me how it hurt to be classed as a survival of the Twined Ring. True, he was a Democrat and he was active in Tweed's time.

"But I fought Tweed and all his crowd," protested the old man. And nobody had a word to say against his court dealings. He was a fatherly man, and the greatest delight he had was to reconcile some young married pair.

Of late years men whose loyalty to the local machine has been proven appear to be the favorite candidates for the bench. The result of their appointment is easily marked. Yet even these men have acquired some sense of the dignity and responsibility of their office. They do not enjoy the brutal demands of their party friends for favors. I do not believe that they are free from fear of the result of a continued deterioration of these courts. They have turned for help to their associates of another type. I have seen two or three magistrates leading a forlorn hope in the board meetings against a party-bound crowd. Now Whitman is president, and the others have voted him an absolutely unprecedented power to represent them in any action he may choose to take for cleaning the courts. Something has already been done. More will follow, though not, perhaps, in slashing noisy strokes. It has taken Magistrate Whitman three years to get angry enough to strike. He is angry now, with the slow, unquenchable rage of the just man who sees daily evil done before him. It will take him a long time to get over being effectively angry.

Nobody who was in court one day two years ago is likely to forget the case of a woman of position and wealth—her name has never been printed—who stood charged with shoplifting. The complainant had withdrawn the charge. It was within the discretion of the Court to dismiss it, since the amount stolen was so small as to constitute only a minor offence. The woman's husband was

a man of real political power in another State. His New York friends had beseeched the court to let the woman go, and they were not obscure persons either. Some of them fairly commanded him to dismiss the charge. He would win favor that might be useful in the future, and he would lose nothing in reputation.

"Is it conceded that the prisoner is guilty?" asked Magistrate Whitman.

"It is," replied her lawyer.

"Within a few days," went on the low voice of the man behind the desk. "I have held men and women without friends, on the same charge. I will not have it said that in this court there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. I hold this defendant for trial."

That is the impartial spirit of the man who is trying to lift the magistrates' court to a higher level. It is not a personal fight. This tribunal has been called the people's court. To keep it clean is to make the town safer for all, and to exercise a wholesome influence upon the whole police situation. Ask your friend the straight policeman about it. I did.

"The judge is all right," said the man upon the sidewalk. "I've had clerks frame up a complaint so as to throw a case out or let it off easy, but Whitman would see through the game and make the clerk write it over just as I had told him in the first place."

A number of policemen have expressed very similar views. They declare that they are ready to bring the evidence if their superiors will allow them to do so. The change in the system that should follow the passing of the Bingham bill will give these men the opportunity to show whether the fault lies chiefly with inspectors and captains or with the rank and file.

Some of the magistrates are delighted with every step their president has taken, both in teaching the police how to get evidence and in turning out lawyers, businessmen, and the nondescript crowd which has infested the inner enclosure. The better class of these lawyers does not object to the change. As for those magistrates who were appointed for purely political reasons—more political than pure—the fact that enough of them voted with the others to make Whitman president of the board indicates that some are men as well as politicians. Whitman has won their absolute confidence in his fairness. They do not fear that he will take a partisan advantage of them.

One result that may be confidently expected is a cleaner handling of election cases in November. Of late years it has happened too often that the best magistrates have found themselves, for some mysterious reason, expiring their vacation on Election day, or they have been assigned to the courts covering districts of least political significance. I have seen voters of the lowest rank, no drunk that they had to be supported on each side, discharged in order to vote, while apparently honorable gentlemen were held on the flimsiest technicalities, and their votes lost.

To remedy all this is not the work of a day nor the work of one man. Magistrate Whitman has been building quietly a reputation that makes his more striking acts effective. He has not boasted of what he will do, but he has proven that he can act quickly when the time comes. Is this man too young to be president of the Board of Magistrates? I have no doubt the police-inspectors think so.

THE AMERICAN INVASION OF THE CONGO

By S. P. VERNER

VARIOUS accounts, mostly erroneous in one way or another, have been appearing of late in the newspapers concerning concessions recently purchased by American capitalists in the Congo Free State. This is the first authentic and accurate statement which has been published.

A group of American capitalists has for years, sometimes under great discouragement, been developing and perfecting machinery and reactionary chemical methods for recovering the rubber known to exist in a great number of tropical vines, grasses, shrubs, and weeds. The first commercial venture in this line was made in Mexico, where, for some time past, large quantities of serviceable rubber has been mechanically extracted from a shrub known as guyle. Exploration developed the fact that the acreage on which the plant is indigenous, while very great, was not extensive enough to secure an unlimited future supply; nor was it likely, unless immigration was secured, that the shrub would be cultivated, because the available native help was hopelessly inadequate for that purpose. Thereupon a worldwide search began for other fields, and Africa naturally came under observation. Here there are six different rubber-bearing growths, heretofore unused, but all available for the new American methods and promising tremendous yield. These plants grow throughout the whole Congo Basin. The Congo Basin is a very general phrase, the territorial significance can be best appreciated when it is stated that if the great web of the Congo and its affluents were lifted and superimposed on that portion of the earth known as Europe, it would reach from Belfast in Ireland to the Red Sea; from one hundred miles west of Lisbon to the beginning of Asiatic Russia, and from Finland to the toe of Italy. To gather rubber, build railroads, operate mines for gold, silver, copper, coal, and iron (all known to exist there), to cut and ship timber of all varieties, to maintain steamship lines, to build roads, and in fact to do every and any thing leading to the development of the Free State, are among the rights secured by Mr. Thomas F. Ryan from King Leopold over this great sweep of territory.

In the development of this vast estate, whose mineral wealth is believed to be as great as that of the land, from which Brit, Rhodes, Barnato, and their associates reaped and are still collecting vast fortunes, Mr. Ryan has associated Mr. John Hays Hammond, the Guggenheims, and Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island.

These regions lie on both sides of the Congo River, extending north and south of the equator, embracing both forests and plains, alluvial bottom-lands, and hilly and mountainous districts. They include locations sufficiently elevated to be free from both mosquitoes and malaria, and to offer inducement to settlement by white agents and colonists. They are also traversed by navigable streams and well watered by smaller tributaries. They are populated by enough friendly natives to perform most of the manual labor required, and it is the determination of Mr. Ryan and his associates to treat the natives in such a way as to attract

their services, to render them comfortable, to free them from many of the hardships incident to their semi-savage life, and to give them a fair share of the proceeds from the development of the country. It is well to remark here that there are excluded specifically from these concessions all lands now in actual occupation by the natives. The concessions cover only vacant and waste lands, not cultivated or otherwise used by the natives, and which would never be developed by them. As a matter of fact, out of the whole of the million square miles in the Congo Free State, only about 20,000 have been used by the natives, and not more than twice that amount would be required for their use, at the rate of the increment of population obtaining before the advent of the white man, for, another century.

The concessions occupy various parts of the country, from the mouth of the river across the continent to the great African lakes, and north and south from the Sudan to the southern waterholes of the Congo. The extent and the character of these concessions are undeniable evidences of the fact that properly qualified Americans, with genuine intentions of development, are allowed a legitimate share in the work of the industrial reclamation of Central Africa. This fact came to the writer as the greatest pleasure in the history of his own efforts in that continent, for he had a long anticipated great difficulty in securing from European powers commercial advantages for himself and his countrymen in the territories dominated by them. The fact of the Monroe Doctrine might be said to carry in the eyes of Europeans its reciprocal corollary with reference to America in Africa; but it is obvious that the Monroe Doctrine has never extended enormous and substantial commercial European interests in South America. Consequently, it is entirely legitimate that we should expect equality of commercial opportunity in Africa. Since our



Thomas F. Ryan

THE LEADER OF THE AMERICAN COMMERCIAL INVASION OF THE CONGO

government is disposed to uphold the vested European rights in their relations with our South-American neighbors, we have every right to expect similarly fair treatment in the great tropical continent on the opposite side of the Atlantic.

The practical objects in these concessions are principally three: To produce for export in their country articles of high value in proportion to weight or bulk, the cost of the transportation of which is easily borne by their intrinsic value; to produce and deal in other articles of less intrinsic value, but upon which a profit can be made in local commerce—for example, the lower grades of lumber, iron and steel, agricultural products, and miscellaneous domestic manufactures; and to develop for permanent investment and the general improvement of the country and people transportation lines, by water, rail, and automobiles, and other needed public and semipublic works of general utility.

In the practical pursuit of these objects, it is intended to use the most highly advanced progressive methods applicable to the existing conditions. While it is a fact that, in view of the tre-

(Continued on page 656.)



Archie, aged 11

John, aged 13

Mrs. Roosevelt

William, aged 15

Franklin, aged 16

Mr. Roosevelt

THE ONLY LIVING EX-PRESIDENT AND HIS FAMILY

THIS PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN AT THE HOME OF MR. ROOSEVELT IN PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY, IS THE FIRST THAT HAS BEEN MADE OF THE DISREPUTED EX-PRESIDENT WITH HIS ENTIRE FAMILY

From *Illustrated Magazine*, Sept. 1900, by permission of the publisher



The Immense Excavation for the new Pennsylvania Railroad Station at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-first Street



Building the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad Terminal at Fulton Street



Uprooting Battery Park as an obstacle to Central



Clearing Ground for the Approach to the Blackwell's Island Bridge on 40th Street near Avenue A



Sinking a Shaft at Eighth Street near the Canal

BLAZING NEW TRAILS FOR
THE STUPENDOUS ENGINEERING UNDERTAKINGS NOW IN PROGRESS



the Elevated Iron and Steel Streets

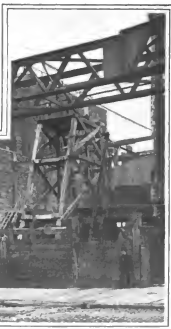


Where Traffic and Construction must not Clash



the Construction of the Subway to Brooklyn

Looking North over the Site of the new Grand Central Station at Forty-fifth Street and Lexington Avenue



unnel which runs beneath Sixth Avenue



Boring to the Belmont Tunnel Level on Forty-second Street near Third Avenue

FOR A CITY'S NEEDS

IN PROGRESS IN MANY PARTS OF NEW YORK CITY

7 JULY

THE SPARK AND THE FLAME

SMALL CAUSES OF GREAT FIRES, AND HOW THEY MAY BE ELIMINATED

By FRANCIS J. LANTRY

Fire Commissioner of the City of New York

WHEN you see any case running in the fire-box on the corner, tacking the handle and pulling down the hook, you never can tell what serious consequences are to follow. You know in a general way that a fire alarm has been sent to headquarters, that almost at that instant the men in the responding apparatus companies are sliding down the poles and manning the apparatus, and that the powerful horses, with all their vim and dash, are heading an horde of men to the scene of the fire. You know that human lives and valuable property are being imperilled, you know that an undiminished light is to be made against the fire, whether it be little or big, and you know that the men are there to go the limit in their day's work. And what results from it, of course, is impossible to determine. It may be a burning lamp, and nothing more. It may be only a minute's work, or hours and hours of fierce combat against the flames.

Naturally, the mind turns towards the cause of all this peril and work. Usually this cause is an extremely small one; and it is on this point that I should like to focus public attention in order that every one may be aroused to the fact that it is possible, by caution and common sense, greatly to minimize the dangers of fire.

The slightest cause may start the greatest fire. Historically we know of the somewhat famous day on which Nero played his violin solo while the flames swept Rome to its foundations; but whether it was caused by the lamp or the torch of those days, we do not know. The fire marshal's office had not yet been established. The kicking over of a lantern while Mrs. O'Leary's cow was being milked is the traditional explanation of that conflagration which destroyed the city of Chicago. A slight explosion in a Baltimore cellar, responded to first, I believe, on a still alarm, resulted in the partial annihilation of the city.

These instances may be multiplied for days, but so many things have occurred in New York showing that the slightest causes have resulted in the greatest fires, that there is not the slightest doubt that a crusade against carelessness and for caution would result in the saving of thousands of lives. These instances, however, have been the causes of many calamitous fires that one is appalled at the carelessness displayed. There is proof to show that in numerous instances mice and matches have started the blaze, driving people from their homes in the dead of night, and in many cases resulting in the destruction of the buildings or of some of the brave firemen themselves. In some cases where fires were torn up after fires, in the process of investigation, matches have been found in a nest of mice, showing conclusively that the rodents have a fondness for matches which is not by any means conducive to safety. There are now in the fire marshal's office boxes of matches showing the holes made in them by the gnawing of mice. It is explained that mice are very fond of the sulphur found in the matches, and that they eat it whenever an opportunity presents itself. For that reason alone it is plain that the use of matches in households should be very carefully safeguarded; but there are many other reasons showing why extreme caution should be exercised in the use of matches in the household. For instance, the fire marshal's report for the boroughs of Manhattan, the Bronx, and Richmond during the year 1906 states that among the principal causes of fires 887 were due to carelessness with matches, and 288 due to children playing with matches or fire. The fire marshal for the boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens reports that 732 fires were caused by matches igniting rags, beds, clothing, rubbish, straw, etc.

I have already, in my annual report for the year 1906 to the Mayor, called the public's attention to these conditions, and I have suggested that every city department coming in close touch with the people should warn them of the danger of this sort of carelessness, and the necessity for caution. I have also suggested that the matter be taken up in the public schools, and that the children be trained to the necessity for this caution, so that later in life they will appreciate its importance and apply it in their homes.

Speaking of the careless use of matches, reminds me of an incident that occurred one night while I was sitting on a roof-garden of one of the New York theatres. The roof was enclosed by a fence or guard-rail made of wood, or perhaps some fireproof material. At any rate, I saw a match that had just been used to light a cigarette thrown by one of the members of a very jovial party sitting at a nearby table. The match fell to the roof just under the fence, and immediately ignited the material of which it was made. It was not by any means a large blaze, but I remarked to my friend of the cigarette, expressing my self for interpreting that the match was still burning, he looked at me rather good-naturedly, and said, "Nobody has told me anything about it yet," and turned again to his companions. I then called his attention to the fact that the match had ignited

the fence, and he replied that he had not noticed it, but was very sorry for it! He then extinguished it, and I took pains to call his attention to the fact that it was the way some very disastrous fires were started—which is precisely the point that I am trying to emphasize in this article.

Suppose that this almost unobservable fire had been allowed to burn for a short time longer, there is an telling what serious trouble might have been caused by it. The theatre, or, if it might not have been injured by the fire itself, but the excitement of the people who were on the garden or in the theatre below would probably have become so great that a panic would have ensued. Small causes result in great pains as well as in great fire, and in places where crowds congregate has probably resulted in more loss of life than the fire.

Away fires are far too plentiful, and could be very easily prevented by caution. A few men sit smoking after their dinner in their apartments, either in houses where there are stores beneath or where the use of awnings during the summer-time is general, discuss the events of the day after dinner, finish their cigars or cigarettes, and throw them out, as they think, into the street. They lodge on the awnings, there is an alarm of fire, and then perhaps thousands of brave men are called upon to risk their lives in consequence. Moreover, I know of a case where two expensive pieces of apparatus were both practically wrecked in responding to a fire caused by the turning over of a lamp in a shanty. The fire itself probably did a few dollars' worth of damage, but the damage to the apparatus ran into the thousands. Either Deputy-Commissioner Hugh Bonner, who was Chief of Department for years, or Edward F. Croker, who is the present Chief of the Department, will testify that many disastrous fires are caused by carelessness in the handling of rubbish in the cellars of old-fashioned buildings and in houses of fire. In the first instance, to violations of the regulations concerning the storage of rubbish in basements. In the old-fashioned buildings the elevator and dumbwaiter shafts are responsible for the rapidly with which the fire, runned originally, in many cases, by carelessness, spreads to the building. These old-fashioned buildings, constructed years ago, form chimneys to furnish the draft that carries the fire up through the structures, previously as ordinary chimneys would furnish the drafts for furnaces and stoves. Of course modern building laws have reduced this hazard to some extent, but they have not reduced human carelessness. In many cases where the shafts are protected in the basement and subterranean by metal doors, which under the law should be closed when not in use, are left open by owners, tenants, or employees, and that destroys the benefit of the new construction of these shafts. It takes but little time at the close of the day's business to see that these doors are tightly closed, and the same is true of any other character of building; but this attention is not always given, and again carelessness endangers life and destroys property.

This is the time of year when classes meetings of the lace curtains and the gas-jet produce a great crop of fires. All winter long it has been quite possible to light the gas near the window with perfect safety, because, although the highly inflammable curtain hung near by, there was nothing to drive it against the flame. But with the first warm days of spring now yields, the perfectly natural impulse to open the windows, breezes and blows briskly into the room, and in the twinkling of an eye the flimsy lace lies over the flame. Instantly the fire runs up the fabric, spreads to the curtain pole, and the dry, combustible wood of the window frame, and presently the house is ablaze. Probably it will surprise most readers to know that in the boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx, and Richmond last year we had 216 fires from this cause alone. The habit of caution would have prevented all of them.

And equally surprising to most citizens will be the fact from the records that in these three boroughs last year 491 fires were caused by carelessness in throwing away lighted cigars and cigarette stubs. Cigars are dangerous—any burning thing is dangerous—but cigarettes are especially perilous. For a cigar and will soon stop burning, while the cigarette burns completely to the end. The only safe thing to do is to stamp out the last spark.

Numerous other instances could be given of the result of carelessness in producing fires. It would take many volumes to furnish even an adequate list of these slight causes of great conflagrations. Caution is the great remedy, caution applied later. Evidently and impressed on the minds of every one. If people would only stop to think what might result from the careless use of matches, from the careless handling of rubbish in cellars and private houses, and in old buildings, from the careless disposal of the most apparently harmless fireworks, from the careless disposal of lighted ends of cigarettes and cigars, vast good would be done to the community, and this crusade for caution would be of incalculable benefit.

A THEATRE, A SOMERSAULT—PRESTO!—A BALL-ROOM



AN INGENUOUS FRENCHMAN HAS PATENTED A THEATRE IN THE RUE DE CLICHY, PARIS, WITH A FLOOR WHICH REVOLVES ABOUT A HORIZONTAL AXIS. ONE SIDE OF THE FLOOR IS EQUIPPED WITH THE USUAL SEAT; THE OTHER HAS A HIGHLY POLISHED DANCING SURFACE. ALL THAT IS NECESSARY TO TRANSFORM THE THEATRE INTO A BALL-ROOM IS TO START THE MOTOR AND TURN THE FLOORING OVER. THE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW THE TWO SIDES OF THE FLOOR IN THE COURSE OF REVOLUTION THROUGH THE THIRTY-FOOT PIT

ONE OF THE ODDITIES OF RUSSIAN NAVAL ARCHITECTURE WHICH IS VISITING ENGLAND



THE BATTLESHIP "TSAREVICH," SHOWN AT PORTSMOUTH IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH, WAS IN MEMORABLE SERVICE AT PORT ARTHUR. THE LINES OF HER HULL AND HER TOWERING SUPERSTRUCTURE SUGGEST A COMPARISON WITH AMERICAN SHIPS OF BATTLE CLASS

The Stowaway

by William Inglis



DRAWINGS BY O. E. CESARE

WK had just picked up Diamond Head, two points off the port bow, and as the *Mongolia* was making along at a good fifteen-knot pace we were in a fair way to make Honolulu an hour before sunset. Bailey was hustling half a dozen dejected-looking Japanese laborers toward the stowage, and as big Bill Hanabusa, the carpenter, looked at them he grained and lit a fresh cigarette. Also he soliloquized: Stowaways. You'd think they'd learn something, but they never do. There ain't a packet comes out o' Yokohama that don't carry a bunch o' 'em. The ship's people always put 'em out and put 'em in shovelling ashes in the stove-hold. Then they lock 'em up in Honolulu and make 'em work their passage home on the next ship. Don't make a bit o' difference, though. They just keep on coming.

You see, they can't make more'n a fifty cents a day at home, and out in San Francisco any kind of an old rick o' bones on two legs can get his good old two per. But the ship's people stop 'em all right every time. What? Sure. Why, it's a case o' five hundred for every stowaway that a ship brings over, unless he's grabbed and sent back.

The *Mongolia* had thirteen o' 'em a while ago, and one o' 'em beat it past Honolulu, though they did sail him before we got to Prison. This was before Cap'n Hathaway took the *Mongolia*. Talk about trouble! We'd come this far, and Bailey was herding his towaways up out o' the stove-hold into the lockup in the stowage, and he sees they're one short. Counts 'em over again—ten, eleven, twelve, but divid a thirteen. Well, he runs to the third officer, after he locks up the bunch, and tells him they's a stowaway missing.

Talk about your Sherlock Holmes! I'll bet you there ain't an inch o' this ship from the foremast in the rudder-post that ain't scraped out. But nothin' doin'. Oh, them Japs is the easy boys, all right all right.

Time we got off Honolulu and the doctor and the custom-house people come alongside it's up to some one to tell the Old Man. You'lla heard his mar.

"What?" he says. "Wha-a-s-a-t? Been looking for him two hours and can't find him? Well, all the Han-nan-nan! Here I got a crew on this ship, or have I got a lot o' pin-headed, pie-faced, mushy-brained HANSETT-BAXO-BAXO celtar?"

Oh, it was grand to hear him.

"Now, you get that Jap," he says, "and get him quick, and don't let me hear another word. Get—get him—understand?"

Well, sir, the hull ship's company don't do nothing but search. No use. We go all through the cargo. Nuthin' to it. And here it is getting close to sunset, and the company's orders is positive not to run up in the pier after sunset, and here's the Old Man been burning extra coal to make a quick trip, too, and the ship's liable to a fine for delaying the mail, besides having a lot of cargo to discharge at Honolulu, and she's been laid out two hours now, all on account of that Jap. I tell you, no captain's job for Willie Hanabusa. Oh, I know the grid here and the big cabin under the bridge, and the head of the table in the cabin and all the business trying to make a bit with you—it's all in the moonlight. But you run up against snags like this stowaway thing that just make you old before your time. You take that from me.

But at that the Old Man put up an elegant bluff when the custom-house inspector tells him they're one short on the stowaways.

"More matter of detail," he says with a smile—just like that. "More matter of detail. I'll put a couple of extra watchmen on the job, and I'll guarantee that coulie'll never get ashore."

But the inspector was afraid to take a chance, and I don't know that you could blame him much. No here we are with the sun swelling up big and red and sliding down pretty close to the ocean and still no signs o' that easy Japanese. We're all breaking our backs to fit him, when the bo's'n passes the word that the captain has had to put up his personal bond for \$100 that the Jap won't be let to land at Honolulu, and, sure enough, we break out the anchor and go alongside the pier.

You can bet a good cigar that below never had a chance to get up on the beach. Next afternoon we're leaving Honolulu on time, though it's at a price that staggers humanity, as the old fellow says, and you can see that the skipper is madder than a bull in the ring. Every time he makes a move on the bridge you can see the second officer kind o' gathering himself up and bracing himself like a scrapper getting ready to stop a punch. And every one else is sore, too: all on the *Freezer*, as the Frenchman says. The fine old Hawaiian band is playing us off as usual, and the crowd is out on the end of the pier waving handkerchiefs, and their friends is all gathered on the promenade-deck wearing red and pink and yellow leis 'round their waists and waving their handkerchiefs back at 'em, and little Kanaka is diving for nickels the passengers heaves over, and some with bags, very dignified, hanging on to the wind-fall rail, and there's what you might call a grand outpouring of sentiment all 'round.

Not that any of us is taking notice of all these things. No. We're enjoying the pleasures of the chase after that three Japanese. Live and let live is what I say, and I'm a pretty easy-going fellow, but about that time I was beginning to think I'd like to take a belt at him myself.

We was a little ways past the Maple bent club and just beginning to get good way on her, when I hear Bailey singing out. "There he goes! *The-e-e-r* he goes!" and I see a middle-aged Japanese running along the after-deck to beat the cards. Say, you can bilge me if he wasn't moving faster 'a a scared rat. He hadn't nothin' on but shirt and pants and him just streakin' for the tailfin, head up and heels flying. I have my hammer at him, but pokah! he was six feet past it when it hit. Three or four of the Chinese sailors makes a dive for him, but—well, you know yourself how much of a chance a hundred Chinese has against a Jap. He's up on the rail and gone in a wink, while they're still rolling all over the deck.

"Stop her!" yells the First Officer, up on the bridge, and the quartermaster smashes away on the fog. "Stop her! Hey, you lie'n, station in the quarter-on boat! Stand by to lower away!" "Slack work, eh? Well, I guess you never saw Mr. Woodward in a hurry. He don't ask any odds of any man on the Pacific. He's in the boat, lowered away, and chasing this here Japanese before you can say dark Robinson.

Poor devil! It's kind o' tough to see any one lose his liberty and pursuit of happiness just as he gets pretty close to shore in a



Drawn by O. E. CESARE

It's kind o' tough to see any one lose his liberty and pursuit of happiness

aise, long, overhand stroke; yet we was laughing all along the rail when the boat runs alongside this fellow and Mr. Woodward ups with a bout-hook, harpoons him in the back o' the pants, gives the hook a twist and yanks him aboard. And with that he hands him a cuff on the ear you could hear the length o' this ship, for it was a still, quiet day with just the best bit of air stirring out o' the south-west.

The boat's alongside the *Woozulis* quicker's you c'n shie an ock, and before she's hoisted check-a-blook on the davit, the First Officer's out of her, dragging this Japanese by the collar. Bing! he hails him an upper-cut as he yanks him inboard over the rail, and bang! he gives him another for luck as he drops him on the deck.

"Oh, you lobster!" he says, with another fierce wallop, "you thought you'd go to Honolulu, did you? (BING!) Do us out of five hundred, eh? (BANG!) Make us two hours late on the mail, would you? (BING!) Think you're a swimmer, don't you? (WHANG!) Now, I guess you'll be quiet a while!"

And with them words he gives the Japanese a whirl that sends him down the companion into the stowage on his head—you know how strep that companion is, and the high coaming had caught him just under the knee. The poor fellow lays there on the deck below, clean down and out.

"Here, Buckley!" the First Officer yells. "Put cuffs and leg-irons on that fellow and make him fast to a ring-bolt! I'll learn him to swim to Honolulu."

"A neat piece o' work, Mister Woodward," the Old Man says as the First Officer goes up to the bridge, buttoning on a dry pair o' cuffs, seeing he'd got his other pair wet fishing the Jap out o' the harbor.

"Yes, sir," Mr. Woodward says; "and I guess he won't see Honolulu for a while."

Which was true enough, and yet, as you might say in a manner of speaking, you never can tell.

I happened to pass the Jap about half an hour afterward. He'd come back to his senses by that time and he was laying there shivering like a peasant in a twenty-knot breeze o' wind. He wasn't saying anything—you know these Japs never beller—but his eyes was searching round and round and he seemed plumb puzzled.

Mr. Woodward was down on his deck about three bells in the first watch, when Kumashi, the Japanese deck-steward, comes up grinning and slaps his hands across his stomach and sticks in his breath and bows three times, and says he:

"Mister Woodward, Mister Hatomachi say he very much want speak to you."

"Hatomachi? Who's Mister Hatomachi?" says the First Officer.

"He Japanese gentleman, merchaan of Honolulu, you put in stowage," Kumashi tells him, still smiling and bowing and sucking in his breath.

"What?" Mr. Woodward asks like a man in a trance. "What's that?"

"Yes, sir," says Kumashi, smiling and bowing, oh! terrible polite. "He say he don't understand why you take him in boat



Drawn by G. E. Cooney

"I'll learn him to swim to Honolulu"

and all these things happen. He want ask you something, if you please. He say he have no chance talk before."

Say! did the mate make a dignified dash for the stowage? Did he? Well, you'll have to ask some one else. And Kumashi goes along and interprets, so the hull thing comes out.

It seems this man Hatomachi was seeing off a couple of friends of his, big merchants from Tokio who had been visiting him for a week on their way to New York. They were all drinking tea in their stateroom below and didn't notice when the *Woozulis* cast off. And then this Hatomachi, being a good swimmer, thought the easiest way home was the best, and slipped off most of his clothes and made a rush for the rail.

Well, the Old Man nearly had a duck fit. Mr. Woodward looked at his knuckles, all puffed and skinned from upper-cutting the Jap on the head, and made an apology that sounded like a lawyer's speech. Then the Old Man took a trick at apologizing. They give Mr. Hatomachi his pick of Mr. Fisher's wardrobe (he's the third officer and a slick dresser) and they put him in the bridal suite (three rooms and private bath, costing \$500 each way), and he has a seat at the captain's table and free sponge-cake and champagne all the way over and back—all to keep him from being sore.

Say? I wonder sometimes do we seem as funny to the Japanese as they do to us?



A seat at the Captain's table and free sponge-cake

Drawn by G. E. Cooney

ART AT THE PITTSBURG INSTITUTE

By ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

THESE are difficulties in the way of showing the people of America what is being accomplished abroad in art. When the work of a foreign artist is selected for exhibition in the United States, the artist must await to its valuation before the resident American consul. On reaching these shores meretricious must be found to give bond for double the valuation. This bond is forfeited if the pictures are kept in the country longer than six months, unless an extension of time has previously been secured. In view of this condition, the international character of the eleventh annual exhibition of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh is really remarkable, and the director, Mr. Beatty, is to be congratulated. The comparative standing of the pictures can be far better judged when they are hung as they are in these galleries,

First, the Scotch animal-painter, whose two ghostly sketches certainly do not reveal his greatness, and Pissarro, whose large canvas by no means does him justice. Neither can it be said that Mauve, Mesdag, Boudin, or Zougel can be fully appreciated at this exhibition. The great Scotch painter, McTaggart, is shown only by a sketch, but it is a sketch so full of charms that one cannot quarrel with it. Not only is the color delightfully strong and original, but with a few strokes of the brush we are given the feeling of the figure in the round, the charm of childish contour in action. It is a remarkable picture.

Of American art an admirably complete idea is obtained, for there are few omissions of importance and almost every artist is seen at his best. Weir has done nothing better than his "Gray Gown." Wilcox has seldom if ever approached his "In Profile," and Mary Cassatt has given us a picture that is actually beautiful. The four Twarthmans reveal admirably his tender poetic interpretation of nature, the portraits by Cecilia French would be important say-bets, and the large group of Gari Melchers shows he is a powerful and sincere artist, which means far more than a mere clever handler of brush and pigment. The single landscape of Tyron hardly expresses him adequately, but it is easy to slip into the adjoining room where hangs the important permanent collection and see one of the greatest canvases he has ever painted, a picture so full of the spirit of outdoors, so lovely and tender in color, as to place him in the foremost rank of American landscape.

It has elsewhere been pointed out that there is injustice in forcing a comparison between a dead foreigner and living Americans. In this show at Pittsburgh the comparison is quite just, quite properly contemporary. While perhaps the very foremost niche is reached only by a couple of Frenchmen, yet no one can study the exhibition without being proud of the superb showing made by our American painters. The "Confidante" of the Frenchman Aman-Jean is a lovely bit of delicate and restful color, which, taken together with his large picture in the permanent collection, reveals him as an important artist of the decorative order. For this quality of decoration only Brunser, the Englishman, in his "Summer," and our Benson, with his "October," are comparable at all.

These men have not only color, but, what is too often overlooked in decorative work, they have rhythm of line. In a picture like Ballin's "Mother and Child," on the contrary, one sees, instead of dignity or grace of line, a mere fantastic jumble of design leading nowhere. There is a certain decorative quality in the work of the Englishman Brangwyn, but it has more of brutal strength than of pure decorative loveliness. But it is in his portrait that Aman-Jean is particularly delightful. Here we have really great color, an unaffected restful pose, mastery without bravura, a frame filled from end to end, lovely textures, and, more important than it is the taciturn to admit, an admirable, sympathetic likeness. Another great Frenchman, Bonnard, is well represented with an early picture of his family, full of life and color, strong and individual, and a portrait of Madam Bonnard, one of the most noteworthy portraits in an exhibition that contains many



"Portrait," by John W. Alexander

without regard to nationality. The visitor makes up his mind whether he likes or dislikes the picture before he has time to learn from the catalogue whether it be by a Frenchman, an Englishman, a Scotchman, or an American. Every picture stands or falls purely on its merits.

It is not so easy to single out the nationality of the artists as it might seem. It is easy to pick out those who are under the sway of certain methods or artistic ideals, but to do this is to break down race distinctions. It almost looks as if Whistler was right, after all. In weighing the importance of this exhibition there are of course two points to be considered. First: Are the representative artists of each country chosen? Second: Are the individual artists represented by their best pictures? Unquestionably, of the foreign countries France is most adequately represented. Although the superlative draughtsman Degas is absent, the point is run from the powerful realism of the great colored Rembrandt to the poetic delicacy of Aman-Jean, and while from Great Britain one regrets the absence of Suer, Tonks, and John, and the noble canvases of Will Rodenstein, yet an excellent idea is obtained of the many important currents of art outside of the Royal Academy. Several lines of German development are shown—the strong and interesting work of the Royal Akademische Kampf, the heavy strokes of Claus of Munich (somewhat à la Brangwyn), Fischer-Thurig of Dresden, Clarenbach of Düsseldorf, grave and big, and more than a dozen others. There are also pictures by some Norwegians, Belgians, Austrians, Italians, and Russians. Although several important Dutch painters are represented, their examples are not happily chosen.

On the whole, the average standard of the pictures is remarkably high. Among the few artists who are not shown at their best are



"Portrait of my Children," by Paul Bonnard

worthy of being called great.

I should think that only the fact that Lucien Simon had once before received the prize prevented him from carrying it off this year for his fine "Woman with a White Glove." Other important portraits are by Uman, Ivanovitch, Jastreboff, Henri, T. Austria, Brown, and Lambert. Currier's strong "Whistling Boy" makes one wish that he exhibited often. The only other picture of his that I remember was also a strong head, shown at the Comparative Exhibition. One wishes that Chase always lived up to the quality of his "Portrait of Mrs. V." The Englishman Greifenhagen shows a most distinguished portrait of his wife, George Henry, of the celebrated Glasgow school, should have received high honor for his exquisite and original "Chinese Kite."

The second prize, which was conferred on the Philadelphia painter, was well merited by his masterly portrait of Professor Miller. Three portraits of old women make an interesting study—that by Alexander is a delightful interpretation of sweet and gracious dignity, of the poetry and refinement of old age, painted with exquisite tenderness and charm; Thavenock's portrait of his mother, painted with superb sincerity and breadth, a woman old only in years, strong, erect, of indelible courage and splendid common sense; and—not the equal of either as a work of art—MacNominie's artificial, shrewd, worldly wise, overdressed old countess. The Sargent portrait of Mr. Philip's daughter is one of the few women he has painted which suggest that he was in sympathy with the subject. The big group of doctors hangs near by, but notwithstanding certain great qualities which it undoubtedly possesses, one feels that the figures are too small for the huge canvas, that there is restlessness in two of the academic poses, and that there is an absence, save in the portrait of Toler, of any real interpretative power.

There is one more portrait which must be noted—by Harry W. Coar, an Ohioan, living in New York, whose "Maiden" is held yet reserved, and while painted in a big way that overlooks details, yet carries with it a vital sense of the figure inside the gown. Altogether

the number of names that were new to me told of a refreshing determination on the part of the director to consider merit rather than name. Among these were Ericson, the director of the Buffalo Art School, who has one of the most poetic landscapes in the exhibition, and his predecessor Daffner, whose landscape is delightful, and whose "Repose of the Model" is one of the most satisfactory figure pieces shown; Caroline Stebbins, whose "Study" is a remarkable canvas; and Mary Foote, of New York, who shows an admirable portrait of Eliza Emmet—whose own work, by the way, is missed. One must not forget Charles Morris Young, nor Everett Warner, whose "Brooklyn Bridge in a Snow-storm" is one of the few absolutely satisfactory street scenes I know. Petersen's work seems to me to be growing better and better, and he is particularly happy at this exhibition; and Curmeyer's "Old Homes, Chelsea" is exquisitely painted, but of course of such pictures Casson is easily the master. Among the foreigners, Bredner and Fischer-Grieg, two Germans, are not so good as our men, but from



"Portrait," by Edmund Aman-Jean

Billette, the exquisite "Evening" with its lovely study of the fresh outdoor glow of Manilla, and the organic tones of the great Monet. It is pleasant also to remember that although there are many huge canvases in the nine galleries, yet in most of them there is a hominess of more than size; this is true particularly of Lavory's "Equestrian"; and one of the loveliest pictures of the entire exhibition is the exceedingly tiny "Forgiveness" of W. Lee Huxley, of London.

(Continued on page 655.)



Portrait of Prof. Miller,
by Thomas Eakins
Awarded First Prize



Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Guest, by John S. Sargent

another German, Sauters, from Baccaria, an Italian and Morrice, a Canadian, there are hints to be taken.

The highest honor of the exhibition has gone to a purple and yellow conception by La Touche. Only omniscience could ever fathom all the complicated ratiocination involved in prize-giving, yet this seems a case where sensationalism has been taken for courage, and may colors for "color"—a fairly great difference, as all who know will allow! La Touche's other canvas, a red and yellow riot, has been called, mistakenly, I think, imaginative. I cannot see how the mere substitution of monkeys for human drivers centers this delightful quality.

It is a relief to turn from these pictures and breathe the beauty of the grave, an

ne landscapes of the lovely made by Monnet, and the organic tones of the great Monet. It is pleasant also to remember that although there are many huge canvases in the nine galleries, yet in most of them there is a hominess of more than size; this is true particularly of Lavory's "Equestrian"; and one of the loveliest pictures of the entire exhibition is the exceedingly tiny "Forgiveness" of W. Lee Huxley, of London.



THE WANING THEATRICAL SEASON

110 李秋生、王月、田家明、李国成、杨世、王天、李国成

Art at the Pittsburg Institute

(Continued from page 613.)

Since the show will remain open until the middle of June, there will be time for at least the fortunate citizens of Pittsburg to visit it again and again, to grow to know intimately such pictures as really represent time to appreciate. Such a picture, for instance, as "The Letter," by Dewing, whose subtle art has never been so great to greater advantage. There will be time to delight in the lyric sunlight of Metcalf's "Coke and the Revolver," or to respond to his perfect "Silver Silence," a really great moonlight, neither sardonic nor spectacular. Time to dream before the poetry of Meichen, or Jonas Lie's ghostly town seen through the fog; to enter into the strange charm of Ludwig Dill's sad greens and grays, his personal statement of nature; to thrill before the big feeling in Verne's portrait of his wife; to wonder before Hildebrandt's "East" that the same hand could paint the rollicking Partisan cooler of a couple of years ago, or the burly building of this year, to absorb surely all the big humanity of Jerome Myers, who paints as no one else the heavy load of childhood drooping on its staid life neck, who paints into the shoulders of his men and women the burdens that they carry, who paints with a mind behind his hand.

It is somewhat humiliating for a New Yorker to admit that at the moment there is a distinct advantage in being a citizen of Pittsburg.

From Uncle Sam's Military Ledger

A STRIKING picture of the daily activities of the men of the United States army is presented in General Order No. 68, just issued by the War Department at Washington. In the order one finds enumerated with great care the sums of money appropriated to meet the expenses of Uncle Sam's family of fighting soldiers up to June 30, 1906. Great expenditures and small, though important, details are set forth with particular care. On page 7 we find that \$250,000,000 will be spent in buying submarine mines and material for closing the channels leading to our harbors and coasts, while \$175,000,000 is to provide for the procurement of one torpedo bomber for use on the Pacific Coast." Then follow:

- "For construction of seacoast batteries in the Hawaiian Islands, \$200,000.
- "For construction of seacoast batteries in the Philippine Islands, \$300,000."

In the section devoted to the Military Academy we find that the pay of the chaplains and the pay of the master of the academy are the same—\$2000. And here are some interesting items:

- "For pay of engineer of steam, electric, and refrigerating apparatus for the cadets' mess, \$1190.
- "For pay of janitor for bachelor officers' quarters, to be selected and appointed by the Superintendent, \$600."
- "For pay of one janitress, Memorial Hall, \$900."
- "For pay of one civilian plumber, \$1500."
- "For pay of assistant plumber, \$900."
- "For pay of one plumber's helper, \$600."
- "For compensation of chapel organist, \$300."

Consideration of these facts forces the unprejudiced observer to reflect that so far as mere profit is concerned it is much more profitable to play upon the desire than the the intellect; also that the more the number of syllables denoting the honorarium they decrease the dollars. Still, there are compensations. The plumber merely "has a job," while the organist undoubtedly "discharges with distinction the duties of an exalted position."

Nothing is too tiny to compensate enormous. Witness the following:

- "For purchase of reeds, pads, strings, and other materials necessary for brass, wood, wind, and string instruments; for purchase of music-stands and other equipments; for purchase of music for military band and orchestra, and for extra parts: all to be purchased in open market on order of superintendent, \$2300."

And what in the world can this mean? "For the purchase of one dough-dividing machine for the bakery of the cadet mess, to be immediately available and to be expended without advertising, \$1000."

Then we leap in an instant to the duties of our fathers:

"CLAIMS FOR PROPERTY TAKEN FROM CONFEDERATE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS AFTER A SURRENDER. For payment of claims filed with the Quartermaster-General, under Act of February 27, 1902, and amendments thereto, for horses, saddles, and bridles, taken from Confederate soldiers in violation of terms of surrender, \$40,000."

Then we leap in an instant to the duties of to-day:

"For the destruction of a dangerous ice gorge in the Missouri River, near Vermillion, South Dakota, under the direction of the Secretary of War, \$1000."

Is all most interesting booklet to those who would know how our soldier boys live, and what they are doing in these piping times of peace.

Quits

JUDGE CARROLL BENNETT, for many years Judge of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, who is a resident of Franklin made his home at Upper Main Street. Next to the Judge's yard was a livery-stable. In the capital city, as in most small cities, the liverymen did not have room to house all of the conveyances of their customers, especially on big days, and the buggies, carriages, etc., were lined up in the streets, close to the curbing.

This was very annoying to Judge Bennett, and he decided to try to break up the practice. His first appeal to the liverymen, then to the newspapers, and finally to the city authorities, but the custom was too firmly planted in the city, and his efforts were all in vain.

One day Judge Bennett was walking downtown and was greeted by a friend, a prominent member of the Franklin County bar.

"Judge, how did you come out on your fight against the liverymen; did you win out or not?"

"Well," said Judge Bennett, "we compromised the matter, yes, we compromised it. I am mighty glad to hear that, Judge, and if it's no secret, I would like to know the terms of the compromise."

"It's no secret at all, no secret; I merely agreed to quit grumbling, complaining, and kicking, and they agreed not to put any of their vehicles in my park."

How About the Employer?

HOME-OWNER. "What proof have I that you managed your late employer's car satisfactorily?"

CHAUFFEUR. "Why, I've alive, ain't I?"

Leadership of the United States in Automobile Construction

It has been nine years since the experiments of self-propelled road vehicles first succeeded, and now there are more than 350,000 motor cars in use. These machines cost for more than a billion dollars.

France, the pioneer, led the world in the production of the motor vehicle until a year ago. Now the United States has taken the lead.

In 1901 the United States built only 314 cars, and during that same year France built 23,711. In 1906 the United States built 60,000 automobiles; France, 55,000; England, 32,000; Germany, 22,000; Italy, 19,000; and Belgium, 12,000.

The increasing popularity of motor-cars in the United States and in countries with commercial relations with France during the present year, greatly augment the lead which the American built car now commands.

PURE AT THE SOURCE.

Most of the chief articles of food in the sick-room and hospital every physician should have at hand, and from the source of supply he can obtain in any form. It is not often, however, that he can obtain as sanitary milk. Rogers' Patent Condensed Milk, the original and best, is made from only healthy and approved milk every day.

THE METALLURGICAL FAMILY LINIMENT—BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD FAVORITE. It cures a little.

USE BROWN'S Chamberlain, Sore Throat, Cough Syrup for the Cough. Directions. 25 cents per Jar.

Former U. S. Senator JOHN F. DRYDEN has returned to Newark, fully recovered from the illness which prompted him to withdraw from the Senatorial contest, and has actively resumed business relations. When asked for an expression of opinion as to the effect of radical insurance legislation enacted by the different States during the past few months, Senator Dryden said:

"There has been a much new legislation upon the subject of life insurance, and many important measures have been passed, while many others are still pending. While it is too early to forecast the future effect of these laws, the practical one will be relied upon to meet the situation in a spirit of the utmost fairness. Not only has the company always done what it was legally required to do, but it has gone far beyond the mere letter of the law, and in the most liberal spirit has extended to the policy-holders the privileges and advantages of one concession after another. In other words, the company has always tried to do more than the law required, and it may be relied upon to continue so to do. In its final analysis, the practical one will be a declaration of a broad and generous principle of administration, and in the execution of details a successful company must necessarily be governed by a higher law than a statute—a moral obligation which calls for the most liberal treatment of the insured compatible with safety."

"In pursuance of this policy, it has been my pleasure to sign an order in conformity with a resolution passed by the Board of Directors of The Prudential Insurance Company granting concessions this year to Industrial policy-holders in The Prudential who have attained the age of 75 years which will result in relieving holders of a great many thousands of dollars from the payment of any further premiums, costing the company over \$750,000, and a continuance of this policy during the next ten years, it is estimated, over three and one-quarter millions of dollars. These concessions, I understand, will affect proportionately more policy-holders than a similar concession in any other life insurance company. Other voluntary concessions in the form of increased benefits, cash and monetary dividends, more liberal paid-up policies, etc., not called for by law or contract, have been made aggregating over eight million dollars, and this large amount will be necessarily greatly added to in the future."—[Ed.]

ADVERTISEMENTS

FRIENDS, HELP

St. Paul Park Incident.

"After drinking coffee for breakfast I always felt languid and dull, having no ambition to get up my morning studies. Then I began to use, or so, a weak, nervous derangement of the heart and stomach would come over me with such force I would frequently have to be down."

"At other times I had severe headaches; soon I actually became affected, and diagnosed as such I feared that I had serious chronic dyspepsia and constipation. A lady, for many years State President of the W. C. T. U., told me she had been greatly benefited by putting coffee and wine Postum Food Coffee. This was tried for years with success. She said it was no more to spit coffee when she found she could have as delicious an article as Postum."

"Another lady, who had been troubled with chronic dyspepsia for years, found immediate relief on ceasing coffee and beginning Postum twice a day. She was wholly cured. Still another friend told me that Postum Food Coffee was a godsend to her, her heart trouble having been relieved after leaving off coffee and taking on Postum."

"So many such cases come to my notice that I concluded coffee was the cause of my trouble, and I quit and took up Postum. I am more than pleased to say that my days of trouble have disappeared. I am well and happy."—[The Rev. Dr. F. H. "The Road to Wellville," in play.]

THE AMERICAN INVASION OF THE CONGO

(Continued from page 644.)

mendous initial difficulties against which they had to contend, the Belgians have done wonders on the Congo, still they themselves admit that very great improvement is possible, and much remains to be done. The Americans expect specifically to address themselves to the improvement of the healthfulness of the white residents, the comfort, easiness, and efficiency of the blacks, and to the development of an increase in the output of commodities by the use of modern machinery and up-to-date mechanical processes. These three points are important enough for definite illustration.

The healthfulness of the whites is of fundamental importance. In the early stages of the exploitation of the Congo it was unavoidably necessary for the whites to reside temporarily, and often permanently, in extremely undesirable places. At first they were confined to the unhealthy Atlantic littoral. Then they had to work along the low and often marshy banks of the inland rivers. The peculiar geological character of the Congo Basin, however, makes it easily possible to reach a high plateau only a few miles from the river's banks in almost every district, generally free from mosquitoes and other malarial conditions. It is practicable to locate stations on these plateaus with a fringe of forest between them and the river. Roads may be constructed down to the navigable rivers, and communications and transportation to the water's edge be effected by automobiles, and traction-engines for heavy transport. As the natives can work along the rivers in good health, their services may be utilized for work which must be done in the lower localities, and these higher regions may be used for administration centres. The inability in the past to conform to these principles has resulted in much loss to the Congo, due to abandoned stations, but the Americans expect to profit by these lessons of experience from the start. In the location of the stations of the company full consideration will be paid in each case to this matter of healthfulness as well as of proximity to navigable streams or rail communications, to the accessibility to fuel, timber, drinking-water, fertile soil, intrinsic resources, both vegetable and mineral, friendly natives—in a word, in every requisite for ultimate success.

From personal experience over many years, the writer knows of no undeveloped country more likely to afford all these requisites than certain parts of the Congo valley.

The comfort and contentment of the natives are essential to any permanent scheme of occupation. The American concern-somnolence expect to make this feature of their work a specialty. The writer's observation has shown him that one condition especially, arising from changes due to the advent of the whites, has done much to complicate the question of native labor, and this condition is easily subject to complete remedy. It has often been necessary for the whites to build up establishments at points remote from native centres of population where food for the native employees is procurable with great difficulty. For example, a railroad camp or a streamboat port must often be established at places where native towns may be far away. A very large number of native employees must be concentrated there, consequently there is often much real hardship on account of the insufficiency of fresh food. At the same time a crop of corn, potatoes, and other vegetables, can generally be raised in an extremely short time, if adequate measures to that effect are taken. Neglect in this respect has been one of the most culpable of the white man's shortcomings

in his dealings with his black allies. The Americans expect to plant as soon as they begin to pitch their tents, and to make every provision by careful foresight for all the needs of the Africans in their employ. When this is done, the natives will work both cheerfully and efficiently, and their services will be of very great value in the development of their country. The oft-repeated statement that the Africans cannot be made to work except by force, the writer denounces as absolutely false, and backs up his assertion with the whole of his twelve years' experience in dealing with the most savage of all African tribes in the most remote part of the continent. It is only necessary in this connection to cite the fact that the crews, pilots, engineers, conductors, and brake men on the Congo railroads and streamboats are almost entirely black men who were the wildest savages ten years ago.

In reference to the building of industrial enterprises for permanent investment in the Congo, it is to be said that the American empire-builders who have undertaken this work are the men who have carried out the most colossal undertakings on the American continent, and are probably more competent to transform the wilderness of Central Africa than any similar number of men anywhere else in the world. The development of rapid steamboat service, of the cable, telegraph, and telephone, of stable international, commercial, and banking organization, renders it comparatively easy to administer an enterprise of this kind even so remote from its base. Highly trained experts and technicians will be used for work in the field, and all the results of the wonderful growth in effective modern business methods will be applied to the great opportunity presented by the lavish hand of Nature.

If any doubts should be expressed as to the political stability of the country in which these investments are projected, it is to be remarked that the European powers occupying Africa afford as reliable governmental security as those South-American governments which guarantee the safety of European capital there. To be plain on this point, we have as much right to expect and demand a guarantee of the safety of our investments in Africa as our European neighbors have to look to us for protection of their South-American interests.

The ascription of mean and sordid motives, of cruel and unscrupulous methods, to the great empire-builders of the world has become so common in a certain class of cheap, justified writing to-day, that the public at large often judges these men unfairly. If the writer is able to fathom their minds at all, that which is uppermost in the motives of the men in these enterprises is to enjoy the pleasure of doing a great work in an efficient way. It is the stern delight of doing the task worthy of one's mettle. It is akin in kind to the mental attitude in which Solomon builded the Temple, Ramses constructed the Pyramids, Cesar scaled the Alps, Michael Angelo designed St. Peter's, Columbus crossed the Atlantic, and Washington founded the great republic.

What the future may hold for these enterprises in the Dark Continent only the future itself can tell, but it is certain that no foreign enterprise emanating from this country has yet been launched across the seas more fraught with great possibilities, more opposed by great difficulties, and at the same time more powerfully supported by a mighty combination of capital and a great array of efficient men. Actual operations are to commence this spring, and it is probable that the history of the movement will be watched with no little interest on both sides of the Atlantic.

A GENTLE TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF JEFFERSON DAVIS



WHEN THE CASE CONTAINING THE NEW STATUE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS REACHED REBUDS FOR ENLARGEMENT, IT WAS DRAPED WITH FLAG AND BENTON AND DRAWN THROUGH THE STREETS TO ITS FESTIVAL BY MORE THAN A THOUSAND CHILDREN

Moving-Pictures to Allure Recruits

THE Navy Department has experienced so much difficulty in securing the enlistment of desirable men for the navy, that schemes to draw the service in its most attractive form have been resorted to. During the winter months a recruiting ship touched the South-Atlantic ports, and even went to ten seaward oceans which could be reached with the vessel, to illustrate the life of the sailor aboard. A more recent idea as an incentive is about to be introduced, and consists of an exhibition of naval scenes by means of moving pictures.

As many as ten thousand feet of biograph films have been made from a large number of pictures, taken on board the ships of the Atlantic fleet while at Guantanamo, Cuba, and some fifty subjects dealing with the life of the blue-jacket will be illustrated.

It is contemplated to send the biographs with travelling recruiting parties, accompanied by electricians to operate the machines, throughout the interior middle West, and give exhibitions in connection with lectures to be delivered as a means of advertising the advantages of enlistment in the navy, and disseminating information concerning the naval service.

Strange

LITTLE FRANK. "Mamma, please tell me how father got to know you."

MOTHER. "One day I fell into the deep river, and your father jumped in and saved me."

LITTLE FRANK. "Well, that's funny; he won't let me learn how to swim."

Hobson's Choice

A LAWYER who had some business to attend to in a small Virginia town, not long ago, tells of an amusing case which he witnessed tried. A negro was charged with stealing a hog. The actual merit of the evidence of the dozen or so witnesses amounted to half of them rather thinking that he had stolen the meat, and the other half sort of having an idea that he hadn't. The old judge waved them aside impatiently, lighted his corn-cob pipe, and addressed the prisoner.

"Look here, now," he demanded. "Did you steal that hog, or didn't you?"

The negro furnished his word hat and rolled his eyes.

"En' Gord, Mars Henry?" he said, earnestly. "ah neither stole dat hog, but—as a disbeliever frozen gathered on the judge's bench—" of yer kinder thinks ah done stole him, Mars Henry, an' gwine give me six months lob lyle, lack yo' done befo', ah realize he 'bout hit me 'less ah did steal hit, 'an' got two months for stealin' de hog ah didn't stole—ah ah pleads guilty, sah!"

River-side Repartee

THE hose fisherman was having miserable luck, and the presence of a small boy did not contribute to his amiability. The youngster seemed greatly interested in the man angling in struggling form on a hook.

"What yer fishin' fer?" inquired the boy.

"Sardines," retorted the fisherman, testily.

"Huh!" grunted the youngster, edging away. "That crooked thing on the end of yer line wouldn't take no prize in a run-spike contest."

Substitutes

"We haven't any deviled eggs, sir," said the waiter. "I can offer you some very nice deviled eggs."

"I might! I presume if you were out of marketable soup you'd suggest some very nice marketable soups?" retorted the diner.

"Yes, sir," answered the waiter, calmly. "At least I would suggest that you give them a mock trial."

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ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Important to see that it is Abbott's.

THE BACKSLIDING OF PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from page 631.)

bered the brutal treatment of the prisoners; how young and unfortunate girls were packed and jammed into ill-ventilated, rocking cells and made to stand on their feet for an entire night with breaded and hardened women, negroes, keepers of dives, and other degraded creatures. The sixth floor of City Hall sounded with sobbing; daughters of respectable families, caught in the drug-nets, were disgraced for life. The places raised were not brotherly, but questionable lodging-houses. Women dressed in silk, lace, and fur—a number society women—were caught and herded like sheep in cells with notorious women.

If the City Party had selected a crook it would be in power to-day—if it had selected a man representing a happy medium it might have won despite the personality of Mr. Stuart and the influence of the sentiment at Washington; but they chose otherwise—and lost. In selecting Gibbons the leaders forgot that although Philadelphia, personally and individually virtuous, insists on having candy-stores and milk-shops closed on the Sabbath, it refuses to submit to municipal rectitude during the six days of the week. They forgot that although Philadelphia goes to church on Sunday, unless violently aroused it stays at home on election day, and does not go out to vote; that while it gleefully glories on unfortunate women penned in police-station cells, it folds its hands unemotionally and serenely smiles at civic impurity. Because of Mr. Gibbons, Philadelphia at the election last November went to the polls and voted for Mr. Stuart and Mr. Rotan.

In the mean time the Organization had been busy "purifying" itself, whatever that might have meant. Senator Penrose was wisely kept away from the city. Durham continued to recuperate in the West, and a new City Council Committee was elected. The position promised to be good, and many persons became convinced despite the open fact that McNichol, in Durham's absence, was quietly marshalling the Machine men into order. McNichol was wary. He knew that people get tired of well-doing, and, keeping in the background, bided his time. Last summer I saw him in his cottage in Atlantic City, and asked him about his suits against the city. He leaned over a rocking-chair, his small eyes screwed up, and bawled: "If I had the choice of getting ninety-nine cents on the dollar for our work on a compromise with the city, I wouldn't take it."

Late into the night of the election day of last November the City Party leaders sat in the party headquarters on Walnut Street and listened to the election returns coming in. To their dismay they saw ward after ward in the city rolling in majorities for Stuart for Governor, and Rotan for District Attorney. With set faces they sat and listened, hoping that the returns would change. In sadness they parted only after the morning had come. Reform had been defeated. Stuart was elected Governor by a majority of 70,000 in the State; Emery had lost, polling 30,000 less than the State had given the Democrat, Berry, for Treasurer a year before; in Philadelphia Stuart polled a majority of 30,000 more than he was defeated by a vote of 30,000; the Organization, over the election of the previous year, gained 40,000 ballots—and that despite the fact that 70,000 names of dead men, children, dogs and cats, which had been voted a year or so before, had been stricken from the November lists.

Defeat brought the City Party leaders to the realization of their monumental blunder in downing Weaver. They realized that his popularity through the State was not to be destroyed by one blow of newspaper attack. Among themselves they understood that if they had continued to "push, urge, and entreat" Weaver to pursue the path of righteousness—and had put him up for Governor, reform would undoubtedly have won. On November 13 the party deemed it necessary to appoint a committee of nine "to weed out traitors." The leaders found a statement that they would continue their fight for civic righteousness, and at the next February mayoralty contest, which would be free of national or State issues, would put this question to the people—"Will you or will you not go back to the conditions that existed before the City Party was formed?"

Among the people the conviction spread that the City Party cause was lost; it also became generally felt that the Republican Organization intended to forsake the evil of its ways. Naturally apathetic Philadelphia's fever for reform passed; Councilmen, City Party leaders, place-holders, all fled back to the machine as if seven-league boots carried them. McNichol openly took charge of things; Durham sneaked to the city. Within a week the City Party dissatisfaction began to manifest itself, and there were petty plots and counterplots. The people lost interest and confidence in the independent movement. The nomination for Mayor revolved about Rudolph Blankensborg, for thirty years a valiant reformer, and William Potter, who once toured the State and spoke for Quay. Blankensborg who advocated the nomination for Potter fought against the supporters of Mr. Blankensborg, and how City Party leaders before their November defeat endeavored to sell out to the Organization, was exposed in a statement made public by Mr. Blankensborg after the election of last February.

Mr. Blankensborg, to the amazement of the people, declared that certain well-known reformers held a conference with Senator McNichol on a Sunday preceding an election of the presidents of Councils to effect a compromise on Mr. Crothers and Mr. Armstrong, City Party candidates. He said the meeting was arranged by Riley Penrose. He also declared that, during the gubernatorial campaign, Albert E. Turner sought an interview with Penrose and McNichol to offer the forces behind Weaver and Shover if the Organization would accept their candidate for Mayor. Mr. Blankensborg stated that his candidacy was fought with unusual bitterness, that all the City Party and independent reformers were urged to join him for Potter, and that W. W. Justice, chairman of the Finance Committee of the City Party, sent a special delivery letter to him

stating that contributors to the City Party had refused to do any thing until assured that William Potter was nominated, and asking him whether he cared to finance the campaign. Mr. Blankensborg said he was informed that Potter was chosen because it was of his association his family had promised to underwrite a campaign fund of \$100,000.

Mr. Blankensborg, the logical candidate for Mayor, was allowed out. Before the primaries the state-makers put Mr. Potter's name before the people in the type of Philadelphia's ordinary respectability. The leaders, in their choice, again forgot that Philadelphia, eminently respectable itself, has shown a preference for Tenderloin language and garbage contractors for public offices.

For Mayor the Republican Organization put up Congressman John E. Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds is thirty-two years of age, and has been in politics since he was twenty-five. A respectable man, a good father, member of a church, yet an easy-going man, one not to be feared, who could be trusted to go along unswervingly with the Organization, Mr. Reynolds was elected Mayor last February by a majority of 33,024. A Machine receiver of taxes and four quadrants of votes. It was the quietest election they ever conducted.

"I had hoped Philadelphia would cast out the corrupt leadership that dominated the Republican and Democratic parties in the city for their own selfish purposes," declared Mr. Potter after the election, "but the people have indicated that they prefer party regularity to honest government."

"We have made a game fight and did what we thought was our duty," said Mr. Lewis, chairman of the City Party. "But since we see that the great majority of the voters of Philadelphia prefer to be ruled by the present leaders of the Republican party, we will as though we never done our duty and have no apology to offer."

Mr. Reynolds came to Philadelphia from Washington a few days before taking the oath of office. He held daily conferences with Durham, McNichol, Lane, State Senator Charles L. Brown, and other old leaders. At their direction he made his appointments, and Philadelphia realized that his promise of an unbiased administration was "a sound in words." Since then the old order of things has come in with a swing—"Durham's in the saddle again," is the word passed throughout the city.

At the organization of Councils on the day of the Mayor's inauguration, George McCurdy, a henchman of McNichol, was elected president of Common Council, and James M. Hazlett, a representative of garbage-contractor Isaac Varn, of Select Council. At the first meeting after the inauguration the appointments to the committees were announced. Of the twenty-nine City Party members in both branches not one was named on an important committee. The only City Party member named was on the Soldiers' Monuments Committee, fourteen to the Boiler Inspection, ten to To Compare Bills, fourteen To Verify Cash Accounts, and thirteen on Election Divisions. Former City Party President Armstrong and Crothers were put on the same committees to which they assigned Organization members one year before. This was the turning of Fate.

Mr. McCurdy, after his election as president, declared that he intends to introduce an ordinance providing for the widening of the proposed boulevard from Logan Square to Fairmount Park. The extension of the avenue will reach over to Senator McNichol's white mansion and give him the corner site. Mayor Reynolds announced that he favored the plan. It is said the Mayor contemplates the reappointment of John W. Hill, who was discharged by Mayor Weaver as head of the Filtration Bureau after an expense showing how he schemed to have surplus money "eaten up." Charles P. Donnelly, Democratic State Commissioner, who helped the Organization in the gubernatorial fight, has been appointed County Commissioner. In the Police Department have been significant changes. Reappointments have been in order: "Tim" O'Leary who is the former hey-day of Machine domination is said to have carried on a profitable scheme selling assignments to disorderly houses, has been appointed to the detective department; former Police-Captain David McCoach, former Police-Lieutenants "Pal" Richards, John Lynch, and John Milburn, are selected for promotions and reward.

The Police Department, which was taken out of politics and reached a higher standing than ever before under Superintendent Martin G. Brumbaugh, has been "investigated" by a committee appointed by the Legislature at Harrisburg, with the purpose of discrediting City Party men on the Board of Education, and again securing the School System as a rallying-point for the reform Gang.

The other evening I saw a group of men, dressed in suits, on Broad Street. A party of half-dozen politicians and ward bosses stopped at the door of the Young Republican Club. One of them looked up to City Hall tower, where, standing above an ivy-covered corner of the Bank, the figure of William Penn could be dimly seen against the moonlight sky and said: "I have been waiting for this."

"Hail, hail," the fellow began, skipping another of the part on the back vigorously. And, as if unable to contain their mouth exultation, they broke into the infamous song which proclaimed Gang rule for forty years—

Hail, hail, the Gang's all here!

What the hell do we care.

What the hell do we care.

Hail, hail, the Gang's all here!

As I looked at the great governmental house blocking the bend above before me, I realized that again in Philadelphia the old Machine is in power—that the Gang is all there.

Chihuahua Dogs Becoming Extinct

CONSUL-GENERAL A. L. M. GOTTSCHEALK, of Mexico City, is responding to numerous inquiries from persons in the United States in regard to the preservation of Chihuahua dogs, says:

The Chihuahua dog, which as late as twenty-five years ago was quite commonly to be found in Mexico, is a curious little creature, popularly supposed to be a cross-breed between the prairie dog and the jack-rabbit. The animal resembles a small dog, whose weight is sometimes not over 1½ pounds, with a disproportionately large head, bulging eyes, and long ears. The hair is usually sandy, showing the pink skin underneath, or of the marks is said to be an unbroken oval fissure, through which the brain can be felt throbbing underneath the skin. These little animals are particularly destructive, and are constantly scratching at things with their long claws. They are quite susceptible of taming. If taken young, and in numerous instances the breed has been domesticated, although they seldom show the usual dog traits of sagacious and intelligent attachment.

Unfortunately within the last twenty-five years the breed has become so largely mixed with small dogs of various mongrel types that it is now a most difficult thing to find a Mexican example of the true breed. Such are sold occasionally at prices ranging from 200 Mexican pesos (\$20.00 United States currency) upward. Even in Chihuahua these dogs are very rare. A few recent specimens sold in this city are said to have been specimens of the true breed.

Shop Talk

DRESSMAKER: "Dear me! Mrs. de Style writes that she cannot pay her bill just now."

FRIEND: "How's that?"

DRESSMAKER: "It seems that some stock her husband bought is moist-d."

A Reasonable Excuse

THERE is a young lawyer of New York who is not, but who yearns to be, a sportsman, and avails himself of every opportunity to go hunting, fishing, or yachting. One day last winter he, with a friend, were after ducks, following the somewhat original method of tramping along a river-bank, expecting to find them swimming in the stream.

Presently, with an exclamation of delight and a word of caution to his friend, the lawyer began to creep forward, and a few moments later his amicable design was blazed like a gnat. From a tiny short distance away arose a wretched hunter.

"Hi, there, you consummate idiot!" he roared, "don't you know a wooden decoy when you see one?"

His excitement somewhat abated, the lawyer looked again—a dozen shattered decoys floated upon the stream.

"Well—yes, you know," he protested, feebly, "you can't altogether blame a fellow; even the wild ducks make mistakes about them, you know!"

In Need of a Pilot

PRACTISING before the Federal courts for the southern district of New York are two classes of attorneys who hang themselves respectively with bankruptcies and admiralty, two widely divergent branches of the law.

A noted admiralty practitioner appeared before Judge Hough to argue a motion for the discharge of a bankrupt.

"It seems strange," said the judge, "to see a maritime lawyer representing a bankrupt."

"Not at all," replied the witty advocate; "my home will explain over the record in this case, you will find that so far as his finances are concerned, my client is entirely at sea."

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The Greatest War-ships in the World

CONGRESS at the last session authorized the construction of two 20,000-ton battleships. The details of the plans and specifications are not given to the public, but it is known that they will be twin vessels, more formidable than the British *Dreadnought*, and with a speed of twenty-one knots. When Congress only asked for the submission of plans for a ship superior to the *Broad*, though, the Navy Department considered the new Japanese and British monsters as well.

It is certain that the twin ships will each carry ten, and possibly twelve, 12-inch guns, and a second battery of fourteen 5-inch rapid fire guns, four 3-pound saluting guns, four 1-pound semi-automatic guns, two 3-inch field pieces, two thirty-caliber machine guns, and two submerged torpedo tubes.

The size of the battle-ships, approved by the Navy Department in plans submitted to Congress, was as follows: Length on keel, water-line, 510 feet; extreme beam, 83 feet 2½ inches; displacement on trial, not more than 20,000 tons; total coal-bunker capacity, 2350 tons; speed on trial, 21 knots.

According to the plans the hull armor is to be a waterline belt eight feet in width, and a maximum thickness of eleven inches, the giving effective protection to the boiler machinery, and the magazine. It will also give reasonable assurance of stability in proposed type of ship carrying a high center of gravity.

It is provided in the plans that the side above the main armor belt will be protected by armor 7 feet 2 inches in width, with a maximum thickness of ten inches. Above the main armor belt the side is to be protected by 5-inch armor, protecting the main battery, and the hull structure. Protective decks and bulkheads are important features of the protective design of the ship.

The exact arrangement of the turret is not known, but it is claimed that the new ship will have greater offensive qualities than the battleships now in use so far as broadside firing is concerned. The arrangement of the main battery guns is such as to permit a broadside fire exceeding that of any battleship now built by more than twenty per cent; the excess of broadside-fire over any ship now under construction is at least twenty-five per cent. The average elevation of the guns, as contemplated, is much greater than that of any other battleship, and this gives a distinct advantage under all conditions of weather in long range firing.

These ships are to be completed by July 1, 1910. The present initiative of the Navy Department is for them to be built by private contractors, and bids for their construction will be opened June 20, and the contract will be let July 1 if any bids are accepted. In the mean time the plans and specifications are being carefully studied by government experts at both the Norfolk and Boston navy-yards, and estimates on the cost of construction will be compared with the bids of private contractors. No doubt that the plans submitted by the government experts will largely influence the acceptance or rejection of bids by private shipbuilders. The government is determined that fighters shall be built at the earliest date possible, and the known ability of a bidder to comply with the terms of the contract, as to time as well as construction, will no doubt figure to an extent in the awarding of contracts.

A little inside history relating to the authorization of these two vessels by Congress has just come to light. In June, 1906, Congress asked the Navy Department to submit plans for the ships. The plans were prepared and sent to the Senate during the opening day of the last session. They were sent up sealed and marked confidential and when they were returned to the department the seal had not been broken. The action, it now develops, caused no little friction between the Secretary of the Navy and Senator Hale, the chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs. At the time the construction of these ships was under discussion Senator Hale was vigorously clamored with intentions to prevent their authorization for at least another year. All is now harmony, and the monsters will be built at schedule time.



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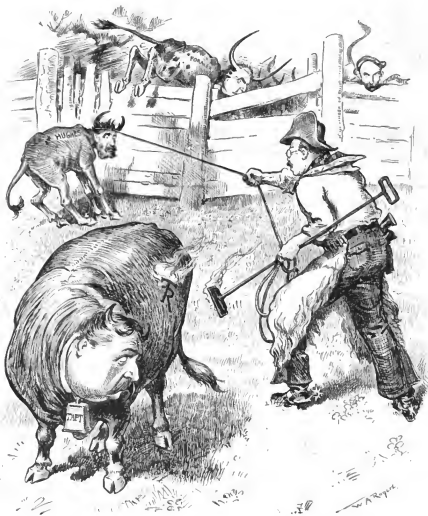
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THIRTY-SIX PAGES
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ROOSEVELT AND BRYAN

We make no apology for printing herewith an abundance of press comments upon a speech delivered recently at a dinner celebration in this city. The expressions, favorable and unfavorable, gathered from all sections of the country, constitute a remarkable portrayal of a state of mind precisely analogous to, and confirmatory of, that depicted in the address referred to. Thoughtful men, students of history, intelligent observers, regard our present political situation with grave apprehension but in silence, while the great mass of the people prostrate themselves before the idol which they have conjured up in their imaginations, without perceiving the feet of clay.

There is no occasion to reply to the many animadversions passed upon the utterances contained in that speech. They bear no refutation of argument; they recognize no necessity of reasoning in the presence of obvious peril; they merely, in varying degrees, impugn motives and point a warning of the dangers attending the espousal of an unpopular cause, heedless of the consideration that the probable consequences of such lack of general favor had already been frankly conceded and as freely accepted.

What, then, is the situation portending evil days? In a broad sense it is the abdication of the people. "Each party," declares the sober New York Times in a leading article, "appears to have a perpetual candidate. It can hardly be doubted that if the President should get another term, the tide of 'Roosevelt talk' would rise about as high four years hence as it has risen now. The minds of the people appear to be shut, also their eyes and ears. They are thinking about nobody but Mr. ROOSEVELT and Mr. BRYAN. They will listen to the mention of no other names, they see no other possible candidate. A man from Mars would conclude there were but two great living Americans." A more succinct statement could not be desired. Not that there need be anticipation that the minds and eyes and ears of the people will remain forever shut; far from it; the fear is that the opening will be so rude as to encounter fearful consequences.

Premonitory prophecy does not afford agreeable recreation; easy assurance that all will come right somehow is vastly more comfortable; but when for reasons that seem impressive one is filled with a sense of foreboding, it may be the part of duty to speak out, in the hope of averting some portion of possible disaster. The country is now swinging along in a happy-go-lucky manner under a momentum preciously acquired, and

so it may continue for some time. So it did continue to the very end of the JACKSON administration. But the present basis is false, and the end must come as surely as the sun sets. Our national life has become artificial to a degree; public and personal extravagance is woful to contemplate; all prizes for the necessities as well as the luxuries of existence, for labor, for capital, for every component part of the foundation of true and safe living, are unprecedentedly and abnormally high; the confidence upon which the permanence of prosperity absolutely depends is seriously impaired—and eighteen months before election day we are actually engaged in an exciting national campaign, with every prospect of "four years more" of unrest and turmoil.

It is possible that the sober sense of the country may be aroused before November, 1908, but even so the awakening may come too late. Hitherto prudence has found an avenue of expression in our national elections. If a BLAINE promised jingoism, there was a sober CLEVELAND as an alternative; if a BRYAN threatened confusion, there was a safe and sane McKIMLEY. For the first time in the history of the nation no opportunity for choosing now exists or promises to arise. Unless a remarkable change be wrought within the next twelve months, the sole discrimination to be made at the next election will lie between virtual anarchy and ignorant quackery, surcharged in about equal measure with possibilities of harm.

We need not deceive ourselves continually. Already Mr. ROOSEVELT is confiding to his intimates that the demand that he violate an established tradition of the country and incidentally break his personal pledge is giving him "many anxious moments"; moreover, none knows better than he that, despite the alibi use of the branding-iron, no other living man except Mr. BRYAN can by any possible stretch of conviction stand for all of his "policies"; so what is most natural to expect, and what, as a matter of actual fact, do nine out of ten anticipate, except a renunciation? So, too, with Mr. BRYAN! Still coolly undetermined in mind respecting the advisability of his own candidacy, he even now defiantly forces each and all of his nostrums down the throat of his party, and threatens to "drive out" those who may rebel.

Resistance to either and especially to both of these popular politicians may and probably will be futile, but it is none the less the unmistakable duty of all sober citizens.

"Public officials," firmly declared THEODORE ROOSEVELT in his valiant essay on civil service reform, "should be condemned when they do ill; and attention should be called not only to what they do, but to what they fail to do. To an even greater extent, of course, this applies to the President."

To head the radical ticket we propose for President the Eminent Reformer of the Tariff and Civil Service, and for Vice-President the consistent Advocate of the old, original Jeffersonian Doctrine of the Initiative and Referendum:

ROOSEVELT AND BRYAN.

Secretary Taft's Candidacy

Apparently it may be assumed that Secretary TAFT is in the field, and that his friends are, with his authority, to do all in their power to secure for him the Republican nomination for President in 1908. Mr. Taft's visit to Cincinnati was primarily for the purpose of addressing the Yale associated club of the West. His speech was an excellent Yale document, and in it he told his friendly listeners of the peculiarity of Yale loyalty—a peculiarity that is common to the alumni of all American colleges. Mr. Taft said nothing about politics openly, but he and his brother CLEVELAND are reported to have had conferences with leading Republican politicians who do not belong to the Foxglove wing of the party. Senator FOXGLOVE professes to be certain of defeating Mr. Taft, and others,

as is usual, think differently. Men who are in a political contest are seldom foolish enough to admit that they cannot win, or that there is any doubt about the result. All this being true, it is evident that Mr. TART has turned his back on the ambition of his life—the ambition to be Chief Justice of the United States. This will not be altogether ill news to those who believe in the Federal government, in the maintenance of its dual sovereignty, dual rights and obligations, and dual loyalty. Mr. TART has become as great a centralizer as Mr. ROOSEVELT, and, as President, he would be as great a paternalist. But it is clear now that he will be President if he can be, and also it is clear that, nevertheless, he may yet be Chief Justice.

Roosevelt's Intrusion in Ohio

There is naturally much demoralization in Ohio politics, and this demoralization is irrespective of parties. The intrusion of Mr. ROOSEVELT into the Republican politics of the State does not need matters, and that he has intruded seems to be certain. It is bad for him, bad for Secretary TART, bad for Ohio, and bad for the country. We cannot truthfully say that it is bad for the Republican party of Ohio, because it is difficult, next to impossible, to spoil so bad a thing. It is said, and there is evidence to support the assertion, that Mr. ROOSEVELT has determined to employ the Federal patronage to secure for his friend Secretary TART the Republican nomination for President in 1908. Also involved in the struggle are the political fortunes of Mr. BRYAN, now Representative in Congress of the Cleveland district. Mr. BRYAN is ambitious to be the successor of Senator FORAKER, and Mr. ROOSEVELT is very angry with the Senator because of the latter's attitude in the unfortunate Brownsville affair. It may be admitted that TART and BRYAN are excellent men; that is a phase of the controversy, however, which is not now important. We are now to deal with the conduct of the President, and that, in Ohio as in New York, is worthy of the severest condemnation.

Roosevelt Against the Merit System

One of the principal arguments for civil service reform from its earliest days has been furnished by the possibility, under the spoils system, for a President to perpetuate his tenure of office by the abuse of the Federal patronage. At this argument a good many of our most practical politicians used to smile; but we are now having a living illustration of its soundness. If Mr. ROOSEVELT is using the patronage of the United States to aid in procuring the Presidential nomination for Mr. TART, he himself is doing precisely what he used to contend would be a menace to free institutions. He may not be doing this for his own re-election, but it might as well be that; he is using the offices of the United States in behalf of one whom he has selected to be his successor, in order that his "policies" may be perpetuated. It was the feeling of GEORGE WASHINGTON that the Federal offices might thus be used, and partly for that reason he was opposed to a third term. This is the argument which has also strongly appealed to those who favor but one term for a President, and which induced the framers of the Constitution of the Confederate States to fix the term of the President at six years, and to make him ineligible for a second term in succession. So also it was because they believed that ANDREW JOHNSON was filling the Federal offices with men who supported his policy that GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS and other civil service reformers favored the enactment and retention of the tenure-of-office law. Civil service reformers who have acted with Mr. ROOSEVELT in the past, who have believed in him, and who hope that they may receive him back some day as a sincere reformer, are astonished and grieved by his conduct with respect to the Federal patronage in New York and Ohio. In every way this business is injurious to Mr. ROOSEVELT. He is attempting the part which ANDREW JOHNSON played when he forced MARTIN VAN BUREN upon the Democratic party as the candidate for President. JOHNSON succeeded, but VAN BUREN suffered. Will Mr. TART, if ROOSEVELT succeeds, enjoy a sweeter experience in the office? Would the Congress which elects ROOSEVELT for fear of the people obey the man whom ROOSEVELT names to be his successor? Will the politics of Ohio, already of evil character and repute, be benefited by this adoption of its own worst methods by the man whom it and its leaders have regarded

as its and their most virtuous enemy? Will Mr. TART himself like to be nominated through wicked activities such as those for which a short time ago he denounced "Boss" Cox of Cincinnati? Will the country's civil service be made the poorer by this abuse of it by one of the leading reformers—a reformer who has fought so long in behalf of the system in favor of which public sentiment has grown steadily since 1883? Mr. ROOSEVELT owes his start in politics largely to his advocacy of this system and to the energy with which he has contended against the arts that he now appears to be practicing. He is laying up stores of gladness for the speculators who may come after him. Not only is a practical question thus put to Mr. TART, but it may also be asked of Ohio whether it is any more ready to accept from Washington the intervention of the President to determine the State's choice of Presidential delegates and Senator than was New York in 1882 to accept a President's candidate for Governor. It is impossible to believe that Mr. ROOSEVELT comprehends the nature of his conduct, or its consequences.

The Referendum and Initiative

Old DR. WILLIAM J. BRYAN announced the other day that he would drive out of the Democratic party any man who should refuse to accept his latest political nostrum, to wit, the introduction of the "referendum" and the "initiative" in the machinery of Federal legislation. MARSH HENRY WATTS, hearing of the threat, expressed the belief that it could be executed, on the ground that as a driver of men out of the Democratic party Mr. BRYAN has already been phenomenally successful. "The principle of the referendum is, of course, embodied in every State Constitution, which provides for the submission of a constitutional amendment to the popular vote. Not only the referendum but the initiative is exemplified in our Federal Constitution; for Article V., after declaring that two-thirds of both Houses of Congress may propose specific amendments to the Constitution, goes on to say that as the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, Congress shall call a convention for proposing amendments. In neither case are the amendments valid until they have been ratified by the Legislatures or State conventions of three-fourths of the States. Obviously the initiative as well as the referendum is authorized by this article in fact, though not by name. Evidently, however, what Mr. BRYAN has in mind is a much less cumbersome, dilatory, and difficult process of eliciting the popular will.

How it Works in Switzerland

Mr. BRYAN, it seems, studied the "referendum" in Switzerland. There, if the revision of the Federal Constitution is demanded by one of the two Houses of the Federal Assembly, or by 50,000 Swiss citizens, the question of revision must be submitted to a popular vote, as also the draft of the proposed change in the Federal organic law. Since 1874 all Federal laws, too, must be submitted to the popular vote on demand of 30,000 electors, or of eight out of the twenty-two cantons. It was apprehended by Swiss conservatives that such an extension of the initiative and the referendum would lead to radical and sweeping innovations, but, as a matter of fact, during the twelve years following 1874, out of one hundred and seven statutes and resolutions passed by the Federal Parliament, only nineteen were submitted to the popular vote, and of these but six were accepted, the remaining thirteen becoming law in the absence of a demand for a referendum. The extension of the principle of the referendum and initiative to the Federal government came naturally to the Swiss, who long before 1871 had adopted in most of their cantons the referendum in either a facultative or an obligatory form, by providing that laws made by a cantonal legislature may or must be submitted to the people for their approval. It is well known also that the three "Forest Cantons," so called, remained pure democracies—that is to say, cantonal laws were passed, not by a representative legislature, but by the primary voters assembled in mass-meeting. Of course the introduction of either form of the Swiss initiative and referendum in our Federal system could only be effected by means of a constitutional amendment, and long before such a step could be taken the objections to such encroachments on the principle of representative government would be made thoroughly known. On the face of things it is doubtful whether institutions that seem to do no harm in a small and compact

commonwealth like the Swiss Confederation would work well in so huge a conglomeration of States as is represented in the American Union.

Why Not Elect Better Representatives?

In Massachusetts discussion has prompted a good many people of good intellect to urge a modification of the suggestion. A public-opinion bill is pending, and one of the customary Faneuil Hall meetings has been held in its behalf. This bill provides for expressions of opinion on public questions at the ballot-box, not necessarily on formulated bills. It is a better idea than the other, but it is also indicative of a general feeling that legislatures have lost reputation and their usefulness. Some of the opposition to the measure expressed by the Massachusetts legislators is that submission to instructions from the people will degrade them. President Eliot speaks soundly, in answering this, that they are already degraded because they receive instructions—nay, orders—from bosses who are themselves under instruction, coupled usually with a pecuniary consideration. Moreover, the Massachusetts Constitution contemplates and permits instructions by the people to the legislators. It is natural, perhaps, at this time that the plan involving the assumption of a paternal direction by the people of their legislators should occur as a remedy of the evil of bad representative government. But why not try another plan? Why may not the people be induced to elect better representatives, men with the training for the task of lawmaking, the time to attend to it, and the virtue to work for the public good—a training and a leisure that the people cannot have, although they may possess the virtue? The basis of all these desires is that the legislators of our time are continuously and persistently refusing to do what the people think ought to be done, or are actually doing what the people do not want done; but what guarantee have we that the people who have elected these disappointing representatives will do any better in the matter of direct legislation? If legislatures are as bad as they are said to be by friends of the initiative and the referendum and of the public-opinion bill, the remedy is not more duties for the democracy, but more political education and greater political activity, to the end that worthy representatives may be sent to the legislatures.

Plutocratic or Mob Government

The President said in his speech at Jamestown that this government "shall never become the government of a plutocracy and it shall never become the government of a mob." This renewed assurance is welcome. There have been times when one or the other of the two kinds of government seemed to be threatened, and the two classes at different times have met with partial success. For example: a Congress dominated by the beneficiaries of a protective tariff is to a certain extent a plutocratic government; a government that would be the parent, now enriching and again punitive, of all the corporations of the country would naturally, from time to time at least, fall under sordid plutocratic influences. A Congress or a State Legislature that would enact laws in obedience to the orders of the mob would be a government of the other kind. Indeed, any government that favored or restrained by class legislation would likely be either a plutocratic or a mob government, and Mr. Roosevelt is correct in saying that either kind should not be the government of this republic. Whether it "shall" be one or the other or neither depends partly on the courage, the self-restraint, the obedience to law, and the sense of justice of the executive and judicial departments, and partly on the wisdom, the education, and the independence of the legislative department. Thus far in the history of the country there have been no laws passed in the interests of plutocrats, *ex nomine*, although there have been laws, like the tariff law, enacted in their interest, and of which they have taken due advantage. It is also true that many laws have been enacted antagonistic to plutocrats and contrary to the interests of all who possess the talent or the virtue to get on in the world, and in aid of a noisy multitude. It would have been odious if the President had particularized.

President Roosevelt's Historical Address

The historical part of the President's Jamestown speech was first rate. The general opinion about it as reflected in the

papers has been that it could hardly have been better done, no matter by whom. In truth, there is hardly any one in sight so well qualified by knowledge and sympathy to talk about the American pioneers and their work in opening a continent to civilization as President Roosevelt. He has studied that chapter of our history, and has written a good part of it himself, and his rapid and condensed review of the labors and achievements of the settlers down to the time of the Revolution was full of life and interest.

Mr. Ingalls Reviews Railroad History

At the dinner of the Traffic Club of Pittsburgh, on April 26, Mr. MELVILLE E. INGALLS, chairman of the "Big Four," went briefly over the history of railroad rates in this country in the last quarter-century. Prior to 1886 all the railroads habitually made secret contracts, selling their transportation to wholesale bidders at the best prices possible, and trying to build up the industries of the country and pay dividends to their stockholders. When competition got too lively, the roads made pools, and by that means were able to maintain rates. When the interstate commerce law of 1886 prohibited pooling, the railroads did their best for a year to do business according to the law, but competition increased, the rate system grew up, published tariffs were ignored, and the roads were in a struggle for life. In 1895, the situation being extremely bad for the railroads, there was a meeting of all the lines north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi to devise means to maintain rates and save the railroads from bankruptcy. The Joint Traffic Association Agreement was then invented as an expedient that would comply with the interstate commerce law and aid the Interstate Commerce Commission in enforcing the published rates. The agreement worked well, but the shippers who did not want rates maintained promptly took it into court, and to the extreme surprise of its designers got a decision that it was contrary to the Sherman law, and that the railroads had no power to make an agreement for the maintenance of rates. Following that, there came secret agreements between the roads, but they were ineffective, and secret rebates and contracts multiplied apace. Then followed the "community of interest" idea. State taxation of railroad securities had driven them to Wall Street and into the control of cliques. The new plan was that six or seven men should buy control of all the railroads in the country, and so maintain rates. That plan was nipped by the Northern Securities decision, but for which, said Mr. INGALLS, a few men would have controlled the great transportation interests of the country, and while maintaining rates, would have made and unmade statesmen, and controlled legislatures and Congress, so that no one knows what the end would have been.

The Lesson of Twenty-five Years

Thus reviewing railroad history, Mr. INGALLS told his railroad brethren that they must have legislation giving them authority to contract and make agreements between themselves that could be enforced. These agreements must be public, and referable to the Interstate Commerce Commission in case of complaint. And they must also have legislation providing that no new railways shall be built or new stock and bonds issued except with the Interstate Commerce Commission's approval. "I know," he said, "that this will cause a storm among some railway promoters, but, gentlemen, you have got to submit." Railroading, Mr. INGALLS considers, is no longer a private industry, and the railroad man who is not prepared to manage his railway as a public institution in accordance with law ought to resign and go into some other business. That is the lesson of twenty-five years of railroad history as Mr. INGALLS reads it.

No Senator for Rhode Island

The Rhode Island Legislature has adjourned and has made no choice of United States Senator. This was especially annoying to Boss BRYANT, because he had ordered the Republicans to elect some one, and the order was disobeyed. This humiliation, coming as it did after Rhode Island's Governor had directed BRYANT's exclusion from his hunt in the State Capitol, ought to indicate to the boss that the time has come when he might well be thinking of retiring. When bosses are growing unpopular in Rhode Island and Connecticut, decent public opinion must be waking up every-

where. As to going without a Senator, Rhode Island need not take this to heart as if it were a great evil to the State. Deadlocks have happened before, and have in the end been beneficial to the States in which they have occurred by resulting in better Senators than were contemplated by the deadlocked legislatures. Delaware's experience ought to encourage Rhode Island. Worse things can happen to a community than the lack or loss of some kinds of United States Senators.

The Problem in Russia

All friends of individual liberty, of the rights of men to their lives, their liberties, and the rewards of their toil, must wish to the Russian Duma good fortune—the good fortune that attends the clear thinking and self-restraint that are inspired by patriotism. And yet there is doubt. The Duma is not yet under the control of the steady-headed, but fortunately it is also not under the control of the others. The Revolutionist members favor political assassination because they think that all that has been gained thus far has been by assassination. The Constitutional Democrats desire immediately a constitutional monarchy, but not yet a parliamentary government. The Reactionaries think that they would benefit by the triumph of the radicals and the consequent dissolution of the Duma. The problem will work out one way or the other; in the mean time no party yet dares to take a positive step.

Mr. Hill's Tranquil Forecast

MR. JAMES J. HILL sees a slowing up in business, but it does not frighten him. The reaction, he believes, will be a healthy one, affecting luxuries, but not including the business pursuits that are concerned with the necessities of life. He expects the steel trade to hold its own because of the multiplication of new uses for steel. Car-building, he thinks, may show up a little, and some of the big manufacturers of things which are in demand in flush times will find their orders falling off before the year is out, and will have to lay off men. Dry-laborers who have been getting from \$2 50 to \$3 a day will presently be working for less money, and bankers will find their funds in less demand and get lower interest rates. Nothing about this prospect dismays Mr. HILL. "I would call this," he says, "a healthy reaction, far more helpful than the disastrous panic of ten years ago, or even the reaction that preceded the last Presidential election." A controlled reaction is what he anticipates; not one that takes the bit in its teeth and runs into panic.

The Rush of Housemaids to Europe

It is becoming so familiar an incident of household experience in these parts to have domestic servants give notice in April that they expect to give up their situations for the summer and spend that season in Europe that it has ceased to excite surprise, though it still invites reflection. Inasmuch as the calling of domestic service is not especially popular, and the demand for competent servants everywhere much exceeds the supply, it may be worth while to point out some particulars in which domestic work seems particularly advantageous. Servants' wages have gone up along with all other wages. The increase in the last year or two has been from fifteen to twenty per cent. But while the increased cost of living has commonly been named as the chief basis for the increase of wages in general, domestic servants who are boarded and lodged by the families they work for get their increase of pay without any notable corresponding increase in their cost of living. Upon their employers fall the burdens both of paying them higher wages and of paying very much higher prices for everything they eat and drink, and higher rent for the house they lodge in. The housekeepers are perfectly aware of this condition of things. Everywhere where money has to be considered at all comes the same wail over the calamitous and unavoidable increase in the cost of living. It is not that the housekeepers—those that are sensible—grudge their servants higher wages, but that so many of them are so hard put to it to maintain incomes that have not increased, the style of living to which they are used that the wage increase becomes a serious problem in finance. Servants get, and should get, the riding rates, whatever they are. Demand and supply regulate that. But when the housemaid or the cook gives notice that she will spend the summer in

Ireland or in Sweden, the housekeeper feels more acutely than ever that "service" is a good deal better vocation than it is cracked up to be, and that more competent women would take to it if its advantages were better understood.

Gifts to Colleges

Gifts to colleges and universities are beginning to come in very early this year, and if the rate continues to progress naturally, the sum of the gifts that will be announced at the various Commencements ought to be something astonishing. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER leads the givers. A few days ago he presented the University of Chicago with \$2,000,000 worth of land. This makes for this year \$5,000,000 of his tainted money which the University of Chicago has shamefully taken, with felonious intent to employ it in the business of education. There is, too, to be counted the distribution of the income of his former \$12,000,000 among other desecrating educational criminals. A generous soul has presented Dartmouth with \$300,000. Within a few weeks Yale has received about \$200,000, and during the year Williams has had considerably more than \$200,000. The fact has not yet been published, but Amherst is to receive a very large sum of money either now or at Commencement. Moreover, Wisconsin has increased its tax for its university, and on the wide horizon no enemy of education appears except the Senate of Massachusetts, which has voted to tax university and college property.

Apocryph of Child Labor

A neighbor (the *Evening Sun*) quotes HERBERT SPENCER as speaking of

the curious truth that while an evil is very great it attracts little or no attention; that when, from one or other cause, it is mitigated, recognition of it brings efforts to decrease it; and that when it has nearly disappeared, there comes a demand that strong measures shall be taken for its extinction; natural means having done so much, a peremptory call for artificial means arises.

This seems a remarkably appropriate passage to bring to the attention of Senator ECKHART and the other enthusiastic rooters for a national child-labor bill. Not until the child-labor evil had been much diminished by intra-state work was there real rebuke of demand for strong measures by the Federal government.

Dangerous Classes

The Boston Transcript of April 23 quotes the Rev. HENRY C. HARTMAN, D.D., of New York, the new secretary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, as saying in the course of an address before the Congregational Club of Boston:

The only unqualifiedly dangerous class in America is the self-centered pleasure-seekers, men and women to whom existence is synonymous with dining and sleeping, with automobiles and yachts, with Sunday jaunts and theatre parties. They know no burden of church or state, who have abdicated thought and renounced parenthood—these are the men and women, if multiplied sufficiently, who can sink our nation to a bottomless hell.

To our mind the "self-centered pleasure-seekers" are not so dangerous as Dr. Hartman thinks. If they have renounced parenthood, the chances are against their multiplying sufficiently to sink our nation to hell. If they have abdicated thought, they seem considerably more likely to get into mischief themselves and go to pot than to bring doom on their fellows. Dining and sleeping, automobile and yachting, Sunday-pleasuring and theatre-going, and neglect of pious and political duties may be paths to perdition for those who travel them to extravagant excess, but we do not observe that the country is critically imperilled by the pleasure-seeking of the idle rich. It is not they who make the streets of Chicago unsafe; not they whom the trust-busters and railroad-reformers are after. They make at times a good deal of trouble for the courts, but, as a rule, they are almost as harmless as they are worthless, and not nearly so dangerous as some folks who are immeasurably superior to them both in morals and in intellect. The people who have raised the most hell in the world have been people of brains, energy, and industry—good people, some of them—whose efforts have been misdirected. Thugs and scamps do mischief too, but mere pleasure-seekers count for little that is either good or bad.

True Conservatives versus Dangerous Radicals

A SPEECH which hitherto has received but scant attention, but which deserves to be studied carefully and pondered deeply, was delivered by Mr. MARTIN LITTLETON at the banquet given by the National Democratic Club at the Hotel Waldorf Astoria on Jeremiah's birthday. With rare facility and with irresistible cogency the speaker traced the growth of monopoly, and pointed to the only efficient remedy. He began with a convincing demonstration of the truth of the dictum that the tariff is the mother of the trusts. With the skill of a surgeon he laid bare the fundamental vice of protective legislation, and with the art of an logician he tracked its evil influence through the far-reaching network of its mischievous results.

Mr. LITTLETON reminded his auditors that no sooner was the alliance between protected industries and the Federal government firmly wrought than it became inevitable that those industries would, when need arose, corrupt popular elections in order that this alliance should be upheld. To that end the twin agencies of intimidation and seduction were persistently employed. So it came to pass that if any political party dared to level a blow at the iniquitous union between cupidity and perverted power it was at once proclaimed to be at war with the business welfare of the country. If any party strove to rescue the government from this degrading partnership it was met with the alarm-ery that American labor would find itself without employment. If any party challenged the wisdom of a policy which exploited the power of government for the furtherance of class enrichment, it was confronted with the avowal that should this policy be abandoned the government would be left without revenue to defray its expenses. So fear begeth ignorance, ignorance begeth arrogance, and the gain begeth a prostitution of power, held fast remitted the alliance between the government and the protected industries, until the swollen fortunes of a few could take their toll of all the earnings of the many. The government did not, and assumed that it should not, stop with the protection which it gave to the manufacturer; but, taking this as a precedent and an authority, lavished on interstate railways concessions of the public lands. These railways, obviously, were to be the great arteries of commerce between the States, and as it had entered into a bargain to protect this commerce, it was but logical and natural that it should show itself equally generous to the channels whereby the output of the protected purveyor could be conveyed to the consumer.

Mr. LITTLETON went on to show that scarcely were trunk lines, thus stimulated by prodigal grants of the public domain, completed when the protected industries drove a bargain with the new common carriers for discrimination in their favor. They argued that if the Federal government had the right to discriminate by the bestowal of protection on one class, the railroads must have a similar right to discriminate by the giving of advantage to the same class. If the Federal government would accept as a reward for tariff legislation the pecuniary support of protected industry, why should not railroads accept stock in manufacturing companies as a reward for a like unfair discrimination? Passing to the next step in the evolution of perversion, Mr. LITTLETON drew attention to the fact that when protected industries had cemented their alliance with the government, and had reached the desired understanding with the railroads, they had but one obstacle left in the way of unimpeded supremacy, and that was such competition as still survived to annoy them. Since the government had given them protection in the interests of business, and had given bonuses to the railroads in the interest of that same business, and had allowed these industries to drive discriminating bargains with the railroads, always in the interest of business, why, it was urged on behalf of prospective monopolists, should not the government, in the interest of the same business, allow them to combine and consolidate in order to cheapen their products, reduce the cost of production and distribution, and improve the article made and sold? The Federal government was their government—such, practically, was the contention of the protected industries—it was their avowed and willing partner in the share and consequence of their trade. Did they not elect its officers by the supply of money at elections? Were they not representative of all the business interests of the country? Was not, indeed, their welfare synonymous with prosperity itself? Why, then, should they not enjoy the further protection of their faithful partner in the process of creating by combination private monopolies? Reasoning in this way, the protected industries took the fast step toward the complete system which rested entirely on an indefensible, if not corrupt, alliance between private enterprise and a great government.

Thus did Mr. LITTLETON demonstrate that the insidious influence of the protective system has run to the very finger-tips of American life. The virus of its unjust discrimination has touched and tainted every detail of American business. From a political instrumentality, impartially and honestly holding to a perfect level the balance of its great powers, our Federal government has

become on the one hand the shelter of wealth, swelling and obtaining undue advantage, and, on the other hand, the ally appealed to by lawless labor, aiming to secure in its turn a share of paternalism. From a republic representing the wisdom and virtue accruing from ages of contest for just legislation, our Federal polity has been pulled into a complicated alliance with capital and labor. Mr. LITTLETON points out how the two great political parties to-day are scurrying in frantic distraction amid the confused consequences of a protective system, and delivering blow after blow at symptoms, with never a thought of the disease. As the speaker just it at the Waldorf banquet, the Republicans are riding like a rudderless ship under the full steam of a stormy capita, while they rack not of wind or weather or barometer. Meanwhile the Democrats are resting in the calm of accustomed defeat, although, from age-long habit, they still have an eye to the life-boats. The old party names, however, have become empty sounds. Mr. LITTLETON does but state a truth patent to all clear-sighted onlookers when he says that half the men who profess to be Republicans are not Republicans, and half the men who profess to be Democrats are not Democrats. Whatever they call themselves, they do but yield to the attraction of instant or the allurement of gain. The speaker recognized, as all of us must recognize, that the line of cleavage runs no longer between Democrats and Republicans; it runs between conservatives and radicals.

Mr. LITTLETON explained that he did not have in view the conservatism which burdens under the government, dislocates its foundations, and saps its vitality. Neither does he mean the conservatism which shudders at the sound of honest controversy, and shrinks at the intrusion of daylight. Nor yet does he have in mind the conservatism which, impelled by greed, seizes upon a political party, and under the shibboleth of preserving property rights appeals to the people to promote its private interests. The conservatism advocated by Mr. LITTLETON is that which would hold the Federal government so high above the reach of class interest that it could have neither the cry of the lawless mob nor the invocation of those fast with privilege. In other words, the conservatism which cares not how rich people may grow, so long as they stand alone and earn their wealth without the aid of government; and cares no little how poor people become, if their poverty be not due to oppression and inequality before the law. By radicalism, on the other hand, he does not mean that which has the righteous courage to denounce the inequality of special privilege, nor yet that which is earnestly striving to liberate this government from its alliance with class interests. The radicalism which Mr. LITTLETON has in view, and which he would repudiate and repress, is the radicalism of those, some at the top and some at the bottom of society, who, on the one hand, would bring about the anarchy of unbridled wealth, and, on the other hand, would produce the disintegrating socialism of thriftless poverty. It is because he takes this view of the actual situation that he conceives the Democratic party to be, and to be bound to be, the great conservative, redeeming factor in American politics.

It is an impressive conviction in which Mr. LITTLETON summed up the purport of his warning and the fervor of his hopes. He told his auditors that, just as surely as the Democratic party, having strapped itself to the institution of slavery resting upon special privilege, was doomed to eclipse for a quarter of a century by the indignant revolt of an outraged public conscience; so the Republican party, if it continues to be strapped to the institution of private monopolies resting upon special privileges, will be swept out of power and place by a moral revolt electrifying the public conscience of America to-day. Our Federal government, he said, must be stripped clean of the leeches of special privileges that have sucked its blood and fattened on its strength. It must be rescued from the debauching influence of protected graft, and safeguarded alike from the madness of the mob and the arrogant and mercenary dictates of monopoly. It must be lifted to a plane where it will neither tremble at the murmur of disorder among the poor, nor buckle to the demerger exactions of the rich. Its life, in a word, must be planted firmly upon the constitution of its arms must be straddled forth in equal protection over the life, liberty, and property of every class; while its head must be linked with the light of a new century, transfiguring the spirit, if not the form, of a great democratic republic.

Spirit and Body

EMANUEL CHURCH, in Boston, is carrying on an interesting work in an interesting way, and while it is yet too early to know just how effective it will be, it at least points a possible method of dealing with a very prevalent evil.

Life is becoming more and more complex, and the burden of adjusting oneself to conditions is breaking many a spirit and leaving many a struggler on the march, whose courage has failed, and whose part in the general movement has become a drag instead of an impulsion. Such are folk whose nervous systems are

in continuous conflict with the scheme of the universe; and the firmness and ruthlessness of the establishment of the universe being more fixed than the individual nervous system, they are inevitably pushed to the wall. The result is the great army of the vanquished: people hopelessly a prey to melancholy, to hysteria, to depression and drugs. There are many attempts to deal mentally with these diseases—methods hair, unhair, and hair fail—but the attempt of the pastors of Emanuel Church to cope spiritually with such invalids and yet to have the careful advice of physicians, is a most hopeful sign. It seems to be a rational and a wise attempt to enter a field too often rashly and foolishly entered. The nice adjustment of spirit and body, the training of the spirit to take charge of the body, and the training of the body to obey the behests of the spirit, are difficult but surely unimpossible matters. It is no wonder that in the multiplicity of objects and ideas many individuals should stumble; rather it is a wonder that so many find an anchor and remain steadfast to some ideal of truth and self-sacrifice and high intent. These folk have come like DANTE to the dark wood where the "straight way" is lost, and where sin and sorrow and despair lie in wait to trap the falterer. It was after this night in the wood, so wild, rough, and stubborn that even to think on it long after rendered the fear of it bitter as death, that DANTE met his guide, who offered to lead him out of the wood by a road which should show him the eternal roots of misery and of joy, where he should hear the hopeful strains, should see the ancient spirits in pain calling for a second death, and also see those who are content in the fire of trial, because they yet hope to come, whenever it shall be, amongst the blessed.

So the pastors of Emanuel Church are attempting, with great precautions and much care, to gather together these invalids, preyed upon by diseases of the will and the personality, and by encouragement and kindly suggestions, by brave thoughts and healthful words, by repeated infusions of wisdom, to lead them from the lands of self and renew their relations to life and effort. "Happiness," an old German writer has said, "has no private business to transact." Indeed, hard as it is to realize, happiness comes in those moments when most of us are rid of ourselves. Whether in a disinterested love of an art, whether in a faith or work of human service, it is when we consecrate our energies to something beyond ourselves, and grow to feel, as well as to say, that our little personal sorrows or failure does not matter, that we are on the road that leads to happiness. This is a hard lesson to teach even normal man, but to teach it to the abnormal man, who has thrown up his hands and given up the game, who has submitted to the thralldom of a diseased will, is one of the noblest and greatest of works. For no one can be spared. "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground," is one of the most difficult of scriptures to believe, and to bear in mind that there is no completion anywhere while so much as one soul lingers in the valley of despair is as hard to realize as it is indubitably true.

The antidote to being born in virtue; the antidote to destiny is wisdom. There is no suffering, no struggle, no shame that may not justify itself, provided the issue be virtue and wisdom; and it is probably to enforce just this truth, and the old adage that while there is life there is hope, that the work in Emanuel Church has been established and is being systematically carried on.

Personal and Pertinent

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT said in his Jamnecow speech:

"The fact that so many of our people, of whom as it happens I myself am one, have had a very small portion of English blood in our veins, in no way alters the other fact that this nation was founded by Englishmen."

It is possible that the ROOSEVELTS have lived for 250 years or so in New York without acquiring more than "a very small portion" of English blood! The President's mother was a HOLLAND. "HOLLAND" sounds English.

After undergoing a protracted series of baronial dinners and acquiring the store of losing-cups and like memorials of affection, three sailed for home, on April 27, SIR PERCY BARNARDON, the admirable British subject who has been the British Consul-General in New York for the past fifteen years. Very greatly liked and admired and respected has SIR PERCY been in this town. He said he was coming back as soon as he could, and that he had so many friends here that he had come to regard New York as his home. New York, on its part, had come to regard him as a cherished emblem of its recent existence, and was fully as regretful at parting with him as he could possibly have been at leaving.

MR. SUMNER LEE recently addressed a British society recently established "to help to maintain the correct use of English, and to promote the due recognition of English as an essential element in national education." In the course of his remarks he made known a fact which has interested Americans for a good while. This fact is that a good many more teachers are instructing in

English the youth of American universities and colleges than are doing the same task in the English universities. He said that there were twenty teachers of English at Harvard, while there is only one teacher of the language and its literature at Oxford. At some of our smaller colleges there are five or six instructors in English. Not long ago a professor in literature at one of our larger universities was consulted by a younger brother who is an instructor in English in a small college. The trustees of the college had, kindly or wisely, given to the young man a leave of absence for two years in order that he might go abroad to find out something about his subject. He asked his brother where he should go, in Oxford or to Cambridge. But his brother told him that he would do better to go to France; that they paid more attention to the study of English at the College of France than they did at the English universities, where they suggested a first-hand to know his mother tongue and its literature when he came up for matriculation. Whether a boy of any country wants much instruction in his own language when he goes to college depends a good deal on what he gets at home. Evidently there are some Englishmen, including Mr. SUMNER LEE, who think that efforts in England would not be thrown away.

EX-GOVERNOR PENNYFACER, of Pennsylvania, has been selling, with his lawyerlike accuracy, "one-fourth part" of his library, and it is agreeable to note that the books have brought good prices. GOVERNOR PENNYFACER lost some reputation by going into politics and by feebly setting his friend SENATOR QUAY. Possibly he did not dwell in Philadelphia more much acquainted by what they considered the downfall of this excellent lawyer and judge, but those who were intimate with him, and also fellow citizens of his who knew him as a neighbor who lived south of Market Street, did not lose respect for him. They realized that PENNYFACER was a lover of books, and that QUAY had the reputation of entertaining the same passion, and they realized, too, that those who have the collecting mania, or who ardently read strange things, are irresponsible, so far as their mutual friendships are concerned. They can be no business in a fellow bookworm, and to meet a good man QUAY was one of the best because of his literary tastes, which were said to be extensive. No better man than JONATHAN CHACE, of Rhode Island, ever sat in Congress, and once, when an overwrought reformer was denouncing QUAY for his alleged wickedness, the mild and learned Quaker said, "You should not say such things of QUAY; you ought to see his library." Even Mr. ROOSEVELT was enraptured by this wonderful strange man. "I've just had a delightful hour with QUAY in the White House library," he said to a friend, one of the best of his happy possessions. "We've been looking over the splendid edition of the New Rivers there is there, and I've been so perfectly familiar with that and with all the other editions of the Nones. He pointed out to me the superiority of the Danish over the German version"—or the other way. "But THOROUGH," said the astute friend, "that doesn't make QUAY a good man." But it did in the eyes of a book-lover like PENNYFACER.

The American newspaper has been the worthy subject of eulogy by an enlightened advertiser for advertising. He says, in effect, that the New York newspaper has enormously improved, and that what has been called sensationalism has almost disappeared. Not to dwell upon any topic that may excite unpleasant or regretful contemplation, it may be well to say that all newspaper men, and many intelligent laymen, have long been conscious that the New York newspapers have long been rising in the intellectual and spiritual heights which many provincial newspapers, and newspapers of other cities, have long been conscious of occupying. As a matter of fact, the newspapers of this country, with some exceptions, of course—for it is inevitable that some editors and publishers are no better than they should be—have always been better than the politicians. Another fact is that almost, if not quite, all our gains for local good government are due to the press. The same may be said of the influence of the press in securing good government for the country at large: while Mr. GOODE, who was a war correspondent in his younger days, used to say that the most noteworthy result of the Crimean war was the modern war correspondent. The critic of events, the exposé of wrong and sham and the bad treatment of soldiers, the disclaimer of the incapacity of leaders of armies, the describer of war's horrors—this was the war correspondent. And what of the newspaper's exposition of political offenders? All this has lain in the lack of the heads of the men who have made newspapers. But there have been exceptions by newspapermen in what they have regarded as the public taste, and those who try to play down to the crowd almost always play below its level. The episode seems to have passed, according to the illuminating advertising gentleman; but there was once a time when the newspaper was very contemptuous of the editorial page. There was once a managing editor of a New York newspaper who was so successful in the management of his job that he expected to succeed the editor-in-chief, who was one of the foremost of his class. "Ah," when I do succeed," he used to say, "the first thing I'll do will be to kill the editorial page." Well, he did at last succeed, and the editorial page is livelier than ever.

WHY NOT CONQUER THE SOUTH POLE?

A QUEST FOR THE EXPLORER WHICH IS BOTH FEASIBLE AND ALLURING

By FREDERICK A. COOK, M.D.

Surgeon of the Belgium Antarctic Expedition, 1897-9

THE reasonable certainty of the success of an expedition to reach the South Pole is a strong argument for the exploration of that great void around the under surface of the globe.

No effort to reach the southern axis has ever pushed into the frozen North. There have been many Antarctic expeditions, but none has started out with the South Pole as a destination. This is in striking contrast to the many ventures sent to reach the North Pole. The fiercest rivalry has managed to hold public interest; the seeming hopelessness of its attainment has been a continuous challenge for many ages, resulting in an international race for the farthest north; but the equally interesting Austral pivot has been curiously neglected.

There are many reasons for this unequal drift of energy. Great enterprises depending upon popular acclaim for financial support drift with public opinion into narrow grooves. The Antarctic has never appealed to the imagination of explorers with the attractive lure exerted by the frozen North. They conceived a hypothetical southernmost continent to balance the earth, but the idea of its possible utility, even its very existence, was thoroughly dispelled by the circumnavigation of Captain James Cook, at a period just prior to our Revolution.

Yet the South Pole can and will be reached by the members of the first expedition who really understand the problem in hand and are prepared.

It is no task for the haphazard adventurer; its accomplishment will require a thorough understanding of the polar environment, as well as peculiar powers of endurance. The hardships involved are greater than those of the Arctic, but there is an assurance of success over a continuous land route not offered by the antipodal quest.

This will best be understood by a brief critical examination of physical conditions of the two polar areas. The North Pole is in the center of what is believed to be a moving sea of ice, and its conquest is dependent on the uncertainties of drift and weather. There this restless pack no advance nor return stations can be established. Supplies must be moved for a campaign of four months. Toward the South Pole a ship can push to 77° 30' without great risk. Thence the route lies over fairly smooth land ice upon which stations can be so selected as to enable advance feasible during, probably, nine months of the year. The distance from the start latitude to the pole is seven hundred and fifty miles, and an air-line course is possible.

It is improbable that a better route will be discovered than the one upon which the British expeditions have concentrated their efforts. This is the one leading in from the regions south of New Zealand. Here the largest known glacier yields its icy output

directly from the overland sea of ice which gathers about the South Pole. Its face is several hundred miles wide, and its surface has been hollowed for three hundred miles without the making of any perceptible rise or narrowing. The distance from Captain Scott's lastest south, 82° 17', to the South Pole is four hundred and sixty-three miles. From what we know of this glacier, and on account of the enormous quantities of ice which it discharges into the Ross Sea, it is reasonable to suppose that it must reach far beyond the South Pole.

We assume, therefore, that this glacier with its known conditions of travel will be the successful route to the South Pole. We are, therefore, able to calculate with reasonable probability the possible conditions which will govern the undertaking. Between the sea and the pole lie seven hundred and fifty miles of continuous land ice, covered with deep snow, somewhat crevassed, but with no troublesome irregularities. If the trail be laid at a long distance from the side of the glacier the great pressure troubles can be avoided. The summer temperatures are normally a few degrees below the freezing point. The winter temperature will probably indicate that, for a given latitude and altitude, this is the coldest spot on earth. Strong winds blow for prolonged periods, and the snowfall, even in summer, will be very great. The ice will have an imperceptible movement of a few hundred feet per year. The season for traveling can be extended much longer than that of the Arctic, because there is no risk from the ice disruption of summer.

The quest of the South Pole offers the possibilities of several methods of attack. It is a safe field in which to experiment with the many freak machines which inventors have offered to make arctic traverses. I have not the slightest faith in any of these devices which has not been thoroughly tried out. A machine which does not work in New York will not do service in the frigid zones, and a device which does work here will have many chances to fail in the polar ice-fields. There is little hope for balloons, mainly because the summer temperatures at no altitude at which the balloon must move are too low, and, furthermore, the winds are opposed to poleward movement. In my judgment, however, the automobile can be made to do efficient work on snow, and the South Pole quest is a venture which offers great possibilities for ice travel by motor.

Just at present it is my purpose to indicate how the South Pole can be reached by good old methods of polar travel. A corps of eight men with supplies for two years should be put ashore near the entrance of Foulon and Terror. They should have about seventy-five good Eskimo dogs, and feed for their sustenance for two years. sledges should be built of a type to suit the particular kind of



The unexplored Wonders of the South Pole
"ITS DISCOVERY," SAYS DR. COOK, "WILL PUT CONTOUR LINES ON THE GREATEST BLANK ON OUR CHARTS"



Wild Life in "the Antarctic Fairyland," where the Penguin is Monarch of all he Surveys

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The forbidding Mountains of Rock and Ice over which an all-land Route to the South Pole is possible

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THE WAY TO THE SOUTH POLE



Copyright by D. A. Smith

The treacherous wastes of ice which the Antarctic Explorer must traverse

snow found on the barrier. The general food and equipment need not differ radically from that used in the Arctic. The boat should be sent to Australia to winter, and during the following summer go back to meet the explorers on their return.

The eight men would have a busy time preparing for the coming winter, but some would immediately push on, trying their equipment and establishing stations of food and fuel. The high westerly range with sharp peaks should make it possible to fix the stations by geoper observations so they could readily be found later. Before the fall of the curtain of the long winter night the entire freight for the next season's campaign should have been advanced two hundred miles.

With dawn of the first day of August the train of dog-sledges should be sent rapidly over the first two hundred miles, advancing

stations from there, while the party of two or three men push desperately on to the Pole. If, for any reason, the task could not be accomplished during the first season it surely could in the next year. For it would be merely a matter of persistence. The moving pack-ice, the open water, barriers of hummocks, and the impossibility of establishing stations, which have made so many disheartening Arctic failures, are not operative in the south-polar region.

"To the South Pole, to the new fairyland of scientists!" should be the foremost of coming explorers. Its discovery will put contour lines on the greatest blank on our charts. It is a reasonable undertaking which promises large rewards in geographical discovery. It is a problem peculiarly adapted to American dash and enterprise, and it should be achieved under the Stars and Stripes.

A DISAPPEARING MONARCH

By THOMAS SPEED MOSBY

WHEN in its resistless march to the West the tide of the American advance first touched the base of the Rockies, one hundred years ago, it met with an antagonist more terrible than the hordes of painted savages which then roamed the mountains and plains, and more formidable than the storm-swept peaks and ranges which seemed to frown upon the daring pioneer and bid him halt. It was then that the grizzly bear (*Ursus horribilis*), since called by ranchers and mountaineers "Old Ephraim," as a tribute to his power, rose upon his haunches with a furious growl, and formally made known his presence to the world.

For the first satisfactory account of this ferocious monarch of the wilderness, the mightiest beast of the Western Hemisphere, we are indebted to the journals of Lewis and Clark, and for more than fifty years after their expedition had passed into history no expedition ventured into the Far West without recounting among its adventures some experience, more or less harrowing, with the grizzly bear.

But the grizzly has now become so rare that even his habits and history are frequently misstated, and by those, too, who should speak with authority. It is a very common supposition that he is an animal of seclusion and solitary nature, who wanders alone along the snow-line of the Sierras and the Rockies, descending only occasionally upon predatory visits to the valleys. But the grizzly is solitary only because he is now facing extermination, and he inhabits the snow-line because he has been driven from valley and plain, and there is nowhere else to go.

It is noticeable that the early Western travellers speak of the grizzly as the "white bear." It is so described by Lewis and Clark, and James O. Pattie, narrating his father's expedition in 1824, spoke of the great number and unusual ferocity of these "great white bears." So great were their numbers in that early day, that in a single day's journey Pattie counted two hundred, and twenty of them, eight of which had attacked the party and were killed. This was on September 15, 1824, while the party was

passing through the territory now occupied by Cheyenne County, Colorado. A few days later, further south, the grizzlies became so numerous that twenty men were required to guard the camp from their onslaughts each night. So much for the "solitary" nature of the grizzly back in "the twenties." Writing of the period of the early "forties," General Fremont, in his memoirs, speaks of having seen great herds of these monsters feeding gregariously under the oaks of San Bernardino, in California. Such testimony tends to show that the great grizzly was not always the lone wanderer that we now know him to be, and tends to show, moreover, that he once liked the valleys better than his present dreary and solitary mode. Indeed, the explorers of the West found him equally at home in the parched fastnesses of the Great Basin, in the fertile valleys or among the ice-bound peaks, whether feeding upon berries or bison, herbs or human flesh, and everywhere, at all times, "monarch of all he surveyed."

But he is passing. In the places where, seventy-five years ago, two hundred of his powerful tribe could be counted in a day's journey, he is now but a tradition and a memory, and he is a lucky sportsman who gets one shot at a grizzly in a lifetime. Driven to the inaccessible retreats of the mountains, he is making his last stand against a race which has already robbed him of those myriad herds of buffalo, antelope, and elk which were once his prey, and from his icy summits where only the American eagle soars, in solitary grandeur he looks down upon a hereditary dominion which is to be his no more forever.

We have known him but a hundred years. Was there ever so swift a monarch with reign so brief? We cannot compute the exact rate at which he is disappearing (it is far easier to get at the mortuary statistics of his enemies), but, as events go, it is likely that there will still be tigers in India and lions in Africa long after the last echo of the grizzly's growl has died among the peaks and precipices of his mountain home. But he will die as he lived—die as he becomes an American monarch—the gamut of the game.



PIONEERS

DRAWN BY FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON

IN THE NAME OF DAI-JINGU

By WILLIAM INGLIS



THE Japanese wrestler does not try to throw his man down. He tries to throw him out—out of a ring twelve feet in diameter, whose extent is marked by a thick rope of straw neatly cable-laid and half buried in the bare brown earth.

And in the process of realizing his ambition the Japanese athlete goes through a series of acts as foreign to our accepted ideas of sport as his horizontal projection of the foe is different from our simpler plan of hurling him down. Moreover, there is a religious element in their sport.

The globe-trotting Mr. Kodanp doesn't like Japanese wrestling: it has in his eyes the worst fault in the world—it is un-English. Possibly that is why a group of Americans who visited the arena in Tokyo a few months ago were so agreeably disappointed; for we had read various stolid and patronizing reports of the game, full of cold Padenappery, and we started for the show expecting only by the resolution of the faithful traveler who will everlastingly die to his tracks rather than miss seeing what Murray tells him to see.

There were flurries of snow in the gray air when our 'rikishas rattled down the gravelly drive of the Imperial Hotel (oh! how good it is to get out of that cold and silent tomb!), and sped away across bridges of ancient, square-burned timbers that spanned dark-green waters full of scumpeak, jagged down endless frosty avenues of tiny shops whose shopmen were tossing their blue wrists over red fingers of charcoal in *kobekis*, ran beside bubbly, shallow canals that assailed the nostrils of heaven, and so came, after nearly an hour's running, in the district called—well, see guidebook for name of district: it's always the same.

From afar we could distinguish Edo-in, the historic battleground of East and West. High above the heads of the swarthy little people swarming toward the arena we discerned a forest of fluttering banners, red, white, blue, and yellow, each bearing the device of some wrestling clan. Seven close at hand, the outside of the place was as scolded and disenchanted as, say, the entrance to the Palo Gramels at home—a high board fence with a gate inconspicuously small for the crowd that was filtering through. But the filtering process was managed somehow without any elbowing or heel-treading or adjurations to "step lively," and every man seemed to respect himself and to respect his neighbors. Curious Japanese custom!

The wrestling platform was a square mound of cold earth raised some two feet above the ground and pounded flat and smooth. It was surmounted by a structure much resembling a Shinto shrine—four posts supporting a fluted roof surmounted by a carved dragon.

At each corner, with his back close to a post, sat a large, silent and motionless elderly man, arrayed in a dark kimono and the wisdom of all the ages. These four personages, called *Yoshi piri joku*, are all ex-champions, mighty men, men of old, men of renown, who in their day and generation had hurled many an outworned into colder darkness. To see these grave old giants squinting there, all wrapped in voluminous skirts and clinging to their folded fans, did seem a little ludicrous at first. But so our laughter. You could not contemplate their serene majesty and dare to think of laughing. They constituted the Court of Appeals of the tournament. If any one disputed the umpire's decision these ancient eyes decided.

There were a few

small enclosures for spectators on the ground near the ring, but most of the seats were in bamboo-railed boxes rising up in amphitheatre fashion on every side. Everybody squatted on his heels or sat out on his crossed legs to see the show. They offered chairs to no foreigners, but we made signs to show that while we were in Japan we'd squall as the Japanese do. We were rewarded with grateful smiles and bows from some scores of Japanese gentlemen who had worried over the prospect of seeing nothing but our tall backs.

Handy little men jog-trotted to and fro among the boxes, bearing trays on which pots of tea and small cups and sweet, thin rice wafers were appetizingly displayed. The spectators nibbled wafers and sipped the tea with loud, gurgly sounds for politeness' sake, and smoked cigarettes and chatted and laughed. Suddenly all sounds ceased. The wrestlers were marching in. From the east side of the arena came ten men of the East; from the west side ten men of the West; all barefoot, and unclad save for ceremonial aprons and narrow girdles from which hang strips of reeds that looked mighty uncomfortable and ticklish.

"Did you ever see such a lot of lubby athletes?" asked the Brunswicker, who numbers Sullivan and Ned Hennes and Wallace Ross among his friends, and knows what's what.

"Sh-h-h-h!" replied the New-Yorker. "They have to carry fat. We Western people think an athlete is no good unless he's lean; so these Orientalists just naturally take the opposite view. East is East and—"

"Oh, fudge!" cried the Brunswicker. "Call those big, stuffed poly-poly wrestlers! I'd like to put Tom Jenkins at them. He'd toss 'em around like a farmer pitching hay."

Maybe so. Maybe not. Probably we shall never know, for it would not pay a Japanese champion to abandon his sure income and come to our country on speculation; and, of course, few Japanese would care to see our wrestlers do their outlandish feats if they should happen to go to Japan.

Very gravely the opposing squads faced each other in the arena for the ceremony of *Dohio ita* or formal greetings. Each athlete pressed his left hand under his heart and bowed and then in friendly salutation. In principle the act was like that of our pugilists who shake hands before proceeding to batter. Having by those gestures expressed the entire absence of ill-feeling, the warriors solemnly marched out of the ring.

Now the *Yobedashi joku*, or "calling out man," swept grandly to the centre of the ring and proclaimed—"Higashi, Yamanaka; Nishi, Matsuda." Those were, indeed, all the words that he uttered.

But he drew them out into a recitation that lasted for minutes. In the first place, he advanced with a very slow, mincing gait to the middle of the ring, waving the rustling folds of his kimono with great dignity. He pointed with his fan to the East, then held the open fan before his mouth, and in a shrill, penetrating, yet quivering inflection, chanted:

"Hi-i-i-i-i—go—ah-i-i-i-i!"

It is said that the limitations of type cannot imitate the wailing, the trills and general flourish that the *Yobedashi joku* contrived upon the long-drawn word. And, having at last uttered it all, he next dragged out the name of Yamanaka, who was to represent Higashi, or the Eastern province, in the first bout. Next, with ever-increasing gloom,



The Ceremony of *Dohio ita*, or Formal Greeting

shrillness, and austerity, the announcer pointed to Nishii, the West, quivered out the word, and spent many joyous moments in wailing the name of Matsuda, the Western protagonist.

"Great Scott!" the Brunswicker remarked. "That announcer makes Charlie Harvey and Peter Branty sound like whispering children. 'Wouldn't he make a hit in Madison Square Garden?' I've never heard the wailing of a lost soul before, but I'm sure this is it, all right."

The more elaborate dignitary swam into our ken, the Sumo-gyōji, or referee. His kimono was more voluminous than that of



Yamanaka had pounced upon Matsuda

the announcer, also he carried a curved oval fan as token of his office. He had the detached, far-away aspect of the over-man might come and men might go, but he would poise the scales of exact justice forever. Following the umpire's advent, there appeared Mr. Yamanaka from the east side of the ring and Mr. Matsuda from the west.

Oh, how they waddled! These men—mountains. In height they were a trifle below six feet, but by comparison with the ordinary Japanese around them, each seemed like Goliath and Daniel Lambert rolled into one, with the Daniel Lambert element predominant. Fat grew upon the midst of them in rolls and folds that bore a grotesque resemblance to the armor belt of a battleship, also it hung in collars and festoons here and there. Their gait was slower than the gait of old elephants on parade. Each shot a glance across the ring at his adversary; a glance of defiance, hostility, contempt, and withering pride. Then each turned his back to the enemy, faced his home province, raised his right knee as high as possible, pounded it with his open hand and dived the right foot down upon the ground with a loud crash—I wouldn't be sure that the ground didn't tremble. Then the left leg was raised up and pounded down in the same way. Next the wrestler squatted as close to the ground as possible, as to stretch to the utmost the muscles of the legs. All this was by way of limbering up for the fray.

The two monsters of adiposity turned and faced each other across the ring, each squatting comfortably on his heels. They clapped their hands three times and glared harder than this before.

"Why do they clap their hands?" I asked Martin Gishi, our guide, who knows everything.

"That is old Japanese religious custom," Gishi explained. "Many years ago Dai-jingu, the Sun-Goddess, was insulted by her brother, Susa-no-o, and ran into a cave. So all the world was left in darkness. All the other gods and goddesses came around and hugh and sing and dance and clap their hands to coax her out. When she tried to run back, Tajikarao-no-kami—you would call him 'God-of-the-Strong-Hand'—catch her and hold her. He was the first wrestler. So you see Dai-jingu was glad after awhile to stay out of the cave, and ever since that time she has been the goddess of wrestlers. These men now clap their hands like Tajikarao-no-kami to honor Dai-jingu."

And that was not all they did to propitiate the deity. Each wrestler retired to his corner and took from an earthen platter a pinch of sacred soil. This he strewn before him as he stroiled ponderously into the ring, his lips busy meanwhile with a silent prayer to the goddess that she would guard him from broken bones. So much for ancient custom. But at the same time Yamanaka glared menacingly yet with scorn at Matsuda, as she should say: "I see! I need no protection against you. I am afraid only that I may crush you into pulp." And Matsuda replied with precisely the same sort of eye-language.

At last the fuzen came to stand, how to face.

"Now for some roughness of the house!" cried the Brunswicker, all aflame.

But it was not so. The fat giants squatted comfortably on their heels and glowered with added ferocity. Then each carefully palled aside the ticklish strands that dangled from his girdle,

Let us call the giants by their initials. Y, slowly leaned forward and put down his right fist. M, put down his right fist. Y, put down his left fist. M, put down his left fist. Y, spread out both hands, wide open, palms downward. M, did the same.

And there they crouched, face almost touching face, eye glaring into eye, their gross, over-nourished bodies strained in true attitudes that gave them grotesque resemblance to a pair of polly game-cocks. Each was trying: 1, to worry his antagonist so as to diminish his effectiveness; 2, to be ready to spring and get his grip the moment the enemy moved. For it is the law of the time that both wrestlers must grasp at the same instant of time.

Very, very slowly the heads came closer together, the Sumo-gyōji mean time posing dramatically above them with a puffed warning fan and crying, "Matta-matta! Matta-matta-matta!" which means "Wait—wait! Wait—wait—wait!" Which they did most obediently, for they knew that if they infringed the law of the time to the slightest degree the umpire would punish them severely. And still they glared and still the suspense grew, and they were so wrought upon by the intense nervous effort of out-slaring the enemy and of keeping every muscle fixed in the fatal spring that faint shivers of steam rose from their dark skins and great drops of moisture rolled down their fat sides.

At last! The leap was so swift that eye could hardly follow it, and our first clear impression was that Yamanaka had pounced upon Matsuda and gripped him by left wrist and right arm. Willy Matsuda, calmly perceiving that the enemy would have an advantage, merely braced himself against the shock and stood fast without any effort to grasp. Thereupon it was, of course, no start, according to the rules, and the men must begin again. But not without formalities.

Matsuda arose slowly, very slowly, and glowered with pity and contempt upon his foe. Then he walked over to his seconds who stood near his corner and languidly accepted from one of them a dipper of water. With a mouthful of the water he sprayed his arms, then with a paper handkerchief wiped them dry. All this elaborate process was used to wash off the misfortune, the contamination, of his former's touch.

The same pair waddled back into the ring, again went through the complicated programme of stamping, squatting, glowering, and crouching. After three minutes of this they sprang upon each other and clutched arms. It seemed impossible that these human balloons could so imitate the darting of the hawk; yet so they did, and we foreigners derived new ideas as to the agility of the adipose. Gradually Matsuda pushed Yamanaka close to the edge of the ring.

"Nokota! Nokota! Nokota!" the umpire cried, which means "You're near the rope! Don't step over it!"

The giants heaved and surged harder than ever. The mighty muscles flexed and contorted so that they surged up under the fat as a groundswell billows under the ripples of a summer sea. For a few moments Yamanaka managed to hold Fate at bay. Then Matsuda put all his power in a mighty lift and hurl, and the ballistics carcass of the enemy flew through the air and rolled inert upon the outer ground. All Nishi smiled.

We saw a dozen matches during the afternoon. The best of all was when shabby little Tamutsubaki, of Iliashi, overthrew Komegatake, of Nishi, a man of more than six feet in height, with a



The Sumo-gyōji posing dramatically

remarkable hip back. Men had bet three to one on the giant, the Japanese are a little more superstitious. No one denies that the Japanese are a stoic race; but spitting blood is thicker than water and will not be dried.

The men of Iliashi clapped their hands and yelled their joy. Oh, yes, they yelled and laughed uproariously. No one denies that the Japanese are a stoic race; but spitting blood is thicker than water and will not be dried.



"The Blue Ribbon," by Francis Day



Copyright, 1901, by C. Y. Turner

"Beatrice," by C. Y. Turner



"Nathalie," by W. G. Schneider

THE ETERNAL SUBJECT

SOME EFFECTIVE EXHIBITS AT THE FORTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY, NOW ON VIEW AT THE FINE ARTS BUILDING, NEW YORK

Photographs by Joly

OUR WONDERFUL NEW MARKET— THE PANAMA CANAL

By HENRY HARRISON LEWIS

DURING the past twelve months the keen business eye of our manufacturing interests has been focused upon a certain narrow strip of land separating the waters of the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico in about the ninth degree of latitude.

This strip of land, in width not more than half of an ordinary working division on an American railway, presents one of the most stupendous markets for the sale of crude and manufactured material known to history. It is the site of an undertaking which has bankrupted the moral credit of one great nation, caused a most spectacular revolution, and now forms one of the most important political problems before the American people.

It is of special interest, however, to the American manufacturer and merchant, because an enormous fortune is being expended down there for manufactured material which a wise ruling has ordained must be purchased from our own manufacturers.

When it is understood that the building of the Panama Canal will require more than one hundred millions of dollars' worth of our products, bought at a reasonable profit and under satisfactory circumstances, it is easily seen that to neglect such an enormous market would be poor business indeed.

It may be well to point out at the beginning that recent kaleidoscopic changes in management really have no bearing on the quantity of material required to build the canal, nor in the rules governing the purchase of suitable material. It does not make any difference to the source of supply whether the canal is constructed by contract, by engineers appointed by President Roosevelt, or by members of the engineering corps of the army. The amount of material required will remain the same, and it will be purchased in this country from our manufacturers.

There is hardly one manufacturer who is not directly or indirectly interested in the production or handling of some product required on the isthmus of Panama; and this interest extends to a greater or lesser degree to every wage-earner in the United States. It is not claiming too much to say that the whole country will be benefited, not only through the sale of products used in building the great waterway, but also through the increased trade connections with the enterprising and rapidly growing countries on the west coast of South and Central America.

The cost of the Panama Canal has been variously estimated at the amount appropriated by Congress, \$394,000,000 (including \$100,000,000 paid to the new Panama Canal Company of France, and \$100,000,000 paid to the Republic of Panama) and at other sums recently evolved by engineers, at least \$250,000,000. Of this enormous amount at least one-half, or \$125,000,000, will be expended for manufactured products purchased in the United States.

This, it should be under stood, is the direct purchase. It does not represent the actual total amount of enormous sums being paid for labor. For instance, the number of employees now at work earned \$20,000, representing an average daily pay roll of at least \$100,000, or one and one-half million dollars each month of the year.

An industrial army of twenty thousand workers is a force of consumers worth considering. This army is like a small city and requires all that a city—a modern American community—would require. Food products, clothing, books, articles for amusement, the thousand and one things demanded by people with money to

spend are bought and consumed, and the sum total of these expenditures must be added to the amount bought direct by the Panama Canal Commission for use in constructing the waterway.

As an earned of what is being required now and will be required in the future we can briefly review the work already accomplished.

Thirty-two million dollars have been spent in preliminary work by the commission. Of this amount about \$4,500,000 have been expended in government and sanitation; about \$7,000,000 in construction of quarters and other buildings, docks, wharves, railway enlargement, waterworks, and sewers in the zone, and in engineering work; about \$12,000,000 in permanent plant; over \$4,500,000 in miscellaneous material and supplies; and more than \$1,500,000 in the construction of sewers and waterworks, and for street paving and improvements in Panama and Colon.

It will be seen from the above that practically a new State has been created, including the building of towns and the preparation and assembling of the most gigantic constructing plant known to the world.

Now comes the maintenance of this new State, and the stupendous work connected with the actual construction of the canal. The wide scope of the task cannot be seen at a glance. The digging of the Culebra Cut alone, which literally means the slicing in two of a great hill, will require vast quantities of railway material, explosives, tools, dredging apparatus, giant steam-shovels, and the other articles necessary to a task of this nature.

Then will come the building of the great masonry dams with a demand for millions of barrels of cement and for an immeasurable quantity of other manufactured products. And, to put it briefly, will follow the work of assembling the entire line of the waterway in preparation for its ultimate duty of facilitating the passage of merchant fleets from ocean to ocean.

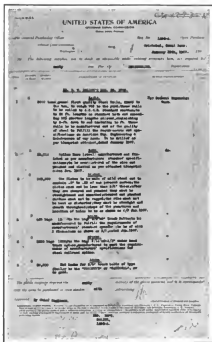
It is manifestly impossible to give a complete list of the material which is now being purchased, and which will be bought during the next eight or ten years.

The railway enlargement alone calls for millions of dollars' worth of steel rails, spikes, bars, the plates, track-bolts, spikes, locomotives, passenger-coaches, box-cars, gondolas, signal apparatus, turn-tables, railway-tools, machinery of various classes, railroad-ties, track-tools, lanterns, and spare parts almost without limit.

A fair working idea of the great variety of articles required by the Commission can be obtained by serializing a single requisition recently received from the Isthmus. The list calls for the following items:

Dump-rail doors, bending-rolls, flanging-cameras, blasting-material, valves, shovels, ratchet-drills, jacks, vices, differential bolts, soldering-coppers, nail-shoes, nails, coal-baskets, fire-extinguishers, furnishing-pots, wire-rope, and clips, hose, lamps, bag-cases, ladders, chimneys, cotton-waste, candles, hose, barbers' supplies, matting, beds, mattresses, desks, filing-cabinets, office supplies, thread, steel-plugs, paints, varnish, shells, turpentine, oils, kerosene, alcohol, putty, graphite, claw-bars, flange-bars, sharks' teeth, bush-synthes, cat-hooks, rail-tongs, hat and coat racks, and kerosene oil.

The articles mentioned in this single requisition appeal direct to more than twenty different classes of manufacturers, such as manufacturers of railway supplies, car-factories, tube-works,



A few needs of Panama's 20,000 Consumers

FAVORABLE OF ONE OF THE MANY OFFICIAL REQUISITIONS SENT TO THE GENERAL PURCHASING OFFICE AT WASHINGTON FROM THE ISTHMUS



1607



RENDEZVOUS OF AMERICAN AND FOREIGN WARSHIPS IN F
DRIFT OF L.A.



HAMPTON ROADS FOR THE JAMESTOWN CELEBRATION

A. SHAFER

manufacturers of tools, blacksmith supplies, rope-works, cotton-mills, manufacturers of barbers' supplies, paint and varnish works, oil-refineries, manufacturers of tools, glass-works, spirit-refineries, manufacturers of office-supplies, mail-workers, makers of high explosives, and manufacturers of agricultural implements.

The quantities required by this requisition are worthy the attention of any manufacturer or dealer. For instance, it calls for more than 800 tons of dynamite, 30,000 gallons of red oxide roofing paint; 250 tons of white lead in oil; 300,000 pounds of black powder; 150,000 heavy railroad cross-ties; 4000 mule-shoes; 1000 single beds with springs, and 1500 single mattresses; 20,000 gallons kerosene; 4000 feet of steel-rope, and 350 pounds of rubber bands.

This, mind you, is not a requisition for a year's supply, but one selected at haphazard from several received by each steamer from the isthmus, that is, about every six days. It shows very clearly to the trade the enormous demand for manufactured articles created by the building of the Panama Canal.

Of equal interest is the policy adopted by the commission of purchasing practically everything in the United States. This policy was fully described by Theodore P. Shonts while acting as chairman of the Commission. His words, approved by President Roosevelt, were as follows:

"In accordance with our policy of buying in the cheapest markets, we have bought chiefly in the United States because its markets, in the main, are the cheapest in the world for the products that we need in this work. The American laborer is the highest-priced in the world, but we can buy the results of his work more cheaply here than material abroad, because of his superior skill, and because of the intelligent interest which he, as an American citizen, takes in his work.

"While buying our supplies in the United States we have seen to it that the entire country should be admitted on equal terms to the competition for furnishing them. Our theory is that since the American people are to defray the cost of building the canal, the whole American people should be treated alike in the opportunity to derive legitimate industrial and commercial profit from the outlay for construction. One of the first actions of the present Commission after taking office was the adoption of a policy designed to place all manufacturers and producers in all parts of the country on equal terms in regard to shipment of goods to the isthmus."

This quotation from the chairman's official report contains two points of vital importance to American manufacturers of material utilized at Panama. In the first place, it means emphatically that more than one hundred million dollars' worth of material will be bought, not from Great Britain and Germany, our great trade rivals, but from our own people.

The Panama Railroad Steamship line, owned by the government, has been separated from the Panama Railroad, also owned by the government, and the steamship line has been thrown open to all railway connections at New York, on agreed percentage divisions.

The commission gives all its direct rail connections at New York, as well as all others, the privilege to make rates from all producing territory clear through to Colon. Under this policy the manufacturer situated on the line of a railroad leading to New York has an advantage whatever over the one situated on lines of railway running to Gulf ports. Each can arrange for his own rates straight through to Colon.

To return to the question of demand. It has been estimated that not one-twentieth of the actual work of construction has been completed. This means that more than nineteen-twentieths of the total amount of material is yet to be purchased. This stupendous amount must of necessity be bought in quantities divided among the eight or ten years' time necessary to complete the canal for two reasons. First, because Congress will not make a lump appropriation covering the entire amount; and second, because of a lack of facilities at the isthmus and a reluctance on the part of the engineers in charge to order in large quantities.

Therefore, no manufacturer can say that the market is covered

simply because the canal has been building for several years. Nor can individual manufacturers say that the opportunity to secure a share of this fine market is limited to a favored few.

There is no favoritism, an effort to restrict the field, no desire on the part of the government or its direct representatives in the work, the members of the commission, to discriminate in any way between any clique of contractors, or trusts, or individual manufacturers.

All that is necessary in selling goods to the canal is to produce the right quality and kind of material, to sell it at the right price, and to know how to bid. It is presumed that no American manufacturer would, under the circumstances, attempt to unload inferior material upon the commission. At least he would not try it a second time.

And it is also presumed that our manufacturers know their business sufficiently well to make goods capable of being sold at the right price, which after all is the market price. Acknowledging these conditions to be true, we find only one thing remaining—to know how to sell goods to the canal.

This information can be secured in minute detail from the office of the Isthmian Canal Commission at Washington simply by writing for it. It may not be arduous, however, to give here a general description of the procedure.

In the first place, all articles are ordered from the isthmus through the chief of division of material and supplies in the form of requisitions which are received by the purchasing agent at Washington, and noted upon without delay. A circular inviting bids is prepared and distributed throughout the country. Requirements are also advertised in the newspapers of the principal cities, including trade papers, and in the United States government advertiser published at Washington.

The purchasing department, it is well to understand, does not depend much upon these advertisements. There is kept in the office of the department a mailing list of manufacturers and dealers, and circulars are sent to the list as soon as issued. The department constantly requests manufacturers of every class to send their business cards to be filed. Circulars can always be obtained from Mr. D. W. Ross, General Purchasing Officer, Isthmian Canal Affairs, Washington, District of Columbia, or from the offices of the assistant purchasing agents at New York, New Orleans, San Francisco, or Tacoma.

Sealed proposals in triplicate, must be sent to the office of the commission in Washington on the date specified in the circular. Bids in the amount of \$1000 or over must be accompanied by a bond in good security in a form specially provided, or by certified check or, or certificate of deposit in a bank or trust company of the United States, in an amount not less than fifteen per cent. of the bid.

Preliminary inspection of material will be made at the point of manufacture or purchase, to determine whether material meets the requirements set forth in the specifications, and final inspection will be made on the isthmus.

All material must be securely packed for ocean shipment and delivered at shipper's risk, freight prepaid, and free of all charges, on dock at Colon (Atlantic port) or La Boca (Pacific port), Isthmus of Panama. Full details as to shipment regulations can be obtained from the purchasing agent, and should be followed to the letter.

The following steamship lines have regular sailings from ports in the United States to the isthmus:

Panama Railroad Steamship line, Hamburg American line, Royal Mail Steam Packet Company from New York; United Fruit Company from New Orleans, and the Pacific Mail Company from San Francisco. The larger part of the materials purchased, however, go to the isthmus in cargo lots by tramp steamers.

The Panama Canal is the most stupendous undertaking in the world's history. It offers unlimited opportunities to the manufacturers and contractors of the United States, and it would seem "good business" to seize this chance without delay.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE?

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

IN ancient days, when monarchs great
Ruled country-side and town,
And in their halls held mortal feasts
As light as ether down;

Could devour their garden trees
With bodies of their enemies,
A-swinging all day long,
If any one should ask them why,
They raised their eyes and made reply:
"The King can do no wrong."

When Abdul in his palace bright,
Down by the Bosphorus,
Decides that some rebellious knight
Is making too much fuss.

He fires a cannon-ball in him,
And drops him in the waters grim,
A-showered on a piling;
And when somebody nicks him why,
He merely winks his other eye—
"The Sultan can't do wrong!"

When in the Afric forest deep,
Where rules the mighty Jew,
The jungle of the jungle steep,
Some savage makes a row.

They boil him well, despite his groans,
And eat his flesh, and pick his bones,
Served hot to the long-tongued,
And when somebody passing by
Frosts, the loyal subjects cry:
"The Jew can do no wrong!"

And still to-day in this our land,
Where folks are civilized,
And every one, on every hand,
Is freely criticized,

When critics dare say what they've felt
About the deeds of XXXXXXX—
If these be weak or strong—
Ten thousand injured voices rise,
And rend the welkin with their cries:
"—and—!—and—!—and—!—and—!"



Mr. Taft watching an Infantry Drill at El Morro, San Juan



Regis H. Post, Governor of Porto Rico

The native Regiment won much Praise from the Secretary



Mr. Taft, accompanied by Colonel Bailey (on his Right) and Commodore Rohrer (on his Left) at the Naval Station, San Juan



Mr. Taft's triumphant Entry into San Juan under Escort of the Porto Rico Regiment commanded by Colonel Bailey

THE CHIEF OF THE DEPARTMENT OF TRAVEL

DURING SECRETARY TAFT'S RECENT CALL AT PORTO RICO, IN THE COURSE OF HIS TERRITORIAL TRAVELS, HE TOOK AN AUTOMOBILE TRIP AROUND THE ISLAND AND WITNESSED THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW GOVERNOR, REGIS H. POST

WHISKERS and their VIRTUES

BY HENRY UNDERWOOD * D.W.
OF HACKENSACK
* D.W., DEFENDER OF THE WHISKER.

PICTURED BY



WHISKERS need no apology. They can feed for themselves. It is only when they are maliciously and willfully attacked, as in a recent issue of this journal, that a lover of justice, with malice toward none and charity to all, feels irresistibly impelled to speak up in their behalf. It is, therefore, with the fullest reliance upon the indulgence of the editor, the fairness of the readers, and the rectitude of the sacred cause of whiskers that I indite a few words in response to the sacred abusing them, which doubtless was inspired by the attempt of Assemblyman Cornish to cause the adoption of a law in New Jersey taxing whiskers.

As to the Cornish bill itself I need say nothing. If any such statute were enacted no one should obey it by payment of so much as one penny of whisker-tax; for it is self-evident that a tax on whiskers is unconstitutional. As well attempt to tax a man for having a fine chest, a well-turned leg, big biceps, broad shoulders, or any other attribute of manly beauty. No, no; whiskers are indigenous to man and therefore untaxable, as the Court has held. (See *Commonwealth vs. Hancock*, 223 Pa. 28, People vs. Vandenberg, 41, 144 N. J.). Moreover, the law prohibits any cruel and unusual punishment as unconstitutional; and surely it is both cruel and unusual punishment either to tax a man's whiskers, or, by taxation, to force him to shear them off.

But it is not against the ill-judged perversity of the legislator that my righteous wrath arises. Rather is it against the virulence,

prejudiced, ill-considered abuse uttered by your recent contributor, whose thin disguise of alleged humor I shall quickly tear to tatters and reveal him in his ghastly colors as an arch-enemy of whiskers. What! In our great volume of public thought to be molested by mere beardless boys? Never! Perish the thought! Let them go tarry at Jericho.

My laudious friend characterizes whiskers as microbe-carriers, as if that were a sufficient reason for their effacement. I say without fear of contradiction that they don't carry any more microbes to the square inch than many other growths usually held innocuous. Do whiskers convey microbes, forsooth? Then how about men's eyebrows, or the hair on their heads? And what shall we do with women's evening glory? Or with fur-jackets, or coats? Or with our ordinary woollen garments? Nay, since microbes infect our own surfaces, our

money, even the air we breathe, shall we go about skinless, money-less, airless? Let us hear no more, pray, about the microbes qualities of the whisker.

Whiskers are hygienic. They have a distinct therapeutic value in the prevention of coughs, colds, bronchitis, tonsillitis, and all diseases of the throat and chest. The *Country Justice* Life-buoy which your would-be humorists contribute so glibly attacks with his halting wit are veritable life-buoys wherever found. I have seen them sprouting frore and wrapped around the throats of men distinguished in medicine, at the bar, on the bench, in finance, and in agriculture. And not one have I detected symptoms of laryngeal or thoracic disorder in any wearer of the life-buoy. This form of whisker is exalted in hygienic value only by No. 2 Red Wintergreen Arseywhiskers.

As for Hackensack Taft, I see no reason for sneering. The Tafts have abundant reason for being. You will note that the poet Pastor sings:

"And he went back to the town of Hackensack
With a little bunch of whiskers on his chin."

Of course he went back. The Hackensack Taft belongs at Hackensack. It always heads for home. I have no doubt that, as soon as Mr. Pastor's suburbane got through the phony diversion of being robbed along the Hovey, his whiskers took him home. That's what they are for. I'll bet a corky that when the conductor on the New York and New Jersey Railroad found that the penniless but greatly bedazzled citizens were a Hackensack Taft he carried him free and carefully put him down on his native heath. I violate no conscience when I state that the Taft is a valid pass, honored on all roads running into Hackensack.

And what, pray, would become of Art without whiskers? Take Bernard Shaw. If you cut off the whiskers, what would be left? A mere trace of gas and hot air.

I want to take serious notice of the gratuitous fling to the effect that bands of whiskerless at Pompton, Musconetcong, etc., have sworn a horrid oath to brand their whiskers into larvae wherewith to lynch their persecutors. That is both, of course. And by way of rebuke let me cite as example of the humane, courageous, and altruistic tendencies of the whiskerless which occurred in our borough no longer ago than Wednesday of last week: Willie Charlton, a husky lad of sixteen, espoused his canoe and was in great danger of drowning in the Hackensack River. His cries were heard by our genial townsman, Mr. Thomas G. Van Linderfeldt. Without a moment's delay, Mr. Van Linderfeldt unrolled his long, silky whiskers (Genuine No. 2 Red Wintergreen Jerseywhiskers), and



The Superwhiskerman



As a defence against the blackjack



Hurled them out athwart the raging flood so that the coil settled around the shoulders of the helpless lad

with the skill grown of long practice hurled them out athwart the raging flood so that the coil settled around the shoulders of the helpless lad. Imagine the joy that thrilled Mr. Van Linkenfeldt's manly bosom as he hauled the boy ashore amid the plaudits of the multitude, carried him to the arms of his weeping mother, and, in response to loud cries of "Spends! spends!" modestly shook his head, not only in negation, but to dry his whiskers, which he then replaced neatly in their whisker-ling!

Where would our snarling, smooth-faced whisker-beller have appeared in this crisis? Shrieking for help, probably; or, at best, plunging into the icy stream in a feeble attempt at rescue, so that two lives would have been lost instead of one. Credit where credit is due. Long live Mr. Van Linkenfeldt, and may he never wear less than fifty yards of whiskers!

But it is not to the fortuitous use of whiskers as humane apparatus that I would address myself. Let us consider, rather, the true value of the every-day, common or garden whisker. The virtues of the Coty's Astringent Life-long I have already celebrated. The Vaudeville beard is a splendid adjunct. No man can succeed in Art or be a high-minded hero of fiction unless he wears this form of whiskers. Also, thick-whiskered uprightness on the points of the jaws must be worn, silly-silly, by New-Yorkers and Chicagoans this year as a defence against the bludgeons and black-jacks of the astounding highwaymen, hold-up artists, strong-arm men, rans kids, et de genere, now rampant in these cities. It was well said by Hrazar that he who bears proper whiskers on his jaws may laugh at the buffets of fortune—

Whiskerers in faribus

Ad Fortissimum ridit!

And then there is the utilitarian side. We all know how prone consumers are to forget the bundles they have accumulated on the way home. Even now on the D., L. & W. and many other suburban roads thousands of passengers are humiliated every evening by the hoarse voice of the brake-man, crying: "Netong! Netong! Don't forget your parcels!"

How easily all this may be avoided by the proper growth and training of whiskers! The suburbanite can wear them woven into curly little pockets that will carry small change and railroad tickets as well as purchases from the druggist, optician, jeweler, etc. The longer strands can be braided into stout flaps, upon which the superhuman krumpholtz can make fast the larger packages he may be carrying home. Then, whether he go spouting wild-eyed down Broadway Street to catch the 5:55 boat or leap suddenly from his car seat at the call of his familiar home station, the full-fledged consumer will lose none of his precious freight. What worry, what poverty, what frantic telegraphing, what confused explanations to anxious and reproachful wives, will be saved by this simple but not unduly device!

Consider, too, the romantic side. Having carefully recommissioned her Ed-

win's empty overcoat, Angelina sighs at the end of the delightful dinner in their rose-bowered cottage nest at Chestnuthurst, N. J.

"At last!" she cries. "Only our fourth anniversary, Edwin, and you have quite forgotten. Ah me!"

"Say not so, darling," replies Edwin, fondly, the low-light beaming in his fine eyes, as he deftly explores a pocket hidden in the umbrageous bosomage of his glossy, blue-black com-muter whiskers. "I have not forgotten. I have a surprise for you. Look, darling, look!"

And with these tender words he draws forth a beautiful, highly trained and sweet-voiced canary, which he has hitherto carefully concealed in his whiskers. The little feathered songster blinks sleepily for a few moments.

For a grand, sweet song, for having even for one moment doubted her Edwin's affection, Angelina throws herself upon him—

Oh, reader, let us leave them in their perfect, whisker-kissed happiness!

It is one of the most disquieting signs of the times that a world-wide conspiracy against whiskers is on foot. Let it be the duty of us who realize the sterling virtues of the whisker to check this treacherous revolt. I have read with horror in the daily press that, beginning on May 1, all conductors on the Burlington Railroad system must be clean shaven. Surely no patriot will tolerate this outrage.

Even now the waiters in all the hotels and restaurants in Paris are on strike—*salle lesseur!*—in order to remount and vindicate the sacred right of man to wear whiskers. My hand trembles with pride while I write that these brave souls have refused with scorn the offers of the ignoble proprietors to bribe them with higher pay if they will but wear clean faces. What heart can fail to throb at the heroic reply of these martyrs?

"Keep your poltry grid," they have cried. "We will live poorly, starve if necessary, rather than lose one millimetre of whisker!"

All in vain did the treacherous Parisians persuade the ingenuous Paul Adam to publish ten columns of whisker attack. He says forthwith that the smooth-shaven face of ancient Rome is becoming prevalent in America.

Is it, forthwith? Then let Americans tremble. For when the Romans became smooth shaven they decayed, degenerated, vanished from the face of the earth. For, as the poet truly says, it was whiskers that were

"The glory that was Greece"

And the grandeur that was Rome."



With these tender words he draws forth a beautiful, highly trained and sweet-voiced canary-bird, which he has hitherto carefully concealed in his whiskers

ENGLAND'S IDEALS OF EMPIRE

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

London, April 6, 1907.

OVER here we are all talking Empire. The Colonial Premier has been in the city, and by the time this letter reaches you the great Imperial Conference will have assembled. There is not quite the same interest in it as there was in 1902 and in 1907. The Boer war and the commotion lent to the conference of 1907 an extraordinary enthusiasm, and 1907 was the year of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee, when also the tides of patriotic emotion ran flood-high. Today public affairs are placid, and the nation is inclined to be domestic rather than imperial. This is not at all a bad thing. These quinquennial conferences ought to stand on their own merits, and be independent of adventitious excitement. To a large extent this one does so stand, and there is not the least reason to think that it will be therefore less productive than its predecessors. If the popular interest in its discussions is less delicious than five or ten years ago, it must not be assumed that it is non-existent. On the contrary, it is very much alive and operative. The average Englishman's conception of the Empire does not go very far beyond a vague pride of membership, but that pride of ownership is sufficient to make him genuinely imperial. There is a quite distinct consciousness in all classes of society that the gatherings of the leaders of the self-governing sister nations for consultation under the family roof-tree are a spectacle unparalleled in history. If the knowledge of the precise problems they meet to deal with is superficial and slight, all Englishmen are at any rate at one in recognizing their transcendent importance. They feel that there is no such question in the whole sphere of British politics as this of drawing tighter the bonds of Empire; all agree that imperial consolidation is the master-issue before the British peoples. Lord Milner has aptly enough defined the scope of that issue. "It is to take nothing less than this, that the several states of the Empire, however independent in their local affairs, however dissimilar in some of their institutions, should yet constitute, for certain purposes, one body politic; that, in their relations to the rest of the world, they should appear and be a single power, speaking with one voice, setting and ranking as one great unit in the society of states."

This unquestionably is the ideal to which the Empire is slowly, cautiously moving. But the path is none with obstacles, and there are even aspects in which one would hesitate to say that the imperial ideal is stronger than the impulse towards separation. At present the British Empire is little more than a glittering abstraction. Parts of it correspond to the old Roman idea of a great central state, ruling with absolute, if hegemonic, despotism a vast number of varied and warring dependencies. Other parts of it, and these the more vital to the future of the race, correspond to nothing that has ever existed. If you look solely at the relations that obtain between Great Britain and India, for example, or the Malay States or almost any of the Crown Colonies, you feel yourself in the presence of an organized system. But if you look at the relations that obtain between Great Britain and Canada or Australia or South Africa or New Zealand, you feel yourself in the presence of no system at all. The Empire in this latter aspect presents itself as a haphazard conglomerate of three-parties independent, and linked neither to one another nor to the mother land by any but the most casual and decorative bonds. There is, indeed, the silent threat of the crown running through them all. But there is no unity of defence, no policy of commercial preference, no machinery for cooperative action, no visible organic unity. It is an Empire in feeling perhaps, but not in fact. The self-governing colonies tax British goods as they tax the goods of foreigners. Great Britain shoulders almost the whole burden of colonial defence. The relations between the metropolis and the dependently governed portions of the Empire are guided by an ad hoc principle of deference in imperial interests. South Africa resents the presence of Indians. Australia excludes the Japanese, without a thought of how such action may affect the wider issues of imperial policy. The British Empire, in short, is a fabric susceptible to no analogy. Among all the political problems that the world has yet witnessed it is unique, unique in its anomalies, its contradictions, its innumerable confusions, its sense of an unrelenting, unrelenting of unity not yet expressed, perhaps inexpressible, in formal arrangements and tangible bonds.

One of the great difficulties in giving to the Empire a coherence and symmetry and effectiveness it does not now possess is that the last thing the colonies desire is any multiplication of official ties. British imperial history is one long surrender of such ties, a continuous struggle towards freedom from the interference of Downing Street and the Colonial Office. No colonial statesman would now have it otherwise, any more than he would consent to have his tariff dictated by the British Treasury or his unoccupied lands handed over to the crown. All direct power, from and all direct control over, her colonies Great Britain has long ago relinquished, and the result is a relationship which, however offensive to the mathematicians of politics, has this grand virtue—it has made for loyalty and content; it has diminished, almost eliminated, the chance of serious friction; it has established a progressive attitude on the shoulders of the colonies in England and England's non-interference in colonial affairs. And as the colonies develop and prosper, come to "feel their oats,"

and to evolve a national consciousness and a national tradition of their own, their feeling of dependence upon Great Britain diminishes and their determination to "square out" their future on their own way becomes all the more firmly fixed. These are developments that, I think, make a final end of the old idea of calling in the representative principle as a solution of the problem of empire. The notion of an imperial council, a sort of Parliament of the Empire, is now thoroughly exploded.

There are, however, many other roads to federation besides this one of politics. There is, for instance, the road of trade. Follow that road a certain distance and you find it forking off into three pathways. One points to an imperial Zollverein, such as exists in Germany and the United States—an arrangement, that is to say, by which all the constituent parts of the Empire shall enjoy unrestricted free trade among themselves, and impose a uniform tariff on foreign goods and products. The second pathway points to an imperial customs union, each member of which shall have free trade with all the others, and at the same time be at liberty to fix what tariff it places on foreign imports. Both these pathways are now practically deserted, and for the same reason: the colonies cannot afford to have their nascent manufactures nipped by the unrestricted competition of British goods, and England cannot afford to surrender her vast foreign trade by adopting protection. There remains the pathway, far an advance along which Mr. Chamberlain has so eloquently and boldly pleaded, of imperial preference—a series of reciprocal arrangements by which British manufactures and other goods, and only goods of British manufacture and raw material would enter the British market, at preferential rates. England, at the election of fifteen months ago, rejected that policy, and so long as the present government lasts it may be considered out of court. It was rejected because its all-round application would mean not only a sacrifice of money, but even, but the resurrection in these islands of the protection system. But it is quite possible that even under this free-trade ministry a tentative step may be taken which secures a small measure of colonial preference without involving protection. Tea, coffee, condensed fruits, tobacco, and wine—all pay duties at this moment on entering the British market. None of these is produced, except in very inconsiderable quantities, in Great Britain; all of them are produced somewhere or other in the British Empire. On these articles colonial preference could be granted without imposing a tax on the taxpayers, and without introducing any element of protection.

Apart from commerce, the most hopeful stepping-stone to imperial federation is that of defence. A South African statesman long ago suggested that the United Kingdom and all the colonies should undertake to support a tax of, I remember, exactly two per cent. of value on foreign goods entering their markets, and that the proceeds of this tax should go to a common fund for purposes of armament. The object he aimed at is not likely to be attained by the present methods he proposed, but I think it is a perfectly fair suggestion that before very long the naval and military power of the Empire will be organized on some common basis. The British War Office and the British Admiralty are the chief obstacles at present to the realization of that aim. They want to peg the colonies down to definite promises of so many ships, guns, and men. That is the wrong principle altogether. The right principle is to encourage the colonies to raise forces, to organize and arm them in uniformity with British troops, but at the same time to leave them untrammelled as to numbers, disposition, and employment.

There are many other ways in which the unity of the Empire may be encouraged without being unduly forced. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, for instance, grasped the importance of making England the educational center of the Empire. His work might well be amplified by the establishment of good and suitable central schools and colleges that would make it unnecessary for colonial students to complete their education at Continental or American universities. Much, too, might be done for the organized provision of information as to markets, commodities, and modes of manufacture throughout the Empire. Commercial legislation, patents, copyright, trade-marks, naturalization, the appointment and activities of consuls, post and cable service and communications, shipping dues, the currency, weights and measures, and emigration are all matters susceptible to a more or less uniform treatment. One proposed has been made that seems particularly worth while—that the examinations for the Indian civil service should be held simultaneously in the colonial capitals as well as in London, so that the whole Empire might feel itself equally interested and participating in the government of the great Indian Empire. These are matters of perhaps no many of them, the approaching conference will undoubtedly leave its mark. But I imagine its most fruitful work will prove to be the constitution of a sort of imperial intelligence bureau to study and collect information on all serious problems with which the Empire is confronted. At present, as has been pointed out, a question is taken up and more or less discussed at one conference, then shelved for five years, is ventilated at a second conference, and shrouded again. In the absence of permanent machinery for the serious and the details of the Empire, there is danger of the conference itself relapsing into a mere drifting society.



From a portrait by Mr. Stebbins

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT AND HER CHILDREN

THE NEW CHINA

By COUNT OKUMA

THE coming of China to her own—and this is the conviction I have held for some years—in the foundation of permanent peace for the Far East; it is the key to all the black problems which we of the East are heir to. As long as she is in the Sheck of trouble, busy in paying indemnity which she ought to receive instead of pay, or watching international robbers looting themselves with valuable concessions, the peace of the Far East is a sleeping volcano. One can never be sure of the morrow. For thirty years I have watched China; she has always commanded my liveliest enthusiasm. Upon her awakening, upon the coming of the New China, I have always put my trust. Wedded to this view, I could not have been indifferent to her if I tried.

I was happy to see, many years ago, that the world in general, and the students and statesmen of our country in particular, did not allow me to have the sole monopoly in my interest in China. Opinions on the future of the Far East were then, as now, as many as the number of books published upon the theme. One or two of them were masterly, far-sighted, prophetic; a number of them were curious; and a vast majority of them insane and utterly erroneous. Time was when denunciations of heated dreams placed an excessive confidence in the power and possibility of China; the trouble is the facile way these dreamers have in venturing their great hopes in despair. Reaction came; everybody said that China is the Sick Man of the East. We came to hear of the partition of the Chinese Empire, and I assure you that it was not whispered in a subdued voice; unlike the early days of Christian martyrs, this cheerful gospel was not preached in catacombs; people made merry, as if Peking government were a huge joke which a certain diplomatist suddenly discovered in a forgotten volume of mythology. This period did not last long; it had no right to last long; the world in general despaired of China; the world, of course, could do as it pleased; as for me, I took my time in burying my hope and confidence in the future of China. I allowed myself to say what I thought; I held out for the territorial integrity of the Chinese Empire. That was many years ago. I was then the Minister for Foreign Affairs. One day, some one brought me an outline map of China. It looked more like a piece of waste paper to me than a map; it seemed that a number of diplomatists had taken a deal of liberty with the map. They used bits of all styles of ink in shading it, and they had cut it into bits and pieces of paper. Perhaps I might have said so in so many words and in a manner, too, that was not the most philosophic. All of a sudden—perhaps it is not well for me to say suddenly, for I expected nothing at all—some great shout burst up; it came from every point of a compass; first men and then women came in. I recognized the voice of many of my personal friends. "Respect the territorial integrity of China? Impossible!" they all said. Many of my political friends came to see me, and told me to my face in so many words that I am foolish; that I was trying to disrupt the impossible. There was no room to doubt the sincerity of their advice. Great heavens! they were terribly sincere. I had a friend of ten years' standing, and in the heated tumult of discussion I lost him and his friendship. He took public measures; preached the doctrine of the partition of China, and literally attacked me. I knew that I was running in the face of something which has much shorter patience than Providence—the public opinion of the world. That did not trouble me; I was so deeply convinced on this point that I did not hesitate to advocate a measure of defending the integrity of China at the expense of the gold and blood of Nippon. Yes, if need were, I thought we the people of Nippon as much ought to fight for it. Why? I have already said that upon the thorough rehabilitation of China as a great power depended the permanent peace of the Far East. Once more the question turned to the high table on the partition of China and the slight-of-hand riddle of the "sphere of influence" quite as ready as the moral maxims of their forefathers. And in Nippon I had to look very keenly indeed to find even a single one of my opponents yesterday. Indeed, the whole country almost left me behind in the sense of the preservation of the Chinese Empire; and we took the trouble of telling how we stood in this affair rather pointedly; the Russo-Nippon war was the outcome.

The New China is about to be born. I watch its coming with pleasure, had it with school-boy enthusiasm. Am I not being permitted at last to catch the first glimmer of dawn which shall usher the day of permanent peace for the Far East? It would be strange if I could watch so momentous an event with indifference. What makes me happier than ever is that I have a deal of faith in the abiding character of the new Order of Things which is coming into China. If I read the signs of the times aright, this new movement is none of those hysterical fits of progressive reformation. Changes which are taking place in China to-day are radical; fundamental in their character. No longer people declaim loudly on the construction of a branch railway between two treaty ports so modest that you have no end of trouble in finding them upon the map, as the sign of the rebirth of China.

Not so long ago, his Majesty the Emperor, through an imperial edict, abolished the competitive system of literary examination of the candidates for official positions. The meaning of it, in all its highest, is not read even in this our Nippon. The literary culture as the sole qualification for official life had been an ancient institution. It was, at the time of abolishment, as firm and deep-rooted as the clan system was in Nippon at the time when our

government did away with it once for all. It was one of the bed-locks upon which the official life of China was built. Since the classic days of Song and Tang the literary attainment was the only criterion upon which the government selected its official servants. Let me pause a moment, and point out what a remarkable result this method of encouraging literary attainment produced. For ages ambitious youth of China took to learning. And the only reason was "to establish themselves in life." That meant to get a government position. Learning was not an end; it was a mere humble means of securing an office. Save a painfully elementary branch of science, their education was altogether upon the classical; rhapsody, abstruse old texts became therefore one of the highly practical occupations of getting one's bread. It had a wonderful tendency, very naturally, of turning the entire officialdom of China into a paradise of bookmen. But the effect of this system upon the mass of people at large was still more remarkable. You quite as vicious as remarkable. Common people of China took it into their heads—or, to state it more correctly, the officials of China encouraged the mass of people to look upon the officials of the government as a huge trust in learning. They monopolized the brain of the empire. August officers of the government would look after the brain end of the state affairs; what was the use of the common people troubling themselves with the matters which required thought and scholarship? That was the very thing for which the officers were paid. "Let the people depend upon us, trust us," said the Chinese official. Of course, these stupid ideas.

And it was this heavy and classic institution of centuries that the imperial edict lashed to dust.

In the fifth year of Meiji, that is to say in 1872, the imperial government of Nippon inaugurated a new system of education. To think of that, in going through the history of these studies, what a tremendous effect the new school system of our country had upon the life of the New Nippon. The influence of the imperial edict of China must be necessarily be much more powerful upon the New China to be. For at the time when we introduced a new school system we had a literary examination system of China.

Another thing: for the first time China is hungry. Western civilization is no longer playing the ridiculous rôle of a man who tries to make his horse drink. The eyes of China are not turned within her own heart; they are looking abroad. And, in the close of the war, China sent to Nippon more than ten thousand students. "From this time on," said Viceroy Yuan Shih Kai to Mr. Uchida, our minister at Peking, "we shall send out our students not by ten thousands, but by hundreds of thousands." Of course, these students are being sent to America and Europe as well as to Nippon. On their return home, the majority of the young men and women are to enter into the countless schools which are rising all over the empire. These are the leaders of the New China which has about it the same pride as that of the federated States of North America; it is no longer anybody's child; the birth of nationalism in China. I do not say that it is not high time for it to come. At any rate, one cannot find a happy hunting-ground for unholy Western ambitions on the map of China any longer. At the same time she is declining to give valuable concessions, railway, mining, harbors, etc.; she is taking back what she has given, which is admirable of her. We have already heard of "China for the Chinese."

Above all, I have a great faith in the ability and experience of her Majesty the Empress-Dowager of China. She is no longer young; she is rich in experience; here has been a bitter school. At the time when the allied army of England and France sacked Peking, she, in company with Emperor Hien Fung, braved the dust and privations along the Nitze. She has known the desolate days of years which followed the sack of Peking; she has known the unity demanded; then she came to know Ignatieff. She had seen how China parted with an imposing empire watered by the Amur from Nisholsievsk down to Vladivostok and Pussiet Bay. She saw all that Russia paid that splendid empire were a few polished sentences of a diplomatist, and they were hard-edged. In the south she saw the long-haired rebels threaten the city of Nankin. It was in the midst of those unhappy days that she was called upon to face the death of Emperor Hien Fung. Her Majesty seems to enjoy more than her share of critics; those of them who are very sharp. Nobody contends that she is a perfect woman. But there is a woman who has taken upon her delicate shoulders a burden, heavy and big with the fate and destiny of 400,000,000 of people. For wellnigh half a century she has fought her way. Of one thing you may be very sure, here was no iron-barbed path. Among the diplomatists which represented the Christendom of Europe at her court she met no Don Quixotes; because she was a woman no political storms tamed their fury. If you wish you can close your eyes as much as you please, but you cannot escape one fact: she is an ordinary woman; the ordinary woman; the ordinary woman very far from being tame or commonplace. And it is this sovereign, with her ability, with all her extraordinary wealth of experience, who is back of this new movement in China to-day. Mark you, all through the French trouble she was the conservative; among internationalists through the Chinese trouble she was the same; through the troublesome days between the Manchus and the Chinese parties within her own court, through the Boxer trouble; she has always been a consistent conservative. And now read in the light of her career, this sudden change in her life is full

of meaning. For the first time she has read the herring in the sky; she has bowed to the inevitable. Her decision is decisive, quite in keeping with the strength of her character. And we read the Imperial edict abolishing in one day the whole system of literary examination. And some of us have had the honor of meeting the high dignitaries of the examination which her Majesty had despatched to study the institutions—political, economic, social, of Europe and America, as well as those of Nippon. It was the fourth year of Meiji, as we all remember, that his Majesty, the Emperor of Nippon, sent thinkers, Kider thinkers, the greatest statesmen of Nippon of the time, to study the arts, sciences, and the life of the West. The more of China is the same.

Now the reigning Emperor of China is delicate in health. He has always been progressive; years ago he made no secret of it. Up to this time—that is to say, as long as the Empress Dowager remained ultra-conservative—there was little harmony between the critical court, so given to side a statesman, so rare a talent, so-called, as I have said, in such a professed wealth of experience, as the New China will find in her Majesty the Empress Dowager. The youthful enthusiasm of the reigning emperor would command at all times the benefit of ripe thought of the Dowager. It is almost ideal.

We of Nippon rejoice as much as the children of the New China. For the coming of China, in her own, is the best guarantee for the permanent peace of the Far East.

We Make One-third of Our Champagne

Everyone knows that France is the greatest champagne-producing country in the world. But how many of us are aware that the United States takes second place as a producer of the heady wine? Probably very few; yet the fact remains that in 1905, between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 quarts of champagne last year, and it is easily possible that within a few years we shall make more champagne than France.

It is surprising to find, in the reports of the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor, that the importations of champagne during 1906 fell 41,444 quarts below the imports for 1905, while for the nine months ending with March, 1907, the falling off was 105,612 quarts compared with the corresponding months of the preceding year; and the single month of March, 1907, showed a decrease of 31,720 quarts compared with March, 1906.

While a comparison of these figures of the recent imports of champagne with those of 1905 only is of itself somewhat misleading, owing to the fact that 1905 showed an abnormally large importation of champagne, a study of the general figures of importations shows clearly that the importations of champagne are not keeping pace with the imports of other classes of merchandise, nor are they in proportion to the growth of population or of other conditions which might be expected to lead to large importations of this article usually classed with luxuries. A comparison of the figures of 1906 with those of several years earlier shows that the champagne importations of 1906 were but twenty-seven per cent. greater than those of the year 1900, while the importations of all articles classed as luxuries in 1906 was practically fifty per cent. greater than that of 1900, and of general merchandise an increase of sixty per cent., indicating that importations of champagne has not kept pace with that of other luxuries or of the great

group of articles forming the total imports into the United States in the period from 1900 to 1906.

The manufacture of champagne in the United States has been quadrupled in the last ten years, according to statistics collected by the Bureau of Statistics.

New York State is by far the largest producer of champagne in the country, that State being chiefly in Orange County in the southeastern part of the State, and Steuben County, in the western section of the State. A consensus of estimates by the producers and dealers indicates that probably two-thirds of the American champagne of the genuine, or fermented-in-the-bottle variety, is produced in New York State, the other one-third being produced chiefly in northern Ohio, Missouri, and California.

The area in which conditions are suited to the production of champagne is estimated as sufficiently large to render possible an enormous increase in production, the growth being at present limited by the fact that the sums of capital are required for its successful and profitable production.

One marked characteristic of the large number of letters received by the Bureau of Statistics upon this subject is an almost uniform expression of opinion by experts whether engaged in importation or otherwise, that the American product compares favorably with that produced in other countries, and is steadily improving in quality with the increased experience of American producers.

The conclusion of the Bureau of Statistics from this study of champagne production in the United States is that the quantity of genuine, or fermented-in-the-bottle champagne wine produced in this country at present is nearly one-half as great as the importation of wine of the same general class; or, in other words, that about one-third of the genuine champagne wine now consumed in this country is of domestic production, and the proportion which the home product forms of the total is rapidly increasing.

Lindy's Select Patronage

It was during the time of the Spanish-American war. An officer of a Massachusetts regiment, carrying under his arm a bundle of soiled linen, called at the home of a colored woman living on the outskirts of Knoxville, who had made quite a reputation for good laundry-work among the soldiers.

"Does yo' leebing 't' de Fif' Mah'baad?" Lindy asked.

"'T' de Hund'uban-fifty-EF' Indevany'!"

"No."

"'T' de Pemedeevany'!"

"No."

"'T'wen'y-seven' (Ohio)!"

"No!"

"Wah, yo' all eiar outen here! Ise kep' private wash-holy by dose fo' regimints!"

The Youthful Fancy

This story of the little boy who comes here from Sandyville and asks us whether what kind of animal a connoisseur cross-eyed bear might be, was told at a dinner-table the other evening, and immediately elicited a trio of similar anecdotes.

One gentleman, a prominent writer, declared that as a little boy he read *Basile*, and laughed heartily over the grave-yard scene, especially the line "men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love." This he construed to mean that men died and worms ate them, but not because the worms enjoyed that particular diet. They just had to eat men or get nothing, in the same way that little boys are obliged to eat some unpalatable morsels which they most prefer pie. He said that the line made a strong appeal to his sympathies in that he was continually falling foul of his nurse on the porridge question.

Another member of the party related how, as a youngster, his nurse would dwell on death-bed scenes of her late friends and relatives, particularly the administration of extreme unction. To his childish ear the

phrase took on the sound of "extra unction." From this he deduced that when a person was ordinarily sick, he received something known as "unction," which, when he became seriously ill, was doubled or internal, viz., extra unction.

Lastly, a third guest told how in his native Lancashire it is the custom to address households for every member of the family to take turns at making the Christmas plum pudding in a large bowl, which custom is popularly known as "stirring."

Heating this in mind, when he recited the couplet:

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse,

it brought up visions of a family whose Christmas would be void of the conventional dessert. Not even a mouse lent its aid to the culinary preparation, and hence—oh, unhappy household!—no plum pudding.

Get Wise!

A NEW YORK business man was telling some friends not long ago of the disadvantages of having two telephones in his business office.

"A new office boy entered upon the discharge of his duties last week," said the merchant, "among which duties is that of answering the telephone calls. The very first call resulted in his coming to me with the statement:

"'You're wanted at the 'phone by a lady, sir.'"

"Which one?" I asked, thinking of the two 'phones.

"'Well, sir,' said the boy, after an embarrassed pause, 'I—I think it's your wife, sir!'"

While Running

ONE (sympathetically), "And that near on your feet is from a bullet wound?" How was it that you were shot in the face?"

SPANISH WAR VETERAN, "I foolishly looked back."

FOR THE NURSERY—FOR THE TABLE

Whether as an ideal food for infants or for general household use, BROWN'S EARLY FEEDING CORNMEAL MIX is not equal to any other best product can be so definitely said.

THE BEST WORK LOZENGES FOR CHILDREN ARE BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMETS. 25 cents a box.

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Soap, like books, should be chosen with discretion.

Both are capable of infinite harm.

The selection of Pears' is a perfect choice and a safeguard against soap evils.

Matchless for the complexion.



Crowd awaiting the Arrival of noted Prelates at the Cathedral



The Celebration of solemn Pontifical Mass following the Consecration Services

CONSECRATING CHARLESTON'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL

A DIVINE ORDER COMPANY OF CHURCH DIGITARIES GATHERED TOGETHER IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, ON SUNDAY, APRIL 14, TO TAKE PART IN THE CONSECRATION OF THE IMPENDING NEW CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST IN THAT CITY, AND TO PARTICIPATE IN THE HIGHER JUDICIAL OF THE RIGHT REVEREND B. P. NORTHROP, D.D., BISHOP OF CHARLESTON. AMONG THE PRELATES WERE THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE FROM ROME, THE MOST REVEREND DOMINIC FALCONI, D.D., CARDINAL CHURCHMAN, OF BALTIMORE, AND NUMEROUS BISHOPS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA.

FRONTENAC

THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S PLAYGROUND

"THE WORLD OVER, NOTHING COMPARES WITH IT FOR THE OPULENCE OF NATURE."

STRAIT northward from New York, direct to Clayton. Thence car and a half mile by boat and Frontenac is before you—unique, incomparable, exquisite, entrancing Frontenac—its swarthy and wooded islands in the majestic St. Lawrence; the perfumed breezes that never tire wafting Adriatic fragrance; the waterless roundabout without a particle of dampness; gummy fish to tempt reel-skill; ample airiness for the sailing yacht; favoring currents for the most regal floating steam palaces; superb American and Canadian highways for motoring; golf-links and tennis-courts the most ample; deeply dense forests for gun-work; never a tormenting fly, and undisturbed by the tantalizing mosquito; all the sequestration the luxury-lover glories in; and every polite pastime possible that the indolgent man of affairs relishes—as a holiday—that is Frontenac.

Every man of means has his ideal for a summer home. The lonely childless—why not upon an island all his own, amid hundreds of other islands straddling the historic St. Lawrence, that mileless waterway for the confirmed yachtsman? to become an active member of the club, whose members are princely good fellows, bent on the activities of gigantic interests, save for the midsummer months, when they seek this exquisite playground whereon to race their boats, entertain their fishing clubs, have their house parties, revel in motor-car tours on either shore, sail away to the Lakes, or dropping down the river to the rapids—journeying if they please, sliding away their time in favorite sports, regat-

blion on the creek, the sparkle in the eye, the surge in the vein—until one has summered at Frontenac.

Who is not borne away by eye-pleasure? Who is unresponsive to balmy odors? Who is not deeply fond of carefree winds, when they are never petulant or whimsical? Who does not glory in landscape—a landscape so rare that European tourists come hither intently bent upon feasting their eyes upon the luxurious landscape, to partake of the sumptuous hospitality provided at the Hotel Frontenac, and to sail between the myriad dots of verdure that compose this Venice of the "Thousand Islands"? Who can fail to derive helpful inspiration from well-treed lakes with sloping shores; shady pastures for sleek cattle, chunky sheep, and grazing horses; ample berths for the most majestic craft; moorings for the deopod-trunked flutilla; benignant moonrays that are too indulgent to scorch; soothing and calming anilens, swept through the evening air from the towering, branched rollins of the woodland, as the mellowed north winds tone forth their vestal hymns upon rustling leaf-keeps; sunsets that purpur the azure; sunrises that legend the horizon; moonlight that bedliver the river? Who would not have of these?

There is many a man in the United States, rich "beyond the dreams of avarice," who has circled the globe health-hunting, and who has returned still health-hungry. He would gladly endorse an empire, or give his all to the humblest peasant, could he once again feel as he did when a boy. He has hidden farewell to hope,



Chateau Colinet, residence of Charles G. Emery, Colinet Island, directly opposite Clayton, two miles above Frontenac Hotel, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River.

ing themselves with the elite society of the mammoth hotel at Frontenac, at will—could any life be more ideal than that?

Undoubtedly it is because the wealthy men of the United States are unaware of the faultless ravishment of Frontenac that they do not vie with each other in getting possession of the islands or one of the choicest locations on the main land and erecting thereon—as some of them have done—castles and country seats, with their own piers, mooring their own yachts, plunging into the animated, almost berish frolics of the club, bringing their families into the reviving, exhilarating atmosphere of this glorious altitude on the St. Lawrence.

Summer life is ever a persistent search for coolness and comfort. Frontenac breezes never drip with chilling moisture; nothing ever rains or corrodes, the breeze never dies down; the bathing always has the invigorating temperature; the sports are not necessarily all men's sports, but enjoyable to women as well; for it is all for health, rejuvenation, nerve-helping, weariness-dispelling, sleep-inducing, rest-inviting, content-bringing; and those things are what people search the earth to find, and often die at the task, satisfied.

That is the ideal! A colony of American gentlemen, owning their own islands, erecting thereon their own chateaus, electing their pastimes, finding precisely the society of their own liking. Really one has not learned half living; has not learned the secret of extracting most joyous pleasures; has not inhaled the sweetest aroma of existence; has not beheld turquoise skies, sapphire waters, emerald isles; has not inhaled the hazy blowing pines of the mountain pine; has not seen the sun elude its stairway of molten gold far down the current; has not beheld the shimmering pathway of the moon's miles on miles of radiant riverway; has not wooed Nature of all its beauty of health; has not caught the

has sunken down into his rut of health-ruin, resolute in the belief that it can never be otherwise than wretchedly miserable. What a thrilling, kindling, purging, gladdening awakening awaits him if he but trust himself to the soothing, the water-side, the balmy air, the unbroken peace, the soothing content of Frontenac! To have a home on one of these islands or on a shore site is to become a veritable potentate of health. There you may become just as much of a factor socially as you desire; but you cannot even avert becoming a lordly baron of every happiness that accompanies an achelous body and a woriless mind.

This is the HARPER'S WEEKLY reader's type of country. Nature geared (not mutilated) by the artistic dexterity of man's embellishing touch. Alluring as it may seem on paper, no description does it justice. To be there—that's the thing! To see, to inhale, to imbibe, to thrill, pulsate, and there with an unbelievable bounty of the physical and mental, that is knowing Frontenac as it should be known; and it may only be known thus by visiting it.

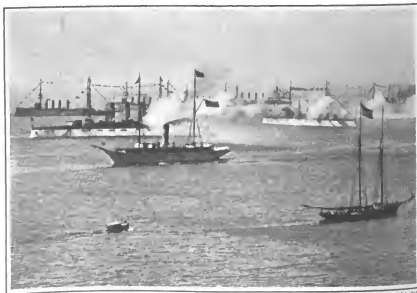
So this summer, if you would just have a peep into God's own country, and see what a joy it would be to live there six months in the year, take the New York Central to Clayton, only eight and a half hours from New York, and it will be spread out before you. If you go for a day, you'll stay weeks; and if you go for weeks you'll abide months; and if you go once, it is an humble prophet's prediction you'll buy an island or a shore plot, build your chateau, and hereafter become part and parcel of this most exclusive, most beautiful colony of American gentlemen; to enter which is to occupy the very Paradise of Nature; to enjoy which is to render up constant thanksgiving. Tickets sold and baggage checked direct to Frontenac.



The President on the Reviewing-stand with General Grant, Rear-Admiral Evans, and Quentin Roosevelt (with the Camera)



Bluejackets and Marines from the assembled United States Men-of-War passing in Review before President Roosevelt—the Machinery Building of the Exposition will be noted in the Background



The President's Yacht "Mayflower" being Saluted as it passes down the Line of War-ships

THE PRESIDENT OPENS THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

PRESIDENT HIMSELF WAS TO HAVE FORMALLY OPENED THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION, ON APRIL 29, BY PRESSING A GOLD BUTTON WHICH WAS TO START THE MACHINERY GOING; BUT AS THE MACHINERY WAS NOT READY THE PRESIDENT BURNED IT, AND TRAVELED DOWN THE WATER WITH DELIVERING A LONG HISTORICAL AND ADMONITORY ADDRESS. IN ADDITION TO THIS, HE REVIEWED IN HIS YACHT, THE "MAYFLOWER," THE ASSEMBLED AMERICAN AND FOREIGN WAR-SHIPS IN HAMPTON ROAD.

Arthur Symons on Wind

THERE is a group of British literateurs, known as the Imaginists, who are quite the cleverest persons in the world, and are known to be infallible as well. These gentlemen, though they are all consummate artists, abuse themselves now and again to pronounce the last word on various æsthetic matters. The very graciousness of this concession lends an added *delecto* to a passage like the following from "Plays, Acting and Music":

"The Miesinguer Orchestra," says Arthur Symons, "is famous for its wind; and when, at the first concert, I heard Lieben's flutists for wind instruments, it seemed to me that I was hearing brass for the first time as I had imagined brass ought to sound. Here was, not so much a new thing which one had never thought possible, as that precise thing which one's ears had expected, and waited for, and never heard the quite miraculous thing these wind-players certainly did, in common, however, with the whole orchestra. And that was to give an effect of distance, as if the sound came actually from beyond the walls. I noticed it first in the overture to 'Léonore,' the first piece which they played; an unparalleled effect, and one of surprising beauty."

It may be observed, for the benefit of those who are not "Imaginists," that in the "Léonore" overture a trumpet is played behind the scenes.

The Water Cure

CALLER: "Do you think the doctor is going to help you, Mr. Jones?"

JONES: "He may, if I can only follow orders. He told me to drink hot water thirty minutes before every meal, but I'll be blundered if it ain't hard work to drink hot water for thirty minutes."

The Chinese Way

It is not an unalloyed delight to a writer to get a manuscript back from a publisher; however, if one's manuscript *must* come back, it is pleasant to have it with as much sugar-coating as possible.

The Chinese editors excel all others in the art of returning contributions in such a way as to spare the contributor's feelings. Instead of curtly saying that the manuscript is "unavailable," or "not adapted," they send the writer a letter somewhat like the following:

"Illustrations Brother of the Sun and Moon: Behold thy servant prostrate before thy feet. I bow to thee, and beg of thy graciousness those myriads grant that I may speak and live. Thy honored manuscript has designed to cast the light of its august countenance upon me. With rapture we have perused it. By the bones of my ancestors, never have I encountered such wit, such pathos, such lofty thought. With fear and trembling I return the writing. Were I to publish the treasure you sent me, the Emperor would order that it should be made the standard, and that none be published except such as equaled it. Knowing literature as I do, and that it would be impossible in ten thousand years to equal what you have done, I send your writing back. Ten thousand times I crave your pardon. Indeed, my head is at your feet. Do what you will."

"Your servant's servant,
—THE EDITOR."

Pure Moonshine

A MOUNTAINEER of the of the back counties of North Carolina was arraigned with several others for illicit distilling. "Defendant," asked the court, "what is your name?"

"Joshua," was the reply.

"Are you the man who made the sun stand still?"

Quick as a flash came the answer, "No, sir; I am the man who made the moon shine."



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MR. WHITE ALIGHTING FROM HIS CARRIAGE ON A VISIT TO PRESIDENT FALLIERES OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

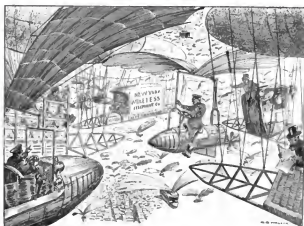
WHEN KING VISITS KING ON ROYAL BUSINESS BENT



King Edward

King Alfonso

THE RECENT MUCH-DISCUSSED MEETING OF EDWARD VII. AND ALFONSO XIII. AT CARTHAGENA WAS HELD, IT HAS BEEN INFERRED, FOR THE PURPOSE OF PROMOTING A UNION, SUPPORTED BY GREAT BRITAIN, FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF THE STATUS QVO IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. THE KING EXCHANGED VISITS ON THEIR YACHTS, AND IN THE PHOTOGRAPH HERE REPRESENTS KING EDWARD IN RETURNING ABOARD HIS BARGE AFTER A CEREMONIAL VISIT TO HIS SPANISH COUSIN - ROYAL



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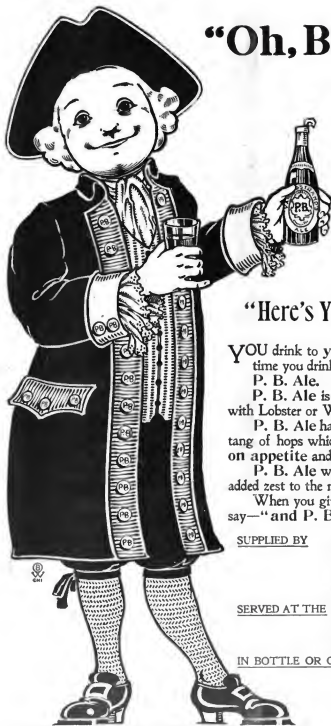
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SUPPLEMENT TO "HARPER'S WEEKLY," MAY 11, 1907

"A LESSON FROM THE SCRIPTURES"

Response of George Harvey to the above toast at the Jefferson-Metheny dinner, given on Saturday evening, April 10, at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York City, by the National Democratic Club.

My text will be found in Ecclesiastes, tenth chapter, thirteenth and sixteenth verses:

"Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child. . . . The beginning of the words of his mouth is foolishness, and the end of his talk is mischief."

The preacher had in mind a ruler, not necessarily young in years, but foolish in mind, in temperament, in impetuosity, in love of excitement, in passion for notoriety, in heedless disregard of considerations born of sobriety and calmness; a daring leader, though an unscrupulous pursuer of talent, but devoid of knowledge; noisy, confused, contradictory, inconsistent, illogical, irrational, yet so emphatic and insistent in expression as in effect to pass as the discoverer of all truths, while, in fact, only an exponent of the principles or fallacies of others, maintaining each tenet with uncompromising arrogance until compelled to abandon it and then shaming retreat in imprudent ambiguity; a constructive statesman by profession, a destructive politician in practice; is seeming a chivalric Orlando; in fact, a Bonapartes Farouk!

Such the king when the preacher depicted as likely to bring woe upon the land, whose talk beginning in foolishness ends in mischievous madness! Led there arise my misunderstanding as to the pertinence of the present application, let us admit at the outset that such also is the ruler under whom we now live and have the remnants of our moral and political being. We are told that a President chosen by the people is immune from criticism, that he is a thing apart, and a mere executive officer, but a trillane enveloped in the odor of sanctity which safeguarded the kings of old. It is in vain that criticism of officials has ever been a prerogative of the people. Not so now! The heavy hand of fear rears upon the land. The authority of one has triumphed over the courage of the many. The mighty organization known as the Republican party has become a mere personal machine. Its former leaders have drawn back obediently into their corners. Their wishes are no longer regarded, their consultation no longer desired; obedience to edict is not only exacted from, but enforced upon them.

So, too, with the representatives of the party founded by Thomas Jefferson! With substantial unanimity Democratic Senators and Representatives rat the crumbs of patronage from the hand that smote them, and lick the boot whose impact they have felt, while simultaneously they unspoke, if not, in fact, peerless leader, hidden like a crystal in the smoke of his successful rival's gathering as he paws the few scraps that are left of his own fallacies. Politicians heretofore courageous, hasten to follow the crowd. Every headless man, Republican or Democrat, every one you know, eager in the preceding silence of private discussion, but speaks with hated breath of the face of possible publication. All have grown so accustomed to untested promises, unswerving soundings, and scornful invective, that it seems lost nature that the few who still venture to insist upon the inalienable right of communities, whether accompanied by State, city, or township lines, to govern themselves should be denounced as reactionaries, and the yet smaller number who raise their feeble voices on behalf of caution and restraint in the conduct of great affairs, should be held up to painful derision as contemptible mollydoers. Never before was there such universal heed of the injunction of the preacher, "Curse ad the King; so, and in thy thought, for a bird of the air shall carry the voice and that which hath wings shall tell."

How happens it that a whole people has been thus brought under the yoke of tacit submission, with an voice raised in protest, with none even to ask the reason why? Prioritarily, we are beset with much more of troops than at last we have an honest President. But did we ever have a dishonest President? In a land where for more than a hundred years in but has stained the personal epithets of its Chief Magistrate is there so great reason for hesitating now? Or may the undue emphasis placed on honesty be, perchance, the outcome of essential coming akin to that of the cutthroat? How else can we account for the persistent and determined refusal of official recognition? When before has a President of the United States, lesser or greater, at what seemed the critical moment in his own candidacy, brought large sums of money for use, and in conducting a political canvass over a protracted period, but on election day? When before has it been necessary to purge an official conscience and reinforce a claim of civic righteousness by dissuading one who has been a friend in need, however unworthy, with those accused of being anarchists and murderers?

But the end, we are told, justifies the means—any means, apparently. "No matter what you do if your heart be true!" A well-meaning man, Horatio! Excellent also were the intentions and the resentment of the red-tie cow in Chicago that kicked over a lamp filled with the oil of those engaged in predatory activities. Great was the fame won by that cow: so why ask what happened to the thief?

Again in ancient times the failed ostrich left her nest to seek means of alleviating her thirst, and a bear came along and saw the eggs, and he roared loudly and drew a his audience, and he made a great search and so quickly consumed the delicious ostrich, and involved in mighty voice against bear snicker, and deep was the awe of those who heard him. But mere speech did not suffice: to act was his motto. "Behold!" he said. "The ostrich has proven her incapacity or unwillingness to perform her duties. A stronger power is required. I will crush the eggs!" And he did it with his forthwith to do so. Who can deny the praiseworthiness of the

intent? So why raise impertinent questions respecting the fate of the eggs? That Teddy Bear was so mollified, he was a dove. An ardent admirer of Napoleon, "he tried to do too much, and he did it." So we of today are constantly, almost hourly, enjoined to be doves and builders. But, pray, where are true examples to be found? Who are the doves and builders—the Hills and the Morgans who have opened the great West to civilization and now are seeking country for the democratic supremacy of the world, or the Roosevelts and the Fitzgerts, who from the beginning of their machoed have divided their time between office-holding and office-seeking, and seem to consider their sole mission in life to be the regulation of the affairs of others?

It is not the ostrich, but the dove that he should be condemned? Rather I should ask, What hath he not tried to undo that he should be praised? The actual accomplishment of either good or ill may be balanced by a feather. The roaring of the lion favorably subsides into the cooing of the dove. It is not the vanguarding hesitating, as in the latest speech at Cambridge, of much already done, but the supplementary threat of "girding up loins to do more" that has roused havoc at home and apprehension abroad. It is not the enforcement of old laws, however unjust, nor the proposal of new ones, however socialist and unconstitutional, that alarms. Despite executive assent upon honest judges, we still have an independent judiciary, and the time may come when even Congress itself will cease to be supine. It is the illimitable volume of violent fulminations from the source of the present, in checking up the foundations of industry and drying all its streams. Already great undertakings have been abandoned: new enterprises have been halted; the business world looks apprehensively to the future, and all who have anything at stake or ought in anticipation thank God in their hearts for the promise to forgo a third term, rather than to pray, though with a little misgiving, for the keeping of the pledge.

I say "with a little misgiving," because signs are manifest that the "spear that knows no brother" is again to be hurled into the arena. "My pillars," the butterfly, and who but "Mr. President" these things? All corporations should be accountable to some sovereign. Was the language of the Message of December 5, 1905, immediately followed by the grandiose phrase "I am in no sense hostile to them." Now comes the unprecedented and arrogant declaration, insolent to a free people, of the right of a President of these United States to name his own successors—the violent denunciation of those venturing to question that prerogative as "conspirators," engaged necessarily in treason against usurping authority—the raising of the revolutionary instinct of a people. And though the people are shocked and terrified, yet not dissatisfied! What does it all mean? That the American people, debilitated by the moribund spectacle of blatant profligacy yawning from the pinnacle of self-appreciation, stand ready to witness the destruction of the very fabric of free institutions? That they are ready to do so?

Yet so in truth it seems. In place of the calm, sober government by men appressed by, rather than revelling in, grave responsibilities, we are now in the midst of a nightly melodrama. Further still is a game, a great game: "a hilly game," some would say; a game so far-reaching, so pregnant with possibilities that it involves the well-being of eighty millions, the salvation of a whole world of human beings still looking hopefully to this marvelous asylum for the helpless and distressed; a game upon whose results depends the outcome of the greatest political experiment ever tried, that of proving the ability of a free people to rule themselves successfully in the communities in which they live, instead of submitting to the despotism of centralized authority, which even now, everywhere else, is becoming a relic of past ages.

It is in no spirit of partisanship, but in infinite sadness, that we force abandonment of principle in a national campaign led by two false prophets striving only to determine which may raise a banner most attractive to the multitude.

But oh, the play of it all! The scandalous duplicity of those holding power! The nervous demagoguery of those seeking it. The snail trafficking in votes to be bought in exchange for influence to be won! The shameless breaking of trust pledges in the name of expediency! The sallow about the face of the candidate in time of need! Their ruthless disavowal when ambition has been realized! The daily, almost hourly, exhibition of roaring rancors of trouble! The lava streams of invective turned on to wash away chthonic evidences of double-dealing! The cowardice of those who would, but dare not speak! The writhed form of personal consequences manifested in every hand! The refusal to accept meekly and with gratitude the penalties of unpopularity for the doing of the right!

Is there no courage left in us? Must time-honored Democracy leave the Republican party to voluntary submission? Is there not somewhere to be found inspiration to tear down the complex creation of shreds and patches now wared insidiously in our faces, and raise, whether for success or failure, but everlastingly for the credit of the fathers of the Republic? May not our final attempt be made to join hands with the conservative South and blaze the way for the entrance of living truth and real slavery to supplant the hollow sham and glaring hypocrisy before which now in shame we bow our heads? If government by the people means the freedom of the individual to utter what he chooses, we are indeed to the limit! But let us, at least, go along with our faces to the front, trampling expediency under foot, sparing compromise, defying mobs, following the fixed star of unyielding principle, and trusting to the return to reason of the American people and the passing of the laws for a resurrection that shall be glorious because deserved!

Comments of the Press

THE EAST

THE WALL STREET ANARCHISTS

The evidence increases of the organization by the Wall Street interests of an active, aggressive, malevolent campaign against the President and the policies for which he stands. The President lately uncovered the conspiracy not a few days ago, and now the enemies who have been used to fight him by hidden processes have found courage to attack him openly.

No more malignant words respecting him have ever been used than those uttered by George Harvey on Saturday last at a dinner given by the National Democratic Club in New York. What Harvey stands for is well known. When he viciously denounces the President, the voice and the virulent epithets are those of the big promoters, stock jobbers, and financial engineers of the money centre. He charged, in the most rabid phrases, that the President is making war upon the important, commercial and financial interest of the nation; that he is a reckless, ignorant demagogue, and that he has succeeded in robbing both Republicans and Democrats of high degree in public life.

Here, then, is the accusation of Wall Street that the President is a dangerous oppressor, an enemy of industry and progress, a blatant agitator against law and order. The Hills and the Morgans and the Harrimans are held up in contrast as public benefactors. Modern methods of finance are hailed as blessings which Roosevelt demagoguery would destroy. Never has the defiance of predatory finance been more boldly proclaimed. This spokesman of Wall Street has put into words the irreconcilable differences between his employers and the people of this country. He has brought them clearly before the nation as teachers of anarchy, infinitely more dangerous than the most rabid form of government. For what is the lesson that the one side of the picture has been carried on in defiance of honesty, order, and law; on the other side is a President, backed by virtually the entire people, who has aimed to enforce the laws, and to strengthen them where they were weak. It is a lesson that the Wall Street bandits rage against President Roosevelt. By selecting the most conscienceless manipulators as types of public benefactors, they proclaim that they are against law, recent law, and will fight law wherever and whenever it interferes with their predatory schemes. In every meaning of the word they are anarchists.

When Harvey declares that the President is a public enemy, but that, nevertheless, \$5,000,000 freemen are with him, he indicts not the President, but the entire nation. No, not quite that either. He proves conclusively that George Harvey is an advocate of a hopelessly bad cause, and that he is willing to assault common sense as well as to impeach his own integrity that he may do the bidding of his employers.—Philadelphia North American.

DESERVING OF THANKS

From a certain standpoint nothing could be more admissible, nothing more aptly put, than this. The beginning of the President's words, his pledge that to the utmost of his ability the predatory trusts should be compelled to obey the law, and to give everybody a square deal, is the only promise made to those who know how strongly those corporations were entrenched, and how great an influence they wielded; the "mischievous madness" that followed—in the action that forced the dissolution of the Northern Pacific merger, that compelled the anthracite operators to submit their quarrel with the miners to arbitration, that safeguarded the public against the abuses of the Beef Trust, and that on Saturday last secured a judgment in the Federal courts that renders the Standard Oil Company liable to a fine of over \$200,000—could not, in the opinion of Harriman and Baer and Armour and Rockefeller, be more fittingly characterized. "Mischievous madness." Indeed! What other phrase in the English language could describe it so accurately—from the trust standpoint? Some of those who take the same view as "Colonel" Harvey object to snarl at the assertion that a combination of big financiers have been willing to raise a fund of \$5,000,000 to prevent the nomination of a candidate by the Republican national convention pledged to carry out the policies of President Roosevelt, but in view of that Chicago verdict in the Standard Oil case it is easy to believe that the men whose main profits are threatened would be willing to put up \$100,000,000 to compel the defeat of those policies and to tip the candidates of both parties to a conservative, reactionary policy. That there will practically be such a combination to secure the nomination of reactionary candidates, whether it has yet crystallized into a "conspiracy" or not, no one who knows the magnitude of the stake involved can for a moment doubt.

"Colonel" Harvey deserves the thanks of President Roosevelt's friends for placing the issue so clearly before the people of the United States.—Breadth Times.

CORPORATIONS AND THE LAW

It will perhaps interest Colonel Harvey, the versatile editor of *Harvey's Weekly*, a "journal of public opinion" that is popularly supposed to voice the sentiments of J. Pierpont Morgan, to learn that the Standard Oil Company has been convicted in Indiana of robbing rebates from the Chicago & Alton Railroad, one of the properties that has figured so extensively in Mr. Harriman's violent operations. The Jefferson Davis dinner at which Colonel Harvey vehemently denounced the middle-class interference of the Roosevelt administration with the corporations. He would have the country return to the good old times when, if rebating was recognized as a crime, it went unpunished; but he cannot hope to bring the public around to this way of thinking. The country

has now had for some years an era of law enforcement, and it will not be satisfied in an administration of any other kind. This does not mean hostility to the corporations, for the public resists the important part that corporations play in our economic system and in the development of the country; but it does mean that the corporations, like the individual, are expected to respect the laws that have been framed to preserve these industries, rights set forth in the Declaration of Independence. Compliance with the law is what the Roosevelt administration stands for, and Colonel Harvey ought to know that the President has no desire to assail rebalors or to restrict unnecessarily the caprices of industry. The fact that he has freely conferred with Mr. Morgan, Mr. Harriman, Mr. Miller, Mr. McCrea, and other railroad presidents and representatives of the business world, as well as with John Mitchell, Samuel Gompers, and other representatives of labor, that he has conferred with the big shipper and with the small shipper; that he has freely sought advice from persons of all classes, competent to give it, is the best possible proof that the President's purpose is not destructive, but creative along lines of honesty and fair dealing.—Springfield Union.

A FOOLISH ATTACK

Colonel George Harvey, made head of the Harper publishing house by grace of the late William C. Whitney, and continued in that position, if rumor be true, by grace of J. Pierpont Morgan, has made another foolish attack on President Roosevelt, an attack which, like Mr. Harvey's speech at the dinner, is a masterpiece by the use of rhetorical phrases than by either logic or common sense.

The attack in question would be a foolish and unwarranted one, no matter from whom it came. Roosevelt has, of course, made many mistakes like any man who accomplishes anything. But there are men in this country who have less warrant to attack Roosevelt than Colonel Harvey. He was placed in the position he now occupies, not so much on account of any displayed ability, but because it was felt that he was a "safe" man; a man who would not be likely to start organized interests, whether those interests were working for or against the people and popular rights. He has fulfilled the expectations of those responsible for his rise. Colonel Harvey may call himself a Democrat, but he is a Democrat of the type of Baer and other of his ilk, men the leaders of the real Democratic party would be prompt to repudiate him as a fellow member.

The reason Roosevelt has incurred the enmity of Harvey and men of his stamp is because Roosevelt has put the interests of the people above those of a few corporations who would hoist big or rich those corporations. The enmity of Colonel Harvey and his followers will only help Roosevelt, especially when such enmity is expressed with such illogical injustice as in this latest tirade of Colonel Harvey's.—Rocketer (New York) Times.

PLAIN SPEAKING

Colonel Harvey's biting sarcasm and his characterization of President Roosevelt as a bombastic Puritan will hardly be allowed to pass unnoticed. His real, critical direction of the character and feelings of the President will be well agreed to by the bulk of the people, although there are those who will be found in hearty agreement with most if not all of his strictures.

Such a savage attack upon a President has never before been made by a man of the position held by Colonel Harvey. Generally, even if men possess such thoughts, they remain unexpressed out of consideration for the high position occupied by the incumbent of the White House, but evidently Colonel Harvey felt that the time had come when plain speaking was demanded, and he pertinaciously cannot be reproached with any lack of plain speaking.

We foresee a lively campaign ahead of the American nation and much publicity, some of which will be aimed against the man who advocates publicity as a panacea for most our woes.

Colonel Harvey's speech will be far more discussed than the recent Harriman letter, and will probably bring forth a reply from President Roosevelt that will be equally as interesting a reading, if lacking the polished sarcasm of Colonel Harvey.

His arraignment of Bryan was more contemptuous than sarcastic, and his denunciation of the supineness of the leaders of both parties and their willingness to let things stand that some day, as they seize upon the crumbs of patronage doled out to them, shows how one man at least regards the present political situation in the United States.—Justice (Wassachusetts) Citizen.

SPASMS

Colonel George Harvey's platform spasms of fear, as he points out in a more or less enthrilled audience—of President Roosevelt's political opponents—the terrible menace of Roosevelt, are among the most telling diversions of the hour. We wish that there were an American Cervantes to do justice to the Don Quixote of the Moxes, Harper publications. Colonel Harvey's pen and tongue are knives that fight windmills as valiantly as ever the cracked old Spanish knight did; and, if he occasionally lapses into the rôle of Sancho Panza, why, the interest is heightened, and the spectator gets an added run for his money.

Behind all, however, is the fact that Don Harvey is not cracked; he knows a hostile knight from a windmill, as the set knows her kittens from her she-enemy's puppies; he is perfectly and sanely aware that his Don Harvey's Delusions are not fooled by his victims and secretly accept his rant at its real value. Hence Don Harvey becomes more than Quixote, for Cervantes's knight was a fool, and could be pardoned for his grotesque hallucinations. When Don George rushes pell-mell at anti-regulation and pure-fowl laws and other kinds of "centralization" he is playing the crank for a

price, which is politics, and he knows it and knows that all his hearers know that he knows that they know it. To tell the people that they would be placed in peril through their own delinquency from oppressive corporations is a task that might better engage the energies of a real demagogue.—*Pontiacist Times*.

At the dinner of the conservatism the absence of Alton B. Parker was conspicuous. It had been generally understood that he would be the principal speaker. However, Cabot George Harvey made a speech which attracted as much attention as anything that Mr. Parker would likely have said would have attracted.

This representative and spokesman of the "conservatives" made an attack upon President Roosevelt which was anything but conservative, and spoke for the "money power" that is the particular object of the hatred of the radical Democrats, in terms which will doubtless evoke something caustic from the lips of William Jennings Bryan when he speaks at his Jefferson-day dinner in Brooklyn.

"A constructive statesman by profession, a destructive politician in practice; in seeming, a chivalric Orlando; in fact, a Bombastes Furioso"—thus Colonel Flarvey characterized the President in the beginning of his speech; and thereafter he proceeded to elaborate this misrepresentation of the character of Theodore Roosevelt.

Further on he declared the Hills and the Morgans to be "the doers and builders, who have opened the great West to civilization and have made the country the seat of the supremacy of the world," and then he made the assertion that "it is the illimitable volume of violent fulminations from the source of power that is 'choking up the fountains of industry and drying all its streams.'"

(Incidentally, perhaps, Colonel Harvey neglected to praise the Harrimans and Rockwells here.—*Albion Journal*.)

To have a rejected member of his own profession attempt to so abuse and belittle the President of the United States of America is a happening that fills us with regret and indignation. Nothing that the President has done could remotely justify such a verbal assault. To be sure he is not perfect. He has his faults and his weaknesses. But he is a man of great character, a man of great and important in temperament and astuteness in action. He aims to reach his goal by the shortest route and, in "getting there"—as he himself would probably put it—he has not always followed procedures as closely as some of us may have wished. But, with all his faults and weaknesses, he is a man of great character and great ability. He has won respect and admiration from every country in the civilized world, and thus has added honor to his country. The "Peace of Portsmouth" will ever continue to give him a place in the ranks of the world's statesmen, and if he had nothing else to show for his life, this alone would be sufficient to entitle him to the respect of mankind.

Enjoying the respect and confidence of millions of his fellow countrymen, and holding in the hollow of his hand the destiny of the nation, it is not to be imagined for one moment that an attack, such as that within referred to, will not be resented. It was an unacceptable injustice to the President and an indignity to the people. We fail to comprehend the reason that occasioned it, and were the speaker another, we might feel safe in assuming that the tirade was an outburst from one conscious of his own inferiority.—*Wall Street Messenger.*

Whatever he says, or whatever the Harper publications say, is what the great railroad and trust magnate wants said.

"What," asked Harvey at the banquet, "are the builders and doers—the Mills and Morgans, who have opened the great West to civilization and won for our country the commercial supremacy of the world, or the Roosevelt and Bryans, who have divided their time between office-seeking and office-holding, and consider their sole mission in life to be the regulation of the affairs of others?"

There was, of course, but one answer to such a question. Everybody at the banquet saw what a great and good man Morgan was and what a wretch was Roosevelt. Those who did not see were further enlightened.

Roosevelt's leadership, they were told, means "that the American people, delirious by the marvellous spectacle of distant probity yawning from the pinnacle of self-appreciation, stand ready to welcome the destruction of the very fabric of free institutions."

Which, with a lot more of the same sort of balderdash, was intended to convey the idea that the President was a dangerous and dishonest man, whose rule was a menace to the country, from which the people could be redeemed only by hurling him into oblivion and setting up somebody of the ilk of Morgan, "who won for our country the commercial supremacy of the world," in his place.—*Brooklyn Observer.*

Bravo, Colonel Harvey! I retract my recent damning paragraph. Neither Mark Twain nor anybody else could equal Colonel Harvey's great speech at the Jefferson-Jackson banquet of the National Democratic Club. He spoke not only as a Democrat, but as a free and independent American citizen. He straddled the fence between the two parties, and he did so with a firmness and an obstinacy to the development of our business and a means to our prosperity. But he denounced with equal truth and severity the cowardices of the Republican and Democratic parties in tamely submitting to the domination of the trusts. He said that he would not only rise to play the despised role, but demands the right to select his successor. Every sentence uttered by Colonel Harvey stung both a lack, and every statement was backed by incontrovertible facts. It is a matter and manner that has never been surpassed in the history of the United States. The only other great speech of Cincinnatus was that of the great orator, John Jay, at the Convention of 1790.

Cutline or that of Burke against Warren Hastings—and, as Demosthenes endeavored to arouse the Athenians from their indolence, so Colonel Harvey appealed to the old American spirit beneath the present cowardly apathy. The National Democratic Club should order this speech to be translated into every language and a copy sent to every citizen of the United States.—*New York Times*.

The speech has this significance: George Harvey is described by Tom Lawson, of Boston, as the mouthpiece, the alibi, the foghorn, the calliope—in brief, the press-agent—of J. Pierpont Morgan. He is the head of the Harper publication house and its various magazines, and he has been carrying on for some years the economic, and of doubtful finance. He may be known by his collar.

This speech means that high finance has definitely broken with President Roosevelt. The financiers have no further use for Roosevelt and that section of the Republican party which will follow him hereafter. They must either get hold of the Democrats or form a new party based on their principles. Therefore, George Harvey, wearing the diamond collar of Morgan, talked at the Jefferson dinner.

The game of the high financiers is to annihilate Roosevelt for 1908 as a farter is anything. They are too late at the game, and even could they succeed the prize would not be theirs. The people are awake to the situation, leaders and led. They have just one word to the Pierpont Morgans: "Get out for Europe and stay."—*New York Daily News*.

Colonel George Harvey, speaking for the Democratic *cause*, read Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan out of both parties. The Colonel in just as safe and sane as Thomas F. Ryan, and loves the Constitution to the point of idolatry. "Who are the cowards and builders," he asked the Hills and Morgans, who have quailed the great and brilliant and won for us a century the commercial supremacy of the world, or the Roosevelts and Bryans, who from the beginning of their manhood have divided their time between office-holding and office-seeking and seem to consider their sole mission in life to be the revivification of the affairs of others?"

A Democratic ticket nominated by Colonel Harriman ought to be the entire Stock Exchange vote, unless Mr. Harriman were to on account of complimentary references to the Hills and Morgans. Bedeviling corporations may be reprehensible and Mr. Roosevelt may be a bold, ruthless murderer, but the \$10 dinner was of scanty value in helping us to arrive at the denudation of a 1907 Democrat.—*New York World*.

Colonel George Harry is a gentleman of brilliant parts, the editor of *The North American Review*, and the active head of the house of Harper & Brothers. He is altogether too much of a man to be anybody's mouthpiece in the servile significance of the word. But perhaps his bitter attack on President Roosevelt will be better understood when it is considered that he has for years been closely associated with the hooded "captains of industry" in New York, and that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is reputed to be the practical owner of the great publishing concern of Harper & Brothers.

Colonel Harvey merely expresses the views of that class of New-Yorkers of which by his own signal abilities he has become a conspicuous member.

Unwittingly he is abetting the growing movement for the re-nomination of Roosevelt.—*Boston Post*.

In another hall another group of men whom Mr. Jackson probably would call not "real Democrats," also held a banquet in honor of Jefferson. The chief speaker was Colonel George Harvey of *The North American Review*. His was a much more polished, scholarly address than was delivered by any of the orators at the Hearst banquet. But the singular thing was that he, too, expressed great dissatisfaction with both the Republicans and the Democratic party and called for the organization of a new political movement.

Colonel Harvey was pleading openly for corporations, and probably had no idea of saying anything that would even suggest a resemblance to what the heard crowd was saying in the other hall. But taken together the different brands of Jefferson-day speeches make an amusing symposium.—*Buffalo Express*.

This is *averse*, but *deserved*. No President has shown the nonchalant disregard of the Constitution that has been exhibited by Mr. Roosevelt. He seems to think that he was put in the White House to "do things," Constitution or no Constitution. When he finds that some favorite scheme of his would be regarded as unconstitutional by the Supreme Court he talks about "interpretation" of the Constitution. He knows that the Court is not his authority, and what is more, he uses his own power in appointing justices to the Supreme bench to secure men whom he knows would favor such "interpretation and construction." If President Roosevelt would give more attention to squaring his acts with the Constitution, and less to finding places for "driving through it with a bulldozer," he would be a much better for him and for the country.—*Rochester Union Advertiser*.

These are black and bitter days for our friend, Colonel George Harvey, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY. At times Colonel Harvey suffers from the hallucination that he is a railroad rate, and that Mr. Roosevelt is about to regulate him. At other times he thinks he is the Standard Oil Company and that the Federal jury has convicted him on 1483 separate counts. When free from either of these delusions he believes that he is a Chicago and Alton reorganization which the Interstate Commerce Commission is about

to investigate, or else that he is a brother of Mr. Roosevelt's and has been discovered. According to other rumors, Colonel Harvey is sometimes convinced that he is a national property and that the administration is interfering with him. But at all events it is a very sad case.—*New York World*.

Colonel Harvey has many friends in the land of his birth, and the New Hampshire constituency need not feel anxious about its attitude toward a "wayward son."

Vermonters have never placed Theodore Roosevelt on a pedestal, nor crowded him as deities. They esteem and respect the man and President, but the fact that Colonel Harvey has criticized him does not make the critic *antithese morientis*.

Mr. Roosevelt is a public man. All public men are amenable to criticism. Criticism is the Great American Right that comes out in the Magdalen, and started at Valley Forge, and perished in the rebel prison walls.

It is unparliamentary for George Harvey.
Let the Colonel criticize; the President can stand it.—*Montpelier (Vermont) Journal*.

No well-balanced counselor on the proprieties has recently advanced eagerly that notion—that the President is "immune from criticism" absolutely. What has been pointed out of late is that it is impossible to separate the Presidency from the holder of it—the man from the office—and that both are entitled to a certain respect that should always operate to keep criticism within moderation and the bounds of decency, while overstepping such bounds might be condoned in the criticism of other persons; that while a man may make of his tongue an unworked bottle of vitriol at his own sweet will, there is at least one instance in which he must not do it without a license. To good taste. To good taste, on Colonel Harvey his own quotation from Aristides Ward on Napoleon Bonaparte, "he tried to do too much—and he did it."—*New York Commercial*.

In the Colonel's opinion Mr. Roosevelt is "vulnerable" and worse. His high belief in himself might be endangered were it not for the danger to republican institutions which it creates. "Violent sublimations" from the White House are destroying American industry, yet no one must complain because the order of sanctity envelopes that structure and "the King can do no wrong." There is no stopping this powerful ruler; Congress is supine and the judiciary is in peril. Do the American people, cries Colonel Harvey, "stand ready to welcome the destruction of the very fabric of our institutions?" Then we, indeed, in the land, "it is a painful picture. The only consolation is that it may be overdrawn. The figure of Mr. Roosevelt has been a legacy for the future in the lively imagination of the head of the house of Harper.—*Providence Journal*.

It may not be a situation that the G. O. P. regrets very much, but it is a fact just now that Roosevelt is likely to strain his legs by kicking at nothing. It would be something that would be very much appreciated if Roosevelt should be elected for the third time by common consent. In such an occurrence would prove that there is no fight left in the great Democratic party, and there is nobody in the field to watch the Republican party. It would not have our national politics in the most wholesome condition imaginable. While Colonel Harvey may have been excited and in a measure frantic, his abuse are not wholly wrong and unwarranted. President Roosevelt believes in two parties.—*Binghamton Republican*.

Colonel George Harvey is awaiting his sentence. With a full realization of his impending doom he is doubtless, now that the exhilaration produced by his brain-storm of Saturday has worn off, covering in fear and trembling as he realizes that no earthly power can save him from the consequences of his mad language. His is not a mere "difference of reflection" which will consign him to the Annals case. Whatever his punishment may be, he brought it upon himself. No plea of "domestic Americanism" can avail him, for there is but one kind of that madly recognized at the present time, and no individual has the right to develop in himself any different or original symptoms.—*Phenixville Republican*.

Senator Rayner and Colonel Harvey at the same board could not agree with each other. Senator Rayner indicated that there could be little hope for the Democracy until the President and his policies were out of the way, and flattered himself that they could lead forward. Colonel Harvey, on the other hand, could find nothing better to do than to denounce the President with a profusion of adjectives and a lavishness of vituperation which did more honor to the amplitude of his rhetoric than to the sobriety of his judgment. His voluminous invective was mainly directed at President Roosevelt, but he included Mr. Bryan in the same class and put his anathema equally on both.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Now what would the gallant Colonel Harvey do if the President should hear of unparliamentary or give attention to the theatrical efforts made by the Colonel at the South Carolina St. Patrick's dinner, and on Saturday night at the Waldorf-Astoria, to advertise some person or publication at the expense of the nation's Chief Magistrate? Of course the Colonel's tremendous personal outrage would stand him in good stead in such an event, but even a greater protection is to be found in the fact that nobody much beyond himself is interested in what he said, and that it is of no importance, anyway.—*Brooklyn Standard Union*.

Whatever President Roosevelt may say about Colonel George Harvey, of New York, being the mouthpiece of J. Pierpont Morgan, Colonel Harvey, in his two recent speeches, has given the President some advice that if followed would improve his standing with the people. The *Courier* has always been an admirer of President Roosevelt, but his recent disposition to call every one who does not agree with him a liar, and his determination to name his own successor, are not entirely commendable.—*Roseton (Vermont) Courier*.

Colonel George Harvey's virulent attack on the President as a "Bombastic Fustian" might attract more attention if it had not been so bitter in its tone, and had not depended on such hypotheses as that "the great Republican party has become a mere personal machine." Colonel Harvey's kindred wall is that "a whole people has been brought under the yoke of trust submission, and no one raising a voice in protest." Colonel Harvey thereupon raises his note, firing it up with the "lava of invective," and clearly failing to comprehend that such such assault as this on the President merely adds more in numbers and substance to his support.—*Boston Record*.

Great speech to read, that of Colonel George Harvey, a brilliant orator and man of affairs, in which he attacked President Roosevelt. Delphin Delmas's speech in favor of Thaw and the inheritance law and "domestic Americanism" was great reading, too. The one failed to relieve Thaw, though it may have saved him from the possibility of more serious results than have yet come to him. In the other case, where Colonel Harvey is out after the President, we imagine that the result will be even less effective with the people than was Delmas's speech, and may create a little the minds of the jury.—*Brooklyn (Standard) Enterprise*.

Perhaps it is not well to take Colonel Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, too seriously, but he certainly takes himself too, and it is not the best thing in the world for the paper which he edits. Some of us have memories of the early days of Abraham Lincoln's administration and the tone of HARPER'S editor in those days towards him, and Colonel Harvey recalls that time too vividly to be forgotten. Abuse and misrepresentation of the President is not judicious, nor is it called for by any of the existing conditions.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

We rather imagine Colonel George Harvey, that is the end business, too, and will be less deplorably disturbed by the Roosevelt policies, if carried to their legitimate conclusion, than by the unobstructed and unchallenged progress of the corporations with which you are familiar, along lines that helped to inaugurate the policies. Really, Mr. Roosevelt appears to have concentrated the anger and resentment of the trusts and trust men all at one point. It can be expected that the \$5,000,000 campaign is already begun?—*Arthur Park (New Jersey) Press*.

Colonel George Harvey, who has been assailing President Roosevelt, is a gallant who served on a Governor's staff with distinguished ability. He has been under the fire of newspaper criticism so often that a view of the big stick has few terrors for him. In view of the fact that certain of the publications which acknowledge Colonel Harvey an assessor are lauded by corporations, one might assume that the Colonel has a little use of his own which he desires to wield upon the least provocation.—*Troy Record*.

Well, the world is not going to do anything except admire Colonel Harvey's breath-control, his credulity, and his ingenuity as an advocate. Therefore Roosevelt comes under the head of things that are not "so." That he is a "real menace to the stability of our national institutions," that he trades "with those notoriously corrupt," that he is "the most conscious of persons," etc., etc., etc.—these things you may tell to the marines, not to the American people. They are mere parodies of the facts.—*New York Mail*.

We do not think that Mr. Roosevelt is that bold, bad man that Colonel Harvey draws him to be. Mr. Roosevelt would run the publication business in much the same way Colonel Harvey does. Colonel Harvey would make much the same kind of President Mr. Roosevelt is. Both are men of originality, audacity, impetuosity with the better of precedent, and with electric realization of the high possibilities of revivifying old precedent to meet new conditions.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

The attack of Colonel George Harvey, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, upon President Roosevelt, has not increased his popularity with the rank and file, however satisfactory it may have been to the railroad presidents. The *Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers* and *Chronicle* points to the Colonel as the latest victim of brain-storm, and adds that "if he was the father of Wall Street, and it was his only child, he could not be more in earnest." Mr. Harvey takes himself and his views too seriously.—*Troy Record*.

If Colonel Harvey of HARPER'S WEEKLY is a worthy critic of Roosevelt and dares stand by his guns, whatever the cost, he will enjoy the advantage of being in writing from Roosevelt's friends, who are showing up his own deficiencies in resentment for his attacks on the President. Most of the President's assaults crawl when the popular response strikes them. We think that Harvey is just strong enough to stick.—*Waterbury American*.

Of course there is one short and easy answer to all criticism of persons high in authority by George Harvey, Colonel Harvey

works for J. Pierpont Morgan. Therefore, anything he says against Mr. Roosevelt will only help to recommend him. This appeal to class feeling is already being made by the newspapers which sing paeans to "the big stick" because it "helps circulation."—*Hartford Times*.

George Harvey should have a rare! He announces that Roosevelt is a boyish, senile, and irrational leader and an unsafe guide, summing up by calling the President a "Boonshooter Parson." Vermont has furnished many brave men, and Mr. Harvey is one of them. But just wait and see what the President calls him!—*Montpelier Argus*.

The report that several members of Congress chuckled over Colonel Harvey's attack on the President as the great warper lends a tragic interest to that tirade. The member of Congress who chuckles over the mention of usurpation virtually smokes a jopony pipe while sitting on a keg of gunpowder.—*Rochester Democrat*.

An address delivered by Colonel Harvey, of *The North American Review*, a few days ago, has been denounced as vituperative, asaristic, sacrilegious, and so forth. Colonel Harvey handled his subject without gloves, and called things by their proper names, and that is the full dimension of his offending.—*Harrisburg Independent*.

Colonel George Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, is much distressed lest Mr. Roosevelt may turn the United States into an empire. He is unnecessarily worried. There are some 80,000,000 people who in the critical moment would interpose a vigorous objection, which would wipe the empire-maker off the map.—*New Haven Leader*.

Mr. Harvey's rattle-trap talk at the New York Democratic Club's banquet on Saturday night was forty-five years overdue. His was a fair sample of a Democrat's harangue during the dark days of the Republic, when the celebrity-hunters were just as sure as Mr. Harvey is now that the country was going to the bows.—*Plainfield (New Jersey) Press*.

George Harvey declared at the Jefferson dinner, Saturday, that the President was "showing his retreat in impregnable ambiguity," and Grover Cleveland was so falteringly that in a Sunday interview he forgot to use more than three words of four syllables.—*Springfield Union*.

George Harvey's bitter attack on President Roosevelt. It may be noticed, is meeting with about as much counter-attack from the Democratic as from the Republican press—and not all this Democratic press is of the radical brand. How we do "get together!"—*Springfield Republican*.

The World predicts that a Democratic ticket nominated by Colonel Harvey ought to poll the entire stock-exchange vote, unless Mr. Harriman were to bolt on account of complimentary references to the Hills and the Morgans. Such is the fate of exposing usurpation at a dinner costing \$10 a plate.—*Boston Record*.

Colonel George Harvey, in his speech at the Waldorf on Saturday night, called attention to one thing worth considering. Discussing the blubbs that is being made because Roosevelt is at heart a man, he asks when did the United States ever have a President who was not an honest man? When?—*Boston Traveler*.

Colonel George Harvey's denunciation of those Democrats "who eat the crumbs of patronage from the hand that smote them, and lick the boot whose impact they have felt," would be more impressive if he furnished particulars. Did he have in mind the so-called "White House" Democratic Senators?—*Portland Argus*.

Colonel George Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, is much distressed lest Mr. Roosevelt may turn the United States into an empire. The Colonel should calm his feelings by reading history, which will tell him that the same fate was expressed of George Washington and Andrew Jackson when they were in office.—*Providence Bulletin*.

In brief, the voice of Harvey is the voice of Morgan. HARPER'S WEEKLY is now a vehicle of attack upon President Roosevelt, and HARPER'S WEEKLY is owned and controlled by the Morgans interests. That kind of anti-Rooseveltism doesn't have a feather's weight in public sentiment.—*Newark (New Jersey) Star*.

Colonel Harvey's unreasonable and intemperate criticism will do President Roosevelt no harm, but a son of Vermont ought not to get his exceedingly fine abilities to such really lame uses.—*Northfield (Vermont) News*.

Of the President, Editor George Harvey says: "He is a spectacle of idiotic profligacy yawning from a pinnacle of self-appreciation." Mr. Harvey might be described, doubtless, by four "shorter and uglier" words.—*Washington Herald*.

Colonel George Harvey's denunciation of those Democrats who "eat the crumbs of patronage from the hand that smote them, and lick the boot whose impact they have felt" gets right down to the fundamentals.—*Boston Record*.

Colonel Harvey and Messrs. Grant and Debs all think that Theodore Roosevelt is a bad man—but for different reasons. Which

leaves the President still about where he was before in the regard of the American people.—*New York Mail*.

The long speech doubtless will receive considerable attention. HARPER'S WEEKLY is likely to be excluded from the White House, and quite possibly Colonel Harvey will be honored with membership in Mr. Roosevelt's Annals Club.—*Buffalo Courier*.

Editor Harvey is still hearing from his exchanges, but he probably will not quote their remarks in his next edition.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Colonel George Harvey compares Theodore Roosevelt with the great Andrew Jackson, and "Old Hickory" is powerless to resent it.—*Buffalo Times*.

Colonel Harvey denounces both Roosevelt and Bryan, and at last accounts was trying to find out what Mr. Fairbanks amounts to.—*Portland Advertiser*.

Mr. Morgan may owe HARPER'S as much as he sees fit and circumstances enable, but he ought not to own Harvey.—*Panama (Rhode Island) Times*.

From his courteous remarks about President Roosevelt at that Jefferson banquet we may gather what Colonel Harvey thinks of Andrew Jackson.—*Newark Star*.

Colonel Harvey must be a superior sort of person. President Roosevelt has not yet remarked that he is pleased to be denounced by him.—*Buffalo Inquirer*.

Go ahead, Colonel Harvey; knock Roosevelt as hard as you can. It advertises Harvey, entertains the public, and doesn't in the least harm Roosevelt.—*Reading Telegram*.

However, Colonel Harvey will find himself in some rather distinguished company on the Presidential blacklist. It isn't like being hung up all by one's bow-tie.—*Boston Record*.

There is one explanation of Colonel Harvey's remarks which nobody seems to have thought of. He may have spoken as he did simply because he felt that way.—*Providence Journal*.

Mr. George Harvey calls for a leader who can effectively oppose President Roosevelt. Such a man there may be, but he is most certainly not under Mr. Harvey's hat.—*Providence Tribune*.

The voraciousness with which he protests against Presidential direction of the country rouses the suspicion that Colonel Harvey would like the job of regulating it himself.—*Providence News*.

Colonel Harvey has had another brain-storm. These attacks are getting alarming.—*Panama Times*.

THE MIDDLE WEST THE SENSE OF HUMOR

The most humorous thing in the Sunday papers yesterday, both as treated by the author's straining expression to be witty and by the public's irresistible desire to laugh at not with his production, was George Harvey's speech attacking President Roosevelt. And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, if that speech proves anything positively it is that Mr. Harvey has in some unfortunate manner managed to lose his sense of humor.

This unfortunate man is widely known as the literary lieutenant of J. Pierpont Morgan. In his capacity of editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY and *The North American Review* one would think that he could enter into cordially close contact with the world around him to keep that balance and sound sense which is at the basis of genuine humor. But, no. He occupies a lofty pinnacle, and he occupies it so vehemently that that pinnacle has become the whole of reality for him, with nothing else in the world except the fragrant, big-headed, big-lick-leaving figure of the "king that is a child," that "spectacle of blatant profligacy, yawning from the pinnacle of self-appreciation," which is aiming at "the destruction of the very fabric of free institutions."

The Northern Securities Company has been dissolved, the Standard Oil Company is being compelled to give up its criminal habits, the public-law thieves of the West are on the run, Harriman is waiting his turn, the United States Senate has bent the knee and concurred in the passage of a most salutary railroad rate bill, pure-food legislation has been enacted after twenty years of snoring from the nation's legislators, the Panama Canal is being constructed with admirable expedition despite unceasing underground obstruction at Washington; and yet all that Mr. Harvey and those for whom he speaks run see in that our "king is a child."

The American people get two great laughs out of this. One is right now. The other will be the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1908. And there will be numerous small smiles in between.—*Chicago Record Herald*.

THE PEOPLE TO BLAME

Colonel George Harvey, now at the head of the host of Harper & Brothers, and editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, does not like Theodore Roosevelt. He said so some weeks ago in a speech in South Carolina, and with intensified bitterness he said it again Saturday

night at a Democratic banquet in New York. It may be interesting as it is strenuous practice to go out against the cyclone of popular sentiment which is now with night irresistible for the re-nomination of the President. But the Colonel amplifies his invectives; they should rather be shot at the insane muzzes of the American people rather than at Mr. Roosevelt. The President doesn't ask to be re-nominated, and it is most uncertain that he will accept even should it give him next summer with practical unanimity in the national convention of his party. The prospect before the people is that they must draft him for the nomination, force him to accept the leadership for the third term, by nominating him and then adjourning, and refusing to accept reelection by him. The people are to blame. They approve the policies which are proving so embarrassing to Mr. Harriman and Mr. Rockefeller and other gentlemen interested in large affairs. Colonel Harvey should turn his oratorical guns on the millions of third-termers among the people without whose encouragement not approval it would be easy for a few millionaires to nominate a "safe" man to succeed Roosevelt, while in the mean time they put out enough cash in the right places to reduce him to a condition of innocuous desuetude. It is the might of the people that makes this danger. The Colonel in his next philippic should let the American people know what he thinks of them. The way to prevent a third term is to stop the people from giving it. Mr. Roosevelt will not take it if it be not pressed on him with invincible popular determination.—*Rockford (Illinois) Republic*.

It is human nature to review the past. But nothing is clearer in human history than that the living adjust their institutions to their needs. It is this that makes progress, and also that makes decay. Our New Orleans contemporary admits that we weathered the Jacksonian era. But now it acknowledges the correctness of the picture that Colonel Harvey presents for the nation (which is not presented) of that time and says that the same condition exists now on a vastly greater scale, and "how all may end is a problem which is to a large extent in doubt and gloom." We do not see it so. We believe in the capability of the people who self-government under whatever form; that they are able to preserve their liberties. Whether they are, or not the future must answer. Of this much we feel assured: the American people are going to have a government in most conditions of to-day—the conditions under which they live, one that will guide them safely through the vast interests that modern complexity has produced. But we do not believe that it will be necessary to abandon the essential features of our historic dual polity. There may be too great a drift to "nationalism" at one time, but then, we believe, will be a temporary movement. State rights are not the American rights. State rights are too important for the maintenance of progress and liberty long to be neglected or obscured.—*Indianapolis News*.

The thing of weight in Mr. George Harvey's recent utterance is the same as that in the less well outgiving Mr. H. H. Rogers: what it stands for rather than what it says. There is an incidental quality attaching to the Harvey bitterness in this, that, aside from the revelation that all such outbursts are as to the manner of man that makes them, it reveals a certain noble quality that in all too common men is not. The American, the American, the American, an Englishman, a German, or a Frenchman of similar position in life indulging in such vituperation on a similar occasion. They might differ never so strongly about the policy of a premier, but they would state their differences in parliamentary language. Indeed, among us, with the exception of Mr. Hearst, one has to go back to the days of "Brick" Pomroy and W. F. Story, of the *Chicago Times*, to find a similar relic in speaking evil of dignitaries, couched in illingenuous so-called. And, considering Mr. Harvey's position as editor of a magazine devoted to the serious discussion of public questions, he is entitled to the blue ribbon for ribaldry. But, as with the utterance of H. H. Rogers, his speech is significant for its supposed meaning. It is taken by alarmists as an indication of an effort of the great "interests" to cause a reaction of public feeling in regard to the rate of interest, of which the rate has been threatened to fall into innocuous desuetude; an effort to make the country believe or fear that the present policies mean ruin and loss to small investors. Well, the railway people and other great interests have a right to make their views known. But we guess they will be a pretty difficult task for them to sweep back the tide.—*Indianapolis News*.

George Harvey, in making his vitriolic attacks on President Roosevelt, has not added to his reputation or helped the Harper publications at all. As the editor of *The New American Review* Mr. Harvey has been looked upon as a man with a balance wheel, but if he did have one Pierpont Morgan, one of his chiefs, has knocked it off. He declared the American people are being "debauched by the spectacle of blatant probity yawning from the pinnacle of self-appreciation." Mr. Morgan should read a famous phrase of former President Cleveland and be a little careful, or else he will fall into "innocuous desuetude." Mr. Morgan himself should take a hand in curbing his mouthpiece, as such uncalculated remarks, no matter who they are made by, do not sound well when applied to the Chief Executive of the United States. Such attacks lead the Republicans of the country into closer union, while members of our other great party, the Democrats, do not stand for such talk.

If the great American public once believes this is part of a plot on the part of the money power of the country to intimidate Mr. Roosevelt it will make him stronger than ever. H. H. Rogers started it, now comes Morgan's man Harvey. A few more such and the "wicker of the big stick" will have the whole United States in his pocket.—*Grand Rapids News*.

This attack is not surprising, for it is thoroughly in keeping with Colonel Harvey's record heretofore. This very able man, evidently disaffected toward the administration, has always sided toward the side of vested interests, and it is evident that he is one of the principal supporters of the corruption anti-Roosevelt movement at the present time. The fact that such men are coming out in open opposition to the Roosevelt idea of government indicates that these men are about to make a last ditch fight for a restoration of the old order of affairs, with perhaps some modifications, and it is not improbable that the next twelve or fourteen months will witness one of the most intense pro-revolution Presidential campaigns in the history of the nation. Much, of course, will depend upon the manner in which the anti-Roosevelt attacks are received by the American people. If they are listened to and the public manifests some little interest in them, there is no doubt but that battle royal will be waged against the President and his policies. If, on the other hand, it is found that the people are disposed to resent these attacks and arrangements, or if they are received with indifference, the fight will be more passive in character.—*Gloucester (Illinois) Mail*.

No reasonable person will quarrel with Colonel George Harvey for exercising his natural and indefeasible right as a citizen to hold the President of the United States off, and take a line sure to make people sit up and take notice when he wants to do some effective speaking. His philippic in the Jefferson birthday dinner delivered at the Coliseum was an excellent specimen of its kind, and aroused his hearers; and the shower of vituperative and satirical invective will rebound harmlessly from the triple armor of the President's popularity like birdshot from a little ship.

As a literary or rhetorical performance, Colonel Harvey's witty and picturesque caravansera is most enjoyable. There are some palpable hits in the way of satire. Humorous laughter will go up in this broad land over the Harveyverian verbal cartoon of a big Teddy bear roaring virtuously against race suicide, and squandering a couple of decorated eggs in a benevolent attempt to hatch them out. That is excellent fun, and no doubt the Great Champion of the busy work and the prolific rabbit will see the point and enjoy the joke along with the rest of us.—*Illinoian Sentinel*.

The attack on the President by Colonel Harvey at the Jeffersonian banquet of the Democratic Club of New York indicates that there is to be a lining up of the reactionary forces of the Democratic party not only against the President—which was to be expected—but against any man in the Democratic party who may be in actual touch with his attitude against the reactionary forces. This speech will fairly be regarded as the first in the campaign against Bryan for the nomination for the Presidency. From this time on it will be a fight of the railroad, Standard Oil, and other like interests in the Democratic party against all policies that appear to threaten their positions, whether they are in the Democratic or Republican party.

In view of this the Republicans of the country will line up at once with the President, or with some other man who represents the policies he has been advocating. The fight may mean a new alignment of parties as we saw that of 1896 over the silver question.—*Moine (Illinois) Dispatch*.

Here is a man who is presumed to be in touch with what is going on in the world, else how is he competent to edit a national weekly, and yet he seems to have closed himself in with the gossamer partitions of his den and worked himself up into a terrible state of mind, all because, perhaps, Roosevelt does not jump every time the editorial pen is put to paper.

It may be that Colonel Harvey was trying to be humorous; if so, he succeeded, but not in the way he intended. People will laugh at him, but not in sympathy with what he says. He cannot injure Roosevelt in the popular estimation, and the people have the situation pretty well sized up.

Colonel Harvey seems to have entirely overlooked what has been accomplished since Roosevelt went into office. Or it may be that it is that sort of activity that Harvey is opposed to. Perhaps Harvey is trying to work up some sympathy with Morgan, Harriman, and others who have left the sling of the President's whip.—*Des Moines Times*.

Saturday night George Harvey, who has edited the Harper magazines and other publications since J. Pierpont Morgan formed a trust for their control, made a speech markedly antagonistic President Roosevelt and Mr. W. J. Bryan. Mr. Harvey is a McKinley Democrat and still goes to Democratic meetings, and actually professed a Jefferson celebration with the speech.

It sounded like an unabridged edition of the speeches made in the Bloomington campaign by Mr. Hearst and Mr. Frank V. Randall together. Perhaps Mr. Harvey will take less offense if we say that their speeches sound like pocket editions of his.

In either case timid racialism is being brightened. In one case it is being scared from the city and in the other from the nation. The coincidence in these thoughts is that they are both the product of a beleaguered campaign to quote from Harvey's speech.—*Bloomington Bulletin*.

When Colonel Harvey points for us what a President ought to be, it is as if he had been imagining that he drew a President's portrait lines out from memory—from the measurements treasured in recollection of a has-been President, who now lives in Princeton. When he describes the horrifying deviations from the normal and the expected of an existing President, it isn't any indefinite, illusive ideal standard of comparison he uses, but a highly corporeal

standard of actuality that happens to be deposited for the benefit of posterity at Princeton, just as standards by which other things are weighed and measured are deposited at State capitals. When he picks out for us a future President who will be to us all that a President ought to be, he doesn't take any chances. He picks out one who has been moulded through the veritable contact and impress of the Princeton pattern of Presidents and inspiration to the line of succession in the White House.—*Des Moines Press.*

The President is a decided character. There are no half-hearted views as far as he is concerned. He has his own ideas, and his own purposes. He is going to let the world know what they are. He is willing to take the consequences. Although he may never have dreamed that Editor Harvey would utter such a crushing denunciation, it would doubtless have made no difference to him. In fact, the President has no need to worry. There was never a more popular man in the United States, and there were never a man more deservedly popular. Mr. Harvey will have to find a phrase even more striking than the one just quoted before he attracts much attention from the common people. They are the friends of the President.—*Indianapolis News.*

Although frenzied financiers are holding President Roosevelt responsible for the chaotic condition of the stockmarket, and Colonel George Harvey, editor of *The North American Review*, is denouncing him as a demagogue and a dictator, the country is still breathing serenely and contentedly, and the people are still placing their faith in the man who is pointing the way. And as they listen to the wails from Wall Street and to the philippics from Harper's man, they love the President? For the reason he has made.—*Pittsburgh Blade.*

President Roosevelt is in many respects unlike any President this country has ever had, but the difference is one the people seem to like. If left to the popular vote it is very likely his policy and principles would receive several hundred votes to one, and for what? Colonel Harvey stands for, and the vote would just about represent the degree in which the country shares his apprehension for the safety of its Constitution and institutions.—*Grand Rapids Herald.*

Colonel George Harvey is altogether too much of a man to be anybody's mouthpiece in the avowed significance of that word. But perhaps his bitter attack on President Roosevelt will be better understood when it is considered that he has for years been closely associated with the leading "captains of industry" in New York, and that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is reputed the practical owner of the great publishing concern of Harper & Brothers.—*Langston (Michigan) Gazette.*

Whenever Colonel George Harvey, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, has nothing else to do nowadays, he makes a speech assaulting the President. There are a great many differences between Colonel Harvey and the President, but one of the most obvious of them is that the President is a dear old fellow while the Colonel is a rascal of words. In fact on behalf of the readership he should beware lest the WEEKLY become known as the journal of civilization.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

Probably Colonel Harvey goes too far in his arraignment of the President, but the fact remains that the great majority of business men and interests of the country fear him and his kaleidoscopic policies, and are fearful of what the future has in store for them and the people generally, if he continues to run amuck. In a word, they don't know where they stand in that they do not know whether he will jump.—*Burlington (Iowa) Gazette.*

But the logical mind has now borne the perfect fruit, and Colonel Harvey delivered the final words at a dinner to the Sons of St. Patrick, at Charleston, South Carolina. Such conclusions should be studied by the whole country.—*Winona (Minnesota) Independent.*

As we understand Editor Harvey in HARPER'S WEEKLY, he suggests that we let the world go as far as they like, provided only the nation accept his irrepressible suggestion and make Dr. Woodrow Wilson President.—*Idaho Press Journal.*

Colonel Harvey refers to President Roosevelt's recent utterances as "rotting caricatures of truth." This is as good as an application for membership in the Amalgam Club.—*Richmond News.*

No, Colonel! your speech was a brilliant handling of an unpopular theme, and children still cry for the Tiddly-bears.—*Madison Sentinel.*

J. Pierpont Morgan ought to muzzle his man Harvey.—*Cincinnati News.*

THE FAR WEST

LAMENTATIONS

George Harvey, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY and of *The North American Review*, has a bad case of the cholera dumps over the political situation. He need to say pleasant things, and lots of them, about Theodore Roosevelt, and he has even been known to compliment Mr. Bryan, but these happy days have passed. Now he fears him the whole nation has gone to the loss sense and hope knows Harvey no more.

The most recent eruption of Colonel Harvey's mood found expression in a speech before the National Democratic Club last Sunday evening at the Jefferson-Hickory dinner. Just why Colonel Harvey should be asked to talk to Democrats on a Jefferson occasion does not appear, since he is not a Democrat in the accepted sense of the term, and he certainly has not supported any Democratic policy of late years. However, that is a minor matter, and in his opinion of Roosevelt the brilliant ismismatist must have found a sympathetic audience.

Not in the Colonel any better content with the Democratic party and its leadership. He thinks Democratic Senators and Representatives cut the crumbs of patronage from the hand that smote them, and look the best whose impact they have felt, while simultaneously their undisputed if not, in fact, perforce, ruler bubbles like a cripple in the wake of his successful rival, gathering as he goes the few scraps that are left of his own fallacies." And more to the same effect.

Reverting to Roosevelt, the doctored Colonel objects to the President's assumption that he has a monopoly of honesty and that so many others are in the Amalgam class. He remarks, with some sarcasm, that we have never had a dishonest President. Moreover, he does not recall any other President who "brought large sums of money for use, not in conducting a political campaign over a protracted period, but on election day."

Kindred in his palmarious days of grief couldn't have done much better in the way of lamentations, could he? No hope in the Republic, no glimmer of a gleam of light, no glimmer of the dawn, no pall of gloom encompassing the nation and night coming on awfully fast!

Still, come to think about it, the Colonel may be mistaken. Possibly what he mistakes for historical trash is only the effect of a cold boiler smelter and too much kum-bum-bum following. That West here the people have a good deal of faith in America and the Americans. Some of them think the President is a sort of hostess, too! In bad men in politics, but when they get time to take his eye in hand they'll try to settle him as they would any other rascally citizen who had citizens and his own. He has the affluence of genius. Moreover, the West likes to think that honesty and efficiency and leadership are rather common traits in American humanity, and that when the East finally wakes up to the foolishness of worshipping Roosevelt as a sort of modern Moses when he is nothing but a very common politician of the crowd, there will be no difficulty about finding a better man as his successor.—*St. Louis City Herald.*

FOOLISH AND KNAVISH

It is unnecessary to explain who Colonel Harvey is. Everybody knows all about this great literary luminary whose editorial genius presides over HARPER'S WEEKLY, *The North American Review*, and sheds an occasional inspiring ray into the rampant pages of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, the night of May 15, 1901, when he delivered a sermon from a text in Ecclesiastes to the vast congregation of millionaires at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. The text promised us upon that land whose king is a child. Colonel Harvey applies it to America and Roosevelt. According to him, "Roosevelt is a mischievous child with a passion for notoriety, notoriety, confusion, contradictory, inconsistent, illogical, irrational."

The sermon, or address, is one of the most virulently abusive of a public man that it has ever been our fortune to read. The language disregards all the conventions of decency, the spirit is one of deep and malignant hatred, delivered as it was to an audience of trust augurers, it probably found great acceptability in their ears. We rather guess the American people will judge of it somewhat differently. The eminent Colonel's virulence may be gauged from one sentence. Although his speech is utterly restrained in abuse, reckless in assertion, and scandalous in epithet, nevertheless, as though to put impudence itself to shame, he says that Americans no longer dare to criticize the President. "The heavy hand of fear rests upon the land," and nobody has the courage to open his mouth to reveal Mr. Roosevelt's awful deeds. It was at that moment doing, somewhat infamously, we must confess, but still doing, the very thing he said nobody dared to do. And hundreds of others in the service of the magnates are doing the same thing and Colonel Harvey knows it.

Doubtless the distinguished Colonel delivered the speech a very brilliant one, but we cannot agree with him. We have never been able to discern brilliance in billingsgate, nor do we believe that literary or political genius best exhibits itself in uttering slander, the error the orator makes which would of itself be damning even if his speech were otherwise admirable. The failure to mingle with his falsehoods that small seasoning of truth which is invariably essential to make such attacks effective. Had the Colonel been a genuine artist in backbiting he would have inserted here and there a fact. The reader's suspicions would thus have been lulled, and some of the misstatements might have been confirmed. As it is, the truth is so potent and continuous that there is not the least danger of any person being misled.

We congratulate Colonel Harvey on that strength of mind which enables him to rise superior to decency and generosity, and his adversary of Professor Woodrow Wilson for the Presidency; but we cannot congratulate Professor Wilson on his abuse of an advocate. Were the American people fools and knaves such a foolish and knavish address might captivate them. Being intelligent persons with a preference for candor, it will only disgust them.—*Portland Oregonian.*

MUDDLED MESSAGES

Colonel George Harvey, at his Jefferson-Hickory banquet, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Bryan, and his all together present, happy confusion of partisanship. Mr. Harvey in the brilliant effort of

two or three magazines, supposed to be controlled by J. Pierpont Morgan, one of the "doers" whom he lauded in his speech, and his Democratic hostility to Roosevelt Republicanism was matched only by his horror of Bryan Democracy. Mr. Hearst, whose voice and newspaper, as always, he trusted to speak for Hearst as Hearst sees him, is incapable of disavowing his horror of any other man who might by any eventuality become President ahead of Hearst; so his Jeffersonism is against Bryan Jeffersonism even as it is against all that is not pro-Hearst. At another Jeffersonian banquet in some later Mr. Hayes will take the part of Mr. Hearst's "perennial leader hobnobbing like a cripple in the wake of his successful rival, gathering as he goes a few scraps that are left of his own follies." The funny thing about this cleavage at the top is that it goes no deeper than the legs of the banquet-table, where it shows itself. Among the people below there is no sign of the dissection that rages around the champagne-cups. For ease and a wonder the "divide-and-conquer" scheme is not working. Party lines are mighty faint except when some party fighter manages for a moment to draw his pencil down an alleged line fence. The men about the festal boards are contending for an empty opportunity. The flock which they fight to herd at present shows no disposition to be corralled.—*Amelia (Nebraska) Journal*.

Appearing as a Democrat, Colonel Harvey has chosen Jackson as the horrible example with which to frighten the nation. Jackson was domineering and believed himself to be greater than the republic and when Jackson retired the "dodge" name. Perhaps! That was a good long time ago. But Mr. Harvey has not changed since then. And Roosevelt has two years, perhaps six years, in traditions of our country. In the storm and stress of these perilous times it is well that some strong, true voice should be heard crying out against the unconstitutional and socialistic tendencies of the chief executive and the demagogues of the American people. Only a week or ten days ago many alarming stories were told of the nervous collapse by which the President was threatened; he has done so many queer things during his administration, so many things that would appear to indicate that he is at times unbalanced in his judgment. So far the people have been deceived by the blare of trumpets and the pomp of pageantry with which this latest successor of Washington has encompassed himself around about. It was so in the days of the French Revolution. It has ever been so in the history of the world that the unthinking multitude have been moved by sound and fury, but history shows that vaulting ambition has always overreached itself, but that in the end the people have recovered their poise. It will be so in this case. The order second thought of the plain people of the United States will restore the government at Washington to the ways of the founders.

We hope that every man of sound mind and good digestion will read the speech made by Colonel Harvey Saturday. It sounds like a trumpet above all the confusion of tongues, and strips the rags of authority from the President of the United States, who would make his "thus with the Lord" superior to the mandates of the law. We have had enough of "the raging of the revolutionary instinct of a lawless mind," enough of "the mendacious duplicity of these holding power," enough of "the empty millinery of flattery and sanctimonious theories of men enough of 'hollow sham and glaring hypocrisy.'" In the administration of our national affairs. In this hour of peril Colonel Harvey appeals to the conservative South, but the effectiveness of the appeal will depend upon the loyalty of the plain people in all parts of the country. We have no fear that there will be other strong voices raised against the downright iniquity of the new policies which have been preached by the mouth of the President, and that in the end this country will be safely delivered from the present drift to anarchy.—*Charlotte News and Courier*.

Colonel George Harvey's abusive thrash against President Roosevelt cannot be regarded as anything but a call to arms, intended to rally the leaders and minions of the robber trust army. Such a torrent of invective cannot be designed to turn the multitude against the President, but it is intended to excite an ignorant mob to not understand the injurious effect upon their own cause of mere violent railing of names. Epithets is not argument, and instead of winning support, can only have the opposite effect of strengthening the person attacked.

It is the familiar and the last resource of those who have a weak cause to direct attention therefrom, raising a false issue, by abusing the attorney for the other side. Hence is the interperate personal onslaught upon Roosevelt. When the charge is made and proved that the trusts are robbing the people, that robbers are used to build up trusts and destroy competition, the only answer returned is that Roosevelt is assuming the airs of a king, and that he is personally obnoxious. The answer is defective, for it does not follow the complaint, and should be stricken from the record.—*St. Paul Pioneer*.

Editor HARPER'S WEEKLY, made a speech in which he scored the President of the United States in a terrible philippic. The speech was a great speech. The *Ledger* does not approve what Mr. Harvey said, but certainly made the strongest criticism of Mr. Roosevelt ever delivered. He used every charge, and named them admirably. He put an adverse color on innocent facts and made the harsh facts hot and bitter. It was one of the very strongest speeches made in ten years, if not the very strongest. Even those of us who do not agree with him must concede that the speech was a great one. It puts the anti-Roosevelt side of our politics as no other man has done it, and is so much superior to the speech of Senator Foraker that they cannot be compared. Mr. Harvey is not known in the South as an orator, but that one speech will draw him an audience in future, no matter what his subject.—*Birmingham Ledger*.

Colonel Harvey, the latest spokesman of this organized band for the protection and possession of the privilege of public plunder, has seen fit to change his label from "Breadwinner" to "Democrat." Having spent the last decade of his career as a Republican, slandering Bryan at the behest of Morgan and his allies, to his disgust he runs against a Roosevelt. And so he drops back to "Democracy" once more and makes diligently to defaming Roosevelt and Bryan both. He regrets, does Colonel Harvey, that a toothless people have placed their trust in Bryan and Roosevelt rather than in such distinguished guardians of popular rights as Pierpont Morgan and James A. Hill.

They're all of one leather, these photters, and God pity the party they capture—for the people will not.—*Des Moines World-Herald*.

Colonel Harvey, of HARPER'S, is "ferocious" both Roosevelt and Bryan. Harvey is the man who conceived the Woodrow Wilson

boom, and the strain of holding himself down to it in producing a series of brain storms only like the spark of a run-down motor.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

Colonel Harvey talks about "blatant probity yawning from the placidness of self-conceit." If William Dean Howells wrote that way he couldn't get anything printed in Colonel Harvey's publication.—*Denver Republican*.

Maybe Colonel Harvey said all those harsh things about the President merely to prove that he is not a mollycoddle.—*Denver Republican*.

THE SOUTH

A POLITICAL HERMON

Colonel George Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, does not grow weary in well-doing. Saturday night he preached a sermon at the Jefferson-Birthday dinner of the National Democratic Club in New York, his toast being "A Lesson from the Scriptures," and his sermon being based on a very effective text taken from the Book of Ecclesiastes. A great many of the Roosevelt worshippers will protest against the severity of his arraignment, but no thoughtful student of history will fail to appreciate the conditions pointed out by this fighting Vermont Democrat.

We have always felt that Roosevelt would track the end of his race before the close of his present administration. The people have been infatuated with him, misled by the exuberance of his spirit and the sanctimony with which he has disregarded the best traditions of our country. In the storm and stress of these perilous times it is well that some strong, true voice should be heard crying out against the unconstitutional and socialistic tendencies of the chief executive and the demagogues of the American people. Only a week or ten days ago many alarming stories were told of the nervous collapse by which the President was threatened; he has done so many queer things during his administration, so many things that would appear to indicate that he is at times unbalanced in his judgment. So far the people have been deceived by the blare of trumpets and the pomp of pageantry with which this latest successor of Washington has encompassed himself around about. It was so in the days of the French Revolution. It has ever been so in the history of the world that the unthinking multitude have been moved by sound and fury, but history shows that vaulting ambition has always overreached itself, but that in the end the people have recovered their poise. It will be so in this case. The order second thought of the plain people of the United States will restore the government at Washington to the ways of the founders.

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EARNING PAY

Lacking sound argument, the anti-Roosevelt group of financiers, apply named reactionaries, are resorting to their time-honored method of attempting in their attempt to lessen the public esteem in which the President is held. Always, when a President or other high official, or a Presidential candidate, declines to extend these worthy financiers favors which are not authorized by law, they turn to shame, mingled with moral protestations.

Colonel Mahabert Harvey—be careful his political title valiantly fighting for home and friends and fatherland in the service of the Governor's staff of New Jersey—is the official mouthpiece of the reactionaries. A few weeks ago he fired some sentimental snuff-puffs at the President, and Saturday night he let them another volley in the dinner of the National Democratic Club in the Waldorf-Astoria. The *Yves*, in another column, publishes his remarks in full: not because we agree with his sentiments, but because it is well to reveal to the public the manner in which the predatory corporations are waging against the President and his policies. It is hardly necessary to comment upon the *Jerry* staff officer's fulminations; they sound like Dr. Wily's description of a brainstorm of Thaw-cow fame. The invective the Colonel uses, his absolute unfairness, his garbling of the President's utterances, his misrepresentation of the President's acts, and his complete lack of sound argument, will lead all right-thinking readers to the right conclusion.

Colonel Harvey, however, may be simply earning his pay. He is much indebted to the class of financiers and corporation rangers in whose interest he defends the President. He was originally a reporter on the New York *World*, and he did his work well and was made chief editorial writer, which he also did well, because he is all ability. Waffon C. Whitney was famously impressed with the Colonel, and in the language of the profane, "put

him in right." The Colonel proved a valuable assistant to Mr. Whitney and his associates in various transactional deals, particularly in Havana. When the famous publishing firm of Harper & Brothers fell into financial straits, J. P. Morgan came to the rescue and reestablished the business on a sound basis, installing Colonel Harvey as manager and editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

It will be seen from his history that Colonel Harvey might have other reasons than that of his main judgment for smiling at the President.—Whitney News.

FOUNDING BASS

The foregoing is the mild and unobjectionable part of the criticism, and aptly describes Mr. Roosevelt as disingenuous and non-office-holding citizens we him. The speaker was perhaps unwittingly severe in his towering denunciation of those who imagine, act, and speak as though a President, however culpable, was immune from censure simply because he was the Chief Executive. But as yet no one has denied Colonel Harvey's basic assertion nor challenged his conclusions.

The New York Commercial approvingly publishes the speech, and mildly scolds the distinguished editor for using harsh terms to depict intolerable conditions. Its implication is censure Colonel Harvey for using whole pounds of rough-words where a few ounces of vitriol would have accomplished the same results.

The remarkable speech closed with these ringing words: "May not one final effort be made to join hands with the conservative South and blaze the way for the entrance of living truth and real sincerity to supplant the hollow show and glaring hypocrisy before which now in shame we bow our heads?"

And the sedate and conservative Commercial earnestly advises the leaders of the Democracy that if they would keep their eyes off the White House for sixty days, and forget the activities of its present occupants for a time, they might discover some most excellent Presidential timber within their own ranks.

The Commercial knows as well as the balance of the country that Mr. Roosevelt thrives upon excitement and diverting journals when the country gives evidence of settling down to peaceful pursuits and calm discussion. It knows he and his advisers seek for, create, and precipitate avalanches of excitement for the sole purpose of keeping himself in the public eye to the exclusion of real and vital questions, and it knows that sixty days of unbroken quietude would force him to blight his chances for further publicity, as the searchlight of calm and dispassionate examination of his achievements would put him in the class of those who exist only in sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.—Kansas City Post.

A REACTIONARY

This, of course, is intended as a pea picture of the President. It was written by a Northern and broad-minded man to do violence to the nomination of a Southern man for the Presidency. Can any one say that the portrait is not true to life? We cannot find any feature of it that is at variance with the actuality. Mr. Roosevelt has seen fit to call those who do not approve his programme "reactionaries."

The epithet is certainly unfortunate for him; for he is to-day the greatest reactionary in the republic. He is harking back to the old discarded theories of government. Protection was for several centuries the policy not only of Europe, but of England. Free trade was the child of the eighteenth and nineteenth century. Under protection the people of England were virtually ruined. Under free trade that country has held the commercial supremacy of the world. Free trade is, therefore, the modern, protective the antique, doctrine. Mr. Roosevelt stands pat on the antique system. The "reactionaries" do indeed want to get back to constitutional government, and brighten up again the shimmering ideals of the republic.

Mr. Roosevelt would go back further to the time of unconstitutional government. He would obliterate the line separating the various branches of the government. He would be the executive, the lawmaker, and the interpreter. He would read into the Constitution whatever he desires to find there but can't. He would make of Congress a farcical and impotent lawmaking body, and would leave a Suetonius to the Supreme Court. Such a programme as his—the most reactionary ever established in our history—is a menace not only to the liberties of the people, but to the welfare and progress of the nation. The President's doctrine may be summed up in a sentence: "I am President; I am Congress; I am the Supreme Court."

Will the people of a free country stand for it? We fancy not.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

CONSTITUTIONAL INTERPRETATION

Colonel George Harvey, the versatile editor and manager of the Harper publications, is one of the strict constructionists, who hold that many of the proposed activities of the United States government are unconstitutional. Mr. Harvey gave voice to his opinion in a recent address in which he criticised bitterly President Roosevelt's policy, particularly the executive and extension of the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is undoubtedly true that the Federal government is today doing many things that the founders of the republic did not intend that it should do. That is because the founders of the republic were only human, and could foresee a hundred of the problems that have been developed through the enormous growth of national industry and wealth.

The Constitution of the United States has been and is a great and glorious instrument. But if rigidly interpreted it would have prohibited internal improvements of any kind; it would have invalidated the original Interstate Commerce Commission

and all subsequent legislation increasing its powers and duties. The Constitution gives no direct warrant for the expenditure of national money on the Panama Canal, for the Oliver dunes, for great trade exhibitions like the Chicago Fair, for fine public buildings, or for a hundred other different things that the government does appropriate for. Many new ideas have been read into the Constitution, in accordance with the beliefs and tendencies of the time, and many more will get to be read into it. The Constitution is not the master of the American people. It is their servant. And those things which the majority of the American people wish to have done will be done, regardless of strict interpretations of words written over a century ago by men who, however wise they were at the time, could not foresee the difficulties that would arise generations after them.—Whitney Intelligence.

VAIN RHETORIC

Why is Colonel Harvey, of two magazines, wandering about discharging, from such points of vantage as annual banquets, rhetoric at the President? The rhetoric is very commendable. Possibly it would pass muster—even with some faint expression of approval—with any of Colonel Harvey's own editors. We cannot perceive, however, that it can accomplish anything. Vague general sensations of rashness, vanity, egotism, and ambition cannot inspire the man who shows results from his work, however awkward or uncommensurate his methods may be. The President did intervene to end the blood and disaster war between Japan and Russia, and was an active factor in restoring peace. Unquestionably that act lifted this republic high in the honor and respect of the powers of the earth. He was the chief factor in bringing about the rate-regulation bill and forcing reform in the great packing industry. Whatever Colonel Harvey and other gentlemen of similar methods, precise rules, and general subservience to tradition and precedent may think, it is a fact that the President has the respect of the nations and the enthusiastic confidence of the people of his own country. Therefore, his Constitution, are discussed and put before the public in simple words, we can see force and meaning. Bombarding a man with high-sounding sentences and general accusations improves us as a waste of the speaker's breath and of the time of his hearers and as fatiguing the attention of the general public.—Richmond Leader.

QUITE AS DANGEROUS

A notable incident of the past week, in political annals, was the speech of Colonel George Harvey, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, delivered in New York city, at the banquet in honor of Jefferson's birthday by the National Democratic Club. Harvey, a well-known journalist took for his theme the biggest topic of current discussion; he denounced on President Roosevelt, and said some things that were strikingly true. The speech created a sensation, because no man of equal responsibility, on an important occasion, had ever before been so merciless in his criticism of the President of the United States, and sought, at the same time, to sustain his attack by logical argument, citing the record to sustain his contentions.

The story does not endorse this arrangement in fact. It is too big a thing for a dinner speaker. Mr. Harvey had been led into serious error by his inability to comprehend the kind of government that he is called upon to administer. He cannot understand the limitations of either the Federal authority or the Executive power. He has a contempt for the Constitution, and imagines himself a lawless president for 80,000,000 people who need his constant care and guidance. We do not agree with Colonel Harvey that the President is a Machiavelli of sinister aim and purpose; but we do agree that his errors are quite as dangerous as if inspired by malignant intent.

It is as true that Roosevelt, as a politician is as strong with the people as ever he was; that remains to be seen. The people have long supported the fallacies of the protective tariff because they believed it a friend. We shall see if they trust a friend of the tariff who is convinced the tariff is a robber and a cheat.—After.

Saturday night, Mr. Harvey, of the Harper-Morgan publishing house, addressed a Jefferson dinner in praise of Morgan and Hill, and in disparagement of President Roosevelt. Just what opinion Mr. Harvey might have of the living or the dead is a little inconsequential, but as a study in style his oratory may have some interest for possible imitators.

We supposed that "oratory" of this kind had gone out of fashion, or had been relegated to moot courts. The Foraker method is not so much, but it has not been realized, and with pure fiction. Mr. Harvey has not been told the President is above criticism; he has not been informed with a blast of trumpets nor by any other signals that "at last" we have an honest President; he has not been told "that the red justice the man"; he is not a politician, but a man who has been misled by a man who is engaged in a little advertising adventure which will not "pan out."

That the public may understand something of the spirit of the conspiracy or organized opposition or predatory attitude formed to control the next Presidential election we give a full report of the speech of Mr. Harvey, which was contained in the New York newspapers last Sunday.—Louisville Post.

Editor Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who is possessed of a particularly robust race at the myriads and doings of Theodore Roosevelt, seldom lets an occasion slip to make a text of Secretary

Root's statement that if there were to be centralization it would come from the failure of the States properly to exercise their own powers. This statement of a tendency has been assiduously heralded as a threat and as a statement of administration policy. Every time Editor Harvey thinks of it he sees red. The fact of the matter is, however, that just at present the tendency toward the enlargement of the powers of the central government is marked and the causes thereof are diverse. Whether the tendency is only a temporary movement, or a permanent one, or whether it will develop into a permanent constitutional fact, it is much too soon to say. A great deal depends on the position which the courts take on questions now being brought before them.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

These publications reflect the views of Mr. Harvey, and these are at the same time the views of the interests that were kind to him. When we read in them that Mr. Roosevelt is a menace to the country, and when we see that Mr. Harvey has inaugurated an oratorical campaign against Mr. Roosevelt, we may know that two bitter conservative and reputable publications are not actuated by high and disinterested motives in their efforts, and the personal efforts of their "editor," to rescue the country from the thrall of Rooseveltism. Mr. Harvey and the publications which he "edits" are merely the vents and vehicles of the interests that have started a systematic campaign of vituperation upon the President for the things he has done unto them; and their utterances should be taken only at the net weight.—*St. Joseph (Missouri) News*.

This notice to exhibit the new baroque in his desperate attempts to reach notoriety by surpassing in his mad and vulgarly historic and Odell, and Hayburn and Tillman, while it illustrates further the inflated animosity prevailing among the circles, political and financial, that Harvey assumes to represent.

When a man is immune from disease it means that disease may attack him, but he is not injured by the attack. If the President is immune by experience or by prevention. Certainly the President is immune to such attacks as Harvey can make. The men injured by such attacks as those of Hayburn and Harvey are the men for whom such attacks assume to speak.

But think of the future of literary and political publications edited by such a master of style as Mr. Harvey.—*Louisville Post*.

What Colonel Harvey thinks about the President and Mr. Bryan is not of great importance. No great number of people sat up late Saturday night to hear what Colonel Harvey said. Some ten or twelve million American voters, who believe in Theodore Roosevelt and William J. Bryan, never heard of Colonel Harvey. It is important, however, to note the evidences of a systematized and persistent campaign of vilification that is being waged against the President. The two Harvey effusions, the Harrison letter, the effort to discredit his action in regard to the Brownsville rioters, were not mere accidents. They show that a very large and powerful element is working secretly but industriously to discredit

Theodore Roosevelt and his policies. They hate him for what he has done, and they fear him for what they think he may do.—*Reading Intelligence*.

Colonel Harvey's arraignment of the governing element in both parties, and particularly the Republican party, of late years, is far more forceful, because more reasonable, than his severe attack upon its official head. Reading between the lines, we are impelled to the conclusion that the vigorous philippic of the Colonel is more in the interests of the repulsive oligarchy, rather than of the people.

But *Register* readers will find the address worth perusing, then each can form his own judgment.—*Whispering Register*.

If the coarse attacks of Harvey are a sample of the plan of campaign of the corporations against all who dare endeavor to bring them to account, the gods will indeed destroy those whom they have made mad, for nothing short of madness can account for such folly. Nothing can do more to arouse the people to Mr. Roosevelt's support. Nothing can do more to crystallize the extensive sentiment regardless of party lines in favor of retaining him in office for another term.—*Lexington Herald*.

If the conspiracy of Colonel Harvey and the Standard Oil people to capture both Republican and Democratic parties in the interest of conservation, which has been discovered by the busy Washington correspondents, materializes, and if both Bryan and a Roosevelt Republicanism are defeated for the nominations, this should furnish a rare chance for that well-known conservative, Eugene V. Debs, to slip in.—*New Orleans News*.

Colonel George Harvey, the editor of *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, continues among the leaders of the Roosevelt bullers. The trouble with those who are opposing Mr. Roosevelt is that the more they attack him, the more popular he becomes, as was shown by the New York Times's symposium of opinion from Republican editors. Somehow the people seem to like the things Colonel Harvey condemns.—*Chattanooga (Tennessee) Times*.

All this sort of thing may be lots of fun for Colonel Harvey, but it is in no means death to Mr. Roosevelt. Such attacks as this are merely contradictory evidence of the reality of the thing known as Roosevelt luck.—*Baltimore News*.

Colonel Harvey should thank his stars that the Harrison incident distracted the President's attention just as he was getting ready to reply to the Harvey accusations.—*Albion Journal*.

"Colonel Harvey has nailed President Roosevelt Bonhamster Furies." But he will hardly disclose the President's secrets and meet him face to face.—*Richmond Leader*.

If Colonel George Harvey reaches the portal of 1908 without being called a liar, it is no more prophesying for us.—*Boston Post*.

Letters from Readers

CHICAGO, April 14, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—Allow me, a plain American citizen, to tender to you my sincere thanks for your speech at the dinner of the National Democratic Club last evening.

Under the foul influences you specified, as as a people are fast degenerating to the status of a nation of yellow cows. Everything you said concerning our illimitable cowardice in the presence of power is true, and to your question, "What does it mean?" there can be but one answer—revolution! That the Republic is in mortal danger no thinking man doubts.

Then comes the other question, "What are you going to do about it?" And it is not so much that we are wanting who are afraid of the press, as you suggest, as that the press is apparently hopelessly in the hands of the powers which threaten us. The Republican party, and its able assistants—the alleged Democratic party—are as one, for the purpose only of preserving the peace, that we may be ruled according to the law (1). And such laws, laws known to be unconstitutional at the time of their passage—laws declared in the courts to be unconstitutional—yet kept in full force, for years after, through administrations of both parties, finally displaced by other unconstitutional laws to be administered at triple cost of the first. Traits, essentially the abhorrence of both the political parties, sustained by both with special laws, which hand to those secret subsidies, by millions of dollars, of the people's money. Proven murders by poisoning of thousands of our soldiers and sailors, hushed up of fixed courts of investigation, and the murders continued—the blood of the murdered crying in vain for redress even yet! To vill the footless witness the policyholders robbed of millions to silence the ready "yawn" of the alleged opposition. Witness the racy transfer of millions of voters to the subsiding of the McKinley administration. Watch the conspirators looking the horrors in the secret archives of the assassin's doctor's house, where they may never see them. Then note the frantic struggle to keep back the silver hand of a Hughes, shamefully successful, by the weakening of the infamous Armstrong, aided by the scared cries of Morton—"You still raise hell!"

Well, Colonel, that is precisely what is wanted. If we can raise it we might control it; if we wait too long it will come as an earthquake's power and destroy us. Now, sir, how say you—shall we content ourselves with mere denunciation of the crimes and criminals—denunciations which, however powerfully expressed, serve mainly to alarm or arouse their efforts to superior methods of defense, or improved methods of concealment of the vicious purposes? We all know "what it all means." Something is to be done. The monster evil is too strongly entrenched to be needed to answer; if it is to be destroyed in detail, we must get rid of "make-believers" of every degree—Presidents or police-men. We are mortally tired of old New's dogmatic policies, which consisted of "stunts" and mountebank fiddling when Rome was burning. We don't want to be Wilhelmized by any of the "medieval business of Germany," nor Edwardized by any of the illustrations (1) Prekiffles of the stepmother country.

"Bath Lexington no more, get it? Forget us, God, when we forget."

I am, sir,
W. CLARK MARSHALL.

PARAIST, NEW JERSEY, April 17, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

Sir,—I see by the papers that your speech at the other night has put you on the White House black-list. It was to be expected and you are to be congratulated. As a minister I cannot help being in loss with a man who is not afraid to speak the necessary as well as the truthful word. Your condemnation of the present monarch-President fell a long way within the lines of fact. And even those who most loudly dispute you deep down in their hearts feel as you do. There has been so much talk of Roosevelt's moral bravery, of his sincerity, of the purity and nobility of his ideals—that it seems one in the language of Scripture, ready "to spue them out of the mouth." I have tried to keep in touch with our public life, and for one I fail to see one sign of moral bravery, of sincerity, of purity of ideals in Roosevelt beyond what is possessed by the average political boss of to-day.

New York, April 17, 1907.

No doubt he believes in himself—and he also believes that whatever he does to prolong his popularity and secure his power is right. He is a civil-service reformer only to the extent that it pleases him. He is a thoroughgoing opportunist.

Harmful though his demagogic tactics are, he is most to be condemned for introducing into our political life some amazing anti-democratic tendencies. He governs not as the representative of a great party—but solely as an individual. The appointed officers of the government must be thoroughgoing Rooseveltians; they must honor and praise and show what our ruler would do. Am we to have an Index Expurgatus and a newspaper censor thus effectively keep from the people all views that oppose Theodore I?

Perhaps he is honest in saying he will not be a candidate in 1908. He it so. But it is astonishingly plain how resolute he is to continue to rule. He has made it clear that the Presidency is not within the choice of the people, but is to be handed down by him in his personally chosen heir. Is it possible that the people of America are so fooled by this unceasing moribund claptrap that they are willing to allow the Presidential chair to become a throne with the house of Roosevelt as the reigning house?

I am glad you spoke as the papers said you spoke. Let the good word go on.

I am, sir,

April 12, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—I cannot forbear congratulating you upon the courage you showed in the address which you delivered before the National Democratic Club on Saturday night.

I presume the newspapers that report it in full; if you have it in full printed form, will it be asking too much of you to supply me with a few copies of it? I am thinking about going to the expense of having it printed and widely circulated on my own account. I am a Southerner, a Democrat, and a "State-Rights" man by tradition, inheritance, and education. I voted for McKinley both times, as against Bryan; but I do most earnestly hope that the Democrats now will have sufficient coherency to get together and nominate a man who will appeal to the conservatives of the country. I believe such a man could beat almost any candidate the Republicans could put up, and am very sure he could beat Roosevelt if he (as we all fear) is planning to have the nomination "thrust upon him."

In my opinion, the most available man for the leadership of the Democratic party in the present situation is David R. Francis, of Missouri. I have watched Governor Francis' career for a long time. He was, I think, twice Governor of the State of Missouri and once Mayor of St. Louis before he was forty-five; or it may be that he was twice Mayor of St. Louis and once Governor of the State of Missouri. At all events, he has held either one office or the other twice. He had the courage, in 1896, to bolt Bryan's "free silver" heresy, and for that reason, at that time, was regarded as a little outside the pale of Democracy. He was, as you may recall, made Secretary of the Interior by Cleveland during the latter part of Cleveland's last term—more as a compliment to his moral courage as a Democrat than anything else. He is a successful business man, and, while not crissip specially for money, has made a competency; in fact, I believe, a considerable fortune. During the past two or three years he has devoted his entire time and energies to the exploitation and administration of the St. Louis World's Fair, the success of which is largely attributed to his efforts.

I am not in politics myself, or in the way of getting his name before the public, except by such indication as this letter implies. It seems to me inevitable, in view of the position you are taking, that you will be shortly well within the councils of the Democratic party, and it is for this reason that I take the liberty of drawing your attention to Governor Francis's name.

I am, sir,

THE OYSTERLAND SERVICE, April 8, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—There is no fool like an old fool. Can't you see the sign of the times?

You endeavor to put upon the President the part of an assassin of industry and public debaucher, and centralization of power. Down in your heart you know the President is carrying out the will of the majority of the people.

Because he is calling the show down against the vested interests you try to represent, because it has become dangerous through him to graft and rob, and because he has made it dangerous for big public Senators and Congressmen to keep up their vote bartering.

Because rotten judges whom the vested interests openly hang their run buy and sell are on the anxious seat.

You show your ignorance of the trend of the times. Who are you to judge, by what right?

Your journals must be controlled by the Wall Street sharks. I have lost thousands of the price of the month, and the earth of the power of these pests I would give up all I have. You must be a malicious and unmitigated old scoundrel to publish what you know to be untruths.

I am, sir,

J. B. GILMORE.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—I have no doubt you have by this time been completely answered under by congratulatory telegrams and letters on that remarkable speech you delivered last Saturday night. Much to my regret, I cannot claim intimate friendship with you, but I certainly am entitled to be numbered with the great army of American citizens who are sympathizing with the sentiments you expressed on the occasion above referred to, even though none of us has been bold and brave enough to express those sentiments so publicly.

It is truly a wonderful speech. I never saw a better putting together of well-chosen words with powerful meaning. How are you going to preserve the republic? Is it to be put in a thing like pamphlet form, or otherwise? I am so anxious to have a complete copy of the text. The New York Sun's report was seemingly full, but no doubt something was omitted, and I do not want to miss a word of it.

With warm congratulations on the brilliancy and usefulness of the speech,

I am, sir,

M. J. VORMEYER.

STRAUSE, NEW YORK, April 17, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—I have not the honor of personal acquaintance with you, but I will again take the liberty of expressing my great appreciation of the position you are taking with regard to the present dangerous tendencies in the country. I believe that you have laid the whole country under a debt of profound gratitude for your mighty address at the Waldorf-Astoria on the occasion of the Jefferson dinner. I never have read anything so full more breathless attention than I read this address. It will be strange if it does not penetrate the thick, black curtain that is over the eye of the public at this time.

The elect were never more thoroughly deceived than they are by President Roosevelt. Every citizen of the country, does not seem able to analyze these reports and give them their just weight only. To my thinking there is nothing significant in the reports of these papers except the political and demagogic servility which is evidenced.

Again permit me to thank you for your great address.

I am, sir,

JAMES R. DAY.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, April 15, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—Permit me to say that I read with great interest and delight your speech delivered on April 13, at a dinner given by the National Democratic Club in the Waldorf-Astoria. I think that every man, save those without property, principle, or sense, will thank you from the bottom of his heart for the courage you showed in painting the picture as it really is.

Your remarks on "liabilities and debts" was so pertinent that it does not seem to me that any one could help but see the ridiculousness of a comparison between those who have really done something for the country's good and those who are continually setting themselves up as judges of everything under the sun.

As a citizen of this country, I trust that you will continue your endeavors to stop what every thinking and honest man must see is, or will be, the ruin of the country's prosperity and commercial prestige. Please pardon me for intruding upon your time, but I could not resist telling you how much I admired your courage and stand.

I am, sir,

ARTHUR MCGROCH.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, April 15, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—Please accept thanks of subscriber, as probably one of many thousands, for giving conspicuous expression to honest, intelligent, and am sorry to add, little doubt sound opinion concerning one who imagines that the office of President of the United States is an affair wherein to exploit an affected personality.

In a few generations there will be an American born people in the United States, and more homogeneous and homeborn and home-loving. In those times the people will use the demagogue for the only justifiable purpose—an example.

Washington did not seek popularity with the malcontent in Pennsylvania; nor did Lincoln in later times. "Good-betterism" is one of the throwaway arts of the demagogue. Why did not Theodore Roosevelt order prosecutions in Pennsylvania against mine owners, and give the miners also to understand that he would run them into their shambles with United States bayonets if called upon? What's the matter with Governor Hughes?

I am, sir,

CHARLES O. HENWATER.

ORANDELL, NEW JERSEY, April 11, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—I beg to congratulate you on your *excellent* and *most* speech at the Democratic Club. The country needs leaders more; but we need more: we need men who are able to interpret the modern "New, severe, brief, unadorned" can enlighten the masses and organize them on genuine American principles. But such men we have not, or if we have any cognizant of the mission of the Amer-

lean people they are not to be found. Hence, in accordance with the eternal law of cause and effect, this country is helplessly drifting back to where it started from: the history of anarchy is about repeating itself. This is my answer to your question, "How it happened that a whole people has been brought under the yoke of tacit submission, with no voice raised to protest, etc." I am, sir,

F. E. BLUNCKSTONE.

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, April 13, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Last evening I read with much interest your very striking article upon Jackson and Roosevelt, published in the April 5, 1907, number of *The North American Review*. This article is no strong and states the case so clearly that I trust it will reach a large number of readers in this country.

In order that I may enable more readers to see it, I will be obliged if you will have sent to me a dozen copies of the address if it is printed in pamphlet form; otherwise a dozen copies of the issue of *The North American Review* of April 5, 1907, containing the article. I, of course, will pay for these pamphlets or copies if you will kindly advise me of the price.

I am, sir,

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

MACON, GEORGIA, April 13, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I beg leave to intrude upon you a moment to thank you for the wisdom you gave to the people to think upon in your speech at the Jefferson-birthday dinner at the World Auditorium on the night of the 13th instant. I hope other patriots will take courage from your manly utterance and come out into the open against Rooseveltian anarchy, and in favor of free republican government, as established by the fathers, that we may continue to dwell in a land of law, of liberty, and peace, and not of anarchy, oppression, and strife.

I am, sir,

JOHN P. ROSS.

ROSLIN, MASSACHUSETTS, April 13, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Allow me to congratulate you and the country upon your courageous, vivid, and truthful portrayal of the character of our present rulers. Your opinion, so ably expressed, is that of many sober thinking men, irrespective of party allegiance. It would be of interest if one could have watched the features of the daring leader as he read and reread your masterly speech given at the Jefferson-birthday dinner. May the words of wisdom, patriotism, and manhood you have again bring forth results worthy of your sense and effort.

I am, sir,

HENRY I. DOER.

NEWARK N J April 25, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I read in the N Y Papers that Geo Harvey was snub by a Club, they say he has lost his Blue Blood, that is the reason he makes such a fool of himself he thought he was doing wonders when he was trying to abuse the President instead that the President is more popular than ever, and Geo Harvey is very unpopular, because he is against all reform and in favor of the dishonest Gamblers and the Trust that oppress the Public he has made a great mistake to up hold dishonest people it will not work the People will not stand it.

I am, sir,

NEW YORK, April 15, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Only a line or two to tell you how heartily I approve of your address reported to yesterday's newspapers reflecting on our present President.

I recall with a somewhat melancholy satisfaction that about six months after Mr. Roosevelt had been elected, after the death of Mr. McKinley, I wrote in a friend's and student of and well acquainted with our political conditions, these words: "I think Roosevelt is a dangerous man." I wish I had been mistaken.

I am, sir,

JAMES R. STEERS.

NEW YORK, April 14, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I have read with intense interest your masterly address of last night, and want to suggest as a Democratic Statesman David E. Francis, of St. Louis, who is wisely everything to recommend him that condemns the two talking-machine leaders of the two parties of to-day. Francis is sound in business. Has an enviable record: has been Major, Governor, cabinet officer. Is Southern, Western, Central, geographically. As an organizer and manager, the World's Fair proved him a winner. I have no interest but national ones to serve by the suggestion.

I am, sir,

W. D. H. WASHINGTON.

BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT, April 25, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—We have submitted and paid for your WEEKLY. If God will forgive me I'll order it again. We, as Vermonters, are

all, in a way, proud of Colonel George Harvey, on account of his ability and for the reason that he is a native of Vermont, but when a man who has the ability that he evidently has allows himself to "run riot" in public and make such a consummate ass of himself as he recently did, I have no further use for him, whether he was born in Vermont or Heaven.

I am, sir,

A Loyal VERMONT.

NEW YORK, April 15, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Permit me to congratulate you most heartily upon the speech you made last Saturday. You expressed in a most apt manner what I and many of my friends have thought and talked for many months, and these friends rejoice with me that some one has had the ability and courage to come forward and expose the hypocrisy of Roosevelt and the foresight to recognize where the present indifference to his lawlessness and cloak may lead us.

I am, sir,

GEORGE F. PHILIPS.

NEW YORK, April 15, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Heartily thanks for your outspoken criticism of Roosevelt last evening. I have long contended that the only way for the Democratic party to progress is to criticize and oppose, and yet the Democratic leaders are among the most cowardly in publicly praising the man they secretly despise and distrust—because he is popular. Nothing is going to check the President but criticism like yours in increasing volume.

I am, sir,

G. O. V.

NEW YORK, April 14, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Whether you recall me sufficiently well to pardon this note or not matters little, for I must add my acknowledgments to the many I know will receive in response to your fearless and truthful arraignment of our Executive Chancellor who, from the national dignity, proclaims the morn and thinks that thereby he has caused the sun to rise. His efforts awaken admiring cookies in the barony, but only disgust in the home-land.

I am, sir,

JOHN KING DEER.

NEW YORK, April 14, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I read your speech printed in the *Herald* last Sunday, and I desire to convey to you my approval. I am a Republican, but I think this country and the party are pretty hard up when they have to permit a man who has had two terms in the White House to even suggest who his successor shall be.

I am, sir,

STEPHEN FISKE.

NEW YORK, April 15, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I read your speech printed in the *Herald* last Sunday, and I desire to convey to you my approval.

I am a Republican, but I think this country and the party are pretty hard up when they have to permit a man who has had two terms in the White House to even suggest who his successor shall be.

I am, sir,

D. W. STEELE, JR.

NEW YORK, April 14, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Simply as a general proposition, may I "hustle in" and tell you how fine I think your speech of last night was?

It was full of cold, unvarnished truths, most aptly at this time. If there were more people who had the courage to say what they really think about the present trend of affairs in this country it would do a lot of good.

I am, sir,

R. H. M.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Bravo for your courage in your speech and your cleverness to leave out Bryan. I was a very warm admirer of Roosevelt before people and admiration seemed to have destroyed his clear judgment, and before his unpopularity, made way of extinguishing one evil through creating one which may prove much worse, made me doubt if he had any idea of the foundations of business, or simply cured for the socialist vote only.

I am, sir,

A REPUBLICAN.

NEW YORK, April 15, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Permit me to make tardy expression of recognition of your courageous and effective speech at the Jefferson dinner last week. A friend in writing me on the subject says: "His [your] certainly has laid the country under an obligation of gratitude." I concur in the above.

I am, sir,

J. A. D.

NEW YORK, April 16, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I have read with much interest the speech you made at the dinner of the National Democratic Club on Saturday night. I wish to express to you my thanks for the gratification I experienced in reading the speech. It expressed my views regarding President Roosevelt and his so-called policies exactly.

I am, sir,

PERCY L. KLOGE.

NEW YORK, April 15, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Accept my congratulations upon the very courageous speech which you made the other night at the dinner of the Democratic Club on Jefferson. I hope you receive my thanks for the pleasure which it gave me. It is gratifying to know that somebody can speak out at the right time and place.

I am, sir,

GEORGE F. PARKER.

STUMPT, NEW JERSEY.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I want to congratulate you upon the compliments they are paying you in Washington as one of the heads of the "Rich Man's Conspiracy."

Your speech at the dinner was devilish good—good text—happy thought and vigorously and effectively presented.

I am, sir,

G. W. HOMER.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, April 15, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I want to congratulate you on your great speech. It certainly was masterly and attracted the attention of the whole country to the fact that Mr. Roosevelt is not yet A.K.A.

I am, sir,

JAMES SMITH, JR.

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS, April 14, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—That speech of yours last night was certainly a corker! I am occupying the calm of this beautiful Sabbath morning in wondering if you have yet been called a liar, and if so what kind.

I am, sir,

WILBUR NEMET.

NEW YORK, April 14, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Permit me to congratulate you on your perspicacity, perspicacity, and courage.

I am, sir,

FRANK D. PATRY.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, April 15, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I read it in the paper. Thank you.

I am, sir,

W. S. CROSBY.

Conspiracy

An Illustration of the Direful Fate of a Critic of Official Conduct

THE BIG STICK

Special to the "Brooklyn Eagle."

WASHINGTON, April 15.—That the White House conspiracy story has not been dropped by the President was made apparent to-day when the official announcement was made that the vitriolic attack on the President Saturday night by Colonel George Harvey at the Jefferson banquet of the National Democratic Club was merely a part of the general scheme of the corrupt expedients to destroy the power and influence of President Roosevelt. Secretary Loeb said that Harvey was recognized by everybody as the mouthpiece of J. Pierpont Morgan, and that Harvey's words must be taken as representing the views and opinions of the banker.

From now on any public man connected in any way with corporations who has the temerity to criticize the President in a public speech may expect a crack from the big stick. It is plain that this will be the reply of the White House to attacks on the President. It was thought that the ridicule that was heaped upon the \$5,000,000 conspiracy tale had effectually killed it. But it seems that the general idea intended to be conveyed to the public by it is still to be exploited. The first intimation of this was given on Friday last, when it was stated at the White House that the interview given out that day by H. B. Rogers, containing a mild criticism of the President, was a part of the plot to break down the latter and elect a reactionary. To-day it is announced that Colonel Harvey is simply another representative of the conspirators who has fallen into line and "sung his little song." It is believed that this is a splendid way of intimidating the President's critics and silencing adverse talk.

THE HIDDEN MOTIVE

Special to the "New York Times."

WASHINGTON, April 15.—Another sensational chapter in the revelations of the "rich men's conspiracy" was unfolded at the White House to-day, and another name added to the fatal list. This time Colonel George Harvey, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY and THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is the guilty man. The cause of his denunciation is the speech he delivered at the Jefferson dinner in New York on Saturday night, in which he preached a sermon against one-man power and severely criticized President Roosevelt.

In due form and with all proper solemnity this speech was pointed out at the White House this morning as evidence that Colonel Harvey had joined the conspiracy to prevent the nomination of a man of the Roosevelt type for the Presidency next year. It required a little ingenuity to make the connection, but ingenuity is politics is not lacking at the White House, where, according to official declaration, they "are not soveries."

In this case Colonel Harvey was connected with the rich conspirators through his relations with J. Pierpont Morgan. It was not very long ago that Mr. Morgan was regarded at the Executive Mansion with feelings which would not have justified the calling of any man a conspirator just for being associated with him. But since the revelations about Harriman, who once was and now is far from being a friend, to be consulted about measures to Congress and other important governmental affairs, there has developed a decided tendency to examine with great care all the sayings and doings of any man who may have ever crossed the path of one of those Wall Street millionaires.

In somewhat indefinite manner it was recalled to-day that during the peace negotiations at Portsmouth, in the fall of 1905, Colonel Harvey issued invitations to M. Witte and some other members of the Russian delegation for a dinner. M. Witte did not accept this invitation, as the story of today goes, and the reason intimated was that on making investigation as to who Colonel Harvey was, he found out that his would-be host was in fact "the representative and mouthpiece" of J. Pierpont Morgan. From what was said the inference was drawn that it was through officials of this government that M. Witte derived this information on which he declined the honor of dining with Colonel Harvey. At any rate, ever since that invitation was refused Colonel Harvey has held the administration, and particularly Mr. Roosevelt, responsible for his discomfiture, and has acted accordingly. That, on the solemn authority for this whole story, is the real reason for the bitter shafts which Colonel Harvey has been launching at the President recently.

It is becoming more and more apparent that so opportunely it is to be lost to arraign the rich men of the Republican party as conspirators against the continuation of the Roosevelt policies. It was pointed out as soon as the remarkable disclosures were first made at the White House that they would have the effect of lining up the sheep and the goats. Now it appears that but there should be any failure to effect that lining up, such men who delivers himself of anything unfriendly to the Roosevelt regime is to be branded at once as a conspirator. The interview with H. B. Rogers, which was printed the other day, principally revived this sort of attention at the White House, and Colonel Harvey's utterance is not allowed to get by the first business morning after its delivery without being duly catalogued.

IMPERTINENT IMPERSONATIONS

From the New York "Sun."

It is to the everlasting credit and glory of our esteemed contemporary the Times that by diligent investigation at Washington it should have uncovered the miserable truth about Colonel George Harvey. In a vague sort of way it appears that the White House itself is the source of the Times's information; a circumstance which certainly does not diminish the interest of the facts now revealed.

The substance of the disclosure—if we may be permitted to hold down news matter so unsensational—is that Colonel George Harvey is not merely the gallant soldier, the patriotic philosopher, the accomplished Episcopalian, the benevolent journalist, the amiable butterfly of fashion that he has seemed to the superficial observer to be. Loeb or somebody else has now unmasked him as one of the most deeply and darkly implicated initiators of the Rich Men's or Five Million Dollar Conspiracy; and, furthermore, he is shown to have joined the gang of plutocratic villains not by reason of honesty, if misdeeds and duplicity, conviction, but from one of the most paltry of motives, resentment of a social slight.

That and not any genuine solicitude for the preservation of the institutions which the fathers and founders bequeathed to us, is "the real reason for the bitter shafts which Colonel Harvey has been launching at the President lately."

Bad enough, but the files of the New York newspapers enable us to supplement the Times's narrative with even more damaging facts.

The dinner having been ordered and perhaps paid for in advance, and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan having signified his intention to be present to meet Mr. Witte, and Mr. Witte having declined, at the unceremonious invitation of Mr. Roosevelt's administration, the honor of dining with Colonel Harvey, how was that representative and mouthpiece of plutocracy to cover his discomfiture? What did Colonel Harvey do? He did what any thoroughly bold and base son of iniquity would do under the circumstances. He hired somebody to impersonate Witte, and impulsively placed the fraudulent Russian statesman at the banquet table between himself and Mr. J. P. Morgan. He exhumed the administration's contemptible shrewdness by dressing up another dummy guest to resemble the honorable Vilho Rosen, Secretary of State, and produced him before the assembled guests and seated him next to himself at the table. To omit no detail of deception, he likewise introduced a simulated Baron Rosen.

Will it be believed, on the testimony of the New York newspapers of September 7, 1905, that Colonel George Harvey had the assurance at that wickedly conceived dinner not only to cause the fictitious Mr. Root to get up and make a speech indicative of the administration's hearty participation in the spirit of the occasion, but also to pull the wires behind the puppet Witte as to make the fabricated guest of honor seem to utter in pretty good French a toast to "the illustrious President Theodore Roosevelt?"

A DIFFERENCE IN RECOLLECTION

From the *Charlotte "News and Courier"*

There appears to be some difference in the recollection of some persons as to the facts in the case—it is so much proper to put it in this way than to say that anybody is a liar—said, in spite of the evident truth that the New York Sun belongs to the "rich men's conspiracy." It also shines for all, and suggests a possible explanation, which ought to be satisfactory to Loeb and everybody at the White House. Harvey did give a dinner and did ask Witte to be present. Witte refused, according to the White House story, but Harvey has an inventive turn of mind, as all Vermont Yankees, and not to be outdone by the President, rigged up a man to look like Witte and went on with the dinner. He also presented some one to look like Root and another man to look like Baron Rosen, of the Russian embassy, and gave the dinner in spite of the President's warning to Witte. The make-believe Witte toasted "the illustrious President Theodore Roosevelt," and the sentiment was received with loud and long-continued applause, and the pleasure, and the satisfaction, and the entire sympathy of the administration with the happy occasion, and the make-believe Baron Rosen sat through all the courses with as little concern as if he were in his own country, prepared at almost any moment to be shown through the roof of the hospitable home at which he was entertained. It is a little strange that nobody found out the trick Harvey played on the President and Witte, and the rest of the country, until the "rich men's conspiracy" was discovered by Loeb at the White House.

The Sun's explanation relieves a somewhat embarrassing situation, and demonstrates again and for the twentieth time how venacious are the stories that are told for the benefit of the romancers at the national capital. It leaves Harvey in an awkward position, but that is Harvey's fault. He had no business saying things which he could not prove.

ON SOLID GROUND

From the *Trenton "True American"*

Colonel George Harvey, editor of *Harper's Weekly* and *The North American Review*, has been added to the list of the President's foes by the author of the White House himself.

Colonel Harvey is a Democrat of the old school. He has a notion that in this country one man's opinions are as good as another's, and that the majority should rule. He made some rather less rhetorical sword-thrusts at the President's presumption that he alone knows what the country needs and wants, and, therefore, should name his own successor, at a Jefferson-day dinner in New York Saturday evening.

This speech got under the exceedingly thin Presidential epidermis, and Colonel Harvey's name goes down on the list of conspirators against the President.

Colonel Harvey quoted evidence galore to prove his contention that the Rooseveltian policies are childish, and the President's dubbing of all who oppose him as "rich men" seems to be cumulative evidence that his criticism is well founded. The old rallying cry of the Republic was a denunciation of the rich, and the President has chosen it for a rallying-cry to carry him through the next campaign. Another President of another republic employed the same shibboleth to carry him into a perpetual presidency some years ago. The gentlemen in question is known to history as Napoleon III.

Colonel Harvey's address, which appeared in Monday's *True American*, was confined chiefly to the President's policies, his chief objection to which was the "one-man power," the key-note of them all. He objected to Mr. Roosevelt's attempt to dictate where the people should choose to move, and the democratic policy being employed for the success of the President's designs.

Colonel Harvey has based all his recent utterances on the solid ground of history's teachings, and in his controversy with the President has shown great wisdom and understanding of the fundamental of the argument. To date, he seems to have the better of the dispute.

UNMASKED

From the *Milwaukee "Sentinel"*

What an extremely fortunate and timely thing it was that Secretary Loeb got scent of that "rich men's plot" to assassinate the kind of man Mr. Roosevelt doesn't want in 1908.

Thanks to the unerring nose of the faithful Loeb, we are now provided with a good working hypothesis to explain and account for these attacks on our worthy and ubiquitous President which, in the nature of things, must be expected to multiply as conversation time approaches. Just bear in mind the fundamental fact that there is a plot, as secret and sinister a thing as that line as has gripped the imagination since the days of Titus Oates, a conspiracy of a cabal of infamously rich and shamelessly successful men, and you hold the key to the dark hidden springs of every criticism of and disagreement with the course and views of President Roosevelt.

Here, for instance, was that strange maneuver of Colonel George Harvey's at the Jefferson-birthday dinner the other day. Colonel Harvey actually criticized the President in the most plain-spoken way. In the apparent obscurity of the moment, whether moved thereby by champagne or in sheer superiority of malignity, he went so far as to joke him at Mr. Roosevelt. The fact that Harvey is a Democrat, is rather given to the dissipate vein and must have his little joke, was, of course, no sufficient explanation of his cutting loose at a Republican President at a Democratic dinner. The thing lay deeper.

Just resort to the great Loeb plot hypothesis, the Copernican theory of our day, has at once cleared up the seemingly impenetrable mystery of Harvey. When the speech was reported mystified Washington asked, "Who is this Colonel Harvey?" Rumor replied that he is a student who appears in person who seems to have plenty of money. "Plenty of money! Alas! An hour's work on this case established the damaging fact that J. P. Morgan once furnished the money to rehabilitate a moribund magazine establishment that Harvey was put in charge of. That forced a connection between Harvey and Morgan; Morgan is in the "rich men's plot," therefore, it is as clear as daylight, the Harvey speech is part and parcel of the "rich men's plot." Says the illuminating Washington despatch:

Friends of the President see in Harvey's thinly-veiled assault to the Presidential office and to the President himself an attack by the Morgan interests on the President and his policies. It looks to the Roosevelt men like another link in the conspiracy of rich men exposed at the White House recently.

So the great Loeb plot hypothesis has been supported hitherto that the conspirators were all "reactionary" and suspiciously prosperous Republicans. But Colonel Harvey is a Democrat. It would not be surprising should some unguarded criticism of Mr. Roosevelt by Colonel Harvey enrich the great commoner himself in this web of mystery, before we finally get done with the worst plot of modern times.

A RIGHT TO THINK?

From the *Utica "Observer"*

It seems scarcely credible that Colonel George Harvey, the accomplished editor of *Harper's Weekly* and *The North American Review*, is actually on the President's black-list, and that he is to be henceforth rated as a "conspirator" bent on destroying the present Presidential policy and controlling the next Republican national convention. How does it happen that Colonel Harvey is cast among the puts and not among the sheeps? We will try to tell—providing that we are (unlike to yesterday's New York Times, through his Washington correspondent, who sent a special despatch detailing the latest news from the White House).

It appears that on Saturday night last Colonel Harvey made a speech at the Jefferson dinner in New York, in which he openly condemned the one-man power, and inferentially struck at Theodore Roosevelt. That is the substance of his offense. His case was considered at the White House on Monday, and it was declared that the Colonel had evidently enlisted in the rich men's club, and was therefore sentenced at the White House. Further, however, that this explanation looked somewhat in the direction that it might be considered too thin by the average man—the President went deeper into Colonel Harvey's career to find a reason. What he found was this: In the early autumn of 1903, while the Portsmouth Conference was in session, it appeared that Colonel Harvey invited Count Witte and some other distinguished Russians to dine with him in New York. Count Witte was compelled to decline the invitation because an alleged investigation he found that his would-be host was the representative and mouthpiece of J. Pierpont Morgan! Mr. Morgan is not now *proven* *guilty* at the White House. It is plain how Colonel Harvey, as the friend and "mouthpiece" of such a man, becomes himself one of the "millionaire conspirators" against the President!

Colonel Harvey keeps on in his accustomed way, contributing much excellent matter to *Harper's Weekly* and *The North American Review*, and displaying all that independence which George William Curtis used to show in the old days when he made *Harper's Weekly* an oasis in the desert of Republican newspapers. In the last number of that lively and entertaining *Weekly* magazine he prints an article called "Jackson and Roosevelt—Parallel," and therein he points out where General Jackson erred—from the standpoint of Daniel Webster and other old Federalists—in much the same way as Mr. Roosevelt has erred in the sight of State-rights Republicans and strict Constitutionalists and Constitutionists. Then he tells how Andrew Jackson made Martin Van Buren President, and predicts how Theodore Roosevelt will not

be satisfied unless he succeeds next year in forcing Taft or Root upon the Republican party as its candidate.

Hasn't a man a right to think so? Hasn't he abundant Presidential acts from which to draw his conclusions? Yes, yes, to both questions. And is he to cast into limbo and branded as a "conspirator" for so thinking? Well, hardly, in our estimation. And yet we have never willed the big stick nor do we pretend to interpret the feelings and motives of him who wields that instrument of torison.

THE THREE LISTS

From the *New Orleans "States"*

President Roosevelt now has open and ready to fill at a moment's notice three lists. One for "liars," one for "conspirators," and one for "enemies of the republic." Hence any man who dares to oppose Mr. Roosevelt or criticize what he may say or do is sure to find himself put down on at least one of the three lists. The latest name to be added to the already imposing array of conspirators is Colonel George Harvey, editor of *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, who has recently been saying some unpleasant things about the President, and saying them in a way that bites through the skin.

Last Saturday night at the Jefferson dinner of the National Democratic Club in New York, Colonel Harvey took occasion to express the opinion that the country has enough of "the raging of the revolutionary instinct of a lawless mind," enough of "the mendacious duplicity of those holding power," enough of "the unshy alliance of Monroism and sanctimony in time of need," "enough of hollow sham and glaring hypocrisy in administration of national affairs," and enough of a good many other things besides the enumeration of which is responsible for the fact that he is now in the conspirators' class.

The things said by the President would have hurt him more than they did were it not for the fact that Colonel Harvey is one of those kind of Democrats whose affections are divided between the Constitution and the corporations, with the latter holding the larger part of his favor. He is a polished type of the "safe and sane" Democrats who dwell mostly in New York, and his main job is that of spokesman for the "interests" controlled by J. Pierpont Morgan and other bonhomers of high finance. Being a fine talker as well as a shrewd writer, Colonel Harvey in his Saturday night speech read Roosevelt out of the Republican party and Bryan out of the Democratic party with pleasing facility.

It is very evident that no Bryan or Roosevelt will do for Colonel Harvey in 1908, and he will not be satisfied with less than a Democratic ticket which will secure the entire vote of the New York Stock Exchange. Mr. Bryan may be guilty of reprehensible conduct in attacking the predatory operations of "vested interests" and Mr. Roosevelt may be a dangerous brain-rotter and ruthless usurper; but it is very evident that the kind of talk that Colonel Harvey gave out at the 810 dinner of the National Democratic Club is not calculated to arouse criticism in the rank and file of the Democracy. Having been pretty well "done up" in recent years by such "doers" as Morgan and Hill, the people prefer to link their fortunes with Bryan and Roosevelt rather than with the new Colonel Harvey extols so highly, and who have "opened" a great many things besides the great West to their peculiar kind of "civilization."

ONLY ONESELF TO BLAME

From the *St. Louis "Republic"*

Colonel George Harvey is the latest name for the President's displeasure. The reckless editor who dared to publicly proclaim Theodore Roosevelt a menace to the nation has been classed as one of those conspirators who have entered into an unholy alliance to thwart the will of the people—as conceived and executed by Mr. Roosevelt—and to defeat the policies and purposes of the occupant of the White House.

Colonel Harvey cannot expect much public sympathy. There were dire enough reasons enough why he must have known what would be coming to him if he attacked the man with the big stick. Colonel Harvey dared to brave Presidential displeasure, and Colonel Harvey—in the classic language of the vaudeville man—has got it. The country is too intent upon watching President Roosevelt to see what he will do next, or what he will do next, to give Colonel Harvey and his chagrin or resentment more than a passing thought.

The only issue raised by the Harvey incident—if so mild a controversy with the President may be dignified as an incident—is determined no man shall attack him, personally or officially, and escape unscathed. When Loania and Storer and Parker and Harriman clanked with the President, the issue of personal veracity was raised. The world knows how proud was the President to meet it and to make mince-meat of it. The *Amman Club* is probably as well and generally known to-day as is Tammany or the Gridiron Club. But Colonel Harvey did not intimate anything against the President's personal honor, and he has not been accused of a "deliberate falsehood."

The whole head and front of Colonel Harvey's offending is that he has criticized the Roosevelt policy and method. If one would be neither a "falsifier" nor a "conspirator" he may keep a closed mouth. If any man gets in trouble with the White House—let him blame himself. Let him who runs and reads be warned.

Colonel Harvey, editor of *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, has been placarded as one of the five-million-dollar conspirators. The Colonel was named from the White House on Monday because of his criticism

of the Roosevelt administration before the National Democratic Club in New York. The term conspirator carries a certain amount of approbrium with it, but as applied by the President it gives even an editor some appearance of financial standing. The President should not assume too many conspirators, however. If the five millions be divided into many small parts the conspiracy will be reduced to the ordinary level of a mere campaign.—*Mobile Register*.

The New York Times has the exclusive information that Colonel George Harvey of Harpers has never recovered from the hint given by the President to de Witte to keep away from a Japan-Russia dinner given by Harvey in New York in 1905, the intimation being that de Witte had better not get involved even socially with a big banking house like Morgan's, which has a number of public enterprises as valuable attachments. But that is magnifying a cause altogether too much.—*Boston Record*.

Outside of the publications which he represents, the public knows little of the true nature of Colonel Harvey. That he stands clear to "vested interests" cannot be questioned. As for President Roosevelt, he is known by the acts which have the approbation of millions of his fellow citizens. Hence the futility of the attack by the gentleman who went out of his way to shy a brick at the Chief Magistrate.—*Troy Record*.

Colonel Harvey has been denounced as a "conspirator." This new organization, being not so exclusive as the *Amman Club*, is already leading the latter in membership. The only requisites for membership to the Conspirators' Association are a speaking acquaintance with some man of wealth and the disposition to discuss with any of the policies of our strenuous President.—*Philadelphia Republican*.

The attempt to attribute Colonel Harvey's caustic criticism of the President to his failure, through administrative influence, to secure the attendance of Count Witte at the famous dinner which Pierpont Morgan gave to the Russian members of the peace embassy, and at which Colonel Harvey presided with signal tact, falls rather flat, in view of the fact that the great Russian was at the dinner and made a speech.—*Boston Herald*.

The President will find in Colonel Harvey's deliverance further evidence of the great conspiracy of the rich men to defeat his policies of which he complained immediately following the Harrison incident, and thereby Colonel Harvey may get into the game. But should J. Pierpont Morgan make one of his celebrated peaces with the White House, Colonel Harvey may find some difficulty in cutting his last words.—*Charleston Post*.

Of course George Harvey is a "conspirator" and a hireling of the plutocrats. Any man who criticizes the President is hired by the Money Power to plot against the government. We would respectfully suggest that Private Secretary Lock be murdered. What he is not bound to be attributed to the President, but he is not nearly so interesting a talker as Mr. Roosevelt is.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Colonel George Harvey, of the *New York American Review* and *Harpers' Weekly*, is reported to have been entered upon the White House list of "conspirators," because of his savage criticism of President Roosevelt at a Jefferson-day banquet Saturday night. This seems to be a case of mis-hearing. Conspirators do not work and plan from the houseposts.—*Springfield Republican*.

Colonel George Harvey has another bunch on his score for besides the one mentioned yesterday. He is mad because President Roosevelt advised Count Witte not to attend the Colonel George Harvey dinner, and another yet because the Russian envoy took the President's tip.—*Washington Journal*.

Ha! Ha! President Roosevelt charges Colonel George Harvey with being a "plotter" against his imperial intentions of naming his own successor. Ha! The conspiracy thickens!—*Trenton True American*.

Colonel Harvey, it seems, is in the \$5,000,000 conspiracy, too. If that enterprise continues to be divided up it will soon make its millionaire promoters look like a set of pickers.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Perhaps Colonel Harvey got on the President's list of conspirators merely from the fact that he took a line, which would be considered justification under present conditions in the White House.—*Rockford Herald*.

Speaking of conspiracies, who knows but there's one between the Honorable William Randolph Hearst and Colonel Harvey.—*Providence Bulletin*.

Colonel George Harvey seems to be identified with reasonable accuracy as the present agent of that Irish Men's Conspiracy (Limited).—*Providence Bulletin*.

Colonel Harvey is now catalogued on the White House conspiracy list, but as yet he has not been promoted to the higher distinction of membership in the *Amman Club*.—*Boston Globe*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



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COMMENT

The National Beverage

On General Grant's birthday Senator BEVERIDGE made a speech. It was a speech in defence of THEODORE ROOSEVELT, and naturally, therefore, in condemnation of States' rights. It had special reference to a speech made in this city on JEFFERSON'S day. Senator BEVERIDGE is not a constitutional lawyer nor a constitutional statesman. He occupies a position, however, by favor of Indiana, where he can do much harm by melting constitutional principles in the fire of his rhetoric. He waxes with much feeling that the States must confine themselves to local self-government, and that the nation should be supreme over all subjects that are not "confined to that portion of the American people living in any particular State." In this philosophy a State should not be permitted to do anything that might affect, directly or indirectly, the people of other States. The extravagance of Mr. BEVERIDGE'S contention is illustrated by his advocacy of the policy of taking away from the States all control over their own railroads if they pass beyond the State's own boundaries, and his supreme announcement that the nation should decay to a State the supervision of the capital of its own citizens which is invested in corporations created by it. He also favors national laws for the prevention and punishment of overcapitalization, national compulsory publicity laws, and, finally, he favors the national incorporation of all great corporations. He had something to say, of course, concerning his proposed child-labor law, and here he goes a step in advance of the Presidential theory of constitutional amendment by judicial constructions; he believes in changing the Constitution whenever, in the opinion of the majority of Congress, small or larger changes should be made. Instead of amendment by judicial constructions, Mr. BEVERIDGE would have amendment by legislation.

Constitutional Amendment by Legislation

Mr. BEVERIDGE'S speech is especially worthy of comment, because he gives the frankest and fullest expression to the views of the constitutional school of THOMAS ROOSEVELT. When Mr. Riser addressed the Pennsylvanians, the school was not disposed to go farther than the declaration that it was prepared to accomplish its purpose to amend the Constitution by the constructions of judges whom the President might appoint for the purpose. This, to say the least, is not an honorable method, but it recognizes the fact that the Constitution is still respected and believed in by the people. Mr. BEVERIDGE goes farther, and his methods are much franker and altogether more admirable than the earlier subterfuge. In place of the judges he would substitute Congress. Either of the two views would destroy our constitutional government. By the method of amendment by constructions the judicial servants of the Executive would make the changes desired

by the President; by the BEVERIDGE method, Congress would pass whatever laws it desired. The objection that a particular law was contrary to the Constitution would be met by the assertion—we quote from BEVERIDGE—that "for the evils of the hour the Constitution permits us to apply the remedies of the hour." That is what the English Constitution permits Parliament to do, but our own theory of government is that a constitutional provision is the law of the people, governing Congress as it governs the President and the judges, and the people themselves who made it. The Congress which undertakes, by applying the BEVERIDGE theory, to amend the Constitution by legislation is usurping a function which the people have reserved to themselves, and thus violate the very law which gives it life. But it breaks the law after the manner of a highwayman, and not after the manner of a pick-pocket. Mr. BEVERIDGE is at least entitled to the credit of being willing to take all the chances of an open attempt to destroy Federal government. Whether he would set up in its place a national or centralized republic like France or a constitutional monarchy like England he does not tell us. His familiarity with the instrument which he attacks is shown by the extraordinary remark that the doctrine that the States ought to be permitted to retain the powers recognized by the Constitution as belonging to them is the same as the doctrine by CALHOUN that the States may deprive the Federal government of powers which they had granted to it; also, Mr. BEVERIDGE announces that "in this Constitution not one word about States' rights appeared." If he will read the Tenth Amendment he will find these words: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

Governor Hughes and the Legislature

Governor HUGHES'S defeat in the KELSEY matter is symptomatic. The New York organization of the Governor's party is for the bad men, the bad practices, the bad acts, of whom and of which Mr. HUGHES has promised the people of the State to rid their government. The proposition in the KELSEY case was clear, and was well set forth by the Governor the day after the refusal of the Senate to remove the Superintendent of Insurance. He had found that the politicians of the State had maintained corrupt relations with insurance companies, and that these had been fostered and increased through the agency of the office of the Superintendent of Insurance. Subsequently, when he went to Albany, he discovered that KELSEY had not administered his office to improve matters; and he demonstrated by a public examination that he was ignorant of his duties, incompetent to administer them, and lenient to old offenders. Therefore he asked the Senate to remove him. The two party machines united to retain KELSEY in office. It is natural that they should do this. If the people are to have their way, party machines will be no better than old junk. It remains to be seen whether the machine leaders are right, and whether they will take their government away from the bosses who have been using it for private gain. There are promising signs that the people who by their votes decide the fates of both machines and Governors are decisively with Mr. HUGHES.

Is Hughes's Defeat General?

It is reported from Washington that the administration fears that the defeat of Governor HUGHES in the KELSEY case is more serious than appears on the surface; that it implies defeat all along the line of his promised reforms; that it means defeat of the bill for the reorganization of the vote in the last municipal election; and that the utilities bill is also doomed. It is said, further, that the President intends to lead the Governor a helping hand in his proposed campaign throughout the coming summer to induce the people to remove the Republican politicians in office. It is pretty evident that some of the Governor's measures, notably the public utilities bill, need discussion, and that any effort to force the politicians to support them through fear of Mr. ROOSEVELT would be an improper use of power and influence. As for the reforms which Governor HUGHES desires, for the adoption of which the wise people of the State will stand by him, New York had best be left without aid from Washington. The State has always been in the habit of looking after its own affairs. Besides, Governor HUGHES cannot be aided from

Washington except by acts which will bring joy to the hearts of the rascals, even if they are for the moment defeated.

Whitney for Governor

Mr. HENRY M. WHITNEY is willing to be the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. Lately, Mr. WHITNEY has been agreeing with Mr. BRYAN more than has appeared either necessary or natural, but it must be remembered that the Democratic organization of Massachusetts is divided between MORAN and BRYAN, MORAN being the favorite of MORAN—if he does not still favor HENRY—while BRYAN is the candidate of GEORGE FRED WILLIAMS. Mr. WHITNEY is not intending to run on the issue of the initiative and referendum, or because he may favor government ownership of railroads, but on the question of reciprocity with Canada. This is the burning issue in Massachusetts, and Mr. WHITNEY is the embodiment of it. Two years ago he ran for Lieutenant-Governor against EMMY DRAPER, the embodiment of the other principle, and came very near a victory. Last year he was denied the nomination for Governor for reasons that some Massachusetts Democrats ought not to want to recall. All the time, however, the sentiment for free trade with Canada has been growing in Massachusetts. The protective tariff that was first devised to make some citizens rich is now making most of her producing citizens poor. Massachusetts is to the rest of the Union as England is to the rest of the world. She has much to sell and little to protect, and she wants her natural market, which the DINGLEY law denies her.

Campaign Funds of 1908

STEPHEN W. DODGEY, once a Senator, and now dwelling in California, is an authority on campaign funds. He raised, or had the credit of raising, the money—or "soup," as Mr. ARTHUR called it—that is supposed to have carried Indiana for GARFIELD. He has responded to the world long enough to say that Mr. ROOSEVELT is a candidate for reelection. This Mr. ROOSEVELT continues to deny with great and appropriate vehemence. He has now included those who favor the third term for him among the reactionary conspirators. Their game, he thinks, has for its purpose the discrediting of him with the people. Mr. DODGEY goes on to say that Mr. BRYAN could defeat Mr. ROOSEVELT, because he could raise a larger campaign fund than would be contributed for Mr. ROOSEVELT. This is the kind of prophetic vision which one might expect from a former seer who, like Mr. DODGEY, has been so long retired from political activities. Besides, campaign funds will not be so fashionable in 1908 as they were in 1904; nor is it to be expected that so strange and new an experience as a political triumph—such a reversal of what may be called the alteration of nature's law—is to come to Mr. BRYAN so late in life.

Trial by Mob

A very serious state of things has been brought about in the HANCOCK and MOYER case. What has been going on is nothing more nor less than an attempt to prevent a calm and fair judicial trial of the three men who are charged with the murder of ex-Governor SPRINGFIELD. That this movement has been stimulated by an incognito letter written by the President does not excuse the effort to excite public opinion in favor of the accused. The parade of thousands of labor men and women in the East, and especially in New York, to the end of influencing the administration of justice is not an agreeable spectacle, and does not lead a glory to our American civilization. The old maxim that in war the laws are silent has in proper communities its complement. When the law is judging men, public expression, especially if it be of the howling sort, ought to stop. We have had far too much of trial by the public, especially the prejudiced public. Such trials are usually conducted without evidence by men who know not the law or who do not appreciate its sanctity. Every country has its blot, and our deepest blot just now seems to be made by our administration of criminal justice. The outcries of the multitude in behalf of an accused are as hostile to the doing of exact and even justice as is the judgment of a single high official.

The Tariff Agreement with Germany

The announcement that there has been a tariff agreement between this country and Germany has led to some premature

rejoicing. It is true, indeed, that a tariff war between the two countries has been delayed, and perhaps absolutely prevented. But we must wait for a final judgment until Congress meets next winter. Germany insists upon a modification of our administrative tariff law before consenting to a final grant of minimum rates, and Congress alone can comply in this respect. Besides, the Kaiser is meeting with difficulties on his side, and, as we all know, in these days important international relations are dependent on legislative bodies. The main objection on our part appears to be in respect of German champagne, and, judging from the wine-lists of hotels and restaurants, such a concession would not strike the ordinary American citizen as of vast importance.

Very Little Home Rule for Ireland

It has proved impossible for the HANDEMAN government to fulfil the promise made to the Irish Nationalists during the last electoral campaign that it would introduce and carry through the House of Commons a bill conceding a substantial instalment of home rule. Mr. JOHN E. HENDERSON, the Nationalist leader, has declared that his party would accept nothing less. There is no doubt that the Premier, Sir H. J. CAMPBELL-BANDEMAN, is a genuine believer in home rule for Ireland, and meant to do what he said he would, but unfortunately the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Secretary of War, Mr. HADAMANT, have announced that they will resign sooner than sanction any measure that can be regarded even as the germ of a separate legislature for Ireland. As they would probably be followed by at least one other member of the cabinet, the Liberal party would be split in twain, and that would be a disruption which even the Irish Nationalists would dislike to witness, for they fear that if an appeal to the constituencies should be made this year, the Unionists might triumph. The new Irish council for which the bill provides will, therefore, have no legislative functions, and even its administrative powers will be qualified, not including, we are told, control over the Lord-Lieutenants, the Irish Privy Council, the Irish judiciary, or the Irish constabulary, though it will exercise authority over the metropolitan police of Dublin. The composition of the projected council is intended evidently to conciliate the Nationalist members of the House of Commons on the one hand and the Unionist majority of the House of Lords on the other; for all the Irish members of Parliament are to be members of the council, the necessity for separate elections being thus obviated. On the other hand, a minority of the members of the council will not be elective, but appointed by the government, in order that the land-owning minority in Ireland may be represented. Such a measure may prove acceptable to those Unionist peers who, like Lord DEVEREAUX, favor administrative devolution to a certain extent, but what position will be taken by the Nationalist M.P.'s will be determined by the convention of their party which will be held at Dublin during the Whitsuntide recess. To an American onlooker it seems patent that it would be a mistaken policy for the Irish Nationalists to repudiate the bill, no matter how far short it falls of satisfying their claims. Half a loaf is better than no bread at all.

Man Who Go Wrong

A Long Island Episcopal clergyman lately abandoned his wife and children and eloped with a young girl. The bishop of his diocese, Dr. BRIDGES, has been criticised for saying in a sermon treating of the occurrence that "the priest always takes his color from the people to whom he ministers." He seemed to suggest that the lax morality of society in these parts was partly to blame for the clergyman's fall, and that suggestion he intensified by his further remarks. No doubt it is true, as a rule, that when a society is rotten its rottenness in time generates more or less into its priesthood, but no reflection of that sort seems to us to touch such a case as that of Mr. COCKE, the runaway Long Island rector. When a man in his position and of his general standing goes the way COCKE has gone, the degeneration of which his fall is the evidence is not social, but purely individual. A few years ago an Episcopal clergyman, after a remarkable church career in Buffalo, came to New York as rector of a parish. Here he preached brilliantly for a time, but presently changed his religion and became a Roman Catholic (somewhat to the dismay of that body), and after a time left his wife and ran away with some other woman. But long before these final

eccentricities had developed it had been said of him by an eccentric physician that his mind was unsound, and that he was certain in time to come to some sort of break-down. So in the case of another young clergyman in New York, who was a fire chaplain for a time, but who left his wife and went off with a trained nurse—his eccentricity was very noticeable long before he ran away. Such cases as these are not produced by bad conditions of society. They are individual disasters, traceable, no doubt, in most cases to some kind of physical degeneration. They happen in all callings, and it is no more significant when the culprit is a minister than when he is a bank officer, a doctor, or a lawyer. A certain amount of bad timber gets into all the professions. Defective character is often joined to very good abilities and sometimes to great talent. Sometimes, too, men of good aspirations degenerate, become irresponsible, and come to calamitous smash. All there is to do in such cases is to clean up and go on.

Eight Hours of Factory Work Enough

The new child-labor law for New York State, which will take effect next January, provides that no minor under sixteen years of age shall be employed or permitted to work in any factory before eight o'clock in the morning or after five o'clock in the afternoon, or more than eight hours in any one day. Under the law now in force nine hours of work are permitted, between six o'clock in the morning and seven at night. A minor under sixteen needs at least nine hours of sleep, and under the new law his chance of getting it will be considerably bettered. He also needs fresh air—out-of-door air—in some of his waking hours, and five o'clock seems plenty late enough to keep him in a factory. The new law attests that New York is one of the States that can deal with its child-labor problem without the interposition of the Federal government.

Sermons and Golf

In Brockton, Massachusetts, a controversy is going on between one of the city's clergymen and the young men whom he accuses of not frequenting the church and of preferring the art of golf. The young men retort that the cause of the falling off in church attendance is not a growing disrespect for religion, but the decay in the art of sermonizing. The quarrel is one in which each side would find it difficult to sustain its case. Of one thing we are sure, however, that there is both more physical and more intellectual activity in this country than there was a generation or two ago, but it may well be that greater as are the interests of the mind, they are not so obvious as they were. It may be, too, that the mind is proportionately less influential than it was; but if this be true, the mind has met with reverses that are temporary only; it will recover its natural ascendancy. We are sure of this, too, that no good preacher goes without a sufficient congregation, and that no good pastor is poor in human material eager for his improving ministrations.

Citizen Brisbane Speaks

Citizen ARTHUR BRISBANE was one of the after-dinner orators who spoke at the nineteenth annual reunion of the lecturers in the Board of Education courses at the Hotel Astor on May 2. He followed Dr. LEITCH, who told about the work the lecturers were doing, and how, among other things, they gave the new-come immigrant in his own tongue his first lessons in American citizenship. Citizen BRISBANE, when his turn came, said to the lecturers:

I wish this country could compare more favorably than it does with the countries from which our immigration comes. These immigrants leave Russia, with its lawlessness and its Czar, and they come here to a country in which there is a more dangerous lawlessness—the lawlessness of the dollar. You have a great opportunity—the opportunity to tell the immigrant the actual truth about this country—that a dollar here is as lawless, as powerful, as cynical as the Czar of Russia.

Citizen BRISBANE ought to know as much about dollars and their powers and dispositions as any one. He has the handling of dollars of his own in fair multitude, and in a recent State election he was very close to no lawless, mischievous, and cynical lot of dollars as one often sees disbursed. If with his intimate knowledge of Mr. WILLIAM HEARST'S disbursements he has formed a deep and honest impression that American dollars are lawless and cynical, it would be unkind to dispute

his assertion, even though it is so very much too general and sweeping.

A Harvard Method of Diffusing Education

The current number of the *Harvard University Gazette*—an official publication of the university—has a list of fellowships and scholarships awarded in the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, certain features of which are worth remarking. There are over ninety of these fellowships and scholarships, carrying incomes of various amounts, which are intended to help the holders of them to continue their studies. The incomes are derived from gifts made at various times to Harvard University, chiefly by such Boston or Massachusetts donors as have at all times been the university's chief benefactors. What has interested us has been to notice to whom the income of all this Massachusetts money is going. Out of the ninety-odd awards of income, less than one-third are to graduates or students of Harvard College. The rest go to graduates of more than forty different institutions, scattered over the country from Brunswick, Maine, to southern California, including graduates of four or five of the Canadian colleges and one from Cambridge, England. The fact that makes these students eligible for these awards is that they have been members of the Harvard Graduate School. It makes an impression on the mind to see this Harvard money handed out to facilitate the pursuit of knowledge by graduates of the universities of Texas, Alabama, Wisconsin, Michigan, Missouri, Illinois, Toronto, and Rochester; of Leland Stanford University and Wesleyan and Colgate and New York and Vanderbilt and Delhomme and Bucknell and Queens and Acadia and McGill and Western and Northwestern; and of a score of colleges, from Oberlin and Alleghany and Georgetown to Dartmouth and Bowdoin. Certainly it is a liberal spirit that actuates this wholesale extraparietal diffusion of family funds.

Mr. Schwab's Experience in San Francisco

Mr. CHARLES M. SCHWAB has been telling the San Francisco labor organizations that they are fast killing off the goose that have been laying golden eggs for them. He did not express it in that metaphorical guise. He put it plainer, declaring that the Union Iron Works, which belongs to his steel company, will never build another ship in San Francisco so long as labor conditions remain as they are now. "I have never seen anything like it anywhere," said Mr. SCHWAB, and went on to explain that he had acquired along with the Union Iron Works a contract to build three battle-ships for the United States government, and had built them at a cost of \$2,500,000, which was more money, he said, than his company had been able to make in all its other works in other parts of the country. He wants no more such contracts. Unless labor conditions change, he said, all manufacturing must stop in San Francisco, since no man would dare bid on future contracts with the labor organizations constantly raising wages and reducing the hours of labor.

Guarding the Honorable Toes of Japan

London despatches, dated May 7, say that after some belching and filling, and much discussion and many jeers, formal notice has been sent to Mrs. D'ORVILLE CARTER that "The Mikado" must not be produced in England, and she has given orders withdrawing it from the stage. It may return sometime, when Japanese approval is less essential to British comfort than it is at present. Meanwhile the mass of ethnological knowledge has been enriched by the observation that the Japanese have the most extended and sensitive toes in the world. It seems inconvenient for the moment to ascertain how hard a nation with such toes can kick.

Spot for Sport's Sake

President HARKNEY of Yale wants his young gentlemen to enter into their athletics "for the love of honor in the broadest sense, unimpaired with the love of gain in any sense." He reproaches those of them "who regard athletics as a sort of competitive means of pushing the university ahead of some rival." This, he says, is professionalism of the most subtle and therefore the most dangerous sort. Even to consider whether athletic victories increase numbers in a university he considers a dangerous course leading with temptation. Spot for its own sake! says Dr. HARKNEY.

The Results of the London Colonial Conference

ALTHOUGH no colonial Premier could have expected the adoption of the proposed preferential tariff in favor of the colonies by the present British government, in view of the emphatic verdict against that project pronounced at the last general election, the inference should not be drawn that the Colonial Conference, just held in London, has proved entirely abortive. Perhaps a greater show of deference would have been paid to the advocacy of that policy by Mr. DEAKIN, the Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth, had he been earnestly supported by all of the other delegates from the colonies. This was not the case. Mr. DEAKIN received active cooperation only from the representatives of New Zealand, Cape Colony, and Natal. General BOTHA, Premier of the Transvaal, declared that he did not want a preferential tariff, because he thought that Great Britain should be left to consult her specific interests in that matter, just as his own country desired the liberty of taxing British goods at will. A similar position was taken by Sir ROGER BONE, the Premier of Newfoundland, while on behalf of the Dominion of Canada Sir WILFRED LAUREN reiterated what he said five years ago, that he should deem it ungracious to demand from Great Britain a quid pro quo for the tariff preference which the Canadian Parliament had spontaneously granted to the mother country. He also seemed to feel it peculiarly ill-timed to urge such a policy just now when the BARNETT government is known to be pledged to free trade.

Thus the British cabinet was rescued from the unpleasant predicament to which it would have been subjected had it been constrained to reject a request unanimously and vehemently pressed by all the self-governing colonies. Under the circumstances, the extremely cordial relations which from the outset had existed between the colonial Premiers and the home government were not for a moment disturbed, and two measures tending to promote imperial cooperation were cheerfully agreed upon. During the intervals between colonial conferences, which henceforth will be periodical, an executive committee or secretariat will be created as a permanent bureau in the colonial department, the purpose of which is to keep the home and colonial governments continually supplied with data bearing on their respective political, industrial, and commercial interests. Had such a secretariat existed some years ago, it is probable that more deference would have been paid by the Colonial Office to the vehement protest of Australia against the acquisition of the New Hebrides and a part of New Guinea by Germany. Of equal, if not greater importance, is the agreement to establish an imperial general staff, the aim of which is to further cooperation in the defense of the British Empire. There is no doubt that volunteers for such service would be forthcoming if a crisis should arise, but in the absence of any provision for common command of the imperial military forces or for common control of foreign policy, it is seen to be indispensable that the independence of the self-governing colonies should be carefully respected. To them, consequently, has been reserved the power of manufacturing the weapons and ammunition used by their contingents, a stipulation, however, being made that these shall conform to the imperial standard. It will be the duty of the imperial staff, when requested by a colonial government, to offer advice as to the training, education, and war organization of the latter's soldiers. In furtherance of the same end, a provision is made for the interchangeability of officers. The object contemplated, in fine, is that, if, at any future conjuncture, it should be essential for the mother country to come to the help of any colony, or for any colony to come to the help of the parent state, or of a sister colony, the partners in the defensive work will be familiar with each other's military systems.

There may not be long steps toward the imperial consolidation of which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN dreamed, but they are plainly calculated to enable the widely separated parts of the British Empire to act together more efficiently than they could act to-day. Perhaps more important should be attached to what may be called a by-product of the conference, to wit, the Empire Education Fund, which was founded by a gathering in the Guildhall, on April 23, which was presided over by the Lord Mayor of London, and addressed by Lord MILENDA, who, as high commissioner, upheld so long and soundly imperial interests in South Africa, and by Mr. DEAKIN, Premier of the Australian Commonwealth. These speakers pointed out that it would be impossible for the Englishman of the next generation to "learn to think imperially," instead of insularly, if he should possess no more knowledge concerning the outlying portions of the British Empire than is current in England now. We might, at first thought, take for granted that in 1907 the English schoolboy is as familiar with the nomenclature and geography of the British transmarine dependencies, with their history, social and political structure, agricultural, mineral, and industrial resources, as is an American schoolboy with the story and actual condition of all the States that compose this union. This is by no means the fact. The London Standard is our authority for asserting that it is doubt-

ful whether, even at his Majesty's colleges at Winchester or Eton, the knowledge of the existing British Empire is as complete as is that of the Athenian Empire of 430 B.C. We are told that, in the public elementary schools, except in so far as the zeal of an individual teacher may supply the deficiency, the British Empire is not even a name. To remedy this glaring shortcoming is clearly an indispensable step toward evolving a sense of genuine solidarity between the mother country and its daughter states. With that end in view, the Guildhall meeting passed resolutions calling on the Board of Education to prepare maps and text-books, and to make the teaching of empire subjects obligatory in every public elementary school. The meeting further pledged itself to assist in providing the pecuniary means needed for the purpose, and the Empire Education Fund is the result. The trustees of the fund, who have already been appointed, will at once undertake a task which should have been accomplished long ago. When we recall what the dense ignorance concerning the American colonies which prevailed even among accomplished statesmen in the reign of GEORGE III. cost Great Britain, we can but marvel that the task should have been neglected so long. The correlative duty has never been neglected in the British colonies. The Australian or Canadian schoolboy knows all about the mother country, and even the American schoolboy knows far more about the British colonies than is known to his coeval in the United Kingdom. The study of the history of Great Britain and of her colonies is obligatory in the public schools of almost all our States, and it is little short of amazing that a similar usage should not prevail in the so-called national or board schools of Great Britain, which are supported partly by the rates, and partly by grants from the imperial exchequer.

So far as contemporary adult Britons are concerned, whose education after leaving school or the university has been mainly, if not wholly, confined to reading the newspapers, they have acquired during the last few weeks a more thorough acquaintance with the over-sea factors of the British Empire, and have come to feel a deeper interest in them, than has ever been the case before. From this point of view the present conference has been much more successful than its predecessor of five years ago. That gathering was looked upon—no doubt justly—as a device of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to promote the popular acceptance of his preferential tariff policy. The result was that even many Unionists failed to take the former conference seriously, while Liberals gave it the cold shoulder. It was in no sense a political, or even a social, success. This year, on the other hand, the Unionists have spared no effort to convince the visiting Premiers that they are the original and most faithful friends of the colonies, while the Liberals, on their part, have tried to compensate for their inability to grant a preferential tariff in all other possible ways. The consequence is that the Premiers will go home feeling that the actual and prospective significance of their respective countries, as influential sections of the British Empire, is at last distinctively comprehended by Englishmen of light and leading, and thus their personal loyalty, and disposition toward imperial cooperation, will be immensely strengthened.

Happiness

THERE is a great mass of literature asserting about as on the subject of happiness—what it is, how to attain it, and how desirable, once attained, it is like to be. The general tone of our essays is optimistic and hopeful. The lamentations of LOPPAH, who exclaimed a lifetime and the very highest poetic gifts in singing the inevitable and infinite vanity of all things, belong to a day that is past. HERE, too, is his gay, mocking way assured us that happiness was a light coquette who never staid long in one place, who stroked the hair from one's forehead, kissed one lightly, and sped off; but that unhappiness was a staid and affectionate matron of faithful disposition who, when she came, embraced one tenderly, sat down on the bed and unfolded her knitting to stay.

What is noticeable in the many new essays on happiness is that our up-to-date writers offer us guide-books. Happiness, they tell us, is quite truly attainable, and they proceed to give us directions. If there is a way to it it would seem a pliable matter to seize happiness altogether on this pilgrimage, for it is indubitable that there is happiness, and a little of it is almost always to be got for the effort. Life, after all, is only lived once, and we are all of us in the same case with the haught whose epitaph read:

"I shall not pass this way again."

Life is, indeed, so far as we know, a single experience, and he is foolhardy who does not gather all he can, and his energies together to draw from it the best results possible. There is an old German saying that "Maa does what he can, and bears what he must, and the name by which he calls the result is left to each to decide; a clever man calls it happiness." This seems

to point the way to the main thesis, namely, that happiness is not external, but is something obscure and difficult of analysis in our own dispositions.

This life is definitely chained to a law of cause and effect. Whether in any other progression we shall be able to effect things, to cause certain results to flow from certain habits and actions, we do not know, but at any rate, while we are here it is a most curious and interesting matter to devote ourselves to the observation of this law. Certain courses of action must certainly lead to desirable or undesirable results, and to study the law and conform to it is a matter for endless excitement and interest.

In our lax and casual and haphazard way we are very apt to think of happiness as a matter to be influenced by some external change. But it is an interesting fact that into our altered circumstances we advance with the same spirit. The temporary vicissitudes of life, its accretions and casual trappings, enwrap the unchanged habitude, and he who is nervous and impatient under the crosses of poverty is nervous and impatient under the responsibilities of wealth; who succumbs to a depressed and hopeless resignation in affliction is not likely to become suddenly heir to a high courage and fine endurance in the larger events which attend fame and brilliant position. The truth is that through all the notable courses of life we are lashed by our own spirits. Colours and trappings cannot hide them, money cannot lay any claim to put them to sleep or to make them change their mood. The business of happiness is somehow coming to terms with our own spirits; learning to bear with them in as far as it is impossible to better them, and to the best of our ability never to give over enlarging and struggling with them.

There is an anecdote extant that when Mr. EDMUNDS preached his first sermon in Boston, he spoke from the text, "Pray without ceasing," and divided his sermon under two heads, first, "All prayers are answered," and, secondly, "Therefore, be very careful what you pray for." It was a really New England precaution. It is true that we do not know the results of a change in surroundings or externals, and show any man who looks can prove to his own satisfaction that possessions do not bring happiness, it is as well to turn our energies to the inner way of life.

If thought and prayer do beckon events to us, as indubitably they do; if trust brings out the best quality of our neighbor, and the human being indeed offers us what in perfect faith we demand, then we must concern ourselves, not so much with desire, but with the strength of the demanding spirit. St. FRANCIS has shown us that to take the goodness of others unawares for granted, not hesitating to hope or to beg for it, but unobtrusively to know it, brings goodness to the world. So it is wise to turn the key upon our longing for things and bequest qualities. Is life ugly? What a chance to fling all one's energy into the scale of order and beauty and create them for however small a circle. Is one lonely and abandoned? Radiate strength and good cheer and the world of men will cluster about one for warmth. Is life dull and a drag? Impose tasks and relieve labors. Above all, set to work to get life out of a living instead of waiting a life in merely waiting a living. And, again, never become trouble. The word we have to live through is our own anxiety and depression, and yet it is possible to dismiss these and say, "Take no thought for the morrow."

Again, there is much to be gained by deliberately enjoying what we have instead of detaching from it because it is our own. "I wish," said a beautiful and majestic woman who was being complimented upon the pleasure her mere appearance gave—"I wish I could make a dollar as easily as an impression." And the herald from the outer responded, "I would give all my dollars for one hour of making an impression."

No one can have all the happiness, but each one can have some of it, and it is he who can learn to call the sum of most experience by that name.

Personal and Pertinent

In England a man who is not a lawyer is often appointed Justice of the Peace, but it does not follow that, if a layman, he must keep or tend a bar. He is usually well placed socially, and provided with such libidinal instincts that he will be kind to the helpless and downtrodden. He is expected to be the adviser and guide of the poor, but it would be regarded as a disqualification for the office to be poor in mind. A large knowledge of law is not requisite, but men of intellectual gifts are preferred. Recently two friends, whom we all like because of the looks they have written for our instruction and entertainment, have been appointed to this honorable office, which because of such moment in the time of the Second Henry Tison that it almost totally eclipsed the older office of coroner, while its occupants maintained the ancient liberties of Englishmen, many of which the king was persuading the House of Commons to permit to him. One of the two is Mr. H. G. WELLS, who has been appointed Justice of the Peace for Folkestone; and

the other is Mr. THOMAS HARDY, who is the Justice of the Peace for Dorset. To judge from Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE's voracious weekly, the chief task of most English justices at the present is to whack paupers; but while it is too early to judge definitely of the judicial careers of the two literary gentlemen, Mr. LAWS CHURCH and the rest of us may be assured that both of them will consider wife-beating a more grievous crime than rabbit-killing.

Is the cigarette habit such an evil as pipe-smokers and total abstinences declare it to be? It is so implied in the category of misdemeanors by the legislatures of several States; and the legislators would not have made the hostile assault if they had not been certain they would attract to themselves the support of a great number of voters, nor if they had not been prejudiced on the familiar theory that cigarettes so steal away the brains of their virtuous that they do not possess sufficient self-respect to maintain their pet vice at the ballot-box. Most people have in their youth shared this conviction, that tobacco, in certain forms, is damaging to the nerves and mind and body of those who indulge in it excessively, the customary form of expressing the sentiment being "the tobacco fumes, if he be understood, for instance, has "stunted himself" by smoking. Boys of whom that can be said have frequently had high rank among their fellows. No State, so far as we know, has been entertaining enough to make it a crime to read Mr. HEADLEY'S "Dime Novels," or books of that kind, but many parents, especially those who have never read anything, are down on the literature of the plains, of the Indian, whether saucy or sentimental and overwise, and of the cowboy, who is chiefly in dervish, and usually mounted and in the act of shooting, or threatening to shoot, something bad. CHARLES LUMMIS, whom we all read, and read about with satisfaction and pleasure, does not agree with either freezing deposit. He keeps the public library in Los Angeles, and the public library has a new house. On the top is a roof-garden, and to it, in that beautifully pure and embracing atmosphere, Mr. LUMMIS invites the readers, men or women, grown up or little, those who can recite SHAKESPEARE upside down or those whose cheeks grow pale and whose eyes begin over storms of red warblers or white swans or sublimated female schoolmarm—lavishly "the only woman in the camp,"—and there the readers may smoke anything as they may read anything, even cigarettes. Are the ways of the newest civilization to reverse all tradition and to come Eastward?

They say that AUGUSTUS THOMAS is to run, or stand, for Mayor of New Rochelle, where he has long lived in a neighborhood which he dominates. Even the old negro currier who dwells at the foot of THOMAS'S lane now recognizes that the physiognomy's true name is AUGUSTUS and not "Gus," notwithstanding the recent ascription of a daily newspaper that no one in New Rochelle knows who is meant when one speaks of AUGUSTUS THOMAS. They all truly know him by whatever alias the inquiring stranger employs. THOMAS began his theatrical career by writing a lantern in the gloomy grey-wards at St. Louis. Then he made pictures and reported for a daily paper in St. Louis. Then he hara-stormed in Missouri. Then he came East and wrote "In Mizoura," "Alabama," and "Arkansas," until he heard that an old boss of his had remarked that THOMAS could just write forty-five plays and no more, for after that he would be out of titles. THOMAS, realizing that his serious-minded boss had forgotten the Hawaiian Islands, Cuba, the Philippines, and Guam, nevertheless turned his back on State nomenclature, and took his way to sparkling comedy, whose characters are all as witty as himself, standing, on the way, over the almost heretofore corpse of a few problem plays which might have been more actively alive if they had been blessed with the oxygen of ROOSEVELT'S reign than they could possibly be in the dense humidity of HARRISON'S term. When THOMAS had a literary bent he had also a theological spouse, and he introduced himself with congenial comrades at his "Hour of the Invention," at New Rochelle. ROBERT LYONS was his religious instructor. Dr. WOLF HARTEN furnished the literary entertainment in his Sunday symposium by reviving "Cassy at the Bat"; KENNEDY drew the pictures on the dinner cards; EDWARD SUMNER painted the landscape over the mantle, and infused the atmosphere with anti-Concordian philosophy; the young HARRYMON sang the negro melodies; and HENRYMON furnished his usual eulogy upon the "man on horseback." When LYONS dropped out of the charmed circle, THOMAS found HAYAN and politician, and ever since, as he has grown richer and richer, he has fought the good fight against photography. He has stamped and run a Democratic club, and he would make a good Mayor if he would take the office for which he is much too big a man. Nothing more serious in purpose could be imagined than the anti-English alliance of some years back between THOMAS and his man JOHN. It went very far. One day when THOMAS and JOHN were together watching the slow approach of a new car, JOHN said,

"Ah! Mr. THOMAS, why did you buy a red one?"

"Because," said THOMAS sorrowfully, "the man was out of green ones."

Correspondence

COLONEL VON BORK, C. S. A.

Richmond, Va., April 26, 1867

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—In your issue of April 27 you say that a Berlin newspaper has stated that if the Southern Confederacy had achieved its independence it would have proclaimed itself a monarchy and would have offered the crown to Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia. You also say that the Berlin paper quoted the late Colonel Hens von Bork as authority for the statement, adding that he said the plan was known to General Robert E. Lee and General J. E. B. Stuart.

In behalf of my comrades in arms, the survivors of the Confederate armies, I want to thank you for repudiating the statement as utterly false and absurd. There is no person who lived in the Southern States from 1861 to 1865 who does not know that the suggestion is simply monstrous. Nobody ever thought of such a thing, and it is not too much to say it was unthinkable.

But I knew Colonel Von Bork most intimately, and I am not willing to let his name upon his memory pass without protesting against it and repudiating it upon his behalf. He was one of the most high-minded and noblest of gentlemen that I have ever known, and he was incapable of inventing and giving currency to a falsehood; and particularly to one that placed his comrades in arms, to whom he was tenderly devoted, in such an absurd position as this particular falsehood placed them in.

If you care for them I will give you some of the leading facts relating to Colonel Von Bork's connection with the Confederate army. He was of noble birth in Prussia, and, when our war commenced, he was a young officer in the Prussian army very anxious to see some real war. He was an immense man, fully six feet two, with a herculean frame. When he came here he brought with him a valiant sword with him, that was at least six inches longer than any other sword I saw during the war, and he used it so effectively in battle that it came to be as well known to the cavalry service as any officer in that service was. After the war he presented it formally to the State of Virginia; it was accepted by her Legislature, and it hangs now in the public library at Richmond as one of her most cherished relics.

Von Bork ran the blockade in the summer of 1862, and landed at Charleston, South Carolina. He came at night to Richmond, bringing letters to the Secretary of War, who sent him out to General J. E. B. Stuart. He told me that when he reported to Stuart that officer did not receive him graciously, muttering something about the Secretary of War camping tramps upon him. It was the day of the battle of Seven Pines, as we call it; of Fair Oaks, as you call it. In the course of the battle Stuart got mixed up in and surrounded by a number of the enemy and was in extreme peril. Von Bork rushed into them with that immense sword and cut Stuart out and saved him. After the battle Stuart said to him, as he told me, "You will do; I will keep you." He did keep him, and Von Bork never left him until that time, with the rank of major, until he was wounded and disabled. I knew him well in that time, that is, I was a private in Company A, Ninth Virginia Cavalry, constantly seeing Stuart and his staff. Von Bork among them, so that the acquaintance was all on my side. I think it might be said that Von Bork did not leave me until such a person in existence as myself. But I repeatedly saw him in battle, and I am truly sorry there was no more gallant and daring soldier in the Confederate army than Von Bork. I was within one hundred yards of him when he received the terrible wound that disabled him and I saw the thing happen. It was in June, 1863, in a cavalry battle near Allie, in Loudon County, Virginia, when Pleasanton, commanding Meade's cavalry, was vainly endeavoring to push Stuart back so that he could get up on the Blue Ridge mountains and see General Lee's army moving down the valley of Virginia to Gettysburg. Von Bork was shot through the neck from behind, aimed in the body, by no chance ball from a Sharp's carbine. He hovered a long time between life and death, but finally rallied. He was promoted to lieutenant-colonel, and sent by the Confederate government to London in a diplomatic capacity, where he remained until the war ended. After the war he published some most interesting memoirs of it in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He served in the Prussian army in the war between Prussia and Austria, upon the staff of some distinguished Prussian officer, but I forgot which. I think, but am not certain, that it was the very Prince Charles we are talking about. He told me that his general imposed very heavy duties upon him during the battle of Sedan, and that during the day the unusual exercise caused his old wound to reopen and he was almost suffocated by the discharge of blood.

He returned to this country in the summer of 1884, and came to Richmond to revisit his old comrades in arms. During his stay here then I became very intimate with him. Through a most melancholy and pitiful combination of circumstances he had got into a state of great nervous prostration, and he begged that his old comrades would come to his assistance. We did so, and set him upon his feet so that he was able to live out the remainder of his days in comfort. I am, sir,

WILLIAM L. ROYALS.

MAKES AND THE STAGE

London, Eng., March 28, 1897

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—The undersigned, not intending to criticise a great newspaper, cannot help to sustain W. B. S. in his review of February 28,

in regard to the pictures published by you of the President; Naas in his time would not have drawn such things as members of the Ku-Klux Klan.

HARPER'S WEEKLY seems to have a passion for gaudiness, which you have used to illustrate in "The Season's Plays" the best actors so the New York stage—Ellen Terry, etc.

Will you kindly tell your ignorant readers why hideous masks, instead of the portraits of prominent actors, should be used by—
I am, sir,

GEO. C. KIRCH.

It is understood that the Greek actors always appeared in masks, and the use of them in the ornamentation of theatres and of books and writings pertaining to the stage has continued for centuries. Those you speak of in HARPER'S WEEKLY were not put in in disparagement of the actors you mention, nor were the pictures of the President in action published in disparagement of him.—ECCLES.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP IN LONDON

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, May 6, 1897

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—I think you have gone astray a little on the recent municipal contests in London. The result there has not been an appeal to the doctrine of municipal ownership, and I believe you will find that London even under the revolutionaries—who sailed under the false colors of municipal reformers—will be further advanced in this principle than it is at present.

During the election the Tory press—and Toryism from time immemorial has always been opposed to all progress, whether social, political, or industrial—sowed statements that London's debt, through the municipal extravagance of the Progressives, was far above £100,000,000, which, saying the least, is pretty tall stretching of the truth. In this amount is some millions which were thrown on the rates by the wretched Balfour ministry in its London education scheme years ago. The real debt of London was issued, and by the Tory press, some few weeks ago—after they won the victory—and the total was £28,000,000, a difference of fully £70 million dollars. The greatest blessing London ever received has been the eighteen years she has had under Progressive municipal rule. A tall man can pretty nearly see the difference between the two—the London of to-day and the London of twenty years ago. The thousands of acres that have been added to its parks, open spaces, playing fields, and recreative grounds, and these under Progressive rule have been laid out out in the well-to-do aristocratic sections of the town, whose citizens have ample means to go abroad and to the country, but in the working-class districts, where such spaces are needed most. The death-rate of London has been reduced fully ten to fifteen per cent. under Progressive rules, owing to the enforcement of sanitary laws with no class privilege. The wholesale condemnation and tearing down of unsanitary property which the city bought, and in some cases left open, dumping thousands of loads of sand and rubbish there, making them ideal playgrounds for the children, and the erecting of splendid structures (docks) whose architecture and finish would credit the average in the neighborhood of Fifth Avenue, and letting them from all prices from sixty cents up—to this and the laying of thousands of acres of land for the erection of model working-men's cottages meant a tremendous outlay of capital, but it is not money squandered. The London of twenty or thirty years hence will benefit socially, materially, and, I believe, spiritually from it.

All these needed improvements cost money and it can't be done without it; and it is a known fact that the wealthier sections of London don't pay their fair quota to London's rates, making it heavier on the smaller tradespeople. The Progressives have done their level best to remedy these evils and for a short period have had a setback, but the lion (now in sheep's clothing) will be found out ere long, and the party who has the social betterment of all London at heart will again be returned in even greater power next election. I am, sir,

JOHN MORGAN.

GRIEVED ABOUT WHISKERS

DALLAS, TEXAS, April 25, 1897

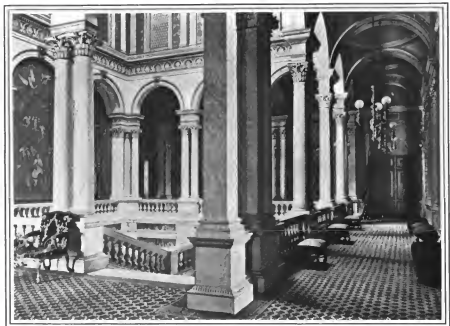
To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—In your issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY of April 27, you publish an article on whiskers, with pictures of very exaggerated ugliness of the man with a beard; it puts me in mind of the fool boy who disfigures his face and sticks out his tongue at some other boy that he does not like to show him how he looks.

If Mr. Cunnish did not get civil answers to his questions it is because he did not deserve them. How would you like to have a man ask you why you wear hair on the top of your head, if you have any? or carries mirrors as well as the beard. Nature put the beard on man's face, and a man looks more like a man with it on than without it; at any rate he does not look like a newly escaped convict; but there are men with a genius for ridicule who are like the dog who rushes out and barks at passers by, and other dogs rush out and add to the general racket.

I am, sir,

A. BOWEN.



The Arched Gallery over the Main Staircase, decorated in White and Roman Gold



Marble Mantel, designed by Alfred Stevens, in the State Dining-room



The Corridor leading to the Picture gallery and Ballroom

THE LONDON RESIDENCE OF OUR ENGLISH AMBASSADOR, MAINTAINED BY MR. REID AT A COST TO HIS PRIVATE PURSE OF \$100,000 A YEAR

DORCHESTER HOUSE, CONSIDERED THE FINEST RESIDENCE IN LONDON, WAS BUILT IN THE EARLY FIFTIES. IT IS OWNED BY CAPTAIN GEORGE LINNAY HALPOD, OF THE FIRST LIFE-GUARDS, QUEENY-IN-WAITING TO KING EDWARD SINCE 1901. ITS PICTURE GALLERY IS FAMOUS

Photographs by Francis Benjamin Johnson

national, but must be paid for out of the private means of our governmental representative. Every citizen of the United States who goes to Dorchester House goes as the guest of a kind fellow-citizen who is paying the visitor's charges out of his own pocket.

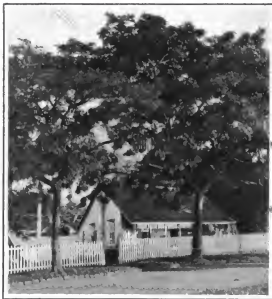
Conditions are such to-day that no American, whatever his abilities and qualifications, can accept a foreign ambassadorship (with one possible exception) unless he be possessed of independent means which will permit him to spend at least two or three times the amount of his official compensation. This state of affairs is creating a class distinction that is nothing less than a rank absurdity, under our republican institutions, and the spectacle of one of the richest governments in the world allowing an individual no matter in what capacity, to uphold its dignity and importance mainly at his personal expense, should humble the pride of every American.

That "they do these things better" in

other lands is fairly well demonstrated by the recent action of a number of foreign governments. As a case in point, the Hon. James Bryce, lately appointed British ambassador to Washington, is paid a salary of \$50,000, and, in addition, a fund for the maintenance of the very handsome establishment on Connecticut Avenue which he also provided by his home government.

Not to be outdone, Germany, likewise owning a large and well-equipped embassy here, has promptly followed suit by raising the annual compensation of her representative, Baron von Sierberg, from \$30,000 to \$35,000 per annum, in order better to enable him to meet the demands of his official position. The French Republic, not long ago, acquired a magnificent site on the northern heights overlooking Washington, and has sent one of its best architects here to prepare plans for an imposing embassy building.

One example will suffice to demonstrate that the acquisition of embassy and legation property is a shrewd and highly profitable business proposition. The ground on which the British Embassy stands was bought some thirty years ago for forty cents a square foot. It is now easily worth \$10. What with one foreign government giving its ambassador a salary equal to that of the President of the United States, and the majority of the other European powers maintaining their representatives both



The Impressive Official Residence of the U. S. Consul at Tahiti, Sandwich Islands
THE ACQUISITION OF THIS PROPERTY COST ONE OF ITS OFFICIAL OCCUPANTS \$300, WHICH HE HAS SINCE BEEN UNABLE TO COLLECT FROM THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

residential property seems not only expedient, but right. The amount of the appropriation asked for by Mr. Longworth was \$5,000,000, an insignificant sum in comparison with the hundreds of millions annually carried by the far-famed "pork" bills for rivers and harbors, public buildings, and the like.

The thin Representative was not permitted even to insert in the current diplomatic and consular bill a small opening wedge of an appropriation for \$500,000 to be expended at the discretion of the Secretary of State in the acquisition of embassy and legation property, as this provision was promptly ruled out on a point of order. As a widely travelled American, Mr. Longworth knows from personal observation and experience how imperative this legislation has become, and to what a vast extent such a signally and short-sighted policy hampers American interests abroad.

Many of the absurdities of the present regime, which are not merely tradition, but matter of official record, would seem better adapted to serve as the basis of a tillicumbic libretto, or a farce-comedy, than the dry reports of a staid departmental bureau. It would certainly appear that the resources of this country are adequate to provide proper equipment for its foreign work, but no longer than two years ago the Consulate at Yokohama had no typewriter, no telephone, and no fund for postage, so that bills of

here and abroad in official residences of proportionately liberal incomes, the policy of the United States government shows in sorry contrast. As a matter of fact, however, this condition arises, not from a lack of administrative support, but from the failure of Congress to take the necessary action.

Not for want of opportunity, let it be noted, for the closing of the Fifty-ninth Congress left high and dry on the calendar a bill introduced and warmly advocated by the Hon. Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, the main purpose of which was to provide proper official residences in the various foreign capitals, and thus remedy the present wholly inconsistent situation which, in limiting our foreign representatives to men of immense wealth, threatens to become a reproach to American institutions and ideals.

As a measure logically following the much-needed reforms in the consular service, inaugurated about a year ago by Congressional legislation,

the negotiation of the



The United States Consulate at Amoy, China

THE GROUND ON WHICH THIS BEARING STAND WAS ORIGINALLY LEASED FOR HOSPITAL PURPOSES



The humble quarters of our Consul at Seoul, Korea
THE JEFFERSONIAN SIMPLICITY CHARACTERIZES THE RESIDENCE OF THE
OFFICIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE KOREAN CAPITAL

lading, and other such documents, were, perforce, deposited in the mails stamped, in the cheerful confidence that the recipients would want them had enough to pay the double rates exacted at the other end for insufficient postage.

At the time of the Taft Philippine expedition in 1906, no funds being available for repairs to the Tokio legation, it was considered extremely fortunate that the ceiling of the dining-room, which had been somewhat shaky, fell down two days before instead of during the state banquet given by the American minister in honor of this distinguished party of statesmen.

Pride of country is little simulated by the democratic simplicity of a former American minister who was at one time accredited to one of the most aristocratic courts of Europe, and who, taking up his abode in a shabby, ill-smelling flat, received his diplomatic colleagues in his shirt-sleeves, and, at parting, returned to them their own visiting-cards, with the would-be jocular remark that they should thus consider themselves called upon.

In times when consular salaries were small, and fees were the main, yet somewhat precarious, income of certain consular officers, a benevolent petroleum trust obligingly came to the rescue of an embarrassed government by allowing its manager in an important East Indian city to assume the added title of United States consul, and incidentally to transact the consular business. Inquiry from an indignant and protesting American tourist developed the fact that the original appointee, having discovered that it would cost \$700 to reach a post which yielded the munificent salary of \$400 per annum, had discreetly declined the honor. Far like reasons a number of other big office structures, in that particular section of the Orient, bore aloft, in immense lettering, the sign, "The Blank Oil Company," beneath which appeared in modest and unobtrusive type the legend, "Consulate of the United States." In another city—in this instance a Russian trade center—the same chagrined tourist, after a long and wearisome search, finally located the American Consulate in an obscure quarter of the town, only to find it shuttered and locked, bearing the sign, "Office hours from 5.30 to 7 p.m." That particular consul made his real living by running a hardware shop.

Even near at home, in the domain of our next-door neighbor, the records occasionally show incongruous situations. An official of the Department of State, on a tour of inspection in Canada, found himself at a small railway station with a wait of an hour or so between trains. To kill time he asked to be directed to the local consular agency, and a neat-looking butcher shop at the cross roads was pointed out to him. With some misgivings the official crossed over, and putting his head in the door, asked a white-coated individual where the United States consular agent was to be found. The white-coated one carefully cut and weighed a slice of ham before replying: "I am your man. What can I do for you?"

For the good of the service, that consular agency was quietly, but promptly, transferred to more fitting surroundings. Instances of the absurdities and inequities of the old system, or rather want of system, might be multiplied indefinitely, but the possibilities of their future recurrence are now happily eliminated.

Fortunately for our national prestige, and the upbuilding of our commercial supremacy abroad, after a fight of over eighty years' standing, the necessary legislation was obtained in April, 1906, which, in combination with an executive order issued in June following, has opened the way to a thoroughly businesslike and far-reaching reorganization of the entire consular service. At a stroke, these enactments have cleared away most of the old and hampering conditions, by providing a corps of inspectors, grading all consuls-generals and consuls into classes, in conformity with the rank and importance of their posts.

Salaries have been raised and graded according to the classes established, and fees, as a source of income to consular officers, have, practically, been abolished. Members of the consular force who receive over \$1000 a year must be citizens of the United States, and they are absolutely debarred from engaging in any outside business or trade. The higher grades, under the President's order, are filled solely from the existing personnel by promotion, for efficiency and length of service. Appointments from civil life may be made only to the two lowest consular grades, and then under examination, with special requirements as to adaptability and fitness.

All this is reform which really reforms, and which leads inevitably to the logic of extending similar housekeeping methods to other branches of the foreign service—notably in the acquisition of residential property. The few experiments in that direction already made by the United States government furnish unanswerable arguments in favor of the proposition. The United States now owns legation property in Peking, Tokio, and Seoul, consular residences in Tangier, Morocco, Bangkok, Siam, and Tahiti, S. I., and leases in perpetuity the land on which the consular buildings are situated in Yokohama and at Amoy, China.

The Legation at Peking, but recently completed, is a model, a beautiful structure of American design, material, and workmanship, occupying a proper site, and thoroughly adapted to all the requirements of our minister and his high position. It was built, furnished, and embellished by direct Congressional appropriation.

The Tokio Embassy is an old building (probably in a somewhat better state of repair since the episode of the fallen ceiling) which occupies ground specially allotted for the purpose by the Japanese government, for a nominal yearly rental. It cost \$50,000 and is now worth \$200,000, for land values in Japan are rising constantly.

The property owned in Seoul was originally acquired for \$3000, and is now



Our expensive Consulate at Yokohama

IF YOU ARE NAME CONSUL-GENERAL TO YOKOHAMA YOU MUST SET YOUR CONSULATE AND RENT IT TO YOUR GOVERNMENT FOR \$800 PER ANNUM



The United States Embassy at Tokio

BEYOND NO FUNDS WERE AVAILABLE FOR ITS REPAIRS, THE CEILING IN THE DINING-ROOM JUST MISSED FALLING UPON MR. TAFT IN 1905, DURING A STATE BANQUET GIVEN BY THE AMERICAN MINISTER AT TOKIO IN HONOR OF THE VISITING SECRETARY



Our Model Legation Building at Peking

"A BEAUTIFUL STRUCTURE OF AMERICAN DESIGN, MATERIAL AND WORKMANSHIP, OCCUPYING A PRIME SITE, AND THOROUGHLY ADAPTED TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF OUR MINISTER AND HIS STAFF. IT WAS BUILT BY DIRECT CONGRESSIONAL APPROPRIATION."

estimated at \$40,000 at least, with local prices also increasing rapidly. Both building and grounds at Bangkok are gifts to the American government from the King of Siam, while the site of the Tientsin consulate is a grant from the Moorish authorities. Considering the other properties, there are comic-opera elements beside which the humors of "The Mikado" distinctly pale. At Amoy we own a consulate on ground originally leased for hospital purposes, but just how we acquired it is not made clear in the records.

At Yokohama a large plot of ground is leased in perpetuity by the Japanese government, but Congress declining to appropriate funds, the necessary offices were built by a former consul-general at the post, and the title has passed to each of his successors in turn. Therefore, if you are made consul-general to Yokohama, you buy your consulate and rent it to your home government for \$600 per annum. Thus in thirty-five years something like \$20,000 has been expended for the rental of a building which probably could have been originally constructed for less than \$10,000, with the title owned by the government instead of a private individual.

The Tahiti property is remote, and one might say far removed from the international limelight, but nevertheless it is the gem of the collection. The land was originally granted to us by a dusky native queen, who gave it, and then, womanlike, took it away again, only to change her mind and give it back once more. Here was the old situation of land but no money for buildings, so, as usual in such cases, the long-suffering consul came to the rescue and put up a consulate at his own expense. One retiring official carried away the title to the building, without making a deal with his successor, and when consul No. 1 sued for the rent of his office structure, consul No. 2 sued for the rent of the ground on which it stood. The judge in the case was wise, and awarded judgment to both plaintiffs, and ordered that consul No. 2 purchase the building within thirty days, for 1500 francs. This was done, and for thirty years the unfortunate official (or possibly his heirs) has been

unable to collect from his government this odd \$200 agreed for its alleged property.

In fact the acquisition of embassy, legation, and consulate property is its own justification. It removes the hateful restriction of "having the price" as an imperative qualification for an ambassadorship, and places every office in the gift of the nation with reach of the man of ability. It increases the dignity and importance of our representatives and augments their efficiency, because a fixed abode obviates the necessity of house-hunting and the constant moving about of official records. The actual money saving is almost too obvious to dwell upon, and a government which spends something over \$200,000,000 annually to keep the nation in a war footing should promptly vote the small appropriation required, seeing that the United States spends less than \$1,000,000 annually to maintain preferential relations.

Consular residences are imperatively needed in the Orient, where conditions are such that it is impossible to rent suitable quarters. American producers, seeking the vast markets of the Far East, should gather enlightenment from the magnificent office structures erected in the great Oriental trade centers by Germany, England, and France, and should unite in a movement to have the American representatives on some sort of an equal footing with these competing powers.

The old regime of two or three consular clerks at a post like Canton, when Germany finds the need of fifty, or of ten clerks at Hongkong, when England requires forty-five, is archaic and should pass to the administrative dust-heap. The foreign service, since its establishment, has borne on its rolls the names of many of our most brilliant and able men, and its possibilities in that direction should be carefully fostered. All too frequently Congressional parsimony and indifference have brought about a condition of things which proved a source of amused bewilderment to the foreigner, and of helpless mortification to the travelling American.

THE ACTIVITY IN DIPLOMACY



THE HUMAN DIPLOMACY IN BIRD, SKETCHED IN BROWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH, IS TO BE PRESENTED BY MR. MORRIS R. JOYNT TO THE SEVENTEENTH MEETING OF THE FRANKFURT ON THE MAIN EXHIBITION, WHICH IS SAID TO BE GREATLY IN NEED OF ART. MR. JOYNT HAS ALREADY PRESENTED FRANKFURT DIPLOMACY TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE REPUBLIC OF FRANCE. THE SPECIMEN WHITE WILL ABOVE THE FRANKFURT QUINCE M WAS DISCOVERED IN BIRK FARM QUARRY, WYOMING, WHERE MANY SIMILAR FRONTS OF THE JURASSIC PERIOD HAVE COME TO LIGHT. THE SKELERON IS SIXTY FEET LONG, THIRTEEN FEET HIGH, AND EIGHT MILLION YEARS OLD.



The Gathering of Moyer-Haywood Sympathizers outside of the Grand Central Palace



The Overflow Meeting held at the Corner of Lexington Avenue and Forty-third Street

THE MOYER-HAYWOOD DEMONSTRATION IN NEW YORK

WORKING MEN AND WOMEN TO THE NUMBER OF 20,000 MARCHED THROUGH THE STREETS OF NEW YORK ON A RECENT NIGHT, AND ASSEMBLED AFTERWARD IN A MEETING AT THE GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, TO DEMONSTRATE THEIR SYMPATHY WITH MOYER HAYWOOD, AND PETITIONED THE OFFICERS OF THE WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS WHO ARE ON TRIAL AT BOISE CITY, IDAHO, FOR THE MURDER OF GOVERNOR STEVENSON. THE DEMONSTRATION WAS OCCASIONED BY THE RECENT ATTITUDE OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, IN WHICH HE CLASSED THE ACCUSED MEN AMONG HIS COMPREHENSIVE LIST OF "UNDESIRABLE CITIZENS."

THE CRISIS IN ENGLISH LIBERALISM

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

London, April 25, 1907.

THE title of this article is not meant to be sensational, but severely matter of fact. There is a crisis in English Liberalism. Indeed, there are two crises. One, and perhaps the more momentous of the two, is concerned with the present and future relations of Liberals with the party of labor and socialism. The other, which, though less important, is more immediate and more definite, is summed up in the question of the House of Lords. The present government has to deliver an attack on the greatest stronghold of privilege, while it is itself harassed in the rear by allies who partake a good deal of the nature of guerrillas; and the play and interplay of these two forces are shaping a situation that only the deft handling can save from disaster. On the one hand there is the necessity of removing or at least attenuating the overwhelming obstacle that blocks the path of serious reform. On the other there is the not less imperative necessity of reconciling or, at any rate, of reconciling the Labor group and the unpledged forces behind it. To attack the House of Lords is to raise up a formidable array of vested interests. To prosecute a policy which the Radical extremists can be persuaded to support is to run the risk of making every property-owner a foe; and, as Lord Rosebery recently reminded the government, it is the suspicion of hostility to property that sooner or later has overthrown every Liberal ministry of the last forty years. Here, then, is a dilemma which will fix all the destinies and resolutions of "the strongest government of modern times."

What, under these circumstances, should be the tactics of the ministry? Clearly, I think, the ministry should so arrange its programme as to build up the strongest possible case against the House of Lords and then dissolve. That is to say, its tactics ought to be governed with a constant eye to the overwhelming issue which must before long—possibly before another two years are over—be submitted to the electorate. The House of Lords has year after year one of the government's principal bills, and the government has so far found no effective way of reversing its action. If the process is repeated throughout the present session, if measures are passed by the Commons only to be mutilated or destroyed by the Lords, and if the government again "takes it lying down," then the Upper Chamber holds the balance of the Constitution, the government is convicted of ineffectiveness, and the ancient democratic Constitution of this country is for the time in jeopardy. The highest sort of parliamentary generalship will be needed if the battle with the Lords is to be joined on grounds of the government's own choosing, and under conditions reasonably favorable to its success.

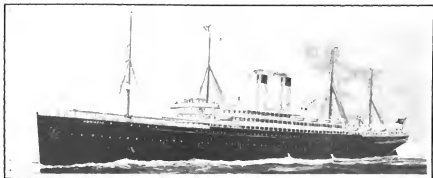
I am not quite sure whether the Liberals have it in them to rise to the height of the occasion. As a party, discipline has never been their strong point. They are still, as they have been for half a century, a congeries of enthusiastic and somewhat ill-regulated groups rather than a united and harmonious confederation. Each section has its own pet measure, which it thinks of presenting independently, and which it is but too apt to press, with only a slight regard for the general interests of the party. And just now all sections are filled with the utmost remaining vigor. They have come back to power after nearly twenty years in opposition, with a legitimate mandate to power free trade, with a positive mandate to effect certain far-reaching changes in the social structure of the country. They are impatient to get to work and "do things." It is difficult to get them to listen to counsel of patience and prevision. They fling themselves upon the government, saying it to take up now this bill and now that, regardless of how such a policy will react upon the special problem of accumulating a case against the Lords. For it is clear that if the government's principal measures are brought forward now and rejected by the Lords, the country will have got over its indignation by the end of a couple of years, and a dissolution in 1908 might possibly find the government without the popular backing that could alone effect so great a change in the Constitution as is implied in a curtailment of the prerogatives of the Upper House. That, at any rate, is the danger ahead, and only a skillful selection of the measures that are to be placed in the front lines of attack, only a genuine spirit of sacrifice and restraint among the various sections of the Liberal party, can avert it.

There are, for instance, at the present moment three bills of great clear importance to the public mind. One is the Irish Devolution bill; another is the bill for extending small holdings in Scotland; and the third is the bill for extending small holdings in Scotland and for establishing a land court, with compulsory powers to buy land and to divide it; the third is the bill, not yet introduced, for dealing radically and comprehensively with the English land system. Now, nobody expects that the Lords will pass these bills. The probabilities are that all of these will be rejected outright. If a single one of them escapes it will only be with such modifications as will have wholly destroyed its efficiency. Then, again, the temperance reformers are clamorous for a bill stringently attending the licensing act, and the Lords are extremely unlikely to agree to any such proposal. Here, then, are lost measures of the first order which are practically

doomed from the moment of their birth. Is the government to dissolve directly the Lords have consensated or rejected them? Is it to continue in office as though nothing in particular had happened? Or is it to enter the final stages of these bills and let it be prepared to make their mutilation by the Lords a *minus* bill? Policy, in my judgment, prescribes the last of the general three courses as the best. The dissolution, in other words, I think, to be deferred long enough to give the government a first, to introduce at least two Radical budgets; secondly, to educate the country on the manifold and definite issues involved in the House of Lords question; and, thirdly, to arrange matters so that when the appeal to the electorate is taken, the decisive actions of the Lords shall be both fresh and clear in the public mind. It will not do for the government to ask a moral of popular confidence simply on the strength of what it has laid to accomplish, even though the failure is due to no lack of it. It must have some positive achievements to show. It has already passed several valuable measures, such as the Irish Disputes bill. It is engaged at this moment on the most thoughtful and thorough scheme of army reorganization that has ever been presented to Parliament. It is determined, and, as many bills lie wholly within its control, the Upper Chamber must be also able, to recognize the national finances and to reject taxation along what I may call Roosevelt lines. And there are many other smaller and less contentious measures of great public utility which, as they do not touch the land or election or the Church, the House of Lords may reasonably be expected to pass. Then, therefore, it is needed to enable the government to convince the nation that, given a fair chance, it can act and act usefully.

Time, also, is needed, as I have said, to educate the country on the main issue. The House of Lords question is a question that is not to be settled by whirling dervishes. It goes down to the very roots not only of the Constitution, but of the social fabric of the country; and clear and sober thought is the first requisite for dealing with it. The government is understood to have agreed upon its line of action. It does not intend to put forward any proposals for changing the Upper Chamber more democratic or more representative, or for interfering in any way with its internal composition. It confines itself to the problem of readjusting the relations between the House of Lords as it is and the House of Commons as it is, and of protecting them in such a way that the national welfare shall not be helplessly thwarted. How it proposes to solve this problem I do not know. There are many ways in which it might be solved, but there is no way in which it can be solved without a profound constitutional change. The government has not yet professed to put. Some assert that by the practice of the Constitution it must produce its plan without immediately disclosing upon it. But that is on the assumption that the government's proposals will be embodied in the form of a bill. I think it more likely, and certainly better tactics, that they should take shape rather in the form of a series of resolutions. These resolutions would provide a tangible basis for discussion, and would at once concentrate the public mind, now somewhat hazy and scattered, upon a definite project. That would in itself be an immense gain. At the same time, the government has in reserve powers which it can at any moment wield with effect. The House of Commons, so long as it retains the sole jurisdiction over the kinds of taxes that are to be raised, and over their allocation and expenditure, has always on hand a weapon of enormous potency.

But ultimately the issue will have to be squarely joined, and the question of questions for the government will be put. Some say that even before that comes, the issue is settled. Mr. Asquith will have introduced his budget, and his reputation is that it will be a popular and a radical one. A new house there will be another budget, and it will give well to the will be a genuine measure of democratic finance, and may even lay the foundation for a scheme of old-age pensions. These budgets, and the various minor measures of social reform that have been and that in all probability will be passed, should enable the government to appeal to the country with a certain effect. But something more will be needed than that. The Lords have rejected the government's education bill. There are almost certain to reject its Irish bill and its Scotch and English land bills. Which of these measures can be relied upon to move the people to the most resolute campaign against the Upper Chamber? Which should the House of Lords question be regarded as the most important? I do not think there is much difference in answering that query. The problem of the land is now recognized as the greatest social problem confronting the English people. It is not too much to say that reform on any large scale in England is impossible until the land is reformed from feudalism, ceasing to be the monopoly of the absentee-rich, and becoming more and more the property of the people. We are rapidly approaching what will prove to be nothing less than an agrarian revolution, and the spirit behind it will furnish the government an nothing else can with the requisite strength for a broad and final settlement of the issue of Lords problem.



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WEEKLY



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ROUND THE CLOCK WITH THE CONSUL

WHAT IT MEANS TO UPHOLD OUR PRESTIGE AT THE EARTH'S ENDS

BY "ONE OF THEM"

WHILE I was roasting on the rocks of Aden—a Prometheus bound (at \$1500) to be pecked at by stinky American eagles—I had time to think. And I concluded we consuls were just modern marionettes trying to lubricate the great machine of commerce—and mostly getting ground under the wheels for our pains.

Yes, sir, the service, it seems to me, is a microcosm of this baffling world. One is taken and the other "goes left"—in a strictly non-Biblical sense. What I mean is this: Smith will get Cairo, and the magic cunk of "agent," which means Khedival balls and a grand time; for he's tagged on to the fringe of diplomacy. And to poor Brown's lot will fall a lurid hole like Cabo Gineiras & Dios, where the poor chap can't raise a glass to his lips without having it shattered by a rifle-shot from the latest revolution.

Don't argue with me; I've had too much of it. I've tackled Zanzibar and the Arab slave-traffic; was nearly gashed by the Boers at Thurno-fu; kicked my heels idly among impudent Siamese in Bangkok; got heart-sick and lonely in the Society Islands; and bought good American citizens from Albanian brigands in Patras. You see, I had to pay up, for in the second letter they said they'd send an ear by the next courier!

And I was scared all right. I'd seen the flow after Odessa Jews, Kurds chasing Armenians in Kharpert, Arabs after everybody professing Christianity. They all mean business, take my word for it. A lively life, friend, my home may be under the date-palms of a Moorish oasis or half buried by Siberian snows. My daily work may be done in Chinese ideographs, or the Amharic script of jessous Abyssinia. I am postured by ships, their maulers and hands; by tourists and explorers, by men with an axe to grind—or one in their hands, literal or metaphorical. I've had both—the latter in Dar-el-Bahda. He was a slave I'd freed. But that's a long yarn of ingratitude that I'll always bound me.

I'm pulled away from a statistical report or golden advice to American trade to christen a kid, try a bunch of promise case, or a claim about cattle. The same one calls on me to argue with both sides in a budding revolution, that I know may pit my walls with holes and bedraggled Old Glory over the door. It's not a lot of use trying to be dignified. If I can uphold America out here and keep a whole skin, I'm lucky.

"John," says a stern country, "your duties are many and onerous. Protect American merchants and American commerce. Report on new openings and chances for American brains and industry. Settle disputes, redress grievances, relieve the shipwrecked and send them home, John. Recover and save all you can out of wrecks (see wrecks, *discatendul*). Keep a register of American subjects. In short, wave the flag and keep our privilege high—on the pay of a dry-goods clerk. Study and learn; learn languages like Chinese, and expect promotion—say, from Port au Prince to Bogota." I tell you I often wish I was a pet parrot in a decent family at home.

I rise early; it may be the mosquitoes or an earthquake. Anyway, I rise early, take a bath, threaten to shoot the servant (they need this), and breakfast gently, chiefly on stale fruit. And you fellows complain about the servant problem! How about your best boy collared by a leopard, or bitten by a bandytail? How about otherwise decent chaps shot dead in your doorway for political spies, or going off in a jag with your only bottle of whiskey and doing a devil-dance on the table in your show uniform?

Trouble begins at the office. My chief receives a letter of complaint that has travelled by devious ways from Washington. The man says I'm too high-toned for my job. What can I do? The next I will marvel that a mighty nation should entrust even its meanest affairs to such a ruffian. I am accused of cupidity and stupidity, obtuseness and diffuseness.

Turning to my domestic correspondence, I find a claim for local taxes. Of course a consulate pays none, so I reply gravely, magnificent in phrase, saying nothing. The skipper of a bark in the bay asks for details of honors and lights, holding grounds and port anchorage. Another man's hands have mutilated, and he wants 'em all locked up in the consulate. Well, the consulate isn't

worth much, but I prize my old deck and decline. Then comes the sailors' story. Skipper, say they, has wholly starved and boiled and half murdered them on the high seas. Can be shot or hanged on this convenient territory!

I hark out of this. You see, at 11:30 there's a wedding, and I must be in the office, grave as an owl, to read the service. Pretty figure I'd cut if young Jenkins and his bride (awful nice figure—she's from Detroit) beheld the office wrecked by errand sailors. Of course they'd say I'd been drinking, sure, and fought imaginary



Bought good American citizens from Albanian brigands

foes in my country's behalf. They'll live here, of course. He exports gasoline, and her father rose leaves, gums, and spices. Beauty and the Beast every way you look at it. If they have a child I'll have to register it quick as an American citizen, otherwise it might as well die.

To every soul on every American ship that sails into this port (previous few, thank the Lord!) I'm America, and made to feel it. The few come, the many write. "Sir," says one man on good stationery. "I manufacture leather goods wholesale. What chance have my products in your territory?"

Friend, you've less chance than a cockroach of a living here. If it were a nice line of Manners, now, with soft-soled cartridges, I could promise you a bumper season. But leather goods! Man, your mission is as futile as Paquin frocks in Lebanon. . . . It's! . . . And I see he wants me to turn his rainbow into Ashlar, payment according to goods sold in my territory. Next, please.

Here is a collector—collects butterflies and orchids for a New Jersey importing-house. Has *Odonatoglossum spicatum* or *Euprepodion caudatum* been perceived in my locality? And if so, in what quantities? Are the natives peaceable and willing to work at fair wages? Is camel hire cheap, and could I arrange for a drying-house?

A request for samples of my stamps (at my expense); a pathetic query about a sailorman, last heard of in (allegation) and believed to have sailed for Eastern ports in a "coffin ship" of great age; a request from a newspaper editor for "a selection of sharp prints of the city, with its walls and environs, suitable for reproduction. Full captions to be placed at back. Trouble expected in your town."

Now, I've waited for it too—for years. The trouble, I mean. Not a mere trivial fight outside our red-mud walls, but a regular bad lot.

More letters. Private yacht expected. Is there a non-remissible house in the whole city that can be hired for a party of six for three or four days? Will pay a decent price. Can I arrange the catering? No oil with the cooking, as the owner's wife can't abide it. Plenty of prickly-pear—believe it's now in season.

And listen to this:

"Dear Mr. Consul—My son is of a roving disposition, and leans toward the East. I don't know where he got it, not from his father, a dry-goods-man in Paris (Tevan). Can I apprentice him to you for two years? The pay is regular, and government and he could shift from place to place, getting nearer and nearer home. I enclose three stamps, hoping for a favorable reply."

I reply, but not favorably. The fondest mother would turn shuddering from the "trade" of consul when she read my letter. Her darling should be hangman first; it was occupation for a pariah; its duties of a kind that bequeathed me the strongest; that led to language varied, indeed—even twisted and heated as Versavian lava.

I still have those three green stamps.

And yet more letters. I am asked to send samples of bulls and gun engravings; of sandal-wood and rosea fibers; of the cloth and ornaments worn by women; of the country's peas; of pigments and beads; of minerals from coal to gold; of medicinal herbs for doctors and quacks; of horse-trappings and bridles and saddle-cloths;



Drawn by F. Stockman

I rise early; it may be the mosquitoes or an earthquake



Drawn by F. Stockman

To dream that a grateful President . . . pressed my hand

of coffee and wood [with quotations] and paper and bark; dates and palm oil, with argan oil and olive oil, skins, and perfumes.

I reply to all. I try to know everything or appear to. Each takes it for granted I've been raised to his trade, and he pelts me with technicals till I'm sore.

Even women are at me about native dopes for eyes and hair and skin. I tell them of henna and kohl and strange carnis used by dark-eyed beauties (let the word stand); and next mail brings me an order for pounds of the stuff. Any one of our eighty millions, you understand, can get at me, complain about me, worry me, bully me, seek my aid by letter or visitation. Thank Heaven, the telegraph is unknown as the railroad in this savage land.

Already I see I have sympathy. Yet the worst is to come. I mean the handful of Americans right here within these crumbling mud walls that have beaten back the wild surges for a thousand years.

You'd think, wouldn't you, those people would live in amity—a few white families cast among a savage horde? Why, friends, there is proportionately more hatred and uncharitableness in our little colony—more jealousy and heart-burning and scandal—than in all New York! First. An imported hat (fashion three years old) may indirectly lead to a "case" at the consulate; maybe assault; maybe slander; maybe a duel.

Think of playing tennis with a chap at 10, and judging him with all the penalties of the law at 2.30!

A comes here, red and incoherent. B, he says, has spread a report among the German and British families that he—A—has been smuggling Winchester at night along the Waterport wall. As he raves, Mrs. A. forms a dreadful background. Her nose is red; fire is in her eye. She huffs in, and shows clearly that Mrs. B. is at the root of all things evil in our little world. A bids her shut up. She is rude to him. I adjust my glasses and clear my throat meekly. Then I make a few notes and clear the office.

Enter B, suppressed fury in his very gaze. A, says he, is doing an iniquitous traffic in selling American "protection" to rich natives wishing to thwart their precious practical government. While I'm trying to get things clear, in ramps C. "I've been doing a bit of farmin' out at Ain-el-Hajar with Haddi Mokhtar," he says, "and now all my blossomin' goats have been raided. Say, would you mind drawing up a claim for me against the Pasha? And lay it on thick, old fellow, so I make a bit. See?"

Fellows like that you simply can't awe. "What's the use of havin' a counsel (why do people call me a counsel?)", he will say, "if he can't or won't protect his own people?" Now "protect," according to C, means just fat profits.

I elude the consulate at four and emerge with the mosquitoes into the great square of the city. Afoot the streets are clapping and howling in monstrous notes; the shrill mooncaddis wails in the green-tiled minaret; the vast green swell pulls and shimmers in the blinding light. I'm filled with a kind of holy calm till D's raucous voice asks "If the ditch is dug yet, and is Roosevelt still at the White House?" "Have I no news, anyhow?" "What's the use of a consul from whom things official are persistently hid?"

You see, even these people are ever at me. They seem to fancy some subtle occult exists between me and Washington; that Affairs of State are sent wireless and hot for the "American Colony." That their raised finger will bring the towering New Hampshire or Connecticut under the crepe-mailed wings of Oriental bolts with

(Continued on page 735.)

MAM' LINDA

BY WILL N. HARBEN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. B. MASTERS

CHAPTER I

IN the rear of the long store, at a round table under a hanging lamp with a tin shade, four young men sat playing poker. The floor of that portion of the room was raised several feet higher than that of the front, and between the two short flights of steps was the inclining door leading to the cellar, which was damp and dark and used only for the storage of salt, syrup, sugar, hardware, and general rubbish.

Near the front door the storekeeper, James Blackburn, a portly bearded man of forty-five, sat chatting with Carson Dwight, a young lawyer of the town. A man of medium stature, with a massive head crowned by a shock of reddish hair, a smooth-shaven, freckled face and small feet and hands, stood in the doorway. He wore a long black frock-coat, a waistcoat of the same material, and baggy gray trousers. The exposed portion of his shirt-front and the lapels of his coat were stained by tobacco juice.

"I've been up to the doc. over to the clinic, and the Lord only knows where else looking for him," he said to Carson, his low partner, as he advanced and stretched his short arms out over the show-case on the counter behind him.

"Work, eh?" Carson smiled.

"No; since when have you ever done a lick after dark?" he said, dryly. "I've come to give you a piece of advice, and I'm glad Blackburn is here to join me. The trouble is, Dan Willis is in town, half full, and evidently loaded for bear. He's down at the wagon-way with a gang of mountaineers. Some meddling press, no doubt your beautiful political opponent, Wiggin, has told him what you said about the part he took in the mob that raided negro-town and whipped the law some."

"Well, he doesn't deny it, does he?" Dwight asked, his eyes flashing.

"I don't know whether he does or not," said Garner. "But I know he's the most dangerous man in the county, and when he is here he will back up anything. I thought I'd tell you that if I were you I'd avoid him."

"Avoid him? You mean to tell me," Dwight stood up in his anger, "that I, a free-born American citizen, must sneak around in my own home to avoid a man that puts on a white mask and short and with fifty others like himself struts into this town and thrashes the life out of a lot of weak-minded negroes? Most of them were good-for-nothing, lazy scamps, but there was one in the bunch that I know was harmless. Oh, I got mad about it and I talked plainly, I assure that, but I couldn't help it."

"You could have helped it," Garner said, testily, "and you ought to have protected your own interests better than to give Wiggin such a strong pull over you. If you are elected it will be by the votes of those men and their kin and friends. We may be able to muzzle it all over, but if you have a row with Dan Willis to-night, the cause of it will spread like wild-fire and turn votes in wads and bunches. Good God, man, the idea of giving Wiggin a torch like that to wave in their faces—you a town man standing up for the so-called black criminal brutes! I say that's the way Wiggin and Dan Willis would interpret your platform."

"I can't help it," Dwight said, more calmly, and his voice shook with suppressed feeling as he went on. "If I lose all I hope for politically, and this seems like the best chance I'll ever have to get in the Legislature, I'll stand by my convictions. We must have law and order among ourselves if we expect to knock it to the lowest among us. I was mad that night. You know that I love the South. Its blood is my blood. Three of my mother's brothers and two of my father's died fighting for the Lost Cause, and my father was under fire from the beginning of it to the end. In fact, it is my love for the South and all that is good and decent in it that made my blood boil the night that mob came to town. I saw a part of it you didn't see."

"It was a warm moonlight night, and I was sitting at the window of my room at home looking out over Major Warner's yard when the first screams and shouts came from the negro quarter. I suspected what it was, for I'd heard of the threats the mountaineers had made against the colored people, but I wasn't prepared for what I actually saw. The cottage of old Uncle Lewis and Aunt Linda is just behind the Major's house and in plain view of my window. I saw the old pair come to the door and run out into the yard, and then I heard Linda's voice. 'It's my child!' she screamed. 'They are killing him!' Uncle Lewis tried to quiet her, but she stood there wringing her hands and sobbing and praying. The Major raised the window of his room and looked out, and I heard him ask what was wrong. Uncle Lewis tried to explain, but his voice could not be heard above his wife's cries. A few minutes later Pete came running down the street. They had hit him too. His clothes were torn to strips and his back was livid with great welches. He had a narrow escape, but I perceive that he keeled over in a fit. The Major came down, and he and I bent over the boy and finally restored him to consciousness. Major

Warren was the maddest man I ever saw, and a mob as hundred strong couldn't have touched the negro and left him alive."

"I know that was all bad enough," Garner admitted, "but antagonizing those men now won't better the matter and may do you more political damage than you'll get over in a lifetime. You can't be a politician and a preacher both; they don't go together. You can't dispute that the negro quarter of this town was a disgrace to a civilized community before the whitecaps raided it. Look at it now. There never was such a change. It is as quiet as a Philadelphia graveyard."

"It's the way they went about it that made me mad," Carson Dwight retorted. "Besides, I know that boy. He is as harmless as a kitten, and he only hung around those dives because he loved to sing and dance with the rest. I do get mad; I'm mad yet. My people never hated their slaves when they were in bondage; why should I stand by and see them beaten now by people who never owned negroes and never cared for or understood them? Before the war a white man would stand up and protect his slaves; why shouldn't he take up for at least the best of the negroes now?"

"That's it," Blackburn spoke up, admiringly. "You are a chip off the old block Carson. Your daddy would have shot any man who tried to whip one of his negroes. You can't help the way you feel, but I agree with Bill here; you can't get the support of mountain people if you don't at least pretend to see things their way."

"Well, I can't see this thing their way," said Carson, "and I'm not going to try. When I saw that old black man and woman out in the moonlight with their very heart-strings torn and bleeding, and remembered that they had been kind to my mother when she was at the point of death—bitting by her bedside all night long as patiently as blocks of stone, and shedding tears of joy at the break of day when the doctor said the crisis had passed—when I think of that and admit that I stand by with folded hands and remember that I should have tried to be a human to blood-bots with utter shame. It has burnt a great lesson into my brain, and that is that we have got to have law and order among ourselves. That's one thing I want to go to the Legislature for."

"I understand Pete would have got off much easier if he hadn't fought them like a tiger," said Blackburn. "They say—"

"And why shouldn't he have fought?" Carson asked, quickly. "The rarer the brute creation a man is, the more he'll fight. A tame dog will fight if you drive him in a corner and strike him hard enough."

"Well, you hustled up our game," Keith Gordon said, leaving the table in the rear and coming forward, accompanied by another young man, Wade Tingle, the editor of the *Reddick*. "Wade and I think agree, Carson, that you've got to stay out of Dan Willis's way. We are backing you, tooth and tongue, in the campaign, but you'll tie our hands if you antagonize the mountain element. Wiggin knows that, and he is working it for all it's worth."

"That's right, old man," the editor joined in, earnestly. "I may as well be plain now. I'm making a big issue out of my support of you, but if you make the country people and they will stop taking the paper. I can't live without their patronage, and simply can't back you if you don't stick to me."

"I wasn't raising a row," the candidate said. "But Garner came to me just now advising me to avoid the dirty scoundrel. I won't dodge a man who is going about threatening what he will do when he meets me face to face. I want your support, but I can't buy it that way."

"Well," Garner said, grimly, more to the others than to his partner, "there will be a row right here inside of ten minutes. I see that now. Willis has heard certain things Carson has said about the part he took in that raid, and he is looking for trouble. Carson isn't in the mood to take back anything, and a fool can see how it will end."

CHAPTER II

Kerra Gordon and Tingle motioned to Garner, and the three stepped out on the sidewalk, leaving Blackburn and the candidate together. The street was quite deserted. Only a few of the ramshackle street-lights were burning. Though the night was cloudy, the location of the stores, the barber shop, and post-office being indicated by the oblong patches of light on the uneven brick pavement.

"You'll never be able to move him," Keith Gordon said, stroking his blood-mustache nervously. "The truth is he's terribly worked up over it. Between us three, Carson never loved but one woman in his life, and she's Helen Warner. Aunt Linda is her old mammy. If Carson knows what she does home as soon as Pete's trouble it is going to hurt her awfully. Helen has a good, kind heart, and she loves Linda as if they were of the same

feet and blood. If Carson meets Dan Willis to-night he'll kill her or get killed. Say, boys, he's too fine a fellow for that sort of thing right on the eve of his election. What the devil can we do?"

"Oh, there's a woman at the bottom of it," the lawyer said, cynically. "I'm not surprised at the way he's acting now, but I thought that case was over with. Why, I heard she was engaged to a man down where she's visiting."

"She probably is," Gordon admitted, "but Carson is ready to fight her battles. I honestly think she turned him down when he was ruling as high with her brother a year ago, but that didn't alter his feelings towards her."

Garnier sighed as he thrust his hand deep into his breast pocket for his plug of tobacco and began to twist off the corner of it. "The most maddening thing on earth," he said, "is to have a close friend who is a damned fool. I'm getting tired of this thing. Old Dwight is out of all patience with Carson for the reckless way he has been living, but the old man is really carried away with pride over his political chances. It was the old man's ambition in his early life, and he likes to see his son go in for it. He was powerfully tickled the other day when I told him Carson was going in on the biggest wave of popularity that ever bore a human chip to shore, but he will run a blue streak when the returns come in, for I tell you, boys, if Carson has a row with Dan Willis to-night, it will knock him higher than a kite."

"Do you know whether Carson has anything to shoot with?" Tingle asked, thoughtfully.

"Oh yes; I saw the bulge of it under his coat just now," Garnier answered, still angrily, "and if they come together it will be raising lead for a while."

"I was just thinking about his mother," Keith Gordon remarked. "My sister told me the other day that Mrs. Dwight was in such a low condition that any sudden shock would be apt to kill her. A thing like this would be a terrible thing—that is, if there is really any shooting. Don't you suppose if we were to shoot Carson that side of it he might agree to go home?"

"No; you don't know him like I do," Garnier said, firmly.

"It would only make him madder. The more reasons we give for him avoiding Willis, the more stubborn he is. I guess we'll have to let him sit there."

Just then a tall countryman, under a broad-brimmed saddle hat, wearing a cotton checked shirt and jean trousers, passed through the light of the entrance to the hotel near by, and slouched through the intervening darkness towards them.

"It's Pole Baker," said Keith. "He's a staunch supporter of Carson's. Say, hold on, Pole!"

"Hold on yourself. What's up?" the countryman asked, with a laugh. "Plottin' agin the whites?"

"We want to ask you if you've seen Dan Willis to-night," Garnier questioned.

"Have I?" Baker insisted. "That's exactly why I'm lookin' for you town boys, grand old 'goin' on out home where I belong. I'm as sober as an empty keg, but I got the credit of bein' in the calashose every time I don't answer the old lady's roll-call at bedtime. Yes, Willis is loaded for bear, and he's got some bad news with him down at the wagon-yard. Wiggin has filled 'em up with a lot of stuff about what Carson said about the white-cap raid 'tother night. I thought I'd sooner put you fellers on, so you could keep our men out of the way till their liquor wears off. Besides, I'm here to tell you, Pole Baker, that a steady crew Wiggin's set about in the mountains. He says a regular gang has been organized here in town to take up the coons agin the pore whites in the country. We might crush that out in time, you know, but we'd never kill it if that's a sight over to to-night."

"That's the trouble," the others said in a breath.

"Wait one minute—you stay right here," Baker said, and he

went and stood in front of the store door and looked in for a moment, then he came back. "I thought maybe he'd let us all talk sense to 'im, but you couldn't put reason into a man like that any easier than you could dip up melted butter with a hot awl. I can't see any chance unless you fellers will leave it to me."

"Leave it to you?" Garnier exclaimed. "What could you do?"

"I don't know whether I could do a blessed thing or not, boys, but the darn thing is so obnoxious that I'm willin' to try. You see, I never talk my politics—if I do, I talk it on 'tother side to see what I kin pick up to advantage. The truth is, I think them shakers consider me a Wiggin man, and I'd like to give a shake at 'em an' try to git 'em to leave town. Johnson is the leader of 'em, and he never gets too drunk to have some natural caution."

"It certainly couldn't do any harm for you to try, Pole," said Tingle.

"Well, I'll go down to the wagon-yard and see if they are still hanging about."

As he approached the open space in question, which was about one hundred yards square, surrounded by a high fence, at the lower end of the main street, Pole stood in the broad gateway and glanced at the numerous camp-fires which glowed out from the darkness. He finally descried a group of men around a fire near two white-headed wagons, the wheels of which were haltered two pairs of horses. As Pole advanced towards them, paying cheerful greetings to various men and women around the different fires, he recognized Dan Willis, Abe Johnson, and several others.

A quiet whiskey-drunk, nearly empty flask on the ground in the light of the fire round which the men were seated. As he approached they all looked up. It seemed to suggest a moment on the part of Dan Willis, a tall man of thirty-five or thirty-six years of age, who wore long matted hair and had bushy eyebrows and a crow's-foot under each eye, taking up the flask, he rose and dropped it into his coat pocket, and spoke to the two men, who sat on either side of Abe Johnson.

"Come on," he growled. "I want to talk to you. I don't care whether you come or not, Abe!"

"Well, I'm out of it," replied Abe Johnson. "I've talked to you till I'm sick. You are too darned fond to have any sense."

"Well, it's just this, Abe," Pole leaned back till his feet rose from the ground, and he twisted his neck as his eyes followed the three men who, with their heads close together, had moved a little farther away. "Maybe you don't know it, Abe, but I need to be in the government revenue service, and in any way and another, that's neither here nor there, I drop on to underground information, an' I want to give you a tip. I want to start you in business. You'd admit, I reckon, that if them two men meet that will be apt to be bloodshed."



Drawn by J. E. M.

"Why, it's this here devilment that's brewin' betwixt Dan and Carson Dwight!"

Willis and the two men walked off together and stood behind one of the wagons. Their voices, muffled by the effects of whiskey, came back to the ears of the remaining two.

"Goin' out home to-night, Abe?" Baker asked.

"I want to, but I don't want to leave that damned fool here in the condition he's in. He'll either commit murder or git his own head shot off."

"That's exactly what I was thinkin' about," said Pole, sitting down on the ground carelessly and dragging his knees up in the embrace of his strong arms. "Look here, Abe, I'm here to tell you I sooner hate to see an unsuspecting neighbor like you walk into serious trouble, great big trouble, Abe—trouble of the sort that would make a man's wife an' children lie awake many a night."

"What the hell you mean?" Johnson asked, twisting up his ears.

"Why, it's this here devilment that's brewin' betwixt Dan an' Carson Dwight."

"Well, what's that to me?" Johnson asked.

"Well, it's just this, Abe," Pole leaned back till his feet rose from the ground, and he twisted his neck as his eyes followed the three men who, with their heads close together, had moved a little farther away. "Maybe you don't know it, Abe, but I need to be in the government revenue service, and in any way and another, that's neither here nor there, I drop on to underground information, an' I want to give you a tip. I want to start you in business. You'd admit, I reckon, that if them two men meet that will be apt to be bloodshed."

Johanson stared over the camp-fire sullenly. "If the feller hain't had the sense to git out o' town thar will be, an' p'haps 't' it," he said, with a dry chuckle.

"Well, thar's the difficulty," said Pole. "He hain't left town—an' what's worse than that his friends hain't been able to budge 'im from his seat in Blackburn's store, whar Dan couldn't miss 'im if he was blindfolded." He's heard threats, and he's as mad as a man as ever pulled hair."

"Well, what the devil—"

"Hold on, Abe. Now, I'll tell you whar you come in. My underground information is that the Grand Jury is hard at work to git the facts about that whitecap raid. The whole thing and same of leader and members of the gang has been kept close so far, but—"

"Well!" the half-defiant look in the face of Johanson gave way to one of growing alarm. "Well!" he repeated, but went no further.

"It's this way, Abe—Abe! I'm here as a friend, I reckon. You know, as well as I do, that if thar is blood shed to-night it will git into court, and a lot about the whitecap raid and matters even further back will see the light."

Pole's words had made a marked impression on the man to whom they had been so addressly directed. He frained forward nervously. "So you think—" and he hung fire again.

"Huh! I think you'd better git Dan Willis out o' this town, Abe, an' inside o' five minutes of you can do it."

Johanson drew a breath of evident relief. "I can do it, Pole, and I'll act by your advice," he said. "Thar's only one thing on earth that would terrify Dan towards home, but I happen to know what that is. He's billie's hot, but he ain't anxious to stir up the Grand Jury. I'll go see 'im now."

As Johanson moved away, Pole Baker rose and slouched off in the darkness in the direction of the straggling lights along the main street. At the gate he paused and waited, his eyes on the wagons and camp-fire he had just left. Suddenly he noticed something and chuckled. The horses passed between him and the fire—they were being led round in the hitched to the wagons. Pole chuckled again. "I'm not sech a dern fool as I do have fits," he said.

CHAPTER III

THE wide avenue which ran north and south and cut the town of Darkey into halves held the best and oldest residences. One side of the street caught the full rays of the morning sun, and the other, the standing red beams of the afternoon.

Henry Dwight, the wealthy sire of the young man with whom the foregoing chapters have principally dealt, lived in one of the moss and ivy green houses on the eastern side of the avenue. It was a red brick structure two and a half stories high, with a Colonial veranda, and had a square, white-windowed cupola as the apex of the sloating roof.

Henry Dwight was a grain and cotton merchant, a money-lender, and the president and chief stockholder of the Darkey Cotton Mills, whose great brick buildings and cottages for employees stood a mile or so to the west of the town. This morning, having written his daily letters, he was strolling in his grounds with a cigar. To any one who knew him well it would have been plain that his mind was disturbed.

Adjoining the Dwight homestead there was another ancestral home equally as spacious, and standing in quite as extensive grounds. It

was here that Major Warren lived, and it happened that he, too, was on his lawn just beyond the ramshackle intervening fence, the gate of which had fallen from its hinges and been taken away.

The Major was a short, slight old gentleman, quite a contrast to the John Bull type of his lanky, side-whiskered neighbor. He wore a dingy brown wig, and as he pattered about, raising a rose from the earth with his gold-headed ebony stick, or stooped to uproot an encroaching weed, his furtive glance was often levelled on old Dwight.

"I declare I might as well," he muttered, undecidedly. "What's the use making up your mind to a thing and letting it go for no sensible reason? He's taking a wrong view of it. I can tell that by the way he puffs at his cigar. Yes, I'll go."

The Major passed through the gateway and slowly drew near his preoccupied neighbor.

"Good morning, Henry," he said, as Dwight looked up. "If I'm any judge of your twists and turns you are not yet in a good humor."

"Good humor? no, sir, I'm not in a good humor. How could I be when that young scamp, the only heir to my name and effects—"

Dwight's spleen rose and choked out his words, and, red in the face, he stood panting in impatient rage.

"Well, it seems to me, while he's not my son," the Major began, "that you are—well, rather overbearing—I might say unforgiving. He's been sowing wild oats, but really, if I am any judge of young men, he is on a fair upward road—to do genuine manhood."

"Road to nothing," spluttered Dwight. "I gave him that big farm to see what he could do in its management. Never expected him to work a lick—just wanted to see if he could keep it on a paying basis; but that's an investment of dead capital. Then he took up the law. He did a little better at that along with Bill Garner to bran on. They he went into politics."

"And I heard you say myself, Henry," the Major ventured gently, "that you believed he was cut out for a future statesman."

"Yes, and like a blundered fool I hoped for it. I was so glad to see him really interested in it that I lay awake at night thinking of his success. I heard of his popularity on every hand. Men

came to me, and women too, telling me they loved him and were going to work for him against that jack-leg lawyer, Wiggin, and put him into office with a majority that would ring all over the State; and they meant it, I reckon; but what did he do? In his stubborn, bull-headed way he abused those mountain men who took the law in their hands for the public good, and turned them against him in droves, and all for a nigger—a lacy, trifling nigger boy, Warren—the son of your own slaves."

"Well, you see," Major Warren began, lamely, "Carson saw Pete the night he was whipped so severely and took pity on him. They played together when they were boys, as boys all over the South do, you know; and then, he saw Linda break down over it, and saw old Lewis crying for the first time in the old man's life. I was mad, Henry, myself, and you would have been if you had been there. I could have killed the men who did it, so I understand how Carson felt, and when he made the remark Wiggin is using to such deadly effect to his prospects, my heart warmed to the boy. If he doesn't succeed as a politician it will be because he is too genuine for a tricky career of that sort. His friends are trying to get him to make some statement that will reinstate him with the mountain

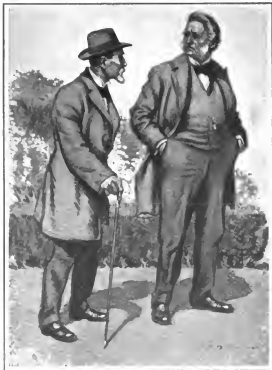


Illustration by W. H. Bennett

"Didn't the idiot wait in Blackburn's store for Dan Willis to come out and shoot the top of his head off?"

people who sympathized with the whitecaps, but he simply won't do it."

"Won't do it? I reckon not!" Dwight blurted out. "Didn't the fellow wait in Blacklock's store for that Willie to come and shoot the top of his head off? He sat there till past midnight, and wouldn't move an inch till actual proof had come that Willie had left town. Oh, I'm no fool. I know a thing or two. I've watched him and your daughter together. That's at the bottom of it. She sat down on him before she went off to Augusta, but her refusal didn't alter him. He knows Helen is daft about her old negro mammy, and in her absence he simply took her cause and is fighting mad about it—so mad that he is blind to his political ruin. That's what a man will do for a woman. They may she's about to become engaged down here. I hope she will, and that he will have pride enough when he hears of it to let another man do her fighting, and one with nothing to lose by it."

"She hasn't written me a thing about any engagement," the Major answered, with some animation; "but my sister highly approves of the match and writes that it is likely to happen. Mr. Sanders is a well-to-do, honorable man of good birth. She never seemed to get over her brother's tragic death. She loved poor Albert more than she ever did me or any one else."

"And I always thought that it was Carson's connection with your son in his disquieting mind that Helen smelt him. For all I know she may have thought Carson actually led Albert on and was partly the cause of his sad end."

"It may really be that way," the Major said, musingly. "They had now reached the porch in the rear of the house, and they went together into the great white hall. A colored maid, with a red turban like a turban round her head, was dusting the walnut railing of the stairs. Passing through the hall, the old gentleman went into the library, a great square room with many windows and tall, gilt-framed pier glass."

"Yes, it may be as your say," Dwight said, sharply; "and that is where, between you and Helen, I got mixed up. Why do you always take up for the scamp? It looks to me like you'd resent the way he's acted with your son after Albert's terrible end."

"There is a good deal more in the matter, Henry, than I ever told you about," the Major Warren's voice faltered against him, that is my secret trouble. I reckon if Helen was to discover the truth—all of it—she would never feel the same towards me. I think maybe I ought to tell you. It certainly will explain why I am so much interested in your boy."

They sat down, the owner of the house in a revolving chair at a long, carved mahogany table covered with books and papers, the visitor on a lounge near by.

"Well, it always has seemed odd to me," old Dwight said. "I couldn't exactly believe you wanted to bring him and Helen together, after your experience with that sort of man under your own roof."

"It is in this way," said the Major, awkwardly. "To begin with, I am sure, from all I've picked up, that it was not your son that was leading mine on to dissipation, but just the other way. Henry, I want to talk to you about it because it seems to me you are in the same position in regard to Carson that I was in regard to my poor boy, and I've prayed a thousand times for pardon for what I did in anger and haste. Henry, listen to me. If ever a man made a great mistake I did, and I'll bear the weight of it to my grave. You know how I worried about the way Albert was conducting himself. Time after time he made promises that he would turn over a new leaf, only to break them. Well, it was on the last trip—the fatal one to New York, where he had gone and thrown away so much money. I wrote him a severe letter, and in answer to it I got a polite one saying he was

sick and tired of the way he was doing, and begging me to try him once more and send him money to pay his way home. It was the same old promise, and I didn't have faith in him. I was cross, unfair, unjust, to my only son. I wrote and refused, telling him that I could not trust him any more. Well, inspired that letter, Henry—the devil whispered to me that I'd been indulgent to the poor boy's injury. Then came the news. When he was found dead in a small room on the top floor of that squalid hotel—dead by his own hand—my letter lay open beside him."

"Well, well, you couldn't help it," Dwight said good awkwardly, and he crossed his short, fat legs and reached for an open box of cigars. "You were trying to do your duty to the best of your ability."

"Yes, but my method, Henry, resulted in misery and grief to me and Helen that can never be cured. You see, it is because of that awful mistake that I take such an interest in Carson. I love him because Albert loved him, and because sometimes it seems to me that you go most too far in condemning him. Oh, he's different! Carson has changed wonderfully since Albert died. He doesn't drink to excess now, and Bill Garner says he has quit playing cards, having only one aim, and that to win this political race."

"Win the race?" Dwight snuffed. "He's already as dead as a salt mackerel—dead stiff and dark by his own bad-headed stupidity. I've always called down drinking and card playing, but I have known men to succeed in life who had such habits in moderation; but you nor I nor any one else ever saw a block-head succeed at anything. I tell you he'll never make a politician. Wiggin will beat the hind sight of him. Wiggin is simply making capital out of Carson's inability to control his temper and sympathies. Wiggin would have let that mob thrash his own father and mother rather than antagonize them and lose their votes. He knows Carson comes of fighting stock, and he will continue to egg him and others on, knowing that every row Carson has on that line will make a crowbar for him by the score."

When his visitor had gone, Dwight dropped his unfinished cigar and went slowly upstairs to his wife's room. At a wide window overlooking the flower-garden, on a couch, supported in a reclining position by several fluffy pillows, was Mrs. Dwight. She was, even in her past middle age, of an extremely delicate physique. Her hair was snowy white, her skin thin to transparency, her veins frail and blue.

"That was Major Warren, wasn't it?" she asked.

"Yes," Dwight answered, as he went to a little desk in one corner of the room and took a paper from a pigeon-hole and put it into his pocket.

"How did he happen to come over so early?"

"Because he wanted to, I reckon," Dwight started out, impatiently; and then a note of caution came into his voice as he remembered the warning of the family physician against causing the patient even the slightest worry.

"Somehow I fancied it was about Carson," Mrs. Dwight sighed. "I'm so worried about Carson's campaign that I imagine all sorts of trouble. I lay awake nearly all night thinking about one little thing. When he was in his room dressing the other day, I heard something fall to the floor. Hilks had taken him some hot water for shaving, and when she came back she told me he had dropped a revolver out of his pocket."

"You needn't let that bother you," Dwight said; "nearly all the young men carry them because they think it looks smart." "Well, my boy will never have any use for one," the invalid said. "He is not of a quarrelsome nature. It takes a good deal to make him angry, but when he gets so he is not easily controlled."

To be Continued.

THE SPOTS ON THE SUN

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

Twinkle, twinkle, little spot, how I wonder what you're set!—Old Poem

I wonder what those spots upon
Our ever-glorious, golden sun

May be?
It hath occurred perchance to me
The great and gorgeous orb of day
Hath caught the measles—no can say?

Perchance the spots are freckles for
Next minute me minus the cheeks,
Where yearly my Belinda goes
To gather them upon her nose.

A chap I know in Pittsburg, Pa.,
Asserts that they are sun-drops, and
Huge heaps of sand that have arise
From local whirling marts of biz.

Down Kingston way the folks assert
They're pretty sure they'll do no hurt,
Because they dream them like the lamb-
Likes jokes of Mister Sweetenham.

Ben Tilman, when I asked him what
He thought about the solar spot,

Refused to answer—sawed me back—
Because forthwith the spots were black!

A scholastic of highest class
Avores they're made of natural gas
Arising from the Verbi gize
Of hymn and of leveridge.

A very yellow journalist,
Who's something of a peevishist,
Asserts that like our filthy men
We also have a tainted sun.

Some people say—but I don't think—
They're drops of Presidential ink
That Theodore has fung so high
They're splattered all the blooming sky.

And so it goes—
Nobody knows
Just what those solar spots may be.
They may be fakes,
Or merely lakes,
The "Gift of Andrew Carnegie."



The Prince and the Princess of Wales arriving at the Railway Station on their way to open the University Buildings at Glasgow



The Crown-Prince and the Crown-Princess of Germany visiting the Sporting Exhibition at Berlin

THE BUSINESS OF ROYALTY



CLOTHES AND THE MAN

MARK TWAIN IN A SUIT OF THE WHITE CLOTHING WHICH HE
CHAMPIONS AS THE BEST AND MOST AGREEABLE FOR DAILY USE

Round the Clock with the Consul

(Continued from page 737.)

dire threats of bombardment if an ancient American goat be not restored to its legal owner.

And mind, they're at me out of office hours as well as within them. If I permitted, their woes would fall into my soup at dinner; their shadowy sighs would stalk in my towered bedroom. But—Lord bless you—I closed my house door upon them long ago. I meet them now on the beach by the white-dome Sahnthouse. I bow to France and Germany, to Great Britain and Italy, Austria and Denmark; I kiss fellows, with pith helmets and vast side-plate mikes on fire. Great Britain wears gloves and uses a saddle from Piccadilly!

That our club was a dreadful failure wasn't surprise you; the smaller the colony, the more unamiable the men. They don't ever get a consul on this trip or you'll never stop him. That poor miserable club! There were questions of precedence and codes that made a coronation look like a kid's picnic.

Germany wouldn't sit in the same room with Servia—who had "done time" at home and was really a noted scoundrel. The trade of his country (the new half Portuguese and half Arab) didn't amount to a row of pins; but his flag made a bunch of money for him, with bogus "protection" on a huge scale. Then A declared he cheated him through his Jew grubstake broker, and left the clubhouse. And so it all fell to pieces. Women at the back of the trouble, of course.

I stroll home to a wined dinner (I'm used to anything now) at 7:30; play a game of billiards from 8 till 10, and then back to bed, past the vast dim-lit mosque, with its rustling palm gardens, to dream that the grateful President and enthusiastically cabinet proved my hand with emotion, and appointed me ambassador to the Court of St. James's!

Ruled Out

"When I rule the university
Shall have with my diploma, see
My rule the universe!" said he.
Alas! he'd no diploma.

J. ABRAHAM STRAWSON.

The Pace that Kills

"It's a new invention," remarked the minor-dweller. "This machine contains a small life-robot."

"Doesn't attract me," replied Speeder. "I never stop to pick up the things I kill!"

Fine

A Southern lawyer tells of a judge in Arkansas who had several "lives" with a lawyer retained by a woman who had instituted a breach-of-promise suit in the court presided over by the judge in question.

After each exchange of repartee between his honor and the imprudent counsel, the judge would say:

"Clerk, just enter another fine of \$10 against Mr. Mitchell for contempt of court."

When this sort of thing had proceeded further than counsel wished, he addressed his honor in this way:

"If your honor please, I am a good fellow, and as such, intend to obey the orders of the honorable court in this, as in all other instances. Now, your honor, it so happens that I have not about me the sum of \$30, for which I have been assessed for contempt. Therefore, I shall be compelled to borrow such sum from some friend; and I see no use present whose friendship I have enjoyed so much as your honor's. So I make no objection in approaching your honor for a loan to square my share assessed against me."

With just the faintest smile about his lips, his honor looked first at counsel and then at the clerk.

"Clerk," said he at last, "omit Mr. Mitchell's fine. The State is better able than I to lose \$30."

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CELEBRATING SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON



THE CROWD AWAITING ADMISSION TO THE THEATRE DURING THE CELEBRATION. THE STREETS OF THE TOWN WERE DECORATED, AND SINGERS AND DANCERS IN APPROPRIATE COSTUMES PARADED THE HIGHWAYS.

The Whole—Family

Those who preach for American expansion in Latin America always have something to say about the ignorance among Americans of the customs, habits, and laws of the Latins, and cite this ignorance as one of the greatest reasons why American trade is not greater with the countries to the south. All this is very true, and few Americans understand the Latins thoroughly. Some of the encounters Americans have with the laws of foreign countries are sometimes amusing.

When Frank Steinhart, the American Consul-General at Havana, went to Porto Rico as a part of the American occupation, shortly after the Spanish war, he lived in San Juan. In the house next to the one in which he had his quarters there lived a native family. It was a large one, too—father, mother, half a dozen children, a couple of mother-in-law, and one or two others. There was one young scortista of eighteen, who was particularly attractive. Mr. Steinhart became acquainted with the entire family and grew to know them well.

One day it was announced that a circus was coming to San Juan. Now San Juan isn't such a big place, and they don't have circuses there so very often. Every one intended going, and Mr. Steinhart innocently asked the young lady to go with him, just as he would back in the States. She consented, and he agreed to call for her at a certain hour.

He went to her home at the proper time, and there he met with a surprise that caused him to clutch for his pocket-book. The entire family, from baby up to grandma, was waiting for him to come. All were dressed in their finest, and looking forward to a pleasant evening at the circus.

The unfortunate American was amazed, and he drew the young lady aside.

"Am I supposed to take the whole family to see this show?"

"Yes, indeed," the scortista replied.

"But why—in that customary?" he asked.

"Why, of course," she explained; "you see, I am only eighteen, and if you should take me away from my home to the circus alone my parents would have you arrested for abduction. This is the law. If I were twenty-three, of age, that is, it would be different, but being only eighteen your invitation includes the family. I couldn't go with you alone."

They went to the circus, at a cost of many pesos, and Mr. Steinhart realized that there after he would always ascertain a young lady's age before extending invitations of any sort.

She Was Here, Anyhow

THE negroes of the South, especially those of the old regime, have retained many original figures of speech. One of their peculiarities when accented as to their state of health is always to say "Thank God," whether "for better or for worse."

One of the best of these came to notice the other day.

"How y'all?" (you all) called one old negro to another across the street.

"Thank God, I ain't much, but I *ayars*," replied the other, who indeed seemed very much "hyar" as she pried the brown to the pavement.

The Long Wait

MISS NYE when a young man once made an engagement with a lady friend of his to take her driving of a Sunday afternoon. The appointed day came, but at the livery-stable all the horses were taken out save one old, shabby, exceedingly lame horse.

Mr. Nye hired the nag and drove to his friend's residence. The lady let him wait nearly an hour before she was ready, and then on viewing the disreputable outfit flatly refused to accompany Mr. Nye.

"Why," she exclaimed, severely, "that horse may die of age any moment."

"Madam," Mr. Nye replied, "when I arrived that horse was a practicing young stud."



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Where Good Dogs Go

(Being certain Impressions of the Hereafter by Susan, et al. Five Years)

Mr old dog Shep, so kind and bold,
Is sick a d-d-r-f-u-l lot,
For all dogs' noses should be cold,
And his poor nose is hot,
He's tired all day and will not play,
And, oh! it makes me cry,
For des suppose that lost old nose
Should make dear Sheppie die!

(If old Shep goes away from me,
A orphan girl is what I'll be!)

He won't go with me when I drive,
He moves des like a snail,
And not a wootle wag's alive
In his big bushy tail; good dogs go—
He lies around upon the ground,
Des like a pile of log,
And when one cures, it's sad that there's
No heaven for a dog.

(At least that's what some folks say,
But I can't believe it's des that way.)

Those folks think that Shep won't be
In heaven when he's dead,
But this does not seem true to me,
For last night from my bed
Pa showed me far up high a star,
Des as the clock struck seven,
And now I know where good dogs go—
The Dog Star is their haven!
EAGLE HOOKER EATON.

Methods

HOMER-MAIR, ice-cream was a regular item on the bill of fare at Willie's house, and while he liked the cream he drew the line at turning the freezer. One day when his mother returned home she was agreeably surprised to find him working at the crank as if his life depended on it.

"I don't see how you got him to turn the ice-cream freezer," she said to her husband. "I offered him a dime to do it, and he just laughed at me."

"You didn't go about it the right way, my dear," replied her husband. "I let him a nickel he couldn't turn it for half an hour."

Trees that Yield Good Soap

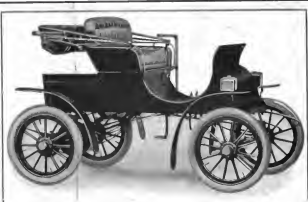
CONSUL-GENERAL RICHARD GLENNER makes the following report from Frankfurt, Germany:

Mr. R. Lang, of this city, councillor of commerce and delegate to the government of Algeria, states that he has just returned from a commercial tour of study in Algeria, where he was called by that government. During his trip he met one of the largest land proprietors, M. S. Bertrand, chairman of the Algerian Agricultural Society at L'Arba, near Algiers, whose domain comprises many thousands hectares (hectares, 2.471 acres), which are planted with vines, oranges, olive and soap trees. He has succeeded, after numerous experiments, in cultivating a large plantation of soap-trees, from which he gathers several thousand tons of berries annually. The soap-tree resembles an apple-tree of medium growth. The fresh fruit is green, the interior of which, besides the kernel, contains a yellowish, gelatinous, sticky substance. The fruit used for making soap contains three times as much soap as the "peponia" wood. It was destined to be of great service to the cloth and linen manufacturers, and, above all, for domestic purposes, as it can be used to clean linen and silken fabrics and colored embroidery. The colors are in this way renovated, whereas the use of ordinary soap makes them run together.

Forestalled

Mrs. CRAWFORD. "Why was your husband more angry than usual when he came home so late?"

Mrs. CRAWFORD. "You see, dear, I woke up before he had time to set the clock back."



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

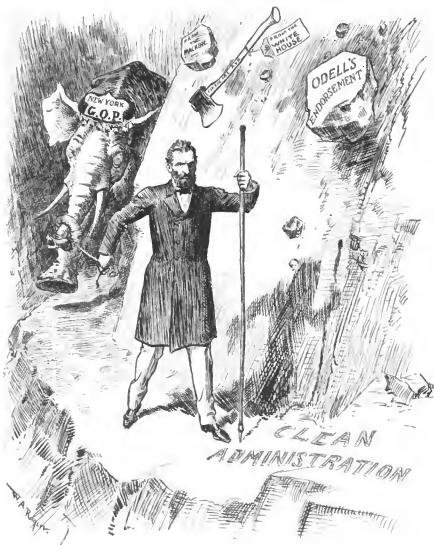
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HELPING HUGHES

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COMMENT

Ohio is Unharmonized Again

REPUBLICAN political harmony in Ohio is again upset, after bright prospects of reestablishment. For a few days it was understood that Senator FORAKER and all the Ohio Republicans concurred in hoping for the nomination of Secretary TART for President. Gladdened by the prospect of a happy union of rival interests and an equitable division of political assets, Senator DICK, as chairman of the Ohio Republican State Executive Committee, sent out a call to the members of the State central and executive committees, to the chairmen of the county committees, the elective State officers, and Republican Congressmen to assemble for a peace conference at Columbus on May 15. But hitches intervened. The FORAKER contingent was willing to endorse TART for Presidential candidate, but the TART party refused to reciprocate by endorsing FORAKER for Senator. Therefore on May 12 Senator FORAKER issued an announcement that he would not stand by any conclusion reached or arrangement made at the proposed Columbus peace conference, and that while he loved peace, since the friends of Secretary TART seemed indisposed to vouchsafe it to him, he thought the effort to achieve it had better be deferred until the next State convention. After the next November elections, Senator FORAKER said, he would ask the State Committee in issuing its call for the State convention "to provide that the delegates shall be elected from the various counties at primaries duly held under the statute in such case applicable, to the end that the voters themselves may have an opportunity to determine, as they should, what is to be done as to all matters in which they will at that time be interested." Meanwhile, the Senator said, he would not regard as binding on him or any of his friends any action taken by anybody not specifically authorized to settle questions for the Republicans of Ohio. Senator FORAKER having thus expounded his sentiments, Senator DICK issued an explanation that the proposed Columbus peace conference had not been intended to bind anybody or do more than promote an exchange of views and some resulting conclusion as to harmonious action. But since the purpose of the meeting had been misunderstood by some, and misrepresented by others, and no longer promised to promote party harmony, he called it off. Political conditions in Ohio are therefore restored to the status quo ante, and the Buckeye Republicans are again inharmonious, and apparently rather relieved at getting back into that unfettered state.

The Machine and Governor Hughes

In New York the eagerness of the Republican machine to put an apparent end to all discussions and to unite behind Governor HUGHES is illustrated by the action of the State Committee in endorsing the plans and policies of the Gov-

ernor. This is not to be taken as evidence that the machine men have been converted to the policies of the President and the Governor on the merits of the issues, but that they have come to the conclusion that party unity is necessary; that the rank and file of the party believe in and support Mr. ROOSEVELT and Mr. HUGHES, and that, as Mr. ONELL says, the boys are all eager "to climb on the band-wagon." This harmony has been generally received as a great gain for political virtue; but, in fact, it is never really such a gain when harmony is obtained for any reason other than the intellectual conviction of those who surrender their beliefs to the prevailing faction, or section, of a party. We are speaking mainly of a forced harmony, or a harmony brought about by considerations of policy, on questions of principle. Even a harmony resulting from the conviction of the boys who are naturally bad that, for a season at least, they had better be good is not matter for great rejoicing. It may safely be said, notwithstanding the action of the State Committee, that the "boys" in thinking and in manners remain what they were. They have not changed. We recall the fact that when ONELL was made Governor the saintly aspect of his promises led one distinguished independent newspaper to assert that he would be a better and more wholly virtuous Governor than ROOSEVELT had been; but it did not take the newspaper long to discover that ONELL's promises had not changed his character. How far ONELL's present sentiments remain those of the old Governor is shown by his resolution recommending Governor HUGHES as the Republican candidate for President in 1908, and naming him as New York's favorite son. As he scrambled on the band-wagon he could not refrain from an attempt to embarrass Governor HUGHES, to worry Mr. ROOSEVELT, and to discomfit Mr. WOOLBART.

The Next Issue

It is perfectly obvious that the real issue in the next Presidential contest will be, if it is not obscured by astute politicians, between our written Constitution and no Constitution at all. The only manner in which such manipulation can be successful will be through concealment of the true purpose of those who desire to put an end to the trammels of the written Constitution. There is, however, abundant evidence of the existence of a profound sentiment in the minds of many politicians, and of some others, that the Constitution is worn out. This feeling has been accentuated by the legislation, enacted and proposed, in some States that have made desperate efforts to satisfy Mr. ROOR's idea that their rights will be taken away from them if they do not employ them as the administration thinks that they ought to be employed. It is evidently thought to be perfectly safe for one who seeks the favor of the people at the polls to recommend unworthy conduct towards the fundamental law. The letter of Judge FARER lends strength to the suggestion that many men have concluded that the Constitution must no longer be permitted to stand in the way either of a large increase of the powers of the nation at the expense of the States, or of a comprehensive extension of national paternalism over the business and social relations of the country.

Indirect Attacks on the Constitution

It would be well if those who think that the Constitution should go would meet the issue fairly; but they show their own lack of confidence in their argument by devising pretences by means of which the Constitution may be abolished by indirection. Judge FARER suggests that the commerce clause be abandoned, and that those who desire not only national regulation, but national control of commerce, resort to the post-office and post-roads clause. This would be an indirect, and, therefore, not highly honorable, way to put completely under the power of the national government, directly or indirectly, all instrumentalities of production as well as of transportation. Judge FARER and others would destroy the Constitution by devious methods, as Mr. ROOR would destroy it by belittled constructions, and as Senator BREWSTER would destroy it by legislation. Here is undoubtedly a subject for serious debate. There is involved the proposed destruction of the Federal theory, and the proposed abandonment of the written Constitution. The only manly way to accomplish this end is by open discussion before the people whose law the Constitution is, and who alone possess

the power to amend or reject it. Why will not the foes of the Constitution come out into the open? If they will not, why do not the friends of the Constitution drag them out? At any rate, the real issue is this, and it has been made apparent by the recent attempts of certain speakers and writers to point out how their end may surreptitiously be gained even while they walk around the instrument with a hypocritical reverence for it in words and manner.

Direct Election of Senators

Senator BOURNE of Oregon is in the habit of saying that he was elected by the direct vote of the people of his State. He was chosen under the law which provides that candidates for United States Senator shall be voted for at State elections, and that the name of the candidate then receiving the largest number of popular votes shall be laid before the Legislature when the time for formally electing the Senator under the Federal law shall come. This law to enforce the will of the people is not singular. Other States have adopted similar statutes. In Rhode Island a political party is now undertaking to do what is sought to be accomplished in other States by law. The Rhode Island Democrats have taken steps to ascertain the popular favorite for Senator, and to secure the election of members of the Legislature who will vote for him. They called a convention for the 23d of May to determine upon a proper candidate for the Senate and to take the steps to secure the election of legislators who would support him. It is said that the man will be GORDON.

Marse Henry's Candidate—Who?

MARSE HENRY WATTERSON has a Democratic candidate for President. Qualifications, these: a good organization Democrat who supported the ticket in 1896; without entangling alliances with any of the money powers; without any antecedents which could drive away conservative Democrats; does not live east of the Alleghenies, nor north of the Potomac and the Ohio. These are negative qualifications—no more than the clothes of the man. If the man is the right man, the Democrat will not think much about his clothes. Whoever MARSE HENRY may have in mind, one preliminary conclusion that he has reached is important. He is in favor of having Mr. BRYAN exert himself to procure the nomination of some Democrat who has a chance of being elected. That much, in Colonel WATTERSON'S opinion, Mr. BRYAN owes to the South—the South which is disaffected to the proposed BRYAN remedies for national disorders, is a unit against government ownership and the initiative and referendum, and with one voice says, "Back to the Constitution."

Watterson's Republican Ticket

As to the Republican ticket, it is Colonel WATTERSON'S guess that it will be:

For President,
CHARLES E. HUGHES, of New York.
For Vice-President,
JOSEPH G. CANNON, of Illinois.

Back of this guess is the opinion that "the talk about a 'third term' being the purest nonsense . . . the best the President can hope for in the next convention . . . is a dog-fall." A dog-fall is one in which neither wrestler gains any advantage. The Colonel does not think the President will win with TAFT, nor that the "reactionary" element can nominate FORAKER or FURBERG. The convention, he guesses, will not want HUGHES, but will have to take him. This opinion lodged in MARSE HENRY'S mind about a year ago, and seems to have been strengthened by foreign travel and scrutiny of the United States from across the seas. It was communicated to mankind from Paris last month on the eve of its author's return to Kentucky.

The British Colonies Rebuffed

It seems to impartial onlookers that the British government went a little too far in rejecting the ultimate proposal of the colonial premiers, who had been patiently conferring in London, and who, while they received effusive hospitality, had as yet secured no substantial boon. Of course, even Mr. DEAKIN, Premier of the Australian commonwealth, could not expect, though he earnestly pressed it, the concession of a preferential tariff for the colonies in respect of food staples and the raw materials of manufacture

which are now on the free list, for he knew that it was as supporters of free trade in these articles that the Liberals had gained an overwhelming victory at the last general election. Something, however, the BANNERMAN government might do for the colonies without violating its promise that the cost of the necessities of life and industry should not be in the least augmented. There are a number of articles classified as luxuries, articles not produced in the United Kingdom, which are now subject to taxation under the British system of a tariff for revenue only, and which, as a matter of fact, are more or less heavily taxed. Among these articles may be mentioned tobacco, wines, tea, coffee, and sugar. Why, from the viewpoint of imperial federation, should not the excellent tea grown in northeastern India and in Ceylon receive a preference in the British market, as compared with the tea of China and Japan? Why should not a similar preference be given to colonial coffee? The berry might be produced in British Guiana, British Honduras, and Jamaica, and, if stimulated by a preference, the coffee industry of Ceylon might be revived, if a remedy could be discovered for the blight which annihilated the crops of that island some years ago. Excellent wine is made in Cape Colony, in Cyprus, and in Australia. At least as good tobacco can be produced in Jamaica and other islands of the British West Indies as is now procured from Porto Rico. As for sugar, a preference in the British market for the colonial output of that commodity would go far to restore all the British West Indies to prosperity, and there is no doubt that beet-root sugar could under such conditions be produced profitably in parts of Canada. Nevertheless, although all the colonial premiers assembled in London—with the single exception of General BORUA, the representative of the Transvaal colony—voted that the home government should be urged to grant the colonies a preferential tariff on imports which already paid duties, the request was rejected. Apparently Premier BANNERMAN and his colleagues did not want to establish even the semblance of a precedent, but, in our opinion, there is no analogy between luxuries not produced in the British Islands on the one hand and the necessities of life or the raw materials of manufacture on the other.

The Franco-Japanese Entente

France and the Japanese have come to an understanding, and French capital is to be furnished for the development of Japan. This means that French money is to do for the island empire what might have been done by its own money before the war with Russia. However sound Japan's credit before the war, and however greatly it might have been impaired during the last days of the fighting, the peace made at Portsmouth has placed Japan among the nations that may borrow on liberal terms and whose friendship is worth paying for. The nations in the East that are more or less accord with one another are France, Great Britain, Russia, and Japan, while Japan's influence is dominant on the continent among Asiatic people. These various arrangements, in some cases formulated in treaties, sometimes consisting of understandings, or *ententes*, leave out the United States and Germany. There is, however, a great difference in the feelings of the combined powers towards these two outsiders. Since California was kind enough to cease from troubling, the United States may be regarded as the common friend of all, while the Kaiser's Germany is more or less suspected. Each of them has been so long afraid of Germany that there is a disposition among them to gloat over her isolation. Even Russia has not been without an occasional moment of dread of the Kaiser. One thing more is on the surface. It may be that Asiatics will continue to dream of Asia for themselves, but it is less probable than it was not so long ago, for the union of all these powers makes inevitable for years to come the spread of European influence over the Orient. The *entente* with France is itself evidence that the Japanese, masterful as they have shown themselves to be, are still the pupils of Western civilization, as they are still the debtors of Western capitalists.

Taxation of Colleges

As a censorious remark was made in these columns on the fealty to ignorance displayed, unexpectedly to the outside world, by the Massachusetts Senate, it is only fair to inform

those who did not know that the proposition was defeated by the Massachusetts House of Representatives by a vote of more than one hundred and forty to fourteen. This affair is an illustration of the mental and moral size of some legislators of modern times. The people of Massachusetts do not desire to tax education, but some active and minute minds in the few college towns of the State are at the bottom of the ungenerous and unintellectual movement. These minds being aggressive and busy in politics, a Senator who has one college town in his district feels that he can better afford to vote in accordance with the desires of the active college town than to express the passivity of the twenty or twenty-five non-college towns of his district. On the other hand, the mere Representative, not having the fear of those who would wring money from the colleges for their own benefit, is free to express his own views and the views of his own people. The relief from the fear of the burden of taxation is great. It is one of the boasts of New England colleges and universities that no young man shall be turned away merely because he has no money. This is not only the boast, but, in one way or another, it is vindicated. But some poor young men are forced to do so much to pay their way that their pursuit of education is greatly hampered. There is no college in New England that has sufficient money for the poor men who desire its teaching. A large part of the money given to the college is directed by the donors to be used for specific purposes, to construct or maintain buildings for designated purposes. What colleges chiefly need in the way of money is for better instruction and for larger charities, to the end that the time of the poor boy, while he is in college, may be devoted to the getting of the education that he seeks. Taxation of college property would ruin the teaching and abridge the charities—that is, would impair the usefulness of the institutions that are doing most for the civilization of the future.

The Predatory Deer of New England

It was the law of Massachusetts until very recently that no one should be permitted to shoot deer in the State until 1908. There had been such a law in Vermont, but it was modified. Now Massachusetts has been forced to acknowledge that the law may be too kind to the deer. These apparently pleasing animals have come to the conclusion that the State is theirs. They have been lately taking to nosing and butting the human kind out of their way. One or two of them, not having learned a lesson from the early opposition of buffalo to the Union Pacific trains, undertook, during the winter, to obstruct the progress of some Massachusetts trains. They found, however, even the slowest and most ineffective trains too much for them. They have long been pursuing school children and others on the highway; they have invaded the barnyards and even the barns to steal the fodder of respectable domestic cattle; they have poked their noses into the windows of farmhouses; they have eaten the cabbages and other green goods of farmers; they have galloped over lawns and down the village street; they have injured the greens of golf-links with their sharp toes; and they have caused much anxiety to the timid who love the seclusion of the woods, and who want their solitude to be real. Now the Legislature has lifted off the law, so that deer may be shot in Massachusetts this year. When these reckless animals discover, then, a year before they expected, that man with a gun is a dangerous enemy to them, and that their pranks are to be abbreviated, they may think themselves for their own trouble.

Defects of Young America

This is what President FAIRBANKS of Brown University has to say of the rising generation in the United States:

The young people of to-day, as compared with those of fifty years ago, are chiefly deficient in power of sustained attention and original thinking. They cannot, or at least they usually do not, think as clearly, as patiently, and as repeatedly, as did their fathers. They do not as quickly distinguish the irrelevant from the pertinent, the kernel from the husk, as the men of the last generation. They have an amazing fund of information; they are wide readers of bright ephemeral literature; they have tasted every fruit on the great tree of knowledge; they know a thousand interesting scraps; they are more versatile and ingenious and attractive than any other of the recent generations. But they are quickly led astray by sophistry, and easily led to erroneous conviction when it conflicts with interest.

This is an interesting opinion from one who year after year

observes successive groups of young men, and naturally receives impressions about their mental quality. We don't know whether or not Dr. FAIRBANKS' impressions are sound. He did not have under observation the youths of fifty years ago, and if he had had, it is possible that he would not have thought them more eager thinkers than our young people. But there are a number of things that help the probability that what he says is true. Education seatters very much more than it did fifty years ago. The chief work of the colleges then was to strengthen and develop the powers of the mind by classical and mathematical studies. Now, though a considerable proportion of the college students go as far as their fathers did, or farther, in those studies, the colleges teach a thousand other things, and make a much greater effort than they used to make to equip their students with "useful information." Moreover, American life to-day is undoubtedly more distracting than it was fifty years ago. It is a much more stimulated life. There is more to learn, more to do; there are more choices to make, and it is somewhat harder for the young to take and hold a course. It is an unsettled and unclassified life, so full of possibilities that young heads are prone to swim at contemplation of it. All that is an embarrassment of riches, and is not going to last forever. We will come in due time to a sadder and more settled social condition, in which the careers of the young will be planned out for them earlier and more definitely than now, and the special preliminary training will, perhaps, begin sooner. And doubtless it will be increasingly thorough. Competition will settle that.

The Idiosyncrasy of the Cigarette

Cigarettes engage the attention of American State Legislatures so persistently that any fact not generally known about them is worth imparting. It is often said that they afford rather a mild form of smoking, and that the tobacco in them is mere tobacco, and mild at that, and incapable of such crimes as are charged against it. That is true, and some of the Western Legislatures seem a little crazy about cigarettes, which, indeed, do great mischief to some children, but are not nearly so dangerous to grown-ups as Western legislators seem to think. But cigarettes are not mere rolls of tobacco. They are not drugged with expensive poisons, as is absurdly charged, but they have a peculiarity. The combination of burning paper and tobacco makes a chemical compound which is neither tobacco smoke nor paper smoke, but has a name which chemists know and a smell which everybody knows. There is not much of the new compound, but in what there is of it lies the idiosyncrasy of the cigarette.

The Right of Inequality

Speaking at New Haven of the socialistic demands for reorganization of society and limitation of the right of private property, and of the limitation upon individual opportunity as illustrated by some trade-union regulations, Secretary ROSS said:

A common benefit of property and a common standard of exertion are liable to be substituted for all inequalities of fortune and achievement. After many centuries of struggle for the right of equality there is some reason to think that mankind is now entering upon a struggle for the right of inequality. It remains to be seen how democracy will work under these new conditions.

That is a novel and striking phrase—"the right of inequality." The right itself is one of the most precious ones imaginable, and almost as essential to human progress and happiness as air or water or fire.

Smoking Automobiles a Nuisance

Automobiles ought not to smoke. When they do smoke it means that the chauffeur is incompetent and needlessly preface in his use of lubricating oil. Smoking automobiles are public nuisances, especially in the streets of great cities, where they poison the air, to the detriment of the health and comfort of the population. In Paris they are no longer tolerated. New York, too, will doubtless wake up presently to the fact that the public ought no more to suffer from the ignorance or neglect of chauffeurs in the regulation of their machines than from their propensity to run too fast. When we come to that stage of advancement, the smoking automobile will be sent home by the first member of the traffic squad that sees it.

Senator Rayner on Bryan's Policies

In the course of a long interview with the *New York Herald*, Senator RAYNER, of Maryland, whose remarkable speech at the dinner of the National Democratic Club on JEFFERSON'S birthday is well remembered, discusses the principal features of WILLIAM J. BRYAN'S political programme, and in a most cogent way demonstrates their utter irreconcilability with the doctrine hitherto regarded as Jeffersonian and Democratic. What are the four planks which Mr. BRYAN has recently declared ought to be and must be inserted in the next Democratic platform? They are, first, ultimate ownership by the Federal government of all the interstate railroads of the United States. Second, the initiative and referendum. Third, Congress must have the right arbitrarily to fix the total product of every interstate corporation, public, quasi-public, or private, and to destroy its business if the volume of that business shall exceed the limit prescribed by Congress. Fourth, Congress must have ample power to prescribe the terms upon which all interstate commerce shall be conducted, and whenever Congress (which practically means the dominant party) covers the interstate transportation of a given product to be against public policy—as, for example, the transportation of the product of a factory which violates the provisions of the child-labor bill—it shall have the right absolutely to prohibit commercial intercourse between the States upon the interdicted article.

As to the referendum and the initiative, we have formerly pointed out that to incorporate those institutions in our Federal organic law would require a constitutional amendment, and that it is extremely improbable that legislatures or State conventions in three-fourths of the States would ever sanction as radical a departure from the fundamental principle of representative government. We disclaim, therefore, this proposal of Mr. BRYAN as impracticable, even if it were desirable. It is the extent of the implied powers that Mr. BRYAN attributes to Congress to which Senator RAYNER particularly objects. In a recently published article, entitled "A New Law Necessary," Mr. BRYAN laid down the following proposition: "While Congress has no power to interfere with State corporations, so long as they confine their operations to the State in which they originated, it is within the scope of the powers of Congress to prescribe the terms upon which a corporation organized in any State shall engage in interstate commerce." Mr. RAYNER contends that Mr. BRYAN might as well assert that while Congress has no power to interfere with individuals, so long as they confine their operations to their own State, it is within the scope of the powers of Congress to prescribe the terms upon which they shall engage in interstate commerce. We are reminded that the commerce-regulation clause in the Constitution does not speak of corporations, and there is no distinction between corporations and individuals thereunder: the distinction that Mr. BRYAN tries to draw between individuals and corporations in his lately published article is not one that is recognized under the commerce clause of the Federal Constitution. Mr. BRYAN'S proposition ascribes the principle that is embodied in the child-labor bill, which principle has already been pronounced unconstitutional by a Republican committee of the House of Representatives, and which, in Mr. RAYNER'S opinion, has not the faintest chance of being approved by the United States Supreme Court. The more closely Mr. BRYAN'S proposition is examined the more astounding it seems. It means that all commerce between the States, from its creation or inception to its destination, is subject to the control of Congress to such an extent that, practically, Congress can prohibit it by prescribing the terms upon which it shall be carried on. Mr. RAYNER tells us that he has made a synopsis of the Federal decisions concerning the commerce clause of the Constitution, and has been unable to find any authority for such an assertion of boundless Federal centralization. Nor, with the solitary exception of Mr. REYNOLDS, has he ever heard any Senator give utterance to an idea so far-reaching.

Another of Mr. BRYAN'S doubtful interpretations of the Federal Constitution is that Congress has power to pass a law that would make it unlawful for any corporation to hold the stock of another corporation. Not for a moment does the Maryland Senator deny that it is inexpedient that a corporation serving the public, such as a railroad, should hold stock in a competing company, but he finds it hard to believe that any Republican Senator, except Mr. REYNOLDS, would concur with Mr. BRYAN in thinking that Congress has the power to pass a law that if any corporation shall hold stock in any other corporation, the corporation so holding the stock, and authorized by the charter of the State that created it to hold it, may be prevented by a Federal law from engaging in interstate commerce. Mr. RAYNER insists that a general policy of this sort would be disastrous, because, in cases where there is no competition, it might be conducive to the public interests that stock of one railroad company should be held by another company. Moreover, he challenges Mr. BRYAN to exhibit a single judicial decision which has ever held that, under the clause to regulate commerce, Congress can place an embargo on the products

of every corporation that holds stock of any other American corporation, and declare the holding unlawful. The fact is recalled by the Senator from Maryland that this very point was decided against Mr. BRYAN'S contention in the Northern Securities Company case.

Mr. BRYAN'S doctrine, plainly stated, is that every commercial transaction between citizens of different States is under the Federal Constitution subject to review by Congress, and that the Federal government has the right, as is asserted in the child-labor bill (of which Mr. REYNOLDS is the author, and of which Mr. BRYAN has declared himself in favor), to supervise the manufacturing establishments of any State, and dictate the kind of labor they shall employ, if the goods that they manufacture are to be permitted to pass beyond the borders of the State that produces them. Mr. RAYNER, on his part, maintains that all the volume of that business shall exceed the limit prescribed by Congress. Fourth, Congress must have ample power to prescribe the terms upon which all interstate commerce shall be conducted, and whenever Congress (which practically means the dominant party) covers the interstate transportation of a given product to be against public policy—as, for example, the transportation of the product of a factory which violates the provisions of the child-labor bill—it shall have the right absolutely to prohibit commercial intercourse between the States upon the interdicted article.

In his recent advocacy of "interstate license," Mr. BRYAN has said that a Federal statute of a few lines would provide for an interstate license, and forbid an interstate corporation to do business outside the State of its origin, unless it secured such a license. A few more lines would set forth the conditions upon which the license may be secured, conditions which would make a private monopoly impossible. Mr. BRYAN proceeds to argue that if Congress can withdraw from a lottery company the right to use the mail or the express lines for the carrying of a lottery ticket, it can withdraw from a would-be monopoly the right to employ the railroads or mails or the telegraph lines to add to its conspiracy against the people. Mr. RAYNER replies that if any one would take the trouble to study the lottery decision referred to by Mr. BRYAN, he would see at a glance that it does not at all cover the proposition that Mr. BRYAN is contending for, the proposition, namely, that every corporation transacting interstate commerce, chartered by a State, is to be visited with forfeiture unless the corporation procures a Federal license, which license may define the total volume of products that a licensed corporation will be allowed to control. According to the amazing doctrine put forward by Mr. BRYAN, the Federal government is at liberty to determine what quantity of goods a given corporation shall have the right to make and sell, and if the quantity thus arbitrarily fixed be exceeded, the corporation's franchise shall be forfeited and its business virtually destroyed. It is scarcely credible that the author of such a theory should have been described by Senator REYNOLDS as a "CALICO" "State-rights man." It is Mr. RAYNER'S deliberate judgment, on the other hand, that if Mr. BRYAN'S doctrine should be embodied in the next Democratic platform, it would be necessary to change the name of the party and confer upon it the appellation "Federalist," after which the Democratic leaders should in solemn procession accompany the remains of Democracy to their last resting place. Nor should they omit to take such measures as would make known to posterity that, in the hour of Democracy's brightest hopes and most alluring prospects, she determined to "end her great historic career, threw herself upon the poisoned weapon of Federal centralization, and died of a self-inflicted wound."

On Writing Biography

A TALENT for writing biography is a rare and an august one. It betokens many virtues on the part of the writer, a power of projecting interest beyond oneself, personal modesty, reverence, insight. The very best biographies have unquestionably been autobiographies. Every man takes his own history seriously to heart, and if he be great enough to attain simplicity and sincerity, his record is bound to be of value. The resolute unwilling of any soul, even a MADE BARBERISCHOFF'S, has its scientific value and interest as truth. The success or failure of a biographer must depend on his power of penetration, his insight into what is significant and representative in a life, and his will to suppress himself, to write about his subject's life and not his own judgments. To write a biography truly successful, there should be some sort of temperamental affinity between the writer and the subject.

Mr. CHESTERSON'S *Life of Robert Browning* was a very arduous

ing, bright, paradoxical and clever bit of writing; but who fancied that ROMNEY BROWNSON'S life, in itself, was amusing, bright, paradoxical, and clever? Mr. CHURCHMAN'S life failed in that he presented himself to those looking for another, and a greater than he. SYDNEY COLVIN, a few years past, did a small life of LAWSON, which was a little masterpiece in its kind, and Mr. A. C. BROWN is past master of the craft. All his books, not definitely literary criticism, are history. *The Wreath of Erikar Hemul-tue*, *The House of Quirt*, and *The Thread of Gold* all present us with well-defined, if unknown, personalities. *The Life of Peter and The Life of Edward Fitzgerald* are as nearly perfect bits of biography as one could wish to see. Mr. BROWN is ransomed with exquisite perceptions, wide sympathies, and human reverence; and both these subjects, men of reflective rather than active gifts, men of subtle, delicate, and austere tastes, were specially congenial themes to him. Himself a scholar, an eclectic, an essayist given to far distinctions and slow reflection, none could have been so sure more fit to deal with those two kindred spirits, both of whom had resumed the cheap prizes and glaring crowns of easy and popular successes.

As a rule, the scholarly intelligence is not best suited to dealing with great primal forces and original genius, nor is the journalistic habit of mind most likely to deal wisely with grave poetry and autobiography. Perhaps all truly great men owe the world an autobiography.

Education and Self-control

The moral responsibility resting upon the educated man is always bound to be greater, by the mass of humankind, than upon the uneducated. His training is supposed to fit him peculiarly to assume civic burden, because of well-balanced judgment, and a perfect understanding of the results consequent upon his inability to carry out public services with signal devotion. To steel moralists there is no distinction between education of the mind and education of character; the two ideas seem synonymous. Yet, in the last analysis, was there ever, could there possibly be, a grosser fallacy? Education is self-control, or education in character—for character is essentially the result of self-control—is by no means dependent upon a primary integral efficiency of either the receptive or reasoning processes. It is concerned wholly and entirely with will, and will may be associated with the best degree of ignorance or of stupidity. A man's education or lack of education is not always responsible for his acts. Stronger than any uplift derived from a leading out of the mind are actual individual proclivities and the degree to which they are indulged. Curiously enough, the duty of self-control is one of the last things learned by the college student; and by many who graduate in good standing it is never learned at all.

The primary impulse to self-control comes most often from early childhood environment, especially when this environment is that of wholesome religious influence as exerted by parents. The kind of society that is merely a hollow sphere of goodness, and the perversion of note which peaks out indifference or laziness at its centre, can seldom or never be productive of good on the growing mind of the child, whose psychological insight into the deeper significance of the lives of his riders is scarcely paralleled by any perfection in the art of mental science to which his subsequent life as a student may lead him. Education in self-control, then, must be primarily a congenital affair, interested and perfected in the life of the adult by his recognition of the wise policy of restraint as affecting his best interests. There can be nothing morbid, nothing emotional, nothing intellectual about it. Moreover, self-control may be manifestly limited to a restraint over a single tendency to excess, or it may be normal and complete over all wayward tendencies save one, and that one be deep-seated and seemingly irresistible.

There is no denying that in these days of feverish anxiety for riches, the temptations held up before the mass of influence in business are especially strong, and many of them are ethically wrong in the beginning, but become so ere the unwariness has had a chance to sleep and consider. We may rely on the constancy (or inconsistency, if you please) of human nature, so that, in the long run, the result to the State or nation is scarcely likely to be a permanently damaging one. The outlook for business integrity and popular honesty is, we believe, quite as good as it ever was; and duplicity and dishonesty are not proportionately greater than they have always been in the history of the world as we know it.

Personal and Pertinent

THE recent death of DENIS KEARNEY recalls an incident in his cratered career, and also enables his old friends to remind themselves of Dr. Joyce, an Irish maker of pleasing verse, the author of "Deirdre" and "Hiland." KEARNEY made his Eastern tour in

1878, and more than once he incurred himself against the Chinese and the then laws of the country in Boston. He encountered much cynicism there if he formulated it so, but Boston turned out to hear him, no New York would turn out to look at a physical freak. There is that difference between the towns, for New York cannot spare the time to gratify its curiosity, if it has any, about a speechmaker whose shorted performance is no longer long. One day Dr. Joyce heard KEARNEY utter his sentiments, and as he walked away across the Common he turned into verse the purport of the speech of the "Stand Lons" center, and the verses, as nearly as we can recall them, after nearly twenty-nine years, were as follows:

"Bad luck to the law that restrains,
And the slimy assassins that plunder us;
We'll never cease to kick against their chains
Till hell freezes over and under us;
Bad luck to the church and the school;
To the priest and to all pious teachers;
To religion and order and rule,
And to everything decent besides."

Perhaps the moral is applicable now.

HARPER & BROTHERS lost a very old friend in CHARLES HAYNES HARWELL, who died in New York on May 12. The HARPERS have been publishers for him since 1844, longer ago than any one connected with the house can remember. His *Engineer's Pocket Book* (better known in real life as the *Harwell*) is now in its seventy-third edition, and had just been revised once more by its author.

Mr. HARWELL came often to see his publishers. "You want to be careful about this," he would say, "you know when you had the fire—" "What fire, Mr. HARWELL?" "Oh, that fire you had several years ago." It was in 1853 that the fire happened, but Mr. HARWELL was forty-four years old at the time, and to him it was a pretty recent fire, and had been troublesome. To have a mass of that sort about, cheerful in spirit, and active in the business of life, helps to make everybody feel young.

Mr. HARWELL was born on May 22, 1809, and very nearly reached his ninety-eighth birthday. As he had good health and kept himself busy up to the very end of his days, his life's work is extraordinary to contemplate. He commenced engineering in 1829. He was United States Naval Engineer from 1836 to 1851, and did work of remarkable originality and of great value to the government. Since 1851 he had practised engineering in New York. From 1854 to 1862 he acted as supervisor of steam-vessels for the underwriters of New York, and at the time of his death he was consulting engineer for the Board of Apportionment, and in charge of extensive work at Ellis Island.

Besides his *Engineer's Pocket Book*, he was the author of *Old New York* (HARPERS), a book of reminiscences of New York between 1810 and 1860. He is credited with saying that "a day of life in New York in 1830 was worth a week of it now," which was probably true, for the New York of 1830, when the Battery was still the resort of fashion and the Astor House was a building, and there was no transit problem, must have been one of the handiest and most delightful little cities in the world.

The other day, at the peace conference, Mr. STEAR brought up what seemed to be good news, as far as it went. He said that VON BISMARCK and KING EDWARD and a large number of other rulers of ancient kingdoms lost of comparatively new republics were in favor of peace. How far this was news at all, and how far it goes, may be judged from a conversation between the Emperor NAPOLEON and Prince HORTENLOUPE at the railway station in Munich in 1867. It was as if the French Emperor was passing hastily through from a visit of condolence to Austria, which had just been whipped by Prussia, to meet his own whipping at the hands of the same power. As Europe was thus rushing from war to war, one of the active principals in the serious bloodletting of his time said to another of the bloodletters that he "hoped peace would be preserved; mankind required peace [did he roll up his eyes?]." Then he gave an intimation. This was it: "The idea that the expansion and strengthening of one country is a menace to a neighboring state *est point de vue*. Certainly much depended on Prussia. Public opinion was easily exasperated in France, and the question was whether Prussia wished to expand still further the North German Confederation." There it is: "The world requires peace, but it is to have it my neighbor must not insist on growing too big." It will be recalled, too, that Mr. STEAR and, in a measure, Mr. JAMES RUSSELL had something to say about the evil influence of the press in stirring up strife and thus encouraging nations to fight with one another. This, too, is apparently an old complaint. The press was also talked about in this same conversation. The Emperor and the Prince did not call the newspapers "yellow," but they remarked that they were uninvited in endeavoring to put an end to war, said the Emperor, "the press must also be taken into account." To this Prince HORTENLOUPE replied, "the press is still very far from being civilized." And the Emperor responded in a way that would make even the *Texas* exhibit indignation—"Yes," said he, "with us, also, the press is not very civilized."

Correspondence

TAXATION OF PRIVILEGE

MANCHESTER FREE PRESS, ENGLAND.

30 CHANCERY STREET, LONDON, May 4, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—I have just read your column of the 4th, upon the new budget of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Asquith, noting especially the distinction which he proposes shall be made between "earned incomes and unearned incomes," and am tempted thereby to ask your permission to present a brief plea for an enlargement of this essential "distinction" which is possible to the "chancellor" of every state or local exchequer, at home as well as abroad, in his plan for the taxation of current incomes or accumulated fortunes. A basis of this argument is found in the proposed Presidential and Congressional plan of limiting fortunes and raising revenue by inheritance and income taxes, which, it is suggested, may be greatly improved by two simple modifications, viz.: (1) Let fortunes be taxed chiefly in the process of their accumulation, rather than at probate, and (2) let the income tax be limited to those incomes which are not only unearned, but which are non-unearned. Your consideration is invited to a few of the arguments upon these points.

It is substantially correct to say that wealth, as fast as produced, is divided into two parts; one part goes to wages of hand and brain, the other part goes to profits. The greater the part that goes to wages the smaller the part that goes to privilege and vice versa. The prime agency in determining how large shall be the part that goes to privilege is the private appropriation of ground rent, economic rent, in its various forms. The essence of privilege is the law given to one man in profit at another man's expense. A man gets rich, not out of his earnings, but out of his savings. If obliged to spend all his earnings it is not possible for him to accumulate riches. The poor man rebels, not because his rich neighbor can accumulate five hundred dollars to his one, but because, through the operation of this special privilege, it is at his, the poor man's, expense that the rich man's accumulation is made. Ex-Governor Long says that there will be discontent just as long as certain comforts and possessions are within the reach of one class and beyond the reach of another class. This discontent Archbishop O'Connell calls "The Tumbler of the Exchequer" that unprivileged men, whether unprivileged rich or unprivileged poor, have not far to look to find that discontent and envy start only where skill and enterprise leave off and special privilege begins. You are not enemies of Edison, nor Marconi, nor Roosevelt, nor railroad magnates, nor capitalists of industry; you gladly accord them princely rewards as public benefactors. It is only when the people are rallied upon to provide an Edison fortune for every city and town in the country through privileged exaction that your discontent is aroused. It is only when they are required to contribute upon an unprivileged scale fortune of three or four hundred million a privileged fortune of a thousand million, based upon economic rent, that the shoe begins to pinch. It is only when the ore baron, the coal baron, the oil baron, the railroad baron, and the land baron are privileged to get one hundred or a hundred dollars from their wages and add it to the monopoly price of coal and iron and air that men are swayed by the "tumbler of the exchequer."

Legislation has been law constituting criminal offenses. The air is charged with criminal prosecution and conviction where fortunes have been seized through violation of law. But it is not true that neither legislatures nor courts have seriously addressed themselves to stopping the continuous drain of wealth from the pockets of the producers into the coffers of the privileged? President Roosevelt in his last message rejoins upon Congress: "Let us not do what the next generation cannot undo. We have a right to the proper use of both the forests and the fuel during our lifetime, but we should not dispose of the birthright of our children." Mr. Bryan, in his production of a first Moral Awakening, quotes the declaration of the United States Supreme Court that "an unjust tax is hereby in form of law." Unjust fortunes are, we say, the fruit of unjust taxes, taxes which abstract from wages and make almost impossible the savings of labor while augmenting the fortunes of privilege; or, to be more exact, unjust fortunes are due to the absence of just taxes.

But, it is asked, what are you going to do about it? We say, there is just one punishment to fit the crime, to wit: the taxation of privileges. Tax the oil and the coal, the franchise, and all other forms of economic rent, at its fixed initial source, the land, which, without inequitable or despotic process, bears always the impact of its own market valuation. Tax not private ownership nor corporate franchise, but tax the privilege attached thereto. The colossal error of the century is the private appropriation, instead of the taxation, of rent. This it is that makes the shopping district of Boston a continuous battle field for the business interests of her people, and every battle a Waterloo.

For the prevention of unjust fortunes a national process is already provided. For an equitable reduction of accumulated fortunes artificial machinery remains to be invented. President Roosevelt in his message confesses that the question of an income tax is "very intricate, delicate, and troublesome." It would seem that the proposed disposition of fortunes by means of an inheritance Tax must prove awkward and of questionable justice, besides discouraging enterprise at its point of greatest efficiency, and in the midst of a beneficent career. It would discourage the accumulation of unprivileged fortunes, which are a blessing in proportion to their size.

It is a fundamental principle of economics that the expenditure,

enterprise, and activity of society express themselves in economic cost, the value of land. A tax upon rent subtracts nothing from wages, and however large that tax may be it cannot remain a burden upon the owner beyond a generation at most. Land value, otherwise perishable, is made imperishable by public conservation. Hence the idea that the whole tax, whether inheritance or income, be gradually transferred to this one base. Whether it shall be imposed lightly, as a life rate, or heavily, as a death rate, is merely a question of method. In either case it will soon cease to be a burden upon any one.

Unjust fortunes are made out of ground rent accumulated and compounded. They can be perpetuated only by the private appropriation of ground rent; cut off from ground rent, the public patrimony, they will quickly crumble and perish from the face of the earth.

Mr. Carnegie says: "Who made the 'wealth' of the Manhattan Island farm? The community, the population, the people. Then you tell me that wealth is sacred. I say that the community was the leading partner that made that wealth. It was hundreds of people settling up there, thousands of people settling around there, and here are these millionaires. They have toiled not, neither have they spun." Is it not sensible to make such cumulative fortunes as these the basis of life taxation?

Congressman Perkins, supporting his own tax measure, says of the man who gets rich of a Manhattan farm: "The State has been an essential partner in his success. . . . The State has the inherent right to levy upon it such a tax as may fairly represent what the people may have contributed toward the fortune." This is single tax pure and unadulterated.

President Roosevelt cannot eliminate "intrigue, delinquency, and troublesome" from his income tax until he learns to distinguish sharply between capital and privilege, between fortunes that are earned and those that are unearned.

Mayor Fitzgerald ran never provide for the greater needs of a greater Boston so long as he continues to ignore the forty million dollars of unearned and untaxed annual income in the City of Boston.

I am, sir,

C. B. PHILLIPSON,

FITCH, MASS. Single Tax League.

LINCOLN, ROOSEVELT, AND THE NEGRO

DUNSTON, CALIF., April 25, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—In contrast to the stand taken by President Roosevelt on the question of the appointment of negroes as postmasters and custom house collectors in the Southern States, note the following extracts from the words of Abraham Lincoln:

In one of his debates with Judge Douglas he says, as speaking of what he would do if he had unlimited power, "What next? Free them, and make them politically and socially our equals! My own feelings will not admit of this; and if mine would, we will know that those of the great mass of white people will not. Whether this feeling accords with justice and sound judgment is not the sole question. If indeed it is any part of it. A universal feeling, whether well or ill founded, cannot be safely disregarded. We cannot make them equals."

And again in 1860, after his election as President, but prior to his inauguration, Lincoln wrote to John A. Gilmer the following words:

"As to the use of patronage in the slave States, where there are few or no Republicans, I do not expect to inquire for the politics of the appointee, or whether he does or does not own slaves. I intend in that matter to accommodate the people in the several localities, if they themselves will allow me to accommodate them. In one word, I never have been, am not now, and probably never shall be in a mood of harassing people either North or South."

But perhaps it is the ambition of Theodore Roosevelt to go down to history as a greater friend to the negro than was Abraham Lincoln.

I am, sir,

A. H. DUNSTON.

It is very nearly half a century since Lincoln made the speech you quote from. A good deal has happened since then. Lincoln took the negro as he found him. A contemporary President must do the same. President Roosevelt has appointed very few negroes to office, and might with profit have omitted some of the negro appointments he has made. He has no more notion of social equality for negroes than Lincoln had.—KERRIN.

"MOLLYCODDLE"

ESSEX, PA., May 1, 1907.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—You use the word *Mollycoddle*. Will you kindly give meaning of word and its derivation.

I am, sir,

PAUL A. BENSON.

Derivation from *Moll* or *Molly*, and *coddle*. The *Century Dictionary* defines it as "one who lacks energy or resolution; an effeminate man." The word is familiar. Thackeray used it, and so did the President in a Harvard speech last February. The President is accused of regarding as mollycoddles all persons who decline in conviction as to the indisposability of intercollegiate football to successful education, but it may be that detractors have exaggerated his views.—KERRIN.

THE MURDER CHARGE AT A LABOR UNION'S DOOR

BY THE CONFESSION OF ONE OF ITS MEMBERS, THE WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS IS CHARGED WITH HAVING INSTIGATED TWENTY-SEVEN MURDERS, INCLUDING THE ASSASSINATION, IN 1905, OF FORMER GOVERNOR STEUNENBERG, OF IDAHO. FOR COMPLICITY IN THIS CRIME, W. D. HAYWOOD, OF THE FEDERATION'S "INNER CIRCLE," IS ON TRIAL FOR HIS LIFE

An attempt to learn the truth about the most serious charge that ever has been laid at the doors of organized labor is now being made at Boise City, Idaho. William D. Haywood, secretary-treasurer of the Western Federation of Miners, is on trial in the District Court, charged with the murder of Frank Steunenberg, former Governor of Idaho. Two other officers of the Federation are jointly accused, but they will be tried separately. One remarkable fact which provokes arguments for and against the organization is that the evidence upon which Haywood and his associates have been indicted is based upon the confession of a member of the Federation who is reported since to have lost his reason.

The three men charged with conspiracy and murder are Haywood, Charles H. Meyer, President of the Western Federation of Miners, and U. A. Pettibone, formerly a member of the supreme governing body of the organization. These three are men of unusual intelligence and high executive ability.

The principal accuser of the defendants is Harry Orchard, who has declared in a story of great detail that he committed this and twenty-six other murders under the direction of three men. Stephen Adams made a confession largely corroborating Orchard, but he has since repudiated it, saying that he told the story because he was afraid of being made a scapegoat. Another member of the Federation supposed to have been one of the so-called "inner circle" which directed the murderous plans, is L. J. Simpkins, who has been indicted, but is a fugitive.

According to Orchard's confession it was he who assassinated Steunenberg, besides committing twenty-six other murders by shooting, dynamiting, train-wrecking, etc., under direction of the defendants, but at times when Haywood, Meyer, and Pettibone were actually in another State. The prosecution has presented a list of fifty-one witnesses by whom it expects to prove the truth of Orchard's assertions.

Haywood and his associates declare that they welcome this trial because it will give them the opportunity to prove their innocence beyond doubt. The issue will be contested to the utmost limits of the law. The case against Haywood is admittedly the strongest that the prosecution has. Should this fall, it is likely that the proceedings against Meyer and Pettibone will be dropped. The State is represented by an array of eminent counsel. So is the defendant Haywood, and a great defense fund has been raised among labor organizations throughout the United States. It is known to run well up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, and some estimates place it as high as \$1,000,000.

The facts directly

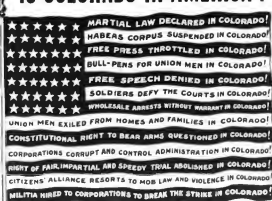
connected with the arrest of the three chiefs of the Federation are these: Frank Steunenberg, former Governor of Idaho, had been followed and watched for months by Harry Orchard, who sought to assassinate him. Twice Orchard tried to shoot his victim, but failed. One of these times was arranged, with diabolical ingenuity, for Christmas Eve, but as he was walking home that night with his son and his brother the plan miscarried. Then Orchard planted a bomb under the back gate of his victim's home. At six o'clock on the evening of December 30, 1905, Steunenberg started for home. Orchard, who had been on watch for hours, stealthily hurried ahead of him by another route. Waiting for the moment, the assassin saw the object of his vengeance approach. Even in the gloomy dusk there could be no mistaking that gigantic figure.

Orchard hurried along. At the Steunenberg gate he dropped an open newspaper. Stooping to pick it up, he quickly fastened to the gate the wire which led underground to a bottle of sulphuric acid inside the bomb. Orchard walked briskly away to a safe distance and turned to watch. Steunenberg pushed open the gate, the tap of the wire broke the bottle of sulphuric acid and set off the bomb. The explosion killed Steunenberg, tore him in pieces, James McFarland, an old detective who first gained fame by patient and fearless investigation which led to the hanging of eleven leaders of the Molly Maguires, a secret organization that murdered by wholesale and spread terror through the coal regions of Pennsylvania, was called out to Idaho and put to work on the case. He found the same plan he had used in the Molly Maguire cases thirty years ago—went to work as a miner and burned off the inner circle in the Western Federation of Miners. When the three came to stand trial, Orchard arrested, kept in solitary confinement with plenty of food and good cigars, but with nothing to read and no one to talk with him.

After a few days of this treatment Orchard began to show signs of breaking down. McFarland would not open his emotions by talking about his old mother at home in Pennsylvania, his early religious training, or the certainty of judgment day and future punishment, and urged him to repent of his sin. Orchard broke down and confessed. McFarland spent three days writing down his utterances. To read them requires seven hours. The confession is one of the most amazing documents in the history of crime. Neither the chronicles of the Medievals and Morgans nor the imaginations of Poe and Stevenson can furnish any parallel to this tale of slaughter planned with devilish ingenuity and wrought with earned brutality.

Such a confession as this will evidence usefulness as evidence un-

IS COLORADO IN AMERICA?



THESE are absolute facts and are not the only wrongs that have been perpetrated in Colorado in the name of law and order. It has been charged and never successfully denied that the corporations controlled \$15,000,000 towards the charges of the general Republican administration, but Governor Peabody has been unable to DELIVER THE GOODS.

THESE wrongs have not even been lawfully established, and before the courts in Colorado we would not have demonstrated the right to regulate our natural wealth. The right here as in all states is now being threatened through the action of the courts and will be established.

If we desire to save the mining industry and the livelihood of the Western Federation of Miners of Colorado it is our duty to demand and protect freedom, and demand it. We do demand. See Times at Mining Exchange, Denver, Colorado.

Charles H. Meyer

W. D. Haywood

How the Western Federation of Miners proclaimed its Grievances



Mrs. Pettibone George A. Pettibone W. D. Hayward (now in 1906) Mrs. Hayes Charles A. Hayes

The accused Officers of the Western Federation of Miners



The County Court-house at Boise, Idaho, where the Trial is being held
 THE WINDOWS WITH THE CROSS BETWEEN THEM INDICATE THE CELLS WHERE THE ACCUSED MEN ARE CONFINED

THE PRINCIPALS AND THE SCENE OF A MOMENTOUS TRIAL

less corroborated by the testimony of unimpeached witnesses carrying to the minds of the jury conviction beyond a reasonable doubt. This corroboration the State promises it will furnish. The defense declares that corroboration is impossible, that Orchard is not only a trapped and self-accused murderer, but a person of unclouded mind who has tried to purchase his wretched life by dragging in accusations against innocent officials of a hated organization.

But before going into the details of the confession it is necessary to go back to the history of the Cœur d'Alene mining troubles in the late nineties. The miners went on strike, and non-union miners were brought in to take their places. A trainload of men, said to be strikers, dynamited the \$300,000 mill of the Blunk Hill and Sullivan mine at Wardner. Rioting, arson, and bloodshed followed. The militia of Idaho went off to the Spanish war. With improvised militia and regular troops of the United States army, chiefly negroes, Steunenberg, then Governor of Idaho, arrested the union labor leaders and eight hundred of their followers and confined them within barred wire stockades in the famous "hell pen" of the Cœur d'Alene. There were many charges that the troops outrageously abused the prisoners. Steunenberg, a plain, decent citizen, farmer and banker, who went into office as a friend of labor, retired at the end of his second term as governor an object of the execration of thousands of miners.

There were other hated men. After the Cœur d'Alene trouble came the famous Cripple Creek and Telluride strikes in Colorado, with accompaniments of assault, arson, dynamiting, and murder. Hundreds of the striking miners were deported by the troops. The struggle cost many lives and millions of dollars, and the strikers were defeated. Governor James H. Peabody, of Colorado; D. H. Moffat, a millionaire miner; and Justices Gilbert and Tiedhard of the Supreme Court, were sentenced to death, according to Orchard's



The Gateway at which Governor Steunenberg was blown to pieces
AS THE GOVERNOR OPENED THE GATE TO ENTER HIS HOME AT CALDWELL, IDAHO, ON THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 23, 1903, THE BOMB PLACED THERE WAS EXPLODED BY MEANS OF A STRING WHICH WAS FASTENED TO THE SWINGING GATE

admitted it. Neville, fearing arrest, fled to Nevada. Orchard heard he might tell. A man named Napp was hired to poison Neville for \$10,000. Neville died.

Superintendent McCormick and Foreman Black, of the Vindicator Mine, were blown to pieces one night by a bomb on the sixth level. Orchard swore that he put the bomb there under orders, but by error missed putting it on the seventh level, where it would have killed fifteen or twenty non-union miners.

As an instance of the anger aroused among the Western Federation of Miners by Governor Steunenberg's action in dealing with the Cœur d'Alene troubles, the inflammatory poster reproduced on page 762 of this article was circulated throughout the Western mining region. Below the flag appeared these statements:

"These are absolute facts and are not the only outrages that have been perpetrated in Colorado in the name of law and order. It has been charged and never successfully denied that the corporations contributed \$15,000 towards the election of the present Republican administration, but Governor Peabody has been unable to deliver the goods."

"The unions have not been nor can they be abolished, and before the strikes in Colorado are settled, we will have demonstrated the

story. Many men of low note were also to be destroyed."

Orchard admitted that he killed the nineteen non-union miners who were blown to death as they stood on the railroad platform at Independence, Colorado. He swore that the plot was perfected by Haywood's rooms in Denver. To establish an alibi, Orchard left Independence the day before the killing in the company of a man named Neville.

Orchard made a pretense to climb back to Independence, and there he pulled the string that set off one hundred pounds of dynamite under the platform on which the victims were standing. Next day Neville received Orchard of the crime, and he admitted it. Neville, fearing arrest, fled to Nevada. Orchard heard he might tell. A man named Napp was hired to poison Neville for \$10,000. Neville died.

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Harry Orchard, the Confessed Assassin

THIS MAN, A MEMBER OF THE MINERS' FEDERATION, HAS ADMITTED HIS REPUTATION OF TWENTY-SEVEN MURDERS, COMMITTED, HE SAYS, "UNDER ORDERS" FROM THE TWENTY- "INNER CIRCLE"



Former Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho

ORCHARD, IN HIS CONFESSION, SAYS THE GOVERNOR WAS MARKED FOR ASSASSINATION FOR FIVE YEARS BEFORE HIS DEATH WAS EFFECTED IN REVENGE FOR HIS ACTS DURING THE CŒUR D'ALENE RIOTS



Judge Tremont Wood

KNOWN AS AN ABLE AND FEARLESS JUDGE



Clarence S. Darrow

CHIEF COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE



James H. Hawley

CHIEF PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

right for mutual benefit. The eight-hour day as decreed by over forty thousand majority of the voters will be established.

"If you desire to assist the striking Miners, Mill, and Smeltermen of the Western Federation of Miners of Colorado in this battle for industrial and political freedom, send donations to Wm. D. Haywood, Secretary-Treasurer, 625 Mining Exchange, Denver, Colorado.

(Signed) CHARLES MORTON

President.

Ser'y-Treas."

Merritt Wailey was murdered in Denver with a bomb intended for Chief-Justice Gilbert. Arthur W. Collins, manager of the Newburger Union Mine at Telluride, was shot in the back, through the window of his home. J. W. Barney, a shift boss; John Mahoney, a non-union miner at Telluride; and Martin Gikason, a mine manager at Cripple Creek, who dared to advocate non-union labor—all were assassinated. A mining engineer named Bradley was murdered while in San Francisco on his honeymoon. Orchard swears that this was all his work, under orders from Meyer and Haywood.

Three attempts were made to kill Governor Peabody, of Colorado. Once, Orchard says, he and Simpson planted a bomb for him in the street. It was to be touched off by a wire as Mr. Peabody passed the spot. A coal wagon backed on the wire just as Peabody came along and put it out of working order. Another time it was planned to shoot him in front of his home at night as he alighted from his carriage. As it happened, only the women of his family were in the carriage, and the Governor escaped. Another time it was planned to decoy him home from a meeting in an automobile and kill him on the way. A non mysteriously warned him one afternoon of this danger, and again he was saved.

Another assassination that failed, as has been indicated, was that planned for Chief-Justice Gilbert. He with Justice Goddard had attended the striking miners by decisions and strictures on the order. He usually crossed a vacant lot on his way to the court chambers. A bomb was planted and a satchel purse, with wires attached, was put on the ground. It was supposed that the chief justice would pick up the satchel and set off the bomb. Judge Gilbert saw a friend near by that morning and joined him instead of crossing the vacant lot. It was the first time in months that he had deviated from his custom. Another man came along, picked up the satchel, and was blown to bits. The explosives in the bomb were so arranged that when the satchel was picked up sulphuric acid would be spilled on them and set them off. Orchard says he set the bomb by orders.

Justice Goddard escaped assassination through the slip of a pin. No one knew anything about it until Orchard confessed. He said a screw-eye would be found in Justice Goddard's gate. Near by, he said, was a bomb. A wire was attached from the screw-eye to a bottle containing sulphuric acid. When the gate was opened the string was to pull the cork of the bottle and spill it over his giant cap. The bottle was planted five days before the time came to arrange the wire. The acid had eaten the pin, so that when Justice Goddard passed through his gate the pin and not the cork came out.

When Justice Goddard was informed of Orchard's confession he examined his gate and found the screw-eye. Then Adjutant-General Bulky Wells, of Colorado, scratched the earth until he found the wire and pin attached to the cork. Then he scraped the

(Continued on page 728.)



Meyer and Haywood being taken into the Boise Jail

HAYWOOD IS IN THE CENTRE IN A LIGHT OVERCOAT. MEYER IS THE MAN WITH THE BLACK HAT AND BENT HEAD. BEHIND AND BETWEEN THEM IS SHERRIFF NICHOLS, OF CANYON COUNTY, IDAHO, WHO BROUGHT THEM TO BOISE.

A NEW LOCOMOTIVE THAT "WALKS" A WIRE

TO conceive of a locomotive that balances itself on a single rail as perfectly as a skater balances himself on a single skate, seems too great a task to require of the imagination. When one adds that this locomotive dips at the rate of 120 miles an hour, whether the road-bed be rough or smooth, climbs hills with ease and dashes safely around curves much sharper than those on ordinary railroads, the learner of such a recital of facts is apt to think that a Alucibanon is at large. To say that this locomotive needs no bridge, but runs lightly across ravines or rivers on a single line of wire cable, appears to add the crowning touch of incredulity.

Yet such a locomotive has been invented and has actually done these things. Its balance is maintained by the application of the principle that keeps a spinning top upright. In each engine there is a gyroscope apparatus, weighing only one-twentieth of the total load, which revolves constantly at a high rate of speed and thereby keeps the engine erect, no matter how sharp the curve nor how rough the road-bed.

The monorail locomotive, which seems sure to work a revolution in transportation, had its first public exhibition a short while ago in London, when the inventor, Louis Brennan, C. B., gave a practical demonstration of its ability before the Royal Society.

It may be fairly said that nothing was ever presented to the Society, which usually receives the first announcement of scientific discoveries in Great Britain, which aroused so much enthusiasm as the exhibition of the monorail engine. The demonstration of this great triumph of science, says the *Observer*, which was the only New York newspaper to publish the remarkable news, was made before a brilliant assembly gathered under the auspices of the Royal Society.

For more than two hours the leaders of the English scientific world listened to the exposition of a well-known principle of mechanics for the first time practically applied and watched a marvellous demonstration which seemed to set the laws of gravitation at defiance. At the close they acclaimed its discoverer or inventor as worthy to rank high upon the roll of honor which bears the names of Newton and Watt and Stephenson.

What they saw was this: A miniature railway-car or locomotive, standing entirely above a single rail with apparently nothing to balance it, ran about the hall, turned sharp corners at high

speed, crossed a single strand of wire cable in lieu of a bridge and climbed heavy inclines—all with perfect stability. It was sometimes loaded, sometimes empty. There was no attempt to balance the load; the vehicle itself did that instantly and automatically. Every attempt to maintain it resulted in a paradox. If the load were piled all upon one side it seemed inevitable that the vehicle would sag, if indeed it did not topple over. But no, the overloaded side automatically rose in proportion to the burden and the empty side was depressed. To the uninitiated the thing was uncanny, so Alice in Wonderland reality.

The creator of this new system of locomotion is Louis Brennan, C. B., the well-known inventor of the Hrennan torpedo. This invention, by the way, which is controlled by the British War Department, is the only device which has been successfully kept a government secret for any length of time. He told his audience very briefly to-night something about his long search for an ideal method of traction. He began studying the problem in Australia nearly thirty years ago. How to reduce friction was the chief task. It is well known that only about twelve per cent. of the power generated by a locomotive is actually used in drawing a train. The friction to be overcome is partly in the machinery and partly in the oscillation of the vehicles and the grinding of the wheels against the rails on either side. The most perfect road-bed and rails with an ordinary track will not reduce this beyond a certain point.

Mr. Brennan speedily realized, as every railway man and mechanic has done, that the ideal condition would be a train perfectly balanced upon a single rail. Given that, the possibilities of great speed with economy of power would be increased many fold. Until to-night's demonstration was made, the practical attainment of that ideal would have seemed outside the range of scientific attainment to even the eminent men who were included in the Royal Society's audience. Very early in his investigations Mr. Brennan began experimenting with the gyroscope—in other words, he began to study the ordinary spinning top with which every schoolboy is familiar. The principle of the spinning top is the secret of the seeming miracle which he showed.

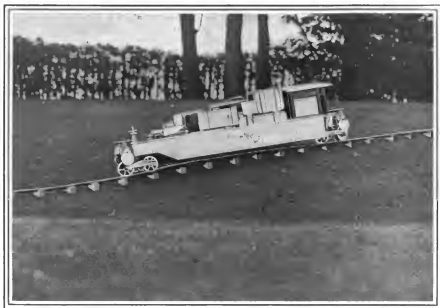
The inventor's own description of the result of his labors is simple enough to any one's comprehension. He said:

"The characteristic feature of this system of transport is that



The Brennan Gyroscopic Locomotive maintaining its balance on a Wire which serves as a Bridge

THE MONORAIL PRINCIPLE OF THE DEVICE IN THE NAME AND THAT WHICH KEEPS A SPINNING TOP UPRIGHT. THE EXHIBITION OF THE LOCOMOTIVE BEFORE THE ROYAL SOCIETY IN LONDON MADE A SENSATION. IN THE PHOTOGRAPH MR. BRENNAN STANDS NEAR HIS MACHINE



The "Spinning-Top" Locomotive running on its Single Rail regardless of Grades and Curves

MR. BRENNAN IS CONFIDENT OF APPLYING HIS INVENTION TO PASSENGER TRAFFIC. HE PROPRIETES A HOTEL ON WHEELS, WITH ROOMS TWENTY FEET WIDE, WHICH WILL TRANSPORT PASSENGERS IN COMFORT AND SAFETY AT 150 MILES AN HOUR

each vehicle is capable of maintaining its balance upon an ordinary rail laid upon sleepers on the ground, whether it is standing still or moving in either direction at any rate of speed, notwithstanding that the centre of gravity is several feet above the rail and that wind pressure, shifting of load, centrifugal action or any combination of these forces may tend to upset it.

"Automatic stability mechanism of extreme simplicity carried by the vehicle itself radiates it with this power. The mechanism consists essentially of two flywheels rotated directly by electric motors in opposite directions at a very high velocity and mounted so that their gyrostatic action and stored-up energy can be utilized. These fly wheels are mounted on high-class bearings and are placed in evacuated cases, so that both air and journal friction is reduced to a minimum, and consequently the power required to keep them in rapid motion is very small.

"The storing energy in the fly-wheels, when resulting at full speed, is an great and the friction so small that if the driving current is cut off altogether they will run at sufficient velocity to impart stability to the vehicle for several hours, while it will take from two to three days before they come to rest. The stability mechanism occupies but little space and is conveniently placed in the cab at one end of the vehicle. Its weight is also small, about five per cent. of the total load being considered an ample allowance for the first vehicle.

"The road wheels are placed in a single row beneath the centre of the vehicles, instead of in two rows near the sides, as usual, and are carried on bogies or compound bogies which are not only pivoted to provide for horizontal curves on the track, but for vertical ones also. By this means the vehicles can run upon curves of even less radius than the length of the vehicle itself, or on crooked rails or rails laid over uneven ground, without danger of derailment.

"The motive power may be either steam, petrol, oil, gas or electricity, as considered most suitable for local conditions. In the first instance, however, it has been decided to use a petrol electric generating set, carried by the vehicle itself, for the supply of current to the road wheel motors and to the stability mechanism. Such a vehicle will have the great advantage of being always ready for immediate use, the gyro wheels being kept constantly running by current from a small accumulator while the engine is at rest. In order that the vehicle may be able to ascend steep inclines the wheels are all power-driven and change gears are provided for use in hilly country. It is also possible to run free wheel down-hill at a great velocity, so that a good average rate of speed can be attained.

"Everything points to great economy resulting from making the vehicles wider in proportion to their length than on ordinary railways, and it has therefore been decided to make the experimental wagon twelve feet wide, or one and a half times as wide as usual.

For civil work in the colonies the vehicles will probably be two or three times as wide, if not more. Brakes capable of being operated by pneumatic or manual power are provided for all the wheels.

"The rail, which is of curved top, only requires to be the same weight as one of the rails on an ordinary line in order to carry the same load on the same number of wheels in each case. The sleepers also only require to be one-half the usual length to give the same area of support to the vehicle.

"Flying lines of railway can be laid with great rapidity over uneven ground with slight expenditure of labor. Specially designed building vehicles are also planned on the non-trail principle and equipped with electric gear for handling the rails, being kept at the rail head for the purpose. It is confidently anticipated that working in this manner it will be possible to keep up with an army on the march and supply them with all their requirements.

"Bridges are of the simplest possible construction, a single wire hawser stretched across a ravine or river being all that is necessary for temporary work. These hawsers can be built up on the spot from separate wire-rope strands, so that the transportation of them becomes a easy matter. Strange to say, the lateral straying of the hawser does not disturb the balance of the vehicles, and the strongest winds will fail to blow them off. In other cases of bridge building a single row of piles with a rail on top supports, or a single girder carrying the rail may be conveniently used.

"The expenditure of fuel is considerably smaller than on ordinary lines, owing to the absence of flange friction on curves and to the vehicles running without oscillation or jolting. The speed can be from twice to three times that of ordinary railways, owing to the smoothness of running of the vehicles and to the total absence of lateral oscillation. Vehicles provided with their own motive power can go anywhere a single rail is laid, and besides carrying a substantial load themselves are also capable, on tolerably level country, of supplying current to other vehicles unsupplied with power-generating plants, thus running as trains.

"The Indian government has now voted \$25,000 for the construction of a full-sized vehicle, and the War Department will construct the necessary rail upon government land at Chatham near the inventor's home. His experiments have thus far been conducted upon the extensive grounds of Mr. Brennan's estate.

"The present model, which is upon a scale of one eighth, has been privately examined and tested during the last few weeks by the most eminent English experts, and their reports to the government have been uniformly eulogistic of the new system of transport. Some months more, of course, elapse before the line equipped with a car of much larger dimensions than the ordinary railway carriage is in operation. Mr. Brennan's confident dream is of a transcontinental line furnished with a travelling hotel with rooms fifteen or twenty feet wide that will carry passengers in perfect comfort and safety at a speed of 120 to 150 miles an hour.

THE WATERLOO AT FORT MYER

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

DRAWINGS BY G. E. CESARE

"If I had my way," said Frank Bradley, "we'd never teach them laps or Chinese anything more in our colleges. They're wise enough now, and when you go and plant our kind of knowledge on top of their natural deviltry you're only making trouble for yourself. You take that from me. I know. Derp! Why, what do you think of one Chink putting it all over a whole troop of our cavalry? Hah!"

"Too bad that mere type and ink cannot imitate the snort that Bradley uttered. His right fist clenched itself so hard that the knuckles showed like dots of white, and his big jaws snapped so that he involuntarily bit through his cigar. Then he shook his round, bristly head and began to grin a sheepish grin.

"Never thought of it this way before," he said. "If any of us could 'a' caught that Chink first off, we'd 'a' put a few fancy dents in his yellow hide; but he did play it on us all right. You see, I never intended to go a soldierin', but one time after I'd worked myself pretty nigh to death riding herd for old man Swan, and then blew in three months' pay in one night, I got a terrible grouse on and drifted into Fort Myer, and first thing you know I'm signed up as a trooper and wearing yellow stripes down

"For my part," says he, "I can't see nothing wrong with the Chink. He treats me like a gentleman, and I'm sure that I intend to return the courtesy. It ain't every white keeper of a canteen that'll hand out credit to the nation's preservers."

"What?" we yelled. "Is that Chink giving jawbone?"

"How else would I be smoking this good scogee, and this the sixth of the month?" sarcastically asked the old reprobate.

"So we figured that we could forego the pleasure of destroying this black-and-tan until a committee should investigate this phenomenon. We all wanted to be members of it, but we finally compromised. Bill Keverney offered to lick any gent that sought to deprive him of the honor, and I could lick Bill; so we were the committee."

"Next day we went down to John Chinaman's. Keverney wanted to go light at the start, but I persuaded him that the only way to do was to make a big splash, and inspire respect by the amount of stuff we took."

"Good morning, John," says I.

"Good-mornin', General," says John.



Drawn by G. E. Cesare

"Napoleon Bonaparte and Andrew Jackson each owed about four dollars for pies and tobacco when we left"

the outside o' my legs loaded o' chaparral. And right there is where I learned what a terrible thing it is to be afflicted with thirteen dollars a month. By the time a fellow had invested in a couple of drinks, taken in a show, paid his laundry bill, and got a few things to wear, there wasn't a whole bit left for riotous dissipation. So for about twenty-five days each month we chewed our thumbs in place of good Virginia leaf, and meditated on the error of our ways.

"Credit was a dead thing in all the canteens. Nix was the word handed out to any warrior of the hue who was so foolish as to try and get 'jawbone' for a modest plug of tobacco. Kipling has it right—the soldier is a hero until it begins to hurt people's pockets.

"So when we noticed that a blooming Chink had opened a little store, we heeled it with wrath. It bore our sorrow of the fitness of things to see the yellow gent sitting among untold luxuries in the shape of juicy pies, ripe oranges and bananas, and indecent quantities of tobacco.

"We thought some of rushing his place and putting him out of business. In fact, we had gone so far as to plan the whole affair, when old Dick Parks disturbed the sequence of things by letting into the gathering and asking the ways and wherefores. To our surprise, he didn't seem at all hit by our story of the injustice in the general distribution of the good things of this earth. He pulled out a long black cigar, lit it offensively, and gazed around upon us like a king on his throne.

"That 'general' kind o' made me hate to do it, but Keverney went at him hard."

"Jawbone!" he asks.

"Sure," says John. "Plenty gentlemen mucher jawbone."

"He knew the technical terms all right. So we jawboned him for about eight dollars' worth of stuff. Then he pulled out a little book for us to sign."

"What's this?" growls Keverney, beginning to look sore.

"You jawbone. You sign book. Allee sames know who charges."

"I took Keverney aside and reasoned with him. 'Bill,' says I,

"down this Chink book any different to you from any other Chink?"

"Course not," says he.

"Then," says I, "do you think that you look any different to him from Napoleon Bonaparte?"

"No," says Bill.

"Then sign the book," says I.

"And we both signed calmly and deliberately. Napoleon Bonaparte and Andrew Jackson each owed about four dollars for pies and tobacco and such stuff when we left. We could tell by the expression on John's face that, though he looked wise, he didn't have the faintest idea what we were writing. We looked for Parks's name in the book, but there was only one entry, and that was against the name, U. Will Nevergetit. It was a queer name, but it looked a whole lot like Parks's handwriting, and we weren't experts on handwriting.



Drawn by G. E. Canine

"He blew up to the post with his queue neatly coiled under a derby hat"

"We went back with our trophies, and passed the glad truth to the boys. Next day the rush began. John was satisfied with jawbone, as he told him that pay-day came the end of the month, and that he would get his then. He came from an older civilization, and I guess officers, as he thought us to be, don't bother to cheat the poor there—they just take it away from them. He had run a laundry somewhere, and had sold it out for this more profitable business. Many a time, as I hung him up for a couple of pies or a pound of candy, he would tell me that his trade more than exceeded his fondest hopes. He was backed, too, by some 't'inks in the city, and when, at the end of a week, he sent for more supplies, they were overjoyed. They thought it was a good game of get-rich-quick."

"I tried to get our friend to do our laundry, for there is nothing like making hay while the sun shines, but John was above that sort of thing now. Besides, he was swamped with business and didn't have time."

"So things went nicely on for almost a month. It was really sinful the accounts that Napoleon and Andrew Jackson, and the Onyon ran up with him. But they weren't a patch on the jawbone extended to Daniel Lambert. Any one who saw his cake bill would understand why he is fat. And we didn't neglect the heroes of the past. From Julius Caesar to Christopher Columbus all patronized John's canton."

"Along toward the end of the month, when we had been jawboning for three weeks, the first evidence of a growing mistrust was exhibited. I had charged a box of cigarettes to Search Me, and John leaned confidentially over his counter and asked, 'You jawbone alee time?'

"I could afford to get riled, and I did. I told him good and plenty what I thought of a Chink that had lost his faith in his fellow men. I told him that pay-day was the day after to-morrow. I apologized all right, so I got a box of cigars to show that there was no hard feeling. But I tipped the boys off, and next day came the final rush. We stocked up with enough baloney and fancy grub to keep us going a week. And every one told John that the next day was pay-day."

"It was, but we didn't visit John. We thought to ourselves, and put the thought in words to each other, 'What's the use in paying this heathen? Here, for the first time, we have a chance to keep our whole month's pay. Shall we surrender it to a yellow tradesman? Far be it from us.'"

"I guess John must have felt nervous when the next day passed

without any of us calling on him, but it couldn't have been a marker to the way he felt when a week had passed and no blue coats had settled their bills."

"Then he was mad. He blew up to the post with his queue neatly coiled under a derby hat, and American trousers crowding a silk kilt jacket for the place. The sentries jeered him, and the adjutant could do nothing for him. No one seemed to know of any new recruits by the names of Bonaparte, Jackson, or Caesar, and as for U. Will Nevergetit, why, they had to give it up. But the adjutant thought that the best thing to do would be to read the names at parade, and give John a chance to identify his delators."

"John was sure of one thing. All who had charged stuff with him were from H Troop. So to H Troop the list was read by the officer of the day. We were all there, all drowsed a little, and it was impossible for that Chink to pick any one out of the crowd as it would have been for us to pick him out of a hop-joint. Name after name was read off with the amounts, but no one responded. Search Me, His Onyon, and U. Will Nevergetit owed good solid sums, but no one cracked a smile. John stood there, looking like he had malaria, and couldn't tell who had signed those names. We stood it pretty well until we learned that Napoleon owed eighty-three dollars. We didn't lose our sober faces when we discovered that Andrew Jackson had been delinquent on pie and candy about one hundred and ten dollars' worth. But when Daniel Lambert's name was read we felt our breath. He owed two hundred and five dollars and some small change."

"John looked up to heaven, he spat upon the ground, and then he blessed, 'Daniel Lambert, him one damn thief!' Then we all collapsed. The paper dropped from the captain's hand, and he was almost weeping with laughter as he turned to John, and told him that he didn't believe that he could find his parties. And John went his way, a silent picture of the effects of the East knocking up against the West."

"Next day a recruiting party reported that his carden was closed and that our graft was as sure. And we all settled down to the old humdrum culture of paying our bills as we bought our stuff. H Troop was in wrong with every one who had stuff to sell, and the other companies were sure because we hadn't let them into the good thing."

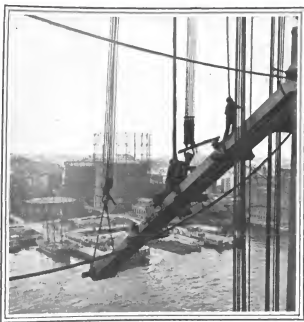
"A couple of months after John's departure, another Chink opened a little laundry. Keeney and I went down, as before, but there was nothing doing in the jawbone line. But he told us his prices, and they certainly were cheap enough. We tried him, too, and he was the best ever as an antidote to earth on the floor. One day after we had been patronizing him a couple of months, he got an assistant. I thought that he resembled John, but decided that I was mistaken, for he was a curly devil, not at all like our good-natured friend."

"In fact, business grew so good that Sing Kee announced he was going to do general cleaning, and hired a couple of extra Chinks. So we began bringing our suits and coats down to him. It was (Continued on page 781.)



Drawn by G. E. Canine

"Six hundred and one dolla, ten cents," says Sam, the laundryman"



Placing Eye-bars in Position on the Cantaliver Arm which is being built toward New York



Bringing the Eye-bars up to the Joint



Looking toward Key to the Lower Floor



Driving in the Pin, Sixteen Inches in Diameter, which connects the Eye bars at a Joint



How the East River looks from the Bridge

THE BRIDGE-B
CONSTRUCTING THE GREAT BLACKWELLS ISLAND CANTALIVER BRIDGE



The Insertion of the Connecting Pin



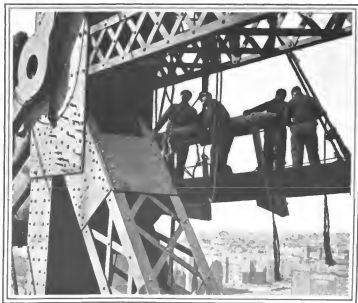
Manipulating Steel Girders Two Hundred Feet above the River on the West Cantaliver Arm



Lower Floor of the Structure



Builders' perilous Field of Operation



The Two-ton Swinging Hammer (directed by the Men on the Right) which drives the Pin into Position

E-BUILDERS

WHICH WILL CONNECT LONG ISLAND WITH UPPER NEW YORK

MAM' LINDA*

BY WILL N. HARBEN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. B. MASTERS

CHAPTER IV

THE young men in Carson Dwight's set had an odd sort of lounging-place. It was Keith Gordon's room above his father's bank in an old building which had withstood the shot and shell of the Civil War. "The Den," as it was called by its numerous haphazard occupants, was reached from the street on the outside by a narrow flight of worn-out and rickety stairs and a perilous little balcony or passage that clung to the brick wall twenty feet from the ground along the full length of the building. It was here, in one of the four beds, that Keith slept when there was room for him. After a big dance or a match game of baseball, when there were impetuous visitors from neighboring towns left over for various and sundry reasons, Keith had to seek the uncomfortable solitude of his father's home or go to the hotel.

Hill Garner, brainy as he was, while he was always welcome at his father's house a mile from town, seemed to love the company of this noisy set. Through the day it was said of him that he could read and saturate himself with more law than any man in the State, but at night his recreation was a cheap cigar, his old bulging carpet slippers, a cozy chair in Keith's room, and—who would think it!—the most thrilling Indian dime novel on the market. He could quote the French, German, Italian, and Spanish classics by the page in a strange, musical accent he had acquired without the aid of a master, or any sort of intercourse with foreigners. Yet he knew and loved all things pertaining to great art. His bellfellow was Bob Smith, the genial, dapper clerk at the Johnson House. If Bob had any quality that disturbed the surface of his uniform equanimity, it was his pride in Carson Dwight's friendship. He interlarded his talk always with what Carson had said or done, and Carson's candor for the Legislature had become his paramount interest in life. Indeed, it may as well be stated that the rest of the gang had espoused Dwight's political cause with equal enthusiasm.

It was the Sunday following the night Pole Baker had prevented the meeting between Dwight and Dan Willis, and most of the habitual loungers were present waiting for Mark—short for Markton—to black their boots, and depicting the turn of affairs which looked so bad for their favorite. Wade Tingle was slaving at one of the windows before a mirror in a cracked mahogany frame when they all recognized Carson's step on the balcony, and a moment later Dwight stood in the doorway.

"Hello, boys, how goes it?" asked Wade.

"Oh, we are all right, old man," Tingle replied, as he began to rub the lather into his face with his hand to soften his week-old beard before shaving. "How's the race?"

"It's all right, I guess," Dwight said, wearily, as he came in and sat down in a vacant chair against the window. "How goes it over in the mountains? I understand you've been there."

"Yes, trying to rake in some ads, stir up my local correspondents, and take subscriptions. As to your progress, old man, I'm sorry to say Wiggin's given it a sort of black eye. There was a meeting of farmers over in the Teeth at Miller's spring. I was blamed sorry you were not there. Wiggin made a speech. It was a corker—viewed as campaign material. That chap's failed at the law, but he's the sharpest, most unprincipled manipulator of men's emotions I ever ran across. He showed you up as Sam Jones does the ring-tailed monster of the Heaven box."

"What Carson said about Willis and Johnson's mob was his theme, of course," said Garner above the dog-eared pages of his dime thriller.

"That and ten thousand things Carson never dreamt of," returned Tingle. "Here's the way it went. The meeting was in a busharbor, and the farmers had their wives and children out for a picnic. A long-faced parson led in prayer, some of the old mads piped up into a song that would have ripped ribs in Hill Garner's muscular tympanum, and then a raw-boned ploughman from the Upper Teeth introduced the guest of honor. How they could have overlooked the editor of the greatest agricultural weekly that ever was printed and picked out that skunk was a riddle to me."

"Well, what did he say?" Garner asked as impatiently as if he were cross-examining a sensational witness of importance.

"What did he say?" Tingle laughed, as he wiped the lather from his face with a ragged towel and stood with it in his hand. "He began by saying that he had gone into the race to win, and that he was going to the Legislature as sure as the sun was on its way down in this country and on its way up in China. He said it was a scientific certainty, as easily demonstrated as two and two make four. Those hardy, bony-banded ones before him that day were not going to the polls and vote for a town dule who peried his hair in the middle, wore spike-toed shoes that glittered like a rascal's eye, and was the singular, the remotest set of young card-players and whiskey-drinkers that ever

blackened the morals of a town. He said that about 'the gang,' boys, and I didn't have a thing to shoot with. In fact, I had to sit there and take in more."

"What did he say about his platform?" Garner asked, with a heavy frown; "that's what I want to get at. You never can bust a politician by circulating the report that he drinks—that's what it takes to get them to vote."

"Oh, his platform seemed to be chiefly that he was out to save the common people from the eternal disgrace of voting for a man like Dwight. He certainly piled it on thick and heavy. It would have made Carson's own mother sick away in shame. Carson, Wiggin said, had loved niggers since he was knee-high to a duck, and had always contended that a negro owned by the aristocracy of the South was ahead of the white rascals; stock in the mountains who had never had that advantage. Carson was up in arms against the whitecaps that had come to Darley and whipped those lazy rooms, and was going to punish every man in the bunch to the full extent of the United States law. If he got into the Legislature, he intended to pass laws to make it a penitentiary offence for a white man to shove a nigger off the sidewalk. But he's not going to take his seat in the Capitol of Georgia, Wiggin said, with a yell—if Carson Dwight went to Atlanta it would not be on a free pass. And, boys, that crowd yelled till the day leaves overland clapped an encore. The men yelled and the women and children yelled."

"He's a contemptible rascal," Dwight said, angrily.

"Yes, but he's a slick politician among men of that sort," said Tingle. "He certainly knows how to talk and stir up strife."

CHAPTER V

THE Warren homestead was in a turmoil of excitement over Helen's return. All the ex-slaves of the family for miles around had assembled to celebrate the occasion in quite the anti-bellum fashion. The men and grown boys sat about the front lawn, some on the steps of the long veranda and talked of the day Helen was born, of her childhood, of her beauty and numerous conquests away from them, and of the bare possibility of her degrading to accept the hand of some one of her powerful and wealthy suitors.

In her own chamber, a great square room with many windows, Helen, a tall, graceful girl with light-brown eyes and almost golden hair, was receiving the women and girls. She had brought a present suitable for each of them, as they knew she would, and the general rejoicing was equal to that of an old-time Georgia Christmas.

"You are all here," Helen smiled, as she looked about the room, "except Mammy. Is she not well?"

"Yesum, she's well as common," Jennie, a housemaid, said; "as well as she's been since Pete had that terrible wid de White Caps. Missus, you gwine see er gr'e change in Mam' Linda when you do see 'er. Since dat night, while she seems strong in de body, she looks powerful queer in de face on eyes. Uncle Lewis is worried about 'er. She do set in er cottage do' on rock back an' fo' th all day long. You dear head 'bout dat whippin', ain't you, Missie?"

"Yes, my father wrote me about it," Helen replied, an expression of sympathetic pain on her well-featured face; "but he didn't tell me that he was taking it so hard."

"He hasn't tried," Ar knep bent down, whispering; "Jennie said, obversantly, 'Master knowed how much sto' you set by yo' old mammy. He was de maddest man you ever laid eyes on dat night, but he couldn't do nothin', for it was all over on de White Caps dese shandile back when dry come fum.'"

"Well, I wish Mam' Linda would come to see me," Helen said. "I'm anxious about her. If she isn't here soon I'll go to her house."

"She's comin' right on, Missie," another negro girl said, "but she told Uncle Lewis dat she was gwine fer wait till we all cleared out. She say you her baby, on she ain't gwine ter be bothered wid so many when she see you do fast time after an long."

"That's exactly like her," Helen smiled. "Well, you all must go now; and Jennie, tell her I am dying to see her."

The room was soon cleared of its clustering and laughing throng, and Linda, supported by her husband, a stalwart mulatto, came up from her cottage behind the house and went up to Helen's room. She was short, rather portly, about half white, and for that reason had a remarkably intelligent face which bore the marks of a strong character. Entering the room, after sharply enjoining her husband to wait for her in the hall, she went straight up to Helen and laid her hand on the young lady's head.

"So I got my baby back once mo'," she said, tenderly.

"Yes, I couldn't stay away, Mammy," Helen said, with an impulsive cry. "After all, she's the sweetest place on earth. But you musn't stand; get a chair."

The old woman obeyed slowly, placing it near that of her mistress

* Began in HARPER'S WEEKLY, Vol. LI, No. 3520.

and sitting down. "I'm glad you got back, honey," she said. "I loves all my white folks; but you is my baby, 'n I never could talk to de rest um lak f'kils ter you. Oh, honey, yo' old mammy has had lots en lots er trouble."

"I know, Mammy; father never war about it, and I've heard more sence I got here, I know how you love Peter."

Mammy Linda folded her arms on her breast and leaned forward till her elbows rested on her knees. Helen saw a wave of emotion shake her whole body as she straightened up and faced her with eyes that seemed melting in grief. "Honey," she said, "folks said when de law come en give we all freedom dat de good day was at hand. It was ter be a time er plenty en joy; but, honey, never will I see er slave did I had ter suffer what I'm goin' throo now. In de old time Master looked after us, de lash never was laid on de back er one o' his niggers. He honest white trash never dared to hit one of us; en yit, now, in dis day er glorious freedom, er whole gang come in de dead er night en tied my child wid ropes en turk turn about lashin' 'im. Honey, sometimes I think dey ain't no Gawd fer a person wid one streak er black blood in 'im. Ef dey is er Gawd fer seek en me, why do He let me pass throo what was put on me? I heard dat boy's screams half er mile, honey, en stood in de floor er my house unable ter move, listenin' en listenin' ter his screams en dat lash fallin' on 'im. Den dey let 'im loose, en he come runnin' erlong de street ter find me—ter find his mammy, honey—his mammy who couldn't do nothin' fer 'im. En dar right at my feet he fell over en er faint. I thought he was dead who, en I got down be-side 'im."

"And I wasn't here to comfort you," Helen said, in a tearful tone of self-reproach. "You were all alone in your great trouble."

"No, I wasn't, honey. Thank de lawd, dar is some er de right kind er white folks left. Marce Carson Dwight heard it all, en he come over en raised Peter up en turk 'im in an' laid 'im on de bed. He turk 'im up in his arms, honey, en set to work to bring 'im to. An' after de po' boy was easy en enleep en de doctor guse off, Marce Carson come ter me en turk my hand, 'Mam' Linda,' he said, en pale as ef he'd been sick er long time, 'dis night's work has give me some-ter think erbout. Dis naya't go on forever. Ef I go to de Legislature, I'll see dat dey gwine ter pass laws ter stop dis sort er thing."

"Carson said that?" Helen said, her glance averted.

"Yes, en he was dead in earnest, honey; he wasn't des talkin' ter comfort me. I know kase I done hear suppen else dat happened since den."

"What was that?" Helen asked.

"Why, dey say dat Marce Carson went straight down town en tried ter find somebody dat was in de mob. He heard dat Dan Willis was 'mongst 'em—you know who he is, honey. He's er bad, depraved white man. Well, Marce Carson spoke his mind 'bout 'im an' dared 'im out in de open. 'Ise' Lewis said dat Mr. Garner an' all Marce Carson's friends tried to stop 'im, kase it would go bad agin' 'im in de 'lection, but Marce Carson wouldn't take back er word, en was so mad he couldn't speak. En dat another hard thing, honey," Linda went on. "Des think, Marce Carson cayn't try to help er po' old woman like me widout ruinin' his own chances."

"It is as serious as that?" Helen asked, with deep concern.

"Yes, honey, he never kin win his race less en he act diffint. Dey say dat man Wiggins is laughin' fit ter kill hissef over de way he got de upper hold. I told Marce Carson des Cother day dat he musn't do dat way, but he laughed in my face in dis earnest way he always did have. 'Ef dey vote ergin me ter dat, Mam' Linda,' he say, 'deir voices won't be worth much.' Marce Carson is sho got high principle, honey. His pa think he ain't

worth much, but he's all right. You mark my words, he's gwine ter make a great big man—he gwine ter do dat because he's got er tender heart in 'im an' ain't afraid er anything on dis earth. He may lose dis er 'lection, but he'll not stop. I know young white men thoos en thoos, en I never seen er better one."

"Have you—have you seen him recently?" Helen asked, surprised at the catch in her voice.

"Oh yes, honey," the old woman said, plaintively: "seem lak he know 'im 'im sufferin', en he been comin' over often en talkin' ter me ex Lewis. Seem lak he's so sad, honey, here late. Ain't you used 'im yit, honey?"

"No, he hasn't been over," Helen replied, rather awkwardly. "He will come, though; he and I are good friends."

"You gwine find 'im changed er lot, honey," the old woman said. "You know, I don't believe he ever got over Marce Albert's death." He wasn't ter blame 'bout dat, honey, dough I do believe he feel dat way. Seem lak we never kin fetch up Marce Albert's name widout Marce Carson git sad. One night here late, when Lewis was talkin' 'bout yo' pa goun' off en fetchin' Marce Albert home, Marce Carson hang his head an' say, 'Mam' Linda, I wish dat these could be go over ergin. I would act so diffint. I never seed whar all dem serapes was leadin'. But it learn me a lesson, Mam' Linda."

"That's it," Helen said, as if to herself; "he survived. He has profited by the calamity, but my poor, dear Marce, who want no further, for her voice broke and her eyes filled with tears."

"Don't think erbout dat, honey," the old Linda said, consolingly. "You got yo' own great trouble lak I has, but you is at home wid we-all now, en you must not be sad."

"I don't intend to be, Mammy," Helen said, wiping her eyes on her handkerchief. "We are going to set to work to try to do something to keep Pete out of trouble. Father thinks it is his associates that are to blame. We must try to keep him away from bad company."

"Dat what I want ter do, honey," the old woman said, "en ef I des had some-ter fer send 'im so he could be away from dis town I'd be powerful glad."

CHAPTER VI

An Helen anticipated the young ladies of the town, her most intimate friends and school-mates, came in a body that afternoon to see her. The reception opened in the great parlor down stairs, but it was not many minutes before they all found themselves in Helen's chamber, fluttering about and chattering like doves in their spring plumes.

"There is no use putting it off longer," Ida Tarpley, Helen's cousin, laughed; "they are all bent on seeing you this afternoon."

"Oh," Helen protested, her color rising. "I don't like to exhibit my wardrobe as if I were a dressmaker, or a society woman who is hard up and trying to dispose of them."

"The idea of your not doing it, dear," Mary King, a little blonde, said, "when first one of us has seen a decent dress or hat since the summer visitors went away last fall."

"Leave it to me," Ida Tarpley laughed. "Get off the bed, you girls. I want something to lay them on. If it were only evening gowns, I'd make her put on that gown she wore at the Governor's ball. You remember what the 'Constitution' society reporter said about it. He said it was a 'poet's dream.' If I had one it would be in a dream."

Later in the afternoon the young ladies had all gone except Ida Tarpley, who lingered on the veranda.

"I'm glad the girls didn't have the bad taste to embarrass you by questioning you about Mr. Sanders," Ida said. "Of course it



Drawn by F. B. Mumma

A moment later Dwight stood in the doorway

is all over town. Uncle spoke of the possibility of it to some one and that put it afloat. I'm anxious to see him, Helen. I know he must be nice—everything, in fact, that a man ought to be, for you always had high ideals."

Helen flushed almost angrily, and she drew herself erect and stood quite rigid, looking at her cousin. "Ida," she said, "I don't like what you have just said."

"Oh, dearest, I'm sorry, but I thought—"

"That's the trouble about a small town," Helen went on. "People take such liberties with you, and about the most delicate things. Down in Augusta my friends never would think of saying I was actually engaged to a man till it was announced. But here at home it is in every mouth before they have even seen the gentleman in question."

"But you really have been receiving constant attentions from Mr. Sanders for more than a year, haven't you, dear?" Miss Tarpley asked, blandly.

"Yes, but what of that?" Helen retorted. "He and I are splendid friends. He has been very kind and thoughtful of my comfort and I do like him. He is noble, pure, and good. He extended the sweetest sympathy to me when I went down there under my great grief, and I never can forget it; but, nevertheless, I have not promised to marry him, Ida."

"Oh, I see; it is not actually settled yet," Miss Tarpley said.

"Well, I'm glad, I'm very, very glad."

"You are glad?" Helen asked, wonderingly.

"Yes, I am. I'm glad because I don't want you to go away off down there and marry a stranger in us all. I really hope something will break it up. I know Mr. Sanders must be crazy about you—any man would be who had a ghost of a chance of winning you—and I know your aunt has been doing all in her power to bring the match about—but I know you, dear, and I know you would not be happy."

"Why do you say that so—so positively?" Helen asked, coldly.

"Because," Ida said, impulsively, "I don't believe a girl of your disposition could ever love in the right way more than once, and—"

"And what?" Helen asked, her proud lips compressed, her eyes flashing defiantly.

"Well, I may be wrong, dear," Miss Tarpley went on, "but if you were not actually in love before you went to Augusta you were very near it."

"How absurd!" Helen exclaimed, with a little toss of her head.

"Do you remember the night we all drove in couples out to the Henderson party? I went with Mr. Carson, and Carson Dwight took you? Oh, Helen, I met you and Carson walking together in the moonlight under the apple-trees in the old meadow, and if ever

a pair of humans beings really loved each other you two must have done it that night. I saw it in his happy, triumphant face, and I saw it in the fact, Helen dear, that you allowed him to be with you so much when you knew others were waiting to see you."

Helen looked down; her face was obscured ever, her proud lip twitched. "Ida," she said, tremulously, "I don't want you ever again to mention Carson Dwight's name to me in—in that way. You have no right to."

"Yes, I have," Ida protested, firmly. "I have the right as a loyal friend to the best, most suffering, and noblest man I ever knew. You really cared very, very much for Carson, once, but after your great loss you never looked on him the same again."

"No, nor I never shall," Helen said, sharply. "I admire him and shall treat him as a good friend when we meet, but that will be the end of it. Whether I cared for him or not as young girls care for boys is neither here nor there."

"And all simply because he was a little wild at the time your poor brother—"

"Stop!" Helen said, "don't argue the matter. I can only now associate him with the darkest hour of my life. I'm tempted to tell you something, Ida," and Helen bowed her head for a moment and then went on in an unsteady voice. "When poor Albert's trunk was brought home it was my duty to post the things it contained in trunk. There I found some letters to him, and one dated only two days before Albert's death was from—"

from Carson Dwight. I read only a portion of it, but it revealed a page in poor Albert's life that I had never read—never dreamt could be possible."

"But Carson," Ida Tarpley exclaimed, "what did he have to do with that?"

Helen swallowed the lump in her throat, and with a cold, steel gleam in her eyes she said, bitterly:

"He could have held out his hand with the superior strength you think he has and drawn the poor boy back from the brink, but he didn't. The words he wrote about it were light, flippant, and heartless. He treated the whole awful situation as a joke, as if—as if he himself were familiar with such unresponsible things."

"Ah, I begin to understand it all now!" Ida sighed. "That letter, coupled with your brother's awful death, was such a terrible shock that you cannot feel the same towards Carson. But, oh, Helen, you would pity him if you knew him now as I do. He has never altered in his feelings towards you. In fact, it seems to me that he loves you even more deeply than ever. And, dear, if you had seen his patient efforts to make a better man of himself you'd think more kindly of him. You will understand him some day, but it may then be too late. I don't believe that



Illustration by F. B. Stedman

"I know young white men thou art thou, so I never seen or better one"

women have real sweethearts but once. You may marry the man you most want to take, but your heart will turn back to the other. You will remember, too, and bitterly, that you condemned him for a foolish fault which you ought to have pardoned."

"Do you think so, Ida?" Helen asked, her great brown eyes averted.

"Yes, and you'll remember, too, that while his other friends were trying to help him on, you turned against him. He's going to make a great and good man, Helen. I've known that for a long time. He is having his troubles, but even they will help him to be stronger in the end. His greatest trial is going on right now while folks are saying that you are going to marry another man. Pshaw! you may say what you like about Mr. Sanders' good qualities, but I know I shall not like him. He—he." Ida concluded, as she turned to go, "is a coward, and I'm dead against him."

Helen remained on the veranda, after her cousin had left, till it was twilight. She was about to go in, as it was near twilight, when she heard a growling voice down the street and saw old Uncle Lewis returning from town, driving his son, the troublesome Peter, before him.

"You go right then dat gate en back ter dat house, you black imp or 'surrection," he thundered, "or I'll tek er board en lambast de life out'n you. Here it is night-time en you ain't got no store-wood fer de kitchen, en beea lyin' round dem cotton-wagon raisin' no' rovers wid dem mountain white men."

"What's de matter, Uncle Lewis?" Helen asked, as the boy passed round the corner of the house and the old man, out of breath, passed at the steps.

"Oh, Missy, you don't know what me 'n' Linda got to bear up under. No, I don't know how ter manage dat boy. Linda right now is eat'n 'er head wid worry. Black n' white folks are tell'n 'bout an hour ago dat Pete en some no' terkin' s-liggers was down at de warehouse a-singin' some mountain white men. Buck heard Pete say dat Johnson en his gang couldn't whip him erkin' 'bout gittin' in trouble, en dey was in er luck of er big row dat de marshal busted it up. Black ain't no fond, fer a black man, Missy, en he tol' me 'n' Linda if we don't manage ter git Pete out'n de company he keeps dat dem white men will sho stratin' 'im up."

"Yes, something must be done, that's plain," said Helen, sympathetically. "I know Mam' Linda must be worrying, and I'll go down to see her this evening. It doesn't seem to me that a town like this is best for a boy like Pete. I'll speak to my father about it, Uncle Lewis. It won't do to have Mammy bothered like this. It will kill her. She is not strong enough to stand it."

"Oh, Missy," the old man said, "I wish you would try ter do some." He 'n' Linda is sho at de end er our rope."

"Well, I promise you I'll think about it, Uncle Lewis," Helen said, and, much relieved, the negro trusted homeward.

CHAPTER VII

One beautiful morning near the first of June, as Carson was strolling on the upper veranda at home waiting for the breakfast-bell, Keith Gordon came by on his horse on his way to town.

"I heard the news!" he called out, as he reined in at the gate and leaned on the neck of his mount.

"No. What's up?" Carson asked, and as he spoke he saw Helen Warren emerge from the front door of her father's house and step down among the dew wet rose-hedges that bordered the brick walk.

"Terrible enough in all reason," Keith replied. "There's been a terrible murder over near your farm. Abner Johnson, who led that mob, you know, and his wife were killed by some negro with an axe. The whole country is up in arms and crazy with excitement."

"Wait! I'll come right down," Carson said, and he disappeared into the house. And when he came out a moment later he found Helen on the sidewalk talking to Keith, and from her grave face he knew she had overheard what had been said.

"Isn't it awful?" she said to Carson, as he came out at the gate.

"Of course it is the continuation of the trouble here in town."

"How do they know a negro did it?" Carson asked, obeying the natural tendency of a lawyer to get at the facts.

"It seems," answered Gordon, "that Mrs. Johnson lived barely long enough, after the neighbors got there, to say that it was done by a yellow negro, as well as she could see in the darkness. In their fury the people are roughly handling every yellow negro in the neighborhood. They say the negroes are all hiding out in the woods and mountains."

Then the conversation paused, for old Uncle Lewis, who was at work with a pair of garden-shears behind some rose-hedges close by, uttered a groan, and, wide-eyed and startled, came towards them.

"It's awful, awful, awful!" they heard him say. "Oh, my Gawd, have mercy!"

"Why, Uncle Lewis, what's the matter?" Helen asked, in sudden concern and wonder over his manner and tone.

"Oh, Missy, Missy!" he groaned, as he shook his head despondently. "My boy over dar 'most 'ves right now. Oh, my Lawd, I know what dem white folks gwine ter say fust thing, kase Pete had no little sense ter—"

"Stop, Lewis!" Carson said, sharply. "Don't you be the first to implicate your own son."

"I ain't, master!" the old man groaned, "but I know dem folks done done it 'n' de die."

"I'm afraid you are right, Lewis," Keith said, sympathetically. "He may be absolutely innocent, but since his trouble with that mob Pete has really talked too much. Well, I must be going."

As Keith was riding away old Lewis, muttering swiftly to himself and groaning, turned towards the house.

"Where are you going?" Helen asked, still lingering beside Carson.

"I'm gwine ter try keep Linda fum hearin' it right now," he said. "If Pete git in it, Missy, it gwine ter kill yo' old mammy."

"I'm afraid it will," Helen said. "Do what you can, Uncle Lewis. I'll be down to see her in a moment."

As the old man tottered away Helen looked up and caught Carson's troubled glance.

"I wish I were a man," she said.

"Why?" he inquired.

"Because I'd take a strong stand here in the South for law and order at any cost. We have a good example of what our condition is in actual danger. Pete may really be innocent, and no doubt is, for I don't believe he would do a thing like that, so matter what the provocation, and yet he hasn't any sort of chance to prove it."

"You are right," Carson said. "At such a time they would kill him for nothing else than that he had dared to threaten Johnson, as he is known to be a negro."

Yes, justice administered to both races alike is at least the first step towards the solution of the problem."

"Fier, poor old Mammy!" sighed Helen. "Oh, it is awful to think of what she will suffer if—if—" Carson, do you really think Pete is in actual danger?"

He hesitated for a moment and then he met her stare frankly. "We may as well face the truth and be done with it," he said.

"No negro will be safe over there now, and Pete, I am sorry to say, is of all."

"If he is guilty he may run away," she said, short-sightedly.

"If he's guilty we won't want him to get away," Carson said, firmly. "But I really don't think he had anything to do with it."

Helen sighed. They had stepped back to the open gate and there they gazed side by side. "How discouraging life is!" she said.

"Carson, planning to get Pete over to your farm, where he would be out of the reach of disruptive associates, you and I were acting on our purest, noblest, impulses, and yet the outcome of our efforts may be the gravest disaster."

"Yes, it seems that way," he responded, gloomily, "but we must try to look on the bright side and hope for the best."

On parting with Helen, Carson went into the big old-fashioned dining-room, and hurriedly drinking a cup of coffee, he went down to his office. Along the main street, on the corners and in front of the stores, he found little groups of men with grave faces all discussing the tragedy. More than once in passing he heard Pete's name mentioned, and for fear of being questioned as to what he thought about it he hurried on. Carson was an early riser, and he found him at his desk writing letters.

"Carson, about it accounts," Garner said, "your man Friday seems to be in a ticklish place over there, innocent or not—that is, if he hasn't had the sense to skip out."

"Somehow I don't think he is guilty," Carson said, as he sank into his big chair. "He's not that stamp of negro."

"Well, I haven't made up my mind on that score," the other remarked. "Up to the time he left here he seemed really harmless enough, but we don't know what may have taken place since then between him and Johnson. Funny we didn't think of the danger of striking match to tinder like that. I admit I was in favor of sending him. Miss Helen was so pleased over it, too. I met her the other day at the post-office, and she was telling me with absolute delight that Pete was doing well over there, working like a good fellow and behaving himself. Now, I suppose the dear girl will be terribly upset."

"Carson, I wonder," said the mountain people, in tones of excitement, for acting rashly, and yet right here in this quiet town half the citizens have already made up their minds that Pete committed the crime. Think of it, Garner."

"Well, you see, it's pretty hard to imagine who else did it," Garner declared.

"I don't agree with you," said Carson, warmly, "when there are half a dozen more negroes who were whipped just as Pete was and who have horrible characters. There's Sam Dailow, the worst negro I ever saw, ex-convict, and as full of devilment as an egg is of meat. I saw him face the next day after he was whipped, and I never want to see it again. I'd hate to meet him in the dark named. He wasn't making open threats as Pete was, but I'll bet he would have handled Johnson or Willis roughly if he had met either of them alone."

"Will, we are not trying the case," Garner said, dryly. "If we are I don't know where the fees are to come from. Gitting money out of an imaginary case is too much like a lawyer's first year in the business."

To be Continued.

MOVING A NEWSPAPER IN A SINGLE NIGHT

By CHARLES A. SELDEN

THE recent move of the *Evening Post* to the seventh home that newspaper has occupied since its founding by Alexander Hamilton and several of his Federalist associates, one hundred and six years ago, is interesting for various reasons. There is the fact of the physical removal itself, which is the case of a newspaper is particularly remarkable, for in these days readers will accept nothing as a sufficient excuse for the mislaid of an edition, so the change of habitation, with all the shifting of heavy and complicated machinery, must, practically, be made overnight. Secondly, the new building probably contains more facilities for the orderly "getting-out" of a daily paper and more comfort and convenience for those engaged in the production than any structure devoted to the same purpose in the world. And, furthermore, the selection of the new site, on Vesey Street, not much more than a stone's throw from the *Evening Post's* old building, at Broadway and Fulton, is good evidence that "way down town" is still the proper location for New York newspapers, and will continue to be so for many years to come.

This new site, which comprises three lots on Vesey Street, just off of Broadway, has a depth of 100 feet, and frontage of 75 feet. Across the way is St. Paul's Churchyard, and in the rear is the old St. Peter's Church at Barclay Street, so that, front and rear, there is assurance of ample light in perpetuity, one of the greatest assets that a newspaper can have.

The building is of steel skeleton construction, with thirteen floors above ground and two basements. For its exclusive use the *Evening Post* has reserved the four top floors, a third of the street floor, and both basements.

Lefty piers of Indiana limestone, framing iron bay-windows, painted in bronze, form the front of the building, and the structure is surmounted by a copper mansard roof.



The new Home of the New York "Evening Post"

THE VIEW IS ACROSS ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD PRACTICALLY FROM THE SITE OF THE OLD STRUCTURE AT BROADWAY AND FULTON STREET

In the centre panels of the metal bay-windows over the second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth floors on the front there are five different oval reliefs, as decorative, taken from the marks of well-known printers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The models for these were made by Miss Harriet Clark, sculptor. These printers' marks are as follows: Over the second floor, Elsevir of Amsterdam, 1629; over the third floor, Jacobus of Strasbourg, 1550; over the fourth floor, Nicolaus de Francœdia, 1510; over the fifth floor, Thomas Bruinen of Paris, 1575; and over the sixth floor, Aldus of Venice, 1540.

Also on the front of the building, in niches at the tenth-floor level, are four monumental statues of freedom, typifying in a way the four periods of publicity. The first, or most easterly, of these represents the first period, when news was carried entirely by the spoken word, and is a male figure leaning forward, listening. The second figure represents an early period of the written word, and is a monk or illuminator. These first two figures are by Eodile Humboldt Kohn, the sculptor.

The third figure represents the dissemination of news through printing, and is that of a printer of the period of Gutenberg, who stands with his hand resting on the top of a primitive printing-press. A figure meant to indicate the potentialities of the newspaper is the fourth one, which is designed as that of an editor, in modern garb (wearing a long, loose coat), holding a pen in one hand and a sheet of paper in the other, while one foot rests upon a pile of papers. These two figures are by the sculptor Gut-zon Burgheim.

In the four figures, which are nearly two feet high, the composition has been treated in such a way as to "carry" at a long distance, and the drapery has been kept very simple, so that the main effect is that of a decorative figure attached directly to the building and forming a part of it, rather than a distinct or separate



The Room of the City Editor and his Staff



The Sanctum of the Editor-in-Chief



The Library



The Trustees' Room

statue. No attempt at portraiture has been made. In discussing a newspaper and its building it is customary to talk of "traditions" and "atmosphere" supposed to be attached to a home long occupied. The *Evening Post* surrendered nothing of this by moving. The serenity of the Vesey Street structure is more than offset, so far as atmosphere is concerned, by the library, which is a storehouse of the memorabilia of *Evening Post* traditions (that how nothing of their flavor by being, at last, properly housed and made readily available for the inspiration of and enjoyment by the newspaper workers of the present and coming generations. On the walls between the bookshelves and on the supporting columns are many pictures of ancient New York streets, framed copies of old editions printed in the days when it was customary to put back reviews on the front page, and autograph letters from such great Americans as Patrick Henry and Alexander Hamilton.

About the library on three sides are the rooms of the several editors of the newspaper and of the *Yorkian*, and opening from the library on the north side is the "city room," where the news is received and prepared for publication.

On the top floor is the main composing room, where the linotype machines are used and the newspaper forms are made up. It is of the same size as a hand-composing room for the setting of advertisements, just beneath it. Especially notable is the amount of natural light enjoyed by the compositors, which is admitted to their workmen not only through the three big dormer-windows

in front and many ordinary windows on the side and in the rear, but also, and chiefly, through three saw-tooth skylights in the roof, facing north, which extend from side to side of the structure. Adjoining the main composing room are the stereotype department on one side and rooms for the proof-readers on the other.

In order to get sufficient cold water for use in the stereotyping department, and also for other manufacturing purposes, an artesian well was bored to a depth of 650 feet in the rock underneath the building, and an ample supply of satisfactory water has been procured by this means. This water is pumped up by an air-compressor into a tank on the roof, only large enough to hold a sufficient supply to keep a constant change of cold water available for the objects noted.

The press-room, equipped with the latest appliances for the gaining of minutes and fractions of minutes in running off an edition, is in the lower basement, surrounded by a balcony, to which sight-seers are always welcome. The business departments have their quarters on the main and the sixth floors.

The last thing has been done for the comfort of the employees. On the eleventh floor, for instance, there is an excellent restaurant and kitchen. There are also "rest rooms," and the stereotypers, who have to heat the breast of the heat in the making of a newspaper, have shower-baths.

Four elevators, express and local, serve the tenants, and the stairs are of metal and marble.

ASIA'S FLOOD OF JAPANESE BEER

HOW will the people of the Far East be affected by the millions of gallons of beer they are drinking every year, and the still greater number of gallons they will soon absorb? The facts at hand furnish a grave problem for ethnologists, and a report made by Henry K. Miller, United States consul general for Japan, contains figures showing the growth of the beer-drinking habit in that empire which will startle Prohibitionists. Incidentally, Mr. Miller's report disposes of the twaddle of the complacent glib-tongued who say that the Japanese are the most temperate people in the world. They are all very fond of their "birds." The consul-general traces the growth of the beer production in Japan from a mere trickle in 1885 to a river of one million gallons in 1904, and to a foaming torrent of six million gallons in 1906, which now bids fair to swell, burst all bounds, and irrigate Korea and China, especially in Manchuria.

Although the first Japanese brewery was established by foreigners in Yokohama, in 1855, and the master brewers in this one and its later rivals have always been Germans, the prospect is that hereafter the entire management will be in the hands of the Japanese. In this as in all other businesses, trades, manufactures, and the learned professions, the Japanese are eagerly riding themselves of foreign guidance, in the belief that they now know all that is necessary to be known about everything.

The oldest brewery, Mr. Miller writes, has now been sold by its foreign proprietors to a Japanese company for \$1,600,000. This is not surprising when one learns that the latest dividend was at the rate of twenty per cent. per annum.

The consul-general's figures show not only how rapidly the consumption of beer has increased in Japan, but how swiftly the flood has gushed out among neighboring thirty lands.

"In 1905," he writes, "beer was exported to the value of \$688,723, while in 1906 22,988 dozen pint bottles, with a value of

\$15,797, 655,224 quart bottles, worth \$239,325, and 64,538 casks, worth \$26,090, making a total of \$781,828, were exported. China has always taken the bulk of the exports, although Korea has been consuming an increasing quantity year by year, in 1905 taking a value of \$191,583, as against \$15,463 in 1900.

"The greater part of the export to China goes to Manchuria, comparatively little entering northern and central China. The establishing of foreign breweries at Shanghai and in northern China, such as the brewing company at Kiaochow, has interfered and will continue to interfere somewhat with the sale of Japanese beers in their local districts, but in Korea and Manchuria there is an opportunity which the Japanese are not slow to grasp. The relatively low price of the leverage, the scarcity of the market, and cheap transportation, and the fact that the Japanese already in these districts will use and introduce among the native element a demand for the commodity, give Japan every advantage over foreign competition. Further, there is in contemplation the establishing of a branch brewery in Manchuria. Branch breweries for Tairen (Dahly) and Korea are also contemplated, to be started in 1907.

"The value of advertising is well understood, few native products having been better brought to the notice of the public than these. There are few places in Japan where beer cannot be had, for while it will never entirely supplant the national beverage, sake, it is winning a very important position. The bottled beer is sold at retail at sixty cents per dozen for the pints and \$1.15 for the quarts, but is seldom retailed from the rack."

"Ship me somewhere east of Suez" will have to be rewritten, for it is not the white man in the East who will raise a thirst, but the eager and capacious son of the soil. How will the bewitching of Asia affect the Asiatic? Will he become still more drowsy and apathetic? Will he develop pugnacity? The problem is fascinating.



The Man who designed the First Steam-launch

C. H. HARWELL, CIVIL AND MARINE ENGINEER, DIED RECENTLY AT THE AGE OF NINETY SEVEN. HIS "MECHANICS AND ENGINEERING POCKET-BOOK" HAS GONE THROUGH TWENTY-TWO EDITIONS



Honoring the Memory of a great Soldier

THE STATUE OF GENERAL McCLELLAN, BY MACMONTEN, ERECTED IN WASHINGTON IN THE SITE WHERE THE GRAND ARMY OF THE POTOMAC WAS ENCAMPTED DURING THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR

COUNTING CHINA'S MILLIONS

By E. H. CLEMENT

WE have seen no attempt to frame a graphic conception of the stupendous aggregate of China's millions half so successful as that of our veteran American Baptist missionary, the Rev. Dr. William Ashmore (now living at Wollaston, Massachusetts). It was first worked out during his residence at Swatow, China, in 1868, and printed there, but it will serve exceedingly well at the present moment when in various relations, political, military, and social, as well as humanitarian and religious, the world's attention is being concentrated upon China. Dr. Ashmore's method is to imagine the population of 460,000,000 on the march in review. Before he gets through, the reader's head fairly aches and reels at the passing of the interminable multitude.

The authorities differ on the population of China. The old official census of 1812 made it 300,000,000. A late statement based on partial returns puts it at 352,000,000; but it is often quoted in round numbers at 400,000,000. Dr. Ashmore takes the lowest of all these figures in the calculations that follow. For a basis of comparison he adopts the census of the nation of 6,000,000 which passed before Moses, "field-marshal of the Living God," on its march from one country to another by the way of the Red Sea, the wilderness of Paran, and the river Jordan. That payment of the tribes of Israel has inspired literature and all the arts from that day to this, has been celebrated in legend and music, and yet no adequate conception has probably ever been formed of the stupendous catalogue. But that was 6,000,000 as against the 360,000,000 of Chinese which Dr. Ashmore arrays. To help us form the picture he calls to mind the review of the United Armies of the Union at Washington after the Civil War. Anybody privileged to possess a seat for that pageant has talked of it ever since. For witnessing the review of China's hundreds of millions Dr. Ashmore wishes us to get ready our tents. "Make them good and strong, able to endure pelting storms and changes of season, for it is no holiday's work you are settled down to."

Twelve hours a day is long marching, but he proposes keeping the vast army of living men, women, and children going at that rate. Furthermore, he makes them march in close order; and not only that, but in "lock-step," allowing but a foot and a half to each person instead of the two and a half feet to each man allowed in military close-order marching. Twenty miles a day is good work for a column on the march, and at that rate each million will require fourteen days in passing.

And now with all things ready the grand old missionary starts the columns and review on the first day of June. He marshals the Chinese by their great provinces. First comes CHIH, the capital province of the empire, about the size of the State of Illinois. In that space is packed a population of 27,300,000. They will reach 7602 miles, nearly, and the line will stretch from the steps of the Capitol at Washington, across the continent, and far away into the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and will require 397 days in passing.

"You see you are in for it," says Dr. Ashmore, "you thought you would sit it out on that line if it took all summer, but summer comes and summer goes and there you are still; lay in a stock of coal, for winter will be upon you before a quarter of them have gone by; autumn passes, winter passes, spring passes, and you are well into the heat of a second summer before you have seen the last of that column, and that is only one column."

Next he belies on the river Shantung, with its population of 29,558,764, reaching in procession 8250 miles, and taking 411 days to pass. Next Shensi, with its population of 14,804,210; Honan, with 23,657,171, making a column 6534 miles long, and requiring 326 days to pass; Kiangsu, with a population of 27,843,201, enough to stock an empire of itself as large as Japan, France or Germany. This Kiangsu division of the procession will reach 10,750 miles, and will require 537 days to pass. While the Kiangses above are passing, you will have kept two Merry Christmases and seventy-seven Sundays. Then comes Szechuan, another equally large empire within the empire, and then Kiangsi with a line 6547 miles long; Chekiang, one more a division large enough to set up one of the great powers of Europe, with its 20,256,724 people in a line. Now Fukien, a comparatively small population from a hilly region of only about 15,000,000. Next the great national province of Hupeh, with its population, 27,276,600, stretching back 7775 miles; yonder comes the yellow imperial banner of Hunan, a file of 18,652,267 human beings; Kwangtung next, with its 20,000,000; Kwangsi, Yunnan, and Kweichow, three of the smallest of them all, with only about 10,000,000 among them; after that Szechuen, one of the great provinces, with another 25,000,000 of people; the end is now drawing near; Shensi with 10,000,000, Kiangsu with 27,000,000, and reaching over 4000 miles, close up the column. This procession has been over thirteen years in passing.

Dr. Ashmore has succeeded in this sketch in conveying to the Western mind at last some idea of the populousness of one of the great Asiatic "red-races." He had himself learned to appreciate it, passing among them a score of years in the prime of his life, studying their languages and their psychology, and possessing their confidence and their friendship. The root of the matter was deep in him, too, his heart continually yearning to bring them the advantages of modern civilization—not for his own glory, or the glory of his church, but for the brotherhood of man. The other day the doctor was all ready to set out anew for the field of his arduous life's work, inspired by the more recent openings of the way; but at the last moment the doctors forbade the journey. Still, his spirit, ever young and eager, flies to and abides with these huddled myriads he depicts so powerfully. The picture reminds one of De Quincey's opinion-vision of the reddest hosts of Heaven's amphitheatre shouting their hail-hails, in tiers upon tiers of the reformed, and of those other hosts of equal vastness where "unsavelling regret," "unsavelling regret," sweeps to and fro in storms of wailing.

The Murder Charge at a Labor Union's Door

(Continued from page 765.)

ground with great caution, and found the bomb exactly where Orchard said it was, and exactly of the description Orchard had given. The plan to kill H. H. Moffat was to drop a bomb from a window as he walked along the street. The plan was foiled by Mr. Moffat's sudden departure for Europe.

The most notable attempt at train-work was on the night of November 14, 1905, when a train carrying fourteen hundred and about 200 men and women to a ball in Victor, Colorado, from Cripple Creek, nearly plunged over the curve on a 300-foot embankment. A rail had been loosened. A friend of the engineer did not want his life lost, and warning was given to him to crawl along that part of the road. He did so, and probably saved a score of lives.

There has been no sign of trouble for or about the court-room in which Haywood's trial is being carried on, although many persons, remembering the turbulence of the first of these days, have predicted violent demonstrations by Haywood's sympathizers. But there is a squad of special policemen on guard at the court-house, the militia are ready to respond instantly to any call, and the city of Idaho up to the time of this writing has remained as tranquil as a country rhumyland.

Much difficulty has been experienced in finding twelve jurors to try Haywood. None of the talismen summoned by Sheriff Shad Hoshing has seemed averse to capital punishment or to circumstantial evidence, but, although the jury has been filled again and again, the attorneys on either side have managed, on one excuse or another, to empty the chairs. The trend of the questions addressed to the talismen indicates that much of the corroborative of Orchard's remarkable confession will depend upon circumstantial evidence.

Impossible

THE GERMAN's meagerness for humor is more proverbial than his aversion to ventilation, though perhaps less real. A year or so ago an American student in Berlin was attending a lecture in a room dreadfully close. To keep awake he began whispering to a German at his side the story of Mark Twain about the man who lived all his life in a chronic fear of fresh air. The relatives of this man, as is well known, decided after his death to have his remains cremated; and the climax of the story occurs when the undertaker, opening the door of the oven to see whether incineration was complete, was appalled to hear the corpse speak out and request him to close the door and shut off the draught.

The American sprayed the joke as effectively as he could. But never a smile was to be seen. His German friend remained for several moments in a perplexed study. Then he leaned over to the American and said: "But how could that be? The man was dead!"

"Antiques" Abroad

THE season for the annual influx of American into Europe is approaching, and in anticipation of a busy season, the "antique" dealers, according to the reports of the American consular representatives, are making preparations to part with their valuable and "ancient" wares at the usual sacrifice prices.

All through the winter the manufacturers of antiques have been kept busy to fill the orders from America. The aging season is soon on, and when the goods are offered for sale they will be sufficiently battered, scratched, or frayed, as the case may be. Many old pieces of furniture of the various epochs—Renaissance, Louis Quatorze, Empire, Regence, etc.—are far inferior into decay that but a square foot of the original material remains in a fair state of preservation, have been bought up and rebuilt along old lines, and will be sold for the genuine old piece. Besides these rebuilt articles, most dealers carry in stock

a line of cheap imitations, absolutely counterfeit, which will be unloaded on the moneyed but ignorant American tourist. Even the deception of fairly expert collectors is not safe, and even when a genuine antique is secured, the price charged is out of all proportion to its value—that is, the same thing could be bought in the small towns or in the country for less than half what the city dealers get. The interior of the countries and the out-of-the-way towns are the sources of his supply of genuine antiques, and his price is advanced at least 100 per cent. This should be a hint to those who really desire to secure genuine antique at reasonable prices.

Bruges seems to be the particular Mecca of the euro-walker from America, and has the reputation of being both "easy" and rich in finds. The visitors do not seem to remember that for years past the dealers have investigated every hole and corner, and have acquired everything even worthy of antiquity, but jump at everything offered. Dealers are active in putting their wares in the way of travelers, and have agencies at such places as Bruges, or send their goods to local dealers to be sold on commission. All American travelers are regarded or reputed to be millionaires, and pay several times the sum for which a European would secure the identical article.

A visit to the workshops of antique dealers will show them pounding modern brass to represent the old-time article. Fragments of a few years back which has become worn-out or decayed is made over into pieces representing the old Flemish type, and the imitation is likely to deceive the ordinary collector.

Many tricks are employed by dealers in these fake antiques, a favorite one being to supply some small shop, eight-stone, or crafts with an "old" painting. The place selected is always unpretentious and the painting is hung in a dark corner. If a spider will be so kind as to spin a few cobwebs over it, so much the better. It is usually in places of this sort that "great finds" picked up for a "song" are made.

The facts of the case are, that if American tourists want genuine antiques, they can get them, if they know what they are getting, but will have to pay what is certainly a good price; and that if they purchase articles at a low price it is a practical certainty that they will secure something which is actually not worth carrying from the shop.

In an East Side Kindergarten

LITTLE SOLLY (his head poked by intellectual air as he leans on the black-board a neck of a milkmaid and rattle), "One—two—three—three cows!"

TEACHER, "Yes, and what else?"

LITTLE SOLLY (in triumphant haste), "And no lady!"

TEACHER, "How many altogether?"

LITTLE SOLLY, "One—two—three—two (kicks and sweeps his right foot up and down his left leg.)—One—two—three—three— (pauses in a desperate effort to count a little further, then gasps) "O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o, teacher, I don't know how to add up cows and ladies!"

To Cheer Mosquitophobes

UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL W. H. MICHAEL sends from Calcutta news to cheer the hearts of mosquitophobes.

"Citronella oil," he writes, "is distilled from grass grown in Ceylon, with an estimated 60,000 acres now in cultivation. Two crops are grown in a year, and the harvests occur in July or August and in December. The average yield of oil to the acre of grass is from 300 to 400 ounces in the summer, and about half that in winter. The record year of exports was 1900, when they amounted to 1,500,000 pounds. It is inferior to lemon-grass oil, and has been used in adulterating the latter in foreign laboratories.

"A supply of Indian lemon-grass roots and

seeds will be sent to the Agricultural Department at Washington, which is already interested in experimentation with essential oil grasses."

The Early Bird

BIANCO HENWORTH, of Connecticut, is noted for his funny stories, and his latest is said to be about an old reprobate who decided to repent, and amounted to every one that whether strong he had done should be made right. So a man whom he had cheated out of a large sum of money went around at midnight to demand it.

"But what did you come at this hour for, and wake me up? Why don't you till tomorrow?" said the old miser, crossly.

"I came now," replied the man, "to avoid the rain."

To Save Miners' Lives

RECENT successful experiments have been conducted in a Yorkshire mine with two kinds of artificial breathing apparatus to enable miners to work in irrespirable air after an explosion. A portion of the mine had been provided with the conditions existing after an explosion. Four men were equipped with the contrivances and remained in the place several hours engaged in such work as would be necessary after an explosion. It is believed that these devices would enable a corps of trained men to enter a mine filled with foul air, to restore the ventilation, and to save many lives.

Ambiguous

AT the death of a much-loved pastor some years ago, the vestry of a prominent New York church resolved to place a tablet to his memory in the vestibule of the church. In due time the tablet appeared in its place, where it still remains. It has caused not a few smiles; for, after reciting a list of the deceased pastor's virtues and labors, it closes with the question:

"Now the people of God have rest."

FOR THE NURSERY—FOR THE TABLE.

For all ages, in all climates, under all conditions, Pears' Baby Food, Condensed Milk and Sterilized Cream, Egg-cream, Malt & Cereal, etc., are of proven merit. Superior to any other.

THE BEST WORK LOZENGES FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS' VERIFICATION COMBIS. 15 cents a box.

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The public's choice since 1789.

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"No, they are Pears," she replied.

Pears' Soap brings the color of health to the skin.

It is the finest toilet soap in all the world.



JAPAN'S AMBASSADOR OF PEACE

GENERAL BARON TAMEMOTO KUROKI, THE HERO OF LAO-TANG AND OF MUKDEN, WEARER OF THE FIRST-CLASS ORDER OF THE RISING SUN AND THE GOLDEN KITE, IS VISITING THIS COUNTRY AS THE GUEST OF THE UNITED STATES. IN THE PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN DURING THE GENERAL'S STAY IN WASHINGTON, THE DISTINGUISHED JAPANESE MAY BE SEEN IN THE CENTER OF THE GROUP, WEARING A GOLF CAP. AT HIS LEFT, IN THE FOLLOWING ORDER, ARE GENERAL MASAHIDE, U. S. A., GENERAL WOOD, U. S. A. (FORMER MILITARY ATTACHE AT TOKYO), AND CAPTAIN TANAKA (ADJUTANT TO GENERAL KUROKI)

From stereograph copyright, 1917, by Underwood & Underwood



Jay Gould, the Winner

JAY GOULD, ED. WON THE AMATEUR COURT-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP IN ENGLAND RECENTLY, DEFEATING THE FORMER CHAMPION, EUSTACE H. MILES, BY A SCORE OF THREE OUT OF FIVE SETS



Eustace H. Miles, the former Champion

ON THE MARTYRDOM OF ENGLISH

EXTRACTS FROM "A REPORT ON THE EXAMINATIONS IN ENGLISH FOR ADMISSION TO HARVARD COLLEGE"

A QUESTION that has puzzled editors for many years is answered, at least in part, in "A Report on the Examinations in English for Admission to Harvard College," now published by Messrs. C. N. Greenough, F. W. C. Hervey, and C. R. Sitter, instructors in English at Harvard College.

Most of the young men who apply for employment as reporters or editors are graduates of colleges or universities, and desperate chief editors have long torn their scurvy hair and wondered where and how these polished youths have learned to maltreat the poor old English language so diabolically. Now the secret is out. "Prep," school is the place.

This, at least, is the conclusion that one draws from reading the awful masses of words perpetrated by carefully tutored boys seeking admission at Harvard. A single official warning is published that "no candidate will be accepted in English whose work is seriously faulty in spelling, grammar, punctuation, or division into paragraphs." Yet the martyrdom of the language goes on. Some of the tortures inflicted upon it are more ingenious than any invented by the Grand Inquisitor.

Here are a few gems of thought from ambitious sub-freshmen: "One brother is an optimus and the other a pessimus." "There Shylack had come to get his forfeit of a pound of flesh in perfectly good faith, but got the raw end of the deal." "Shylack was so blinded to his thirst for revenge that he bit off his own nose."

Of course, it is a trifle exacting to expect high standing in English from busy young gentlemen whose energies are chiefly employed in running, jumping, swimming, rowing, field and track games, baseball, and football; yet one wonders how even they can invent such brainstern efforts as these:

"Macbeth, the villainous King of Scotland."

"The plot is the Comm in Vlee and Temptation trying to beat Chastity."

"Macbeth was an able general, and did not have any traits to kill any one."

"The tables are turned, Antonio having the Jew at his complete mercy."

"Gareth was the youngest son of King Lot and Queen Belladonna."

"I like Shakespeare very well, and have read most of his Waverley Novels."

Indeed! Wasn't it Bacon who wrote Sir Walter's stories? Here is rare news:

"Addison passed his early life in the place in which he was born. It was situated a little way from Harvard College on what was then called Tory's Row. He was educated by a private tutor, and, at the age of sixteen, entered Harvard College. He had no rooms at the College, but lived at his own home. The beauty of the country around his place afforded him many topics for his books."

"Addison was a student-loving boy."

"Now I was enthused by the pleasures I found in 'The Lady of the Lake,'"

"Imagine how severe a blow feels when your only amiability is abridged in a manner so Jewish was taken."

"I have read from several different authors, fictional and otherwise."

"The 'Antecent' was full of fresh ideas, and, in the main, little states of pleasant answers."

"Although his last points are showed up rather plainly, he has some good ones."

"His younger brother was kind of jealous of Godfrey's life."

"If any real good apology could be made for this first murder, all the others would fall in line."

"I got an outline of the story and saw the plot as big as a side of a house."

"Scott's poems appeal to me, because they are quite probable, good rhythm and sound plot."

"The Club served to make the acquaintanceship with one another, also to bring them together closely and to punish each other's faults."

"They are ahead of them a woman whom Lord Mordock says is crazy; that she wanders about through the forest; that it would be better for the neighborhood if she were killed."

"In spite of Johnson's rough, rude ways, and although he ate like a pig, he had many friends."

"Addison's first work was a poem in which he compared Wellington to the Guardian Angel, because of his role on the battle of Waterloo."

"Godfrey Cass was called away from a nice time where his loved Nancy was together with the doctor by Niles Marner, who had found Godfrey's daughter in his home instead of his gold."

What is the remedy for this chaotic condition? The authors of the pamphlet do not pretend to answer with finality. But whoever reads their report will agree that it would pay teachers to devote time and effort to such primitive studies as spelling and parsing and the rudiments of grammar, even at the expense of such luxuries as "language lessons" and other modish follies which are supposed to lead along the royal road to good English.

A Substitute

BEING very close-fisted, Mason had never allowed himself the costly habit of smoking. He always felt himself a loser when any one treated to cigars. But on one occasion, when the party he was with entered a stationery and cigar store, he made up his mind to have his share of the treat.

"Won't you have a smoke this time?" asked the dealer.

"No, thank you," replied Mason; "but if you don't mind, I believe I'll take a pencil."

Army War College Ready for Occupancy

IT LITTLE more than three years since President Roosevelt laid its corner-stone, the War College of the United States Army has been finished. General Mackenzie, Chief of Engineers, has notified the Secretary of War that the new building is ready for occupancy.

The War College is the most striking feature of a great military improvement scheme. It occupies a prominent site in the Washington Barracks reservation, overlooking the Potomac. To this college will come the picked men of the army, to receive instruction in the broader and more advanced problems of warfare. At one end of the building stands the statue of Frederick the Great, presented to the United States by Emperor William.

In architecture and in construction the War College is a remarkable creation. The cost was nearly \$700,000, and the entire work was done by day labor under the supervision of Major John S. Sewell, of the Engineer Corps. The building is in the form of a cross, with a dome at the intersection. The whole is after the Roman basilica style. Brick and Indiana limestone form the exterior walls, and the roof is dark slate. Unmistakably dignified characterizes the architectural design. In front and at each end is an entrance pavilion, noble above and massive piers and Ionic columns beneath. On the front, flanking the central pavilion, are pilasters several feet lower than the main columns.

Inside, on the main floor, is a lecture-room that will seat 225 men. The plan of the interior is very similar to that of many modern university buildings. The distinct feature is a central rotunda.

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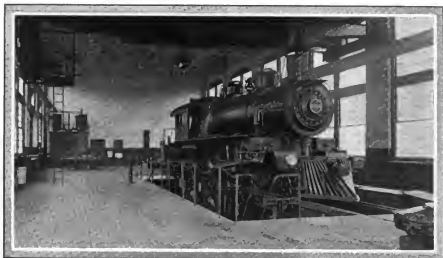
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The Engine ready to be tested on its Treadmill

A MILE A MINUTE WITHOUT MOVING AN INCH

PUTTING A MODERN LOCOMOTIVE THROUGH ITS PACES ON A TREADMILL

IN the old days when an engine was built it was the custom to test her by sending her out on the road. Rudyard Kipling once wrote a story describing how a great locomotive was tried out. This was true at that time. It was usual then to take the engine, hitch a lot of heavy freight-cars to her, and send her out over the line, on levels and tangents, on curves and grades, until she showed exactly what was in her for those purposes. But nowadays the railroad men want to know more, and they want to know it before they entrust a scheduled passenger or freight train to her merces; so they put the engine on a treadmill. The first thing they do with her then is to allow her wheels to revolve to capacity, for in that the maximum speed is figured. Then she is coupled to an arrangement with a dial attachment, for the purpose of testing her pulling power. By a backward pull the engineer makes her draw the equivalent of everything from a baggage-car to a mile-long freight-train.

Now she is to all intents and purposes racing over the railroads, the track clear and the way straight; now she is striking the grade on the other side of a large town, and panting like a human being in distress. Stronger and stronger grows that backward pull until No. 0000 finds herself slowing up. After a time she is required to start or try to start again, with every known condition against her, every brake, bar, lock, and lever set wrong. This is to learn her starting power—a most important thing in railroading.

All the time the engine was pulling and hauling, racing and checking, her steam-gauges and water-gauges had been telling little stories of their own, and these stories were listened to with interest. They were telling about the pressure of the steam in the boiler, with the amount of water and coal used. They were saying whether the amount of fuel was producing the maximum of steam or whether there was a mistake somewhere. They were telling as plainly as the words will whether the boiler was large enough for the grate or the grate too large for the boiler.

Nowadays, with an engine on the treadmill, these skilled men can learn exactly what every part of the machine is doing, and see to the part that fails in its share. It means another trip to the construction department and the supplying of new parts.

Speed and pull and pressure and effectiveness of parts do not end the tests of No. 0000. Another important and interesting thing is determined while she is on the treadmill, and that is her best load. It is strange, but true, that engines for some reason are never exactly alike. They may be of the same type, parts made from the same pattern may go into them, and the same workmen may construct them on the same plan; but just the same, they differ. Old engineers will tell you of that, and therefore there must be a test for each engine.

Once the test was to hitch on cars to an engine "until the laid down and cried," as they said; that is, till she couldn't pull another car over the line marked out. Nowadays they never do that, but by a scientific arrangement of pulleys, levers and wheels, strike the golden mean between too much weight and too little—the exact point where the machine can do its best work, in the shortest time, under the most adverse conditions.

The principle is the same as in the case of a bod-carrier who overloads himself for a climb up a ladder, and is therefore wearied by a single trip, while the man who loads light makes many trips, with a minimum of effort, and therefore accomplishes more. The

modern railroad superintendent wants to get the most bricks over his division every day.

The proposition of putting a locomotive on a treadmill and running it at full speed just to find out what it can do is a little startling. The demands made upon locomotives to-day have materially changed the conditions of former years. Longer cars, heavier trains, higher speed, and longer runs are all factors which must be dealt with. Nothing short of the most accurate knowledge obtainable regarding every element of design and its effect on the operation of the machine as a whole meets the needs of the man who builds a locomotive.

There are certain qualities of a locomotive which can only be determined by actual trial in service; for instance, the starting power. Other qualities cannot be well determined when the machine is in service, because when running at high speed conditions cannot be kept uniform for a long enough period of time. If the test were started on a level straight track a curve or a hill would be reached before the running conditions had become sufficiently established to measure. The difficulty of conducting a test at high speed can hardly be appreciated. Some of the men making the test are often required to ride in a small box secured to the outside of the engine near the cowcatcher, where the noise, dust, and jar are frightful.

The testing-machine itself is nothing but a huge treadmill. The locomotive stands still when being tested, while its driving wheels are spinning around as fast as if it were pulling a train at full speed. The driving-wheels do not rest upon the tracks, but upon large, heavy wheels which can revolve and so allow the locomotive drivers to turn, without moving the locomotive either forward or backward. The coupler of the locomotive, which under operating conditions would be attached to the train, is secured to a mighty scale, especially arranged to weigh the pull exerted in drawing a train. It would seem easy work for a great locomotive, with its drivers resting on large steel wheels, to spin them around at almost any speed, but it is possible under these conditions to make it do as much work as if it were pulling a heavy freight-train up a hill. It is as easy to make the locomotive work in the testing plant as it is to make a horse or dog work on a treadmill.

With the apparatus as arranged it is possible to measure the speed at which the wheels are travelling in miles per hour, the pull exerted to haul the train, the pressure of steam in the boiler, the coal and water used, as well as other quantities necessary to make the test-record complete. Many of the measurements are automatically recorded as the test progresses, so that when it is finished its history is complete and ready for examination.

One of the most interesting things the test-plant determines is the best load for each different type of locomotive. It used to be the custom to make a freight-train as large as an engine could handle, on the theory that in this way it did the greatest amount of work. This method has been superseded, for it has been proved that an engine could actually do more if it were not so heavily loaded.

Trains are made up now on a basis which loads the locomotive to its capacity of greatest usefulness, considering the grades, curves, and weather. As a result there are fewer breakdowns, fewer delays due to trains being stalled, and better satisfaction all around.

The Bachelor's Script

By Reginald Wright Knoffman

LIFE'S little ironies generally wear petticoats.

Politics is a masculine game, but the first loss was a woman.

The woman who is no spring chicken will usually lay for you.

Love laughs at locksmiths, but the goldsmith is a serious matter.

The husband's day: eight hours for sleep, eight hours for work, and eight hours for explanations.

On the Rocks

DOYLE'S GOAT. "What kind of a hat is that you've just eaten?"

LUCILLE'S GOAT. "Parmaaaaaa!"

His Plea

JUDGE. "Prisoner, have you anything to say to the court before sentence is pronounced?"

PRISONER. "I beg the court to consider the youthfulness of my attorney."

A Loud Habit

A WELL-KNOWN comedian met a fellow actor the other day in Herald Square.

"Hello, Jack!" he said. "Anything to do this evening?"

"Nothing special," replied the other.

"Well, let's go up to the Hotel Astor and hear the newly rich eat soup."

How They Do It

FIRST LITTLE GIRL. "When you grow up are you going to advertise for a husband?"

SECOND LITTLE GIRL. "No; I'm going to be a widow. They don't have to."

The Automaid

"How many servants does Mrs. Randall keep?"

"None. She is one of those 'self-maid' women."

Both Out and In

THE NEEDY ONE. "I say, old man, could you lend me a dollar for a day or two?"

THE OTHER ONE. "My dear fellow, the dollar I lend is out at present, and I've several names down for it when it comes back."

Catalogue Price

"Do you think Dauber's picture worth catalogue price?"

"It's still a quarter, isn't it?"

Saving His Life

THE MAN IN. "Hey! I'm drowning. Jump in and pull me out!"

THE MAN ON THE PIER. "I can't swim."

THE MAN IN. "Well, jump in and let me stand on you, you blithering idiot!"

Often Enough

RICH ARMY. "You only visit me when you want money."

SPENDTHRIFT. "Well, I couldn't come much oftener, could I?"

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The Model "G," 30 horse-power White Steamer went through the run, as the Philadelphia Press expressed it, "Without a semblance of trouble." The Harrisburg Patriot remarked that, "Its run was as perfect as could be." The Philadelphia North American, speaking of the work of Walter C. White, who drove the car, said: "More than any other contestant, he lived up to the spirit as well as the strict letter of the rules."

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By NORMAN DUNCAN

Author of "Dr. Luke of the Labrador," etc.



NORMAN DUNCAN

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Hear what some of the reviewers say:

"Nicholas Top is a character that Dickens and Stevenson might have envied. He will take his place as one of the most likable 'damned rascals' in modern fiction."—*N. Y. Globe*.

"No modern novel has so gripped me in years. If readers of fiction have not lost a taste for 'style' in writing, poetry in description, and lifelike characterization, *The Cruise of the 'Shining Light'* should take rank at once as the finest novel of recent years."—Henry C. Shelley, Literary Editor, *Boston Herald*.

"Every page has character, and every stage of the love affair of Dannie Callaway and pretty little Judith is romance pure and simple."—*N. Y. World*.

"Those who are looking for novelty need look no further than *The Cruise of the 'Shining Light.'* One of the most thoroughly original romances. . . Both thrilling and satisfactory."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Duncan's people have a way of winning you over."—*N. Y. Evening Sun*.

"A book of charm and sympathy."—*Albany Argus*.

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

OUR NAVY AND JAPAN'S

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
JUNE 1 1907

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THE PLACE IN OUR EARTH DISCOVERED FROM WHICH THE MOON WAS TORN

An intensely interesting article by Prof. PICKERING, of Harvard, who shows that the moon was once a part of our earth and was cast off into space from a point somewhere in the Pacific when the crust of the earth was cooling. His article is illustrated with many interesting photographs and diagrams.

EDWIN A. ABBEY'S SHAKESPEARE PAINTINGS

Mr. ABBEY has painted for HARPER'S MAGAZINE five remarkable pictures illustrating scenes in Shakespeare's "Henry IV." One of them, a picture of Falstaff, is reproduced in full color as a frontispiece of the June number.

LINCOLN AS I KNEW HIM

Col. Wm. H. CAHOON was President Lincoln's personal body-guard—and his friend as well. He was constantly with the President, and in these recollections he adds much new and valuable material to our knowledge of Lincoln the man, his habits, his humor, his opinions, his personal bravery, etc. He tells, among other things, of the attempt of a man, probably Surratt, to murder the President while he was at City Point with Grant.

AN ARTIST'S ADVENTURES IN TRIPOLI

Mr. CHARLES WALLINGTON PURGATOR, who likes to travel in places where other people do not go, writes of the romantic city of Tripoli and of the many interesting happenings during his stay there. He has made a number of striking paintings for his article, one of which is reproduced in color.

VIGNETTES OF THE ROAD

A series of graphic and striking paintings by Thornton Oakley picturing varied phases of life on the railroad, accompanied by a picturesque article descriptive of the romantic side of life of the workers on the road—the signal man, the engineer, etc., etc.

MR. HOWELLS AT DONCASTER AND DURHAM

Another of Mr. W. D. HOWELLS's delightful sketches of travel among the English towns, with charming drawings in tint by Ernest Haskell.

8 SHORT STORIES

In the selection of stories for any number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE the editors have always these things in mind: The stories must be, first of all, interesting; they must be well done—the best work of the great writers and the best work of new writers—and they must be of no one type, but of all types that are worthy. The stories are critically selected from thousands submitted to the magazine. They are the best published.

Look at the stories in the June number. "In the Garden of the King" is a poetic romance by AMELIE RIVER, a tale of kings and queens and noble knights. "Old Lash Bales' Escape" is an amusing story of an old man who, having worked hard all his life, finally relaxes and runs away. It is by MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAL, whose stories rank with the best. "The Intruder," by GEORGINA WOOD PARSONS, is a tale of a most unusual sort, a story in which a strong man and a strong love conquer where everything else has failed. Roy NUTCOM's "The Crown Painters" is a story of the real West—a story tinged with the affection of an old man for a little broken-down donkey. "Backwoods," by GAUCE ELLERY CHASTIN, is a subtle story of a woman who thought love less important than other things; and "A Failure," by JENNETTE LEE, is a striking study of married life with a most happy conclusion.

The child story of the number is by ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL, who wrote "Rebecca Mary." It is called "The Step One," and is a touchingly real story of a very sad child. Another humorous story is "The Peripatetic Pappy," by S. T. STEER, a story of a man who tried to find a substitute for a dog he had lost and what came of it.

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COMMENT

The Public Utilities Bill

THE Public Utilities bill, which was passed so quickly by both parties of the New York State Assembly, illustrates most emphatically the need of an opposition party. No matter what else may be said of this measure, it is one of the most radical pieces of legislation that have ever been passed through any English-speaking law-making body. It proposes that the State shall deal with capital in such manner that the money of investors is, in some forms and for some purposes, as much within the power of the State as if the State really owned it. Power of sequestration, penalties of forfeiture, obligations that have heretofore been unheard of, changes in the law of evidence, denials to individuals who incorporate of rights that have heretofore appeared unassailable—a measure involving all these has been passed without serious discussion. Outside of the Legislature there has been no debate. Before legislators counsel have made arguments, but not only has little or no effect been produced, but no effect was expected by those who ought to have deliberated. Speaker WANDERMAN is reported to have made a speech which illustrates the character of nearly all our legislative bodies. Having stated reasons against the measure, he said that they would all vote for it, nevertheless. Without discussing the merits of this measure, admitting, for the sake of the argument, that the chances are in its favor, it is too important a bill to be enacted under orders or under fear of a public sentiment to call which uninformed would be to employ a description at least mild. If legislatures have no more courage and independence than to legislate by command or through fear of public sentiment, it is high time to elect some real men to make laws, or to revert to the law-making practices of the fourteenth century, when the humble Commons used to petition the king to make laws to cure stated ills, the king responding or not replying as he saw fit. There are many modern instances of executives who manage their legislatures as completely as the Saxon king ordered about his Witan. It is time for the reappearance of debate in our legislative halls, and to that end a real opposition party is needed.

Democratic Candidates

Some Democrats are continuing to talk of GEORGE GRAY, of Delaware, and some of Governor JENNISON, of Minnesota, as the proper man to nominate for President in 1908. Without uttering a word of criticism concerning either of these gentlemen, we may suggest the wisdom of nominating some candidate who has had no part in any conflict which hitherto has divided the party into factions. Even if intraparty conflicts of the past have been settled, and are being covered by kindly nature with the moss of oblivion, that kind of moss is most easily torn away. A man may be brought to consent to the naming of an old enemy in the silver fight, for instance, but after the campaign opens some careless word may cause

him to reexamine the scars of the earlier conflict; the conclusion of that examination may be extremely bad for the cause. If the Democrats desire a candidate who will be exactly the opposite of the Republican candidate, who will unite the party on issues of the day, a man whose name will not suggest past internecine controversies or past defeats, they may, indeed, nominate GEORGE GRAY or Governor JENNISON, but it is clear to all men that they will surely attain their end if they nominate WISDOM WILSON.

Senator Foraker's Attitude

SENATOR FORAKER is determined that he will not submit to dictation. He seems to think that the Republican people of the State of Ohio alone can settle the question, if there be a question, between himself and the administration, whether the administration be represented by Mr. ROOSEVELT or by Mr. TAFT. Mr. FORAKER, in his day, has been accounted somewhat of a boss in Ohio politics, working his machine rather easily through Senator DWIN, who held the throttle. The State officers, Republicans, of course, and State-Committee-Chairman BROWN have declared in favor of Mr. TAFT, and Mr. BROWN has uttered some pituitary remarks to the effect that Mr. FORAKER will be denied the Senatorship if he does not conform to the plan of giving the Ohio delegation in the convention of 1908 to the Secretary of War. Mr. FORAKER has doubtless a difficult contest before him, and he is wise in postponing the real struggle for a year. He knows that Mr. TAFT's strength in Ohio depends upon Mr. ROOSEVELT's retention of his own popularity; moreover, that the choice of the office-seeking and patronage-dividing politicians to-day be one thing, or one man, and another thing and another man to-morrow. In a word, Mr. FORAKER has come to the conclusion that this year is a better one for ROOSEVELT candidates and ROOSEVELT policies than next year may be. In the mean time he is saying the right thing about machines and bosses and the habit of dictation, a subject upon which, as we know now better than at any other period of our history, men's views vary as times and seasons and events and circumstances vary.

Strikes and the Public

ONE of the evidences of our imperfect civilization has been the strike of longshoremen in New York city. The immediate cause of the strike is not of as much importance to the State as is the fact that the travelling public—importers of this country and exporters of foreign countries—have not only been inconvenienced, but have suffered serious loss by the disturbance of business due to the embolism of employers and employed over a private matter concerning their own relations with each other. Every one will admit that the law should prevent the evil results to the innocent third party, but no effective legal solution of the perplexing problem has been worked out by those to whom we intrust the making and the execution of law. As often as the experiment has been tried, the government has not succeeded in accomplishing any but temporary good by bringing about compromises between the principal parties. We seem to forget that there is law enough, if enforced, to protect all who are willing to work; but as to that, and as to need of more law to fix responsibility, we are confronted with the sad fact that those who are working our various governments are thinking more of "how many votes there are in it" than of how to do justice and bring about the peaceful reign of law over all classes, rich as well as poor, and employed as well as employer.

An Archaic Body

THE Louisville Board of Trade seemingly thinks that it is dwelling in another and a much different age. At a recent meeting there was a discussion by its members of the need of the State of Kentucky for more railroads, and yet Kentucky is a State that one would think, from its legislation, had a sufficiency of railroads. The Board of Trade thought that the counties and cities of the State would do well to offer pecuniary inducements to railroads to invade their territory and to commit further crimes against shippers, in lieu of taxes, which were to be remitted, for a time at least. The prevailing fashion in recent times, in Kentucky as elsewhere, has been different. The Louisville Board of Trade is going back to an earlier time when towns used to bond themselves, under the authority of the State law, in aid of railroads. Just now the State legislatures are travelling in quite another

direction. Railroads that used to be supposed to benefit the country are the objects of assault by the lawmakers, and during the past winter, acting under Federal influence, the States have been so violent as to suggest the suspicion that their politicians are playing an astute game, and are endeavoring to drive the railroads to petition the Federal government to take them under its control. It may be, however, that the Louisville Board of Trade is really speaking the mind of the people of the State, and that the politicians are frightened and seeking cover.

Railroad Men of the New School

MR. FINLEY, of the Southern Railroad, is making some good speeches. He is an excellent specimen of the new school of thoughtful railroad men, whose counsel ought to be heeded by all who are engaged in the task of making the new legislation in which so many minds are busily engaged. His recent remark that, in order to serve the public of his railroad, he consults their convenience, profit, and all their interests which are affected by his road, is an indication not only of his philosophy, but of the philosophy of most of the modern railroad men. The old "public-be-damned" day is long since passed. The natural progression of the relations between railroads and the communities they serve is about as follows: first, the railroads were hailed as the promoters, if not the creators, of prosperity; towns traced themselves, counties contributed, and many inducements were held out to secure their entering into the country; then it began to be believed that the managers of the roads were exploiting the country for their own profit, without regard to the good of the country through which the roads ran; this led to the doing of wrong by the roads, which was met by resentment on the part of the people; finally, the managers of the roads, learning wisdom from experience, realized that their real profit lay in consulting the welfare and in helping the prosperity of the people whom they served. This is a perfectly natural development of an economic law. The main difficulty at present is that legislators who are unwise enough to believe that statutes may change and improve the law of nature have not yet learned that the railroad managers are now governed by an economic law the free operation of which will benefit both the roads and the communities. In the end the economic law will prevail, but in the mean time the politicians will do their best to prevent its working out.

Binding Tighter

All our lives we have heard the pleasant story that at this or that dinner, wet or dry, good, bad, or indifferent, the ties between our country and some other country have been bound tighter. Just now the prandial promoter of good fellowship is busy tightening the bonds between this country and Japan. A little while ago the bond that called forth most eating and drinking was that between this country and Great Britain. In the present case, if we did not know better, we would be at liberty to suspect that the tie seemed so much in need of attention that it must have been pretty nearly wholly untied by the San Francisco School Board incident. The dinner to KIMURA in New York was the last serious bit of tightening; but notwithstanding it, and the assurances made at it by Admiral DREW and Secretary STANLEY, and KIMURA himself, it is certain that, for the moment at least, there is no real need of tightening. What may happen in the future depends not on dinners, but on the respective interests of the two nations. The way to keep peace with other nations is to treat them fairly. In international affairs justice is better than libations of wine. Judging from the speech made by the Emperor's representative at the Periodical Publishers' dinner at Albany, the other day, the feeling in Japan over the news of the now almost-forgotten action of the San Francisco School Board was one of the keenest sorrow and astonishment. The Japanese, he said, had been taught in their schools, and had imbibed from every side, the idea that the United States was the mother that had awakened them from their long slumber, and was it possible that the mother would thus insult and injure the grateful children? This is corroborative of much that we heard from Japan at the time of this most unfortunate incident. As the speaker said, the Japanese now know that the mother would do nothing of the sort. With the kind assistance of the Pacific coast it will be very easy, under these conditions, to maintain the peace.

Canada and Reciprocity

There are some commentators who believe that Canada does not desire reciprocity with this country, because Mr. LAURENCE's government does not appear to be overfriendly to us. Mr. LAURENCE himself, in a recent speech made in the presence of Mr. BRYCE, said that Canada was no longer thinking of reciprocity, and now his postal authorities are shutting out from the Dominion American newspapers unless they are prepaid and stamped. The Canadian newspapers do not like the application of a like arrangement which follows the refusal of the Dominion government to renew the old arrangement. There is, however, no reason to believe that because of this Canada would not like a real reciprocity with this country. These outbursts of ill-temper on her part are but manifestations of a natural resentment at our many refusals to treat with her on the theory that the shackles should be removed from the trade between the two countries. Every one who is familiar with the sentiment of the Canadian producer and merchant, excepting the manufacturers, knows the size of the grain of salt with which these chaffings of wrath must be taken.

The Duma Still Survives

On May 21 Premier STOLYEVIN called upon the Duma to record by vote its abhorrence of the revolutionary terrorism exemplified in the lately discovered plot to assassinate the Czar. As notice of his forthcoming demand had been given on the preceding day (Sunday), the Social Revolutionists, the Social Democrats, and a part of the so-called Group of Toil were careful not to be present when the Chamber met on Monday; and, consequently, the resolution demanded was passed by a unanimous vote. The incident proves that not only the Constitutional Democrats, Octobrists, and Moderates, who occupy the centre and right centre, but also the factions that sit on the left of the Chamber, are all, though not for the same reasons, desirous of keeping the second Duma alive as long as possible. The Reactionists, who sit on the extreme right, constitute the only party that wishes a speedy dissolution of the popular assembly; indeed, in its recent convention at Moscow, it addressed a petition to that effect to the Czar. It is obvious that with every week of the Duma's existence the more familiar with the methods of representative government the Russian people will become. That is why the Constitutional Democrats, who alone seem to take a statesmanlike view of the situation, are trying by compromise and conciliation to avoid a collision with the STOLYEVIN ministry. On the other side, Premier STOLYEVIN, who, although the revolutionists are said to have doomed him to death, seems to fair-minded onlookers a genuine patriot, appears almost equally anxious to continue the parliamentary experiment as long as possible. In spite of the assurances of the Minister of Finance that Russia is now self-supporting, the Premier knows that the figures of the budget for the next fiscal year are untrustworthy, and that the St. Petersburg government will need at no distant day to procure another foreign loan. Probably in Paris, and certainly in London or New York, such a loan would be unobtainable were it known that the Czar's intention, made known on October 30, 1905, to give his subjects representative institutions had been definitely renounced. Premier STOLYEVIN is undoubtedly right in assuming that if the Duma can be kept in existence five or six months Russia's credit on the exchanges of western Europe and the United States will be materially strengthened. That is the key to the mysteries of the Russian situation.

French Priests Who Would Abolish Calvary

A Paris despatch to the *San* gives the Parisian journal *Gil Blas* as authority for the assertion that three thousand French priests and curates have petitioned the Pope to permit the priests of the Roman Catholic Church to marry. *Gil Blas* itself strongly advocates the granting of the petition, and though, as an anticlerical paper, its influence with the Holy Father can hardly be great, its views, and the arguments with which it backs the petition, are of lively interest. Catholic bishops, it asserts, are being petitioned on this subject all over the world. As to the petition of the three thousand which it quotes from, it says the signers all are priests past the marrying age, who speak out of the fulness of experience. These petitioning priests declare, it says, that nineteen-twentieths of the French clergy and ninety-nine hun-

droit of the French laymen desire the abolition of celibacy. If that is true, compulsory clerical celibacy is out of date in France. *Gil Blas* declares that the abolition of it is essential to the renewal of Catholic life in France and to the preservation of religion and of the Church of France.

A Rule With Deep-down Roots

How serious that movement is in France, or how much credit is to be given to the statements of *Gil Blas*, we cannot tell, but the subject is one of great interest and importance, and upon which the minds of thoughtful persons are well used to dwell. Celibacy has for so many centuries been enjoined upon the Catholic clergy that it has come to be regarded as one of the fundamental and essential fixtures of that Church. Nevertheless, it is not a doctrine of religion, but merely a rule of discipline or policy, and it lies within the discretion of the authorities of the Church to abolish it. Its beginnings in the Christian priesthood date from the fourth century, but it has often since then occurred to the councils of the Roman Church. The Reformation brought it under discussion at the Council of Trent, in 1562, when it was retained in spite of the efforts of a strong party which included the Emperor, the King of France, and many of the electors and princes. Since then it has ruled unshaken in the Roman Catholic priesthood, though the Pope may grant permission to a priest to retire from the priesthood and marry. Some years ago it was reported that certain priests in South America had been permitted to marry, or were living in a quasi-married state, undisturbed by their superiors, and much discussion ensued about them. More than any other one thing, the celibacy of its clergy makes for strength in the organization of the Roman Catholic Church. People who argue that the abolition of celibacy is necessary to preserve religion, and the Church, in France doubtless consider that the Church of France and the cause of religion in that country would both be better off if the ecclesiastical organization were not so strong as it is, and therefore not so much feared as a powerful working machine with separate interests of its own, and policies to advance them.

Impoverished Oxford

LORD CROMBIE, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, has made an appeal on her behalf for \$1,250,000. Oxford is poor, and so is Cambridge, but Oxford is the poorer of the two. Oxford is so poor that without more income she must remain the teacher of the humanities and mathematics, as she has been, while even so she cannot do the familiar tasks as well as they used to be done. As to the new studies, especially the studies in science, her income is not large enough yet to permit her to undertake them. Lord Crombie says that a good deal more than \$1,250,000 is needed, but this amount represents an absolute and immediate need. The first response to the request is made by Mr. Astor—the London Astor—who gives \$50,000. It is a wonderful comment on the indifference of Englishmen that they have taken for so many centuries all that their universities have to give without making due pecuniary offering to relieve their needs. It is so different here, where the gifts to teaching come both from those who have been taught and those who wish that they had had the opportunity to be taught. Giving to education in this country has not been always wise, but it is growing wiser, while it has hardly begun in England. To name Oxford is to recall one of the most precious centres of light and learning, and of liberty, that men have ever possessed. And that this leader of religion and of thought, this inspiring maintainer of intellectual freedom, should be begging for the power that will keep her clad in the garments of the day speaks ill for the reverence and the thoughtfulness of the many rich among her army of living scholars.

Secretary Root at New Haven

On May 13, at Yale College, Secretary Root delivered the first of four lectures on the responsibilities of citizenship. It is very doubtful, he said, whether the higher academic education contributes much to capacity for political usefulness. As a rule, he thought, political wisdom in the best sense comes in life and not in study, and the tendency of highly educated men to neglect all political duties is unfortunately too general. The weight of his discourse was

directed to giving emphasis to the truth that it is a universal duty of citizenship to take part in government. That, he said, is a matter of peremptory obligation which cannot be avoided by any intelligent man who has any understanding of the conditions under which he lives. Mr. Root's own record qualifies him to speak such words as these with the better grace and the wider influence because he has so signally lived up to the standard they define. He is a wonderful public servant, diligent, able, patient, and resourceful, and useful to an extent that is very inadequately appreciated. Out of a dozen intelligent men gathered haphazard, ten are likely to agree that he is the fittest Republican of all to be President next time. But that he ever will be President few people believe, because he had other clients before he took the reins of the people of the United States.

Hopeful Signs in New York

In the third of his Yale lectures, delivered on May 20, Mr. Root, in telling about the mischiefs that result from the domination of political organizations which subsist by office-holding, used as his illustration the story of TAMMANY, and what was accomplished by taking the New York Street-Cleaning Bureau out of politics, and of the gradual demoralization of the street-cleaning service when it began once more to be used to help the ruling party. The Secretary might have found a brand-new and very amusing example of the conflict between working for a political organization and working for the public in the existing rumpus in the office of Borough-President AHEARN. There seems to be no fault to find with Mr. AHEARN or his lieutenants except that, being put into office by Tammany, they have administered their offices for the benefit of Tammany instead of for the benefit of the people of the city. There is nothing out of common about that. The interesting and unusual thing about the recent situation is that the mere sight of a cityful of disintegrating pavements and the mere sound of the howls of indignant citizens, combined with a prospect of prompt removal from office by the Governor, should have stirred Mr. AHEARN to take real measures of reform. No doubt the prospect of removal was the strongest reformatory influence, but if the visible consequences of bad work between elections are going to scare the city officials responsible for them out of fidelity to the organization into fidelity to the taxpayers, we may be coming to better municipal conditions.

Federal Government Has Improved

In the last of his four lectures, delivered on May 21, Mr. Root gave some reasons for believing that the moral sense of our nation had greatly improved and is still improving. He recalled out of history some items of our national discredit, "the shameful breach of the terms of BURGOYNE's surrender," the refusal of the States to give effect to the provisions of the treaty of peace with England for the protection of the loyalists, the distresses of Valley Forge, due to administrative incapacity, the humiliations of 1812, the Credit Mobilier scandals, and the BELKNAP scandal and the whiskey scandals of GRANT's time. Such things could not happen now, said Mr. Root. "The whole system of the Federal government has been lifted up to a higher plane of cleaner moral vision." Undoubtedly it has been raised. Yet not every reader will respond with entire confidence to Mr. Root's assertion that "It would not be possible now to elect such a man as AMOS BEAR Vice-President of the United States, or to leave in command of the army a man like WILKINSON." Some pretty queer people can still at times get a great many votes for high office in this country, and scare us into tremors of fear of what the voters may some day do in a Presidential election. But so far the majority of voters have seemed to know what they were about, as witness what the papers now report about the collapse of the HEARST-CUNNINGHAM coalition.

What a Molluscoidle Is, Maybe

This paper tried last week to help a correspondent to an understanding of the significance of the word "molluscoidle," recently popularized by the President. We gave the Century Dictionary's definition. Perhaps a more vivid conception of the idea sought to be conveyed by the President's word will be imparted if we define a molluscoidle, in language once attributed to an Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as a person with a chocolate-clear backbone.

The Economic Future of the South

THE most interesting incident of the week ending May 18 was the convention held in Philadelphia by the American Cotton-manufacturers' Association. Speeches were made by Vice-President FAIRBANKS and by many other men of national reputation. Among conspicuous representatives of the Southern States may be mentioned Mr. R. B. TAYLOR, of North Carolina; Mr. C. H. HASTAY and Mr. H. V. COOPER, of the same State; Mr. T. P. BENNETT and Mr. ELLISON A. SMITH, of South Carolina; Mr. C. CHAPPELLE, of Georgia; Mr. N. M. McALL, of Alabama; Mr. W. M. FINLEY, President of the Southern Railway; and Congressman BULLOCK, of Austin, Texas. The address which attracted most attention, however, was delivered by ex-Senator McLAUGHLIN, of South Carolina, because it was accepted as an authoritative forecast of the immense industrial development to which the Southern States may look forward during the next half-century, a forecast based not on hopes and dreams, but on statistical facts and legitimate deductions from them.

Mr. McLAUGHLIN began by pointing out that the South no longer depends entirely upon its cotton crop for its source of revenue. Even at the date of the last census the former slave States contributed some \$30,000,000 pounds to the total tobacco crop of the United States, compared at \$26,000,000 pounds. The single State of Louisiana yielded in 1892-3 about 300,000 bbls. of cane sugar, or nearly three times as much as all the British West Indies. The timber of the South has increased enormously in value within the past five years, and by the returns from this source of income alone many a planter has been rendered independent. In many sections formerly devoted exclusively to cotton, tobacco and timber now yield a revenue which has enabled the cultivator to tide over the spring and summer months. This, although the institution of slavery and the old systems of big plantations managed by overseers have almost wholly passed away, while the cost of labor and fertilizers has significantly increased. The Southern planter now has to deal with a generation of working-men whose sole idea seems to be to get the highest wages they can and furnish the smallest possible equivalent in labor. While taking into consideration, however, the general advance of prices in all lines of agrarian industry, Mr. McLAUGHLIN thinks it an exaggeration to say that today cotton is the cheapest standard product in the United States, and that the price of the raw staple, under legitimate economic conditions, should range from ten to twelve cents per pound. He maintains that at this price cotton should be the cheapest of all materials in the world. At the same time the ex-Senator from South Carolina pointed out that the Southern States had scarcely more than begun to reap the profit from their cotton crops which ultimately will be theirs. What they need for the full fruition of their opportunities is to manufacture their cotton in mills located near the cotton-fields, and to send, and the raw material, but the finished manufactured article abroad. He predicted that such a consummation is much less distant than is generally supposed; for this, among several reasons, that the electrical-power development now in progress in the South will, when completed, yield motor force enough to run every spindle from Virginia to Texas. Mr. McLAUGHLIN prophesies that when the mills shall have come to the cotton, as he believes they will have come within the next half-century, the South will enjoy as complete a monopoly in the manufacture of cotton fabrics as she now possesses in the production of raw cotton. Then, instead of ten cents, the Southern States will draw from the remainder of the world thirty, forty, and fifty cents per pound for the finished product, thus making the seeds of the rapid rich beyond the wildest dreams of the present inhabitants.

It is, of course, inadvisable not only that the mills should come to the cotton, in order to eliminate the cost of transporting the raw material to the seaboard, and thence across the Atlantic, but also that such improvements shall have been made by Southern cotton-mills in the processes of manufacture that their finished products can compete with the finest fabrics of Great Britain and Germany. At present our domestic output of cotton goods consists mainly of the coarsest and cheapest cloths, which are bulky in proportion to value, and the chief cost of which is derived from the material, and not from the labor and skill bestowed upon it. We cannot hope to excel Great Britain in the manufacture of the finest fabrics until we surpass, instead of lagging behind, that country in the invention of labor-saving machinery, and in the devising of methods of securing the best results from the smallest outlay of energy. Our cotton manufactures must also see to it that they equal, if they do not surpass, their German rivals in the preparation and successful application of delicate and lasting dyes to cotton goods. There are foreign markets of vast and continually expanding proportions to which, as yet, we have little or no access, except as regards the coarsest and cheapest kinds of manufactured cottons. When we consider how great a quantity of the crudest manufactured products we are able to dispose of in Manchuria and some portions of China, we may judge what it might mean for Southern cotton manufactures if, by the quality and price of the products of their

highest skill, they were able to undersell Great Britain and Germany as purveyors of the finer grades of cotton fabrics to the 400,000,000 denizens of China, and to the 300,000,000 inhabitants of India. It is not generally known that India, though operating 6,000,000 spindles of her own, imports more cotton goods than China, to which it takes from foreign manufacturers we participate at present to the extent of less than one-half of one per cent. There is no doubt that the Southern States possess in their broad belt of cotton-growing soil a means not only of supplying the national demand for cotton fabrics, but also of furnishing a surplus of finished products for foreign consumers, such as no other nation has now or can acquire. Those States have an almost unlimited water-supply, great deposits of coal within easy reach, and of the iron of which machinery is made. All that our Southern manufacturers require is to vie with their foreign competitors in respect of energy and skill. That they will not long fall short of their rivals in these particulars Mr. McLAUGHLIN is convinced. Hence the confidence with which he declares that there is no margin for decadence in his forecast of the future of the South. Thence, he told his Southern audience, is the real "promised land," the country favored by God and Nature with a monopoly of the only great agricultural product used everywhere by civilized man.

How to Choose Novels

It is the somewhat arid contention of a contemporary reader that the new best way to choose novels is to choose any at all; and the second-best way is never to read the novels of living authors. By this method one foregoes Mr. HAZARD and Mr. MONTAGNE, which he admits is a dreadful loss; but he insists that one escapes so much that is tawdry and vacant along with them that it seems worth-while. But if, for any reason, one feels obliged to read novels, he would have him first read the reviews, rarely avoid all those that receive laudatory notices, the best advice, of course, being always beneath the notice of real readers, and choose those that receive scant and derogatory reviews. He maintains that it is an exhilarating revelation to find how much really good stuff may be unearthed by this method, systematically carried out.

There is an insult humanity, as a whole, resents quite so much as a new idea, or even an old idea in an unfamiliar dress. If we were not so accustomed to hearing it quoted from *Hamlet*, and so accustomed, too, to taking all *Hamlet's* sayings for granted as having received the seal of the world's approval, we should resent the saying that there are more things in the world than are dreamed of in our philosophy. What we enjoy thinking is, as a rule, that we know all there is, have measured all the forces, and that the next step is easy and assured. Now these novels that are dismissed with a *smack* often have either a new idea or an old and worthy one in a new dress, or a rarefied atmosphere, or a popular philosophy in it.

A novel not so recent as it ought to be to be written about, but of singular merit, was recently unearthed by this method of looking up the disparaged tale. It was dismissed with a sentence by an established critic, who said that it was a great pity that the wit and skill of the author, familiarly known to us as the Duke of Devonshire, should have been submerged in a weak and painful mysticism. Dodo was, indeed, a very scathing, brilliant, and witty bit of social analysis. The Lord Archbishop's son, too, was very skillful in his management of dubious and candid aristocratic ladies and lords. Even those unaccustomed to consulting daily on easy terms with the English aristocracy, accessible as it is to-day, believed in his grand feud, and echoed the verdict of the foreign boarding-house keeper, who, conceding some special privilege to a literary man of repute, added afterwards to his wife, "Poor, common, low-down boarding-house keeper that I am, when I see it I know what it is." With so much to the good of the Duke of Devonshire in mind, it was natural to see how he would deal with weak and painful mysticism, and as usual the *smack* designated a book of unusual vitality and content. The weakness was a spiritual triumph. Although there was marrying in the book, it was not a final event of the "then they were happy" order. Indeed, the hero did not marry at all. He was known among all his friends as the person who had gotten so much joy out of living that every one in a difficulty turned to him. He was a man who had gone into the country to think, while most of those who go to cities do so to escape thought. He lived apparently with the visible, the tangible, expression of God in nature; not as it is worn and distorted by the disease of self-conscious separation in man, but as it exists in nature; and his isolation from men he chose not in a spirit of bitterness or idleness, but as a preparatory step to the final resting off of what is merely casual and temporal in a human being, that he may the more lightly step into the larger consciousness which has hitherto and created the self.

"I have pursued," says this hero, "the joys of living, not bently, sensual joys, for never have I had part in them, but the

clean, vital joy of living. And you tell me that there are vital pains of living, as clean and as essential as those joys. Well, let them come! I am ready . . . the huge body of pain and sorrow may come and lay on my chest like a nightmare. . . . If that is to be, if that is essential, I give it the same welcome as I have ever given to joy. It may frighten me not of existence, because the body is a poor sort of thing, and an ounce of lead or so will kill it. But whatever can happen cannot hurt me, this me. Do you tell me that a rifle-bullet or a hangman's noose can kill me? And can a frightful revelation of all the sorrow and its pain and its terror, and the prying of one creature on another, touch my belief that life is triumphant, and that joy is triumphant, and that joy is triumphant over pain?"

Now this, which is the hero's verdict upon life, is neither weak nor painful, nor is it new. It is a doctrine as old as PLATO's dialogues, and if only folk would read those often enough there would be no great necessity for the multiplication of modern novels. It is true that in *The Angel of Pain* an artist loses his eyesight, one man misses marrying the wife he had chosen, and the hero, who certainly lives and speaks KENNEDY CARPENTER'S philosophy, whether he be drawn from him or not, dies finally a painful and mysterious death. But in every case pain is but a means to fuller consciousness and higher virtue, and so loses its sting and becomes an angel of life.

Two more novels of real worth and contrast—*The Secretion Recently* and *The Far Horizon*—the one lyrical, rapturous, after the wind, and the other gray and quiet as a long northern twilight, were found by the same method of looking out the despaired and rejected.

One critic has denigrated that the hero of *The Far Horizon* was a bore and a prig. A man who could know intimately a beautiful and impulsive actress of questionable reputation and yet feel no impulse to hold any relation to her other than one on a highly exalted and spiritual plane, we are told, is an impossibility, and, if true, then the man is a bore and a prig. That is one view of life and one kind of knowledge of life. But there are many and many knowledges of life, and *The Far Horizon* is one and, to some folk, the more acceptable kind. "He that hath ears to hear" once again shall hear.

Senator Daniel

Virginia's Probable Candidate

(From the *Lynchburg News*)

VIRGINIA citizens can only contemplate with pleasure and satisfaction the favorable allusions so frequently made to their senior Senator in connection with the leadership of the national Democratic ticket for the 1908 campaign. Not only from all over the South, but from various parts of the North and West also, have proceeded handsome eulogiums of Senator DANIEL, together with earnest insistence that he would admirably fill the requirements of Presidential station.

The fact that this distinguished Virginia citizen occupies so large and so enviable a place in the national view brings the reminder that the result has not been brought about by any mere temporary breeze of happy political chance or good fortune. Senator DANIEL has earned the nation's esteem, confidence, and admiration. Pushing his way through the crowded paths of mere mediocrity in public life, he has taken the commanding position he now occupies by dint solely of his own innate worth and work and faithfulness to the demands of his high calling. He has risen to the heights because he deserves to rise. His name is honored throughout the land because it stands for immaculate integrity in public life combined with the genius of statesmanship and a lofty sense of conservation to duty, as one sees it through the eye of conscience and courage and exalted conservatism. His gifts of brilliant eloquence have not won him his present distinction. Doubtless they have proved helpful in an incidental fashion towards that end, but the fame of DANIEL the orator is to-day completely overshadowed by the prominence of DANIEL the accomplished, far-seeing, clear-sighted, and profoundly able statesman.

As attention has been turned Southward, therefore, in speculating upon the advisability of choosing a Democratic Presidential candidate, it ought to be an cause for wonder that DANIEL looms up as the one Southern man best suited and most available to take up the national leadership of his party. The fact, we repeat, is especially pleasing to his constituency throughout the State, and a source of inexpressible local pride and gratification to the people of his home city.

Personal and Pertinent

THE recent gift of \$1000 for the Firemen's Relief Fund by the Birmingham Typewriter Company followed a bad fire in the company's premises on Broadway, and was accompanied by a letter in which the company's vice-president, Mr. M. HARRIS, said that he had never before realized what the New York firemen had become so famous. To see the New York firemen at work in a bad fire in

one's own premises is an effective way to learn appreciation of their qualities, but we all know roughly what their merits are, and are reminded of them often enough by the fire stories in the newspapers to keep our impressions fresh. HARPER & BROTHERS have in preparation a book about the New York firemen which tells all about them, and how they live, and what they do. An interesting book it cannot help but be.

Why is it that they all call him "BULL," and that all the Yale men of his time, even those whose political and economic principles are usually correct and dominant, expect to vote for him if he shall be nominated? One day when he was holding court in Cincinnati, a Yale man of his time entered for the purpose of feasting his eyes on his Bigness, and to see how he did it. But the judge saw him too, and almost at once adjourned court for the day. An officer of the court was sent to invite the disappointed Yale man into the judge's room, where the disappointment was cleared away by the characteristic remark: "I'm glad to see you, Jim; I've adjourned court. I can't waste the day holding court when I can spend it with you." Perhaps some who read this will say that they don't wonder why Yale men, etc., etc., etc., while others may remark upon the baseness of Yale's political principles. Where, again, may say it is not a true story, and very likely it isn't.

Congressman BERTON, of Cleveland, who is led to believe that he ought to be the successor of Mr. FORAKER as Senator from Ohio, is a very long and a very amiable gentleman, a man of large intelligence, and a friend of the HARBESIDE boys, as they are still called in the northern part of the State of Ohio and at Williams College—a type of the highly respectable gentlemen who always go so well with blue broadcloth frock coats and boots. Mr. BERTON is a strong speaker and a sound thinker, and he usually wants the right thing even if he does give huge piles of the public money for their river and harbor improvements at which we used to spend so much, and concerning which we now say so little. Mr. BERTON has lent to the bills the weight of his own responsibility. He never belonged to the PLANK machine; he is an anti-imperialist; he is not much of a protectionist; he does not want to spend large sums of money for arms and munitions of war; and he is not a strenuous paternalist. If his principles be analyzed it would be difficult to understand why he is the ROOSEVELT leader in Ohio, and yet he is so rightfully, as he might rightfully be the anti-Roosevelt leader if Mr. FORAKER and Mr. DICK were for the President. Mr. BERTON is the kind of man whom people ask to "referee" things, whether it be a baseball game or a national fight in the ring. In Washington he is an omniscient quiet man—omniscient because he is spending his time finding out information that will be useful to him and harmful to his enemies when the debate begins. He is a most agreeable and interesting gentleman, but he is not around a great deal; the best time to have a chat with him is after he has had his breakfast at the Metropolitan Club. In his quiet way he has made a great deal of trouble in his time for the Cleveland Republican machine, and perhaps he is continuing to get on the State machine. To sum him up: he is one of the public men who get what the politicians have got to give them.

The PENNELL family of Cincinnati continues on a shaling way. Its most conspicuous representative of our time is ELLIOTT H. PENNELL, who is still young enough to enjoy the job which he has undertaken. That job is nothing more nor less than to give to Cincinnati a decent city government, and it is a much more difficult task than that which his uncle, Governor H. PENNELL, took upon himself in ARTHUR's reign, in endeavoring to pass the civil service reform bill. ELLIOTT PENNELL was graduated at Harvard, having gone to that institution amid the sighs and tears of his Presbyterian relatives, who thought that any one who could go to college, and who could even look at one in Princeton, was an utterly morally damaged article. The tradition is that a wise uncle, having obtained shrewd glimpses into the world, prevailed upon ELLIOTT's parents to tolerate the boy's desire for Harvard, by saying that the difference between the young sinners of the two institutions consisted in the length of their sinful moments, since the Harvard sinner sinned in Boston, and could go home the same night, while the Princeton sinner went to New York and the journey to and fro being longer, might not get back for a week. ELLIOTT PENNELL, to many men, is the brilliant general who leads the students of the Harvard and Princeton clubs; but in Cincinnati he publishes and edits the *Citizen's Bulletin* and works with great energy for decent things in government. He says, in his paper and elsewhere, that CHARLES F. TAPP, who seems to have deserted Senator FORAKER and Mr. COX, is the "chief obstacle to genuine reform in the city's government," doing his wicked work with his newspaper, the *Times Star*. So bad is this TAPP to Mr. PENNELL that he is inclined to shudder at the thought of WILLIAM's political association with his brother, but he intimates in the last issue of his paper that the bad gang cannot get back into power in Cincinnati even for hanging on to the skirts of the Secretary's splendidly virtuous general.

Correspondence

"HARPER'S WEEKLY" AND THE PRESIDENT

Washington, Wash., May 8, 1897

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I notice that a correspondent in the last number of the WEEKLY regrets your growing animosity toward Mr. Roosevelt. But will you permit me, a reader of your magazine, to express my great pleasure in meeting with a man who, while a constant stream of adulation flows from the mouths of so many others, dares to speak the truth about this favorite of fortune, and to paint his character in truthful colors; who is a manly yet respectful gross insult to the people in truth to facts upon those opposed to him and who schemes the apprehensions name of conspirator, and who points out in vigorous language the radical change which is being brought about in our system of government. The country is to be congratulated that it has one citizen at least who has the ability and courage to speak out.

I wish it might be agreeable to you to tell us what in your judgment ought to be done with the \$200,000 said to be remaining of the vast sum that was placed at Mr. Roosevelt's disposal for his election, and now presumably in the hands of Mr. Cortelyou. I say what ought to be done, not what will be done, for we all know that it will be expended for Mr. Roosevelt's benefit or that of his appointee to the Presidential office. I suggest this, seeing that for many years I have held a policy in the New York Mutual Company, and have seen my money fraudulently bestowed to aid the election of a man whom I was against, and whose influence over the country, and many of those people (so called), I regard as bad.

I am, sir, G. G.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Baltimore, Md., April 29, 1897.

I wish to say that the true spirit of your paper to the President is little short of abominable; if it were possible to belittle a man of his culture, you would have accomplished it. President Roosevelt has hardly made a movement for reform, for restraint of abuse of power, for checking the reckless advance of those who would handle the people for gain, but that you have by cartoon or veiled comment tried to "give him the laugh," as we Hoosiers say; and I am glad to be able to tell you that many as an Indian now reads your WEEKLY because of the half-century of splendid record back of it, while he counts the treatments of the Executive accorded him in your paper as unpardonable.

In reply to a recent article, you assert your friendship for the President. The wounds of a friend may be harmless, but it hardly seems friendly to hold up for ridicule a harmless foible of a great man, while denying the best mode of praise for splendid achievement, for courage of conviction, and for valor of execution—the absolute sincerity of purpose.

You probably feel that the wave of popular enthusiasm sweeping the country is frenzied and needs checking, but I would suggest that admiration of each quality of the President possesses will not harm his admirers. If he were in any way self-seeking or guiltness, if he failed to sincerely shoulder his responsibilities, if he lacked the iron determination to follow the right as revealed to him, your paper would have just cause to show his errors, though there could be no real harm, it seems to me, in your method of attack; as it is, the WEEKLY is beginning to be eyed with suspicion, and to be read with a feeling of deep indignation. Especially was this the case with your issue of the last week in April.

S. A. HILL.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Denver, Colo., May 8, 1897

SIR,—As an old subscriber in HARPER'S WEEKLY I desire to protest strongly against your present attitude towards the President of these United States. He is my President as well as our President, and it seems to me you are showing very little respect to his high office.

Though differing with HARPER'S sometimes, I have been proud of the WEEKLY as always independent and of high character, but your present course is very harmful and anything but patriotic. With a large unswerving body of followers in our midst, with the ever present unrest and differences between capital and labor, it would seem to be an American duty to show respect to the highest office in the land. Don't let us have any more cartoons.

I am, sir, S. S. MERRICK.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Concord, N. H., May 6, 1897

SIR,—I have admired much in President Roosevelt, because there has been much to praise in his several years as the nation's Chief Executive. There is, too, plenty of room for criticism for that part of him that has the appearance of "four-fifths" and I have read with interest what HARPER'S finds wrong in his administration.

Why should we consider the President in the light of a "third-term" candidate, though? I am confident this question receives greater attention from the American public than it deserves. Besides we shall have plenty of time to discuss the very numerous proposition, but at the proper time we will be governed by good common sense, and select a candidate for that exalted position from the large stock of hard-headed men in the country—many, I believe, superior in our present beliefs or apparently so. Personally I still like to see Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, elected. He has tenacity of purpose unequalled.

I am reminded of a story which I think fits Mr. Roosevelt's case to a nicety.

There was once a man who owned both an intelligent dog and a very learned parrot. The dog was useful in chasing out a

neighbor's chickens, the master's "Sic 'em" being sufficient to rouse the animal from lethargy.

One day the parrot escaped to the back yard, and having learned from its owner the challenge, yelled to the dog, "Sic 'em." The dog looked at the feathered object and took after it. When the avian was over, the parrot looked at its soiled and ruffled plumage and said, "I know what the matter with me: I TALK too much."

I am, sir,

C. L. VANAMAKER.

PROTECTION FOR THE RAILROADS

Concord, N. H., April 29, 1897

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—As a railroad man, now past threescore, I have devoted the larger part of my active life to the building of railroads, large and small, and I am their friend and not their enemy.

There can be no doubt, however, that they have not unwisely and improperly in some important instances, and continue to do so. In other respects, however, they appear to have been most generously, foolishly, and even culpably, dealt with; and continue to be so treated, and with a remarkable degree of faithfulness as well as folly.

I refer particularly here to the matter of "rate regulation," and that especially by the several States taking the matter in hand.

It has surprised me greatly that some of the great lawyers who have taken the rule of the railroads in their hands have not long since clearly seen that the law of the "common carrier," and the view under it that the railroads were the fully authorized and employed agents and servants of the state, as practically held and administered, carried with them, to all logical and reasonable minds, the fact of a corresponding duty and right of protection to these agents and their interests.

If I employ another to perform a service for me beyond my own means or powers, asking him to use his own means for the purpose, instead of mine, and claims the right to control his charges and income, it would surely seem that I am reasonably and morally bound to refrain from authorizing or employing another agent to do that same thing for me, over the same ground, and in a manner likely not only to injure but absolutely destroy the interests of my previous employee, and cause the loss of means of his living alongside of mine. It would seem, therefore, that the only fair course would be either to let the investor secure himself, as early as possible, against such loss, by making his charges all he could get, or "all that the traffic will bear"; or, if he is forbidden to do this, that the power undertaking to regulate, control, and limit his charges, and income should guarantee him some reasonable protection. I solicit your further reflection on this point.

I am well and easily aware that it would take great rare, caution, and wisdom to carry this view into practice; but I think it still both practical and practicable. We are now engaged in the work of railroad purposes is required to be paid for, when used or damaged by a railroad, and a railroad itself, as an equally valuable piece of property, be voluntarily damaged or destroyed by the public in its own real or fancied interest, without compensation, particularly when its right of self-protection or self-insurance is taken from it.

Under this view I long ago suggested to a member of the Legislature of the State in which I then resided—North Carolina—that he bring forward a bill or law embodying the principle of "protection alongside of regulation and control."

My main aim was still to be that it would greatly promote the building of the very class of railroads that the country most needs at present, viz., small laterals and branch roads, the means for which are abundant, but projects and investors are deterred (therefore) by the point hostility or unfriendly attitude of both the State and the larger and older roads.

In some respects, too, this applies to the reconstruction of larger lines.

My general idea is that regulation or control of rates should carry along with itself some sort and amount of protection, or security against needless, wanton, and malicious invasion and destruction of existing interests; no regulation without fair and decent protection should be the cry.

I do not by any means share the views of ex-President Cleveland as to the impossibility or absolute uselessness of protection, and this and many other respects; nor do I by any means agree with him as to the illiberal and folly of what he is pleased to term the "popular clamor," "frenzy," "driftivism," etc., on the subject. The people are rarely, if ever, wholly wrong in their complaints. Only are they mistaken sometimes as to where the shoe really pinches, or the cause of the trouble really lies.

The great offending of railroads has, I think, been caused by the fact that they have been left to take care of themselves,—made "outlaws" in fact. They have themselves rather liked, and enjoyed this state of things, and sought to promote and extend it by means of the "general railroad laws," and curtailment of legislative sessions in some of the States, in both length and frequency; both of which they and their attorneys secretly urged and carried out, as professions or indifference to them.

"Too much legislation" (it is) too much watching and guarding of public interest has been their cry.

Let all jobs in urging and maintaining wise, just, and equitable laws, a government with and under a Constitution, instead of lawlessness or despotism.

I am, sir, CHARLES H. SCOTT.

A NEGLECTED HISTORICAL TREASURE-TROVE

HOW MANY PERSONS WHO VISIT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE REAL JAMESTOWN WHERE AMERICAN CIVILIZATION HAD ITS BEGINNINGS, AND WHERE RELICS OF INESTIMABLE HISTORIC INTEREST ARE NOW RUTHLESSLY ABANDONED TO VANDALISM AND DECAY?

By BYRON R. NEWTON

MELANCHOLY, desolate old "James Town"! Buried beneath its ruins, and for two centuries forgotten by the great republic whose cradle it was, no doubt it is fitting that a world's fair should now be held to celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of its founding. But of all the visitors who are thronging the shores of Hampton Roads, how many have visited, or even know the location of, the "ghost

town" where the famous old church appears in the midst of a clump of trees. Save what has recently been excavated, that is the only relic of Jamestown above ground.

Back of the tower and enclosed by a crumbling wall a few of the old tombstones, with their quaint inscriptions, have escaped the hands of vandals. Trees of a century's growth, in places, have forced their trunks up through the graves, and now hold the ancient slabs and headstones in the grasp of their massive roots.

Within the last decade the United States government and the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities have excavated many foundations of the principal buildings, bringing to light a great deal of valuable information about America's first metropolis. Besides the several thousand graves which are known to exist near the church, it was found in excavating that many persons of note had, in the early days, been buried beneath the floor of the structure. One of these tombs showed by the initial letters in the slab that the body of a knight had been laid to rest there. It is supposed to be the grave of Sir George Yeardly, one of the early governors of Virginia, who died in Jamestown in 1627. The richly carved slab placed over the grave of Lady Berkeley had been enveloped by the roots of a massive oak and lifted several feet above the ground, thus protecting this valuable relic for more than two centuries from destruction by human hands. Many of the progenitors of the famous old families of Virginia are buried there, victims of starvation, fever, or the tomahawk.

Unlike the first settlements on the Massachusetts coast, nearly twenty years later, Jamestown colony was largely composed of "persons of quality," many of them belonging to the nobility, and coming with special favors from the throne of England. With these came also adventurers and outcasts, and the life stories of some of these are outlined in the inscriptions still to be deciphered on the time-worn headstones. Here is one of them:

Here Lyeth William Sherwood that was born in the Parish of White Chappell, near London, a great Miner, Waiting a Joyful Resurrection.

Sinful William Sherwood doubtless survived to death or was slain by Indians, and found a resting place side by side with his titled neighbors in the overcrowded God's Acre near the old church. However, the ancient records of Jamestown show that he probably



Ancient Burial-ground at old Jamestown

"ONLY A FEW OF THE OLD TOMBSTONES HAVE ESCAPED THE VANDALS, AND THOSE OF A CENTURY'S GROWTH HAVE FORCED THEIR WAY UP THROUGH THE GRAVES"

Island" forty miles up the James River, where American civilization had its beginning in a hundred years of starvation, pestilence, misadventure, and despair?

Nowhere on American soil is there a spot so fundamentally and vitally sacred to our history and traditions, and nowhere a spot so ruthlessly and utterly abandoned to vandalism and decay. Nowhere in the annals of pioneer conquest is there such a story of human heroism in a prolonged and nerve-racking battle with death.

How many of us know about it? How many who visit the Jamestown Exposition know anything about the real Jamestown, beyond a misty recollection of the old aerial history—the story of "the starving time," of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas?

The most go to the island of Jamestown and stand among its crumbling headstones, feel the solemn, mysterious silence of the place first, then one will read and dream and understand.

Two hundred and eighty years ago, after a struggle of nearly a century, the old capital was abandoned and reestablished at Williamsburg, eight miles distant, and now the nearest point of human habitation. To reach old Jamestown one must follow a path through the forest, guided by the indifferent contours of an ancient road cluttered and obliterated by two hundred years' growth of oak, pine, and holly.

The first view one has of the island in emerging from the forest road is that of a partially washed peninsula curving outward into the wide expanse of the James. Crossing a decaying log bridge, you come upon a marsh traversed for a quarter of a mile by a rudely inclosed tangle, made entirely of the bricks and shingles of the ancient town. The road winds along overgrown mounds and depressions, when, at a sudden turn, the masonry tower of



Part of the Site of old Jamestown, on "Ghost Island"

"NOWHERE ON AMERICAN SOIL, IS THERE A SPOT SO FUNDAMENTALLY SACRED TO OUR HISTORY, AND NOWHERE A SPOT SO ABANDONED TO DECAY"



The old Church Tower with its Shed for the storage of Relics
"IN THE MIDDLE OF A CLUMP OF TREES APPEARS THE MOST
TOWER OF THE TOWN'S OLD CITY—VIRTUALLY THE ONLY RELIC
OF JAMESTOWN, NOW ABOVE GROUND"



A Relic of Jamestown's romantic Past
A FRAGMENT OF ARMOR FOUND IN A KNIGHT'S TOMB DURING EXCAVATIONS ON THE SITE OF THE OLD CAPITAL—PERHAPS BELONGING
TO ONE OF VIRGINIA'S EARLY GOVERNORS

made some amends on American soil. From 1678 to 1680 he was attorney general, and was an adherent of Sir William Berkeley in Bacon's Rebellion.

The foundation walls of nearly all the public buildings have been uncovered and scores of interesting relics found. The spacious cellars of the "State House," "Country House," Governor's palace, besides the foundations of many residences, have been excavated from beneath ploughed fields and forest, giving evidence that they were constructed substantially, and some of them quite elaborately. The walls were built of bricks brought from England and Holland, and the roofs were generally of tile. Remains of immense chimneys, with jambs projecting three feet from the walls, are found to have existed in all of the more pretentious structures. Many fragments of glassware and china, together with household utensils of various kinds, guns of ancient pattern, cannon-balls, and a few pieces of gold and silver have been discovered beneath the ruins of nearly every building. The city was three times destroyed by fire within a century, and was laid waste during Bacon's revolution in 1676. It never fully recovered from this last stroke of ill fortune.

From 1607, the date of its founding, until the city was abandoned in 1609, when the capital was moved to Williamsburg, the death-rate in Jamestown was appalling. Between 1606 and 1610 it is recorded that out of 2540 persons who came over from England to Virginia, 1640 died. Between the latter date and 1625, out of 4749 colonists, 4480 succumbed. Up to 1627, out of a population of 8500 more than 7000 had been buried in the little graveyard near the banks of the James. Yet decade after decade shiploads of colonists were sent over by the King of England, and the Anglo-Saxon race was at last firmly rooted in the New World.

Curiously, indeed, has this spot, now but a sward of dismal marsh and wilderness, been styled "The Cradle of the American Republic," for here the cornerstones of all our institutions were laid. Here was held the first legislative assembly, here was erected the first English church, here was celebrated the first Christian marriage, and here, too, was laid the foundation of our common-school system,

with William and Mary College, following a few years later at Williamsburg, as the first step in our system of higher education. It is a matter of record, as well, that to Jamestown was brought the first African slave. It may not be said, however, that ancient Jamestown established the custom of paying public officials small salaries, as a resolution of the House of Burgesses in 1681 recites that the allowance of Governor Culpeper was about £150 pounds sterling, which, with the perquisite of 500 pounds sterling for house rent, reduced to present values, aggregated about \$50,000.

In 1698 the last destructive fire swept the town, and at a session of the Assembly held in some building unknown, in April, 1698, acts were passed establishing the capital at Williamsburg. From that time on the island became a place of grim memories only. The road to Williamsburg was overgrown in a few years, and the church and few other remaining buildings were burned by the Indians and crumbled into the earth. For more than two centuries it was looked upon as a place haunted by a thousand ghosts, and was rarely visited except by vandals and roving Indians. During the war of the Revolution ruins of its buildings were piled up for temporary defenses, and in the Civil War the Confederate troops erected earthworks there. Generation after generation of vandals and river thieves destroyed and carried away the elaborately carved tombstones, all of which had been imported from England. Only those which were too massive to be removed or broken and those held in the grasp of the roots of trees have been preserved. As if guarded by Providence, the huge tower of the old church has remained in fairly good state of preservation. The silver baptismal font used in it and from which Pocahontas was baptized was saved, and is now in use in Repton Church, one of the historic places in Williamsburg. A considerable portion of the site of the original city has been obliterated by encroachments of the James River. This, however, has been arrested by a strong sea-wall built by the United States government seven years ago. The island is now owned by private individuals, excepting twenty-five acres covering the site of the old town, which has been deeded to the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD-FASHIONED GOLD-MINER, AND THE COMING OF THE DREDGE

THE individual miner, the picturesque prospector with pick and washing-pan, is being rapidly driven from his last stronghold, the Klondike, owing to the immense area of ground being acquired by dredging companies. The company alone has purchased nearly all the placer ground along the famous Bonanza, Eldorado, and Klondike creeks, and this, for various reasons, has practically depopulated these regions. Where formerly were the huge camps of hundreds of miners, a few men are now engaged in constructing or operating lodging outfits. The romantic pack-trains from Dawson are also a thing of the past, as there is now no demand for the provisions, clothing, and other supplies which they brought—an egg worth \$1, and bacon 85 a pound.

An electric dredge, capable of handling 2000 cubic yards of earth per day of twenty-hour hours, will only require about thirteen men to handle, at an approximate cost for labor of \$196 per day. Wages have gone down to the comparatively reasonable amounts of \$4 per day and board for laborers, and \$5 to \$7 per day and board for skilled mechanics.

One good feature in the changed conditions is that it enables owners of small claims, which were not sufficiently rich to pay for their working by the old method—shaving off the gravel by fire and washing in pans or rockers—to sell their claims at a good price to the dredge companies, and, if they desire, secure employment. Also many claims have been staked and sold to the companies which would not otherwise have been occupied.

There has been a steady decline in the output of gold from the Yukon territory since 1908, during which year high water mark was touched with \$22,275,000. Each succeeding year has seen a decline of from two to five million dollars, that region during 1906 producing but \$8,287,608. The total amount of gold shipped from Dawson during the last year was as follows: Canadian gold involved at the consulate, \$5,297,047; American gold similarly involved, \$35,520; American gold in transit for the United States, \$5,920,672; total, \$11,251,279. Thus American gold shipped through Dawson amounted to \$5,964,211; while Canadian gold shipped from Dawson aggregated \$5,297,067.

OUR NAVY AND JAPAN'S

By WALTER SCOTT MERIWETHER

PUTTING wholly aside that relation which proverbially exists between smoke and fire, this article assumes that there is no friction between the United States and Japan. But since there are many to assert that a conflict lies within the easy range of possibility, and as the navies of the two powers will in all certainty bear the initial brunt of such encounter, it may be interesting to cast up the relative naval strength of the two powers, and to see wherein the advantage might rest.

Just now this country has a preponderance of naval strength. But that strength is mostly assembled on this side of the world, and with most of the seven seas washing between it and the Mikado's far-away fleet. And contiguous to the mailed squadrons of the living Sun are those remote possessions of ours, the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands.

"I had rather," said Napoleon, "see the English on the heights of Montmartre than occupying Malta." The English occupied Malta and he died a British captive at St. Helena.

In one respect the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands are to this country to-day what Malta was then to France. And there is no well-informed military or navy officer who doubts but that Japan could now seize both, and possession of them would have an immeasurable advantage, as their loss would deprive this country of bases of supplies, coaling-stations, and that big dry dock which was recently lost to Manila, itself a great asset in war.

"There is he armed who hath his quarrel just," said the Elder Poet. "And four times he who gets his blow in fast," added the younger one.

More than four times armed would Japan be if she should seize the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands; and at the present moment there is no doubt that she could easily take the two groups, were she so disposed. And in some circles there is no doubt but that she is being urged on to conflict with this country: urged on by European nations who would like nothing better than to see their two greatest successful rivals destroying themselves in war—one against the other.

Whichever way this talk of the vast depreciation of American securities and stocks and bonds? Ask London, ask Berlin.

The cables brought last week two interesting and informing paragraphs. One, which took a Berlin date, said that accredited emissaries of Japan had been given the freedom of the Krupp works at Essen—a privilege which seems to have been so rarely extended as to have caused the correspondent to immediately cable it to his paper. The despatch added that Japan had placed a large order with the Krupp's for numerous guns of various calibers.

The other cable was from a correspondent in the Far East, and which said that all men in Japanese armaments are working overtime, and that these are turning out more guns and munitions of war than had been done during the conflict with Russia. "So far," says the New York Herald, in editorial comment, "luck has smiled on the waiting throne of the dais, loaded in Japan, or elsewhere, and saved us from the ever-lurking bog concealed in the glad land of sailing, diplomatic gambles. But luck is, and always has been, a fickle jade—and our unprepared hour may soon be striking."

One thing is certain. If Japan means to force a war on this country, she must do it before the completion of the Panama Canal, for after that waterway is cut, she must needs be infinitely more powerful than she is at present to wage successful conflict with America.

But the completion of the canal is some years distant. To get back to the present. Owing to the fact that Japan made such short work of the Czar's war-ships, it is generally supposed that Japan has a very superior navy. The Mikado's navy is doubtless all right. But competent observers who followed the Russo-

Japanese war testify that it was not so much the excellence of Japanese preparedness, tactics, and gunnery that won, as it was the absence of these qualities on the Russian side.

"If Japan," said one of these to the writer, "ever goes against a first-rate naval power she will find the difference. It was not so much what the Japs did as what the Russians didn't do."

The table published on this page tells its own story of relative strength. Matched, ship for ship, America could look with utmost complacency upon the outcome. But there is a time-worn adage about being first on the spot with a superior force. In our Atlantic fleet we have now a battle-ship armada that could undoubtedly destroy all of Japan's navy were war declared to-morrow and this fleet in striking distance, with its bases of supplies and its coaling-stations handy. But does any one doubt that Japan would instantly seize these stations, were this fleet to be ordered to the East? Then the advantage would rest with her, and in a ratio that cannot be appreciated, three more Napoleon and Malta. What American President but who would rather see a Jap army encamped on the Potomac than to see the Mikado's flag waving over our Maline of the East? There could be no doubt of the fate of the one, but there would be serious doubts about the other.

All of Japan's naval forces, as all may know, are concentrated in or around the waters of Japan, and the foregoing table shows what that strength is. America's naval strength, on the other hand, is not straggled at all—weakness none the less. We have out there a division of armored cruisers—four of the best of their type and commanded by one of the most capable officers of the navy, Rear-Admiral Willard H. Brownson. But what

could four armored cruisers avail against the thirteen battle-ships and thirteen armored cruisers of Japan? We have also in these waters a division of protected cruisers—four of the best of their type. Our five destroyers would be pitted against fifty-three. We have no torpedo-boats in the East. Japan has seventy-nine. Nor have we any submarines now there. Japan has seven.

It was only a few days ago that the cables brought news of this

launching of a flotilla of new destroyers from Japanese ship-yards. The Japs entered the war against Russia with only nineteen of this type.

No one knows what else Japan is doing to increase her naval and military strength. This seems to have been merely an item that some alert correspondent sent to his paper. Great Britain as an ally of Japan naturally was the first to profit by the lessons of the war, and although the building of her Dreadnoughts was retarded as seriously as possible, news of the construction of that great vessel was in fact every admiralty office soon after the keel was laid. And while all of these were doing their utmost to find out what the new vessel would be, what would be her speed, displacement, guns, and armor, a Japanese Dreadnought, all unharmed, went overboard from a Japanese ship-yard. And no one knows how many more Japan has building or projected.

All other things aside, Japan is worthy of serious consideration. Less than half a century ago Japanese generals went clad in armor and armed only with fans, with which they waved their spear-armed bodies to combat.

New the Japs is hardly cold on the type which told of how this little nation, hardly considered in the rank of first-rate powers, had overthrown the great Northern Bear, the nation which had so long been feared by all of Europe and considered as being able to hold its own against the combined powers of the Old World.

Less than a score of years ago and printing-presses were practically unknown in Japan and books were a rarity. Last year the power of this country's prodigiously prepared armaments, and out more bodies than all of the press-works of England and America.

	UNITED STATES		JAPAN	
	NUMBER	TONS	NUMBER	TONS
BATTLE-SHIPS (10,000 TONS AND OVER)	27	366,140	13	191,044
COAST-DEFENSE VESSELS	12	47,592	3	18,766
ARMORED CRUISERS	12	157,445	13	138,100
CRUISER (ABOVE 6000 TONS)	5	43,800	2	13,120
CRUISER (6000 TO 3000 TONS)	20	72,020	12	46,321
CRUISER (3000 TO 1600 TONS)	22	29,507	9	17,884
TORPEDO-SHIP DESTROYERS	10	6,907	53	10,149
TORPEDO-BOATS	32	5,615	79	7,134
SUBMARINES	12	1,604	7	8,410
TOTAL	128	731,196	101	450,991

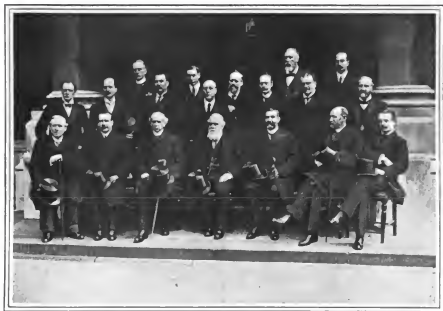
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WHEN Great Britain called together the stewards of her colonial dependencies for a conference at the Colonial Office, Lord Elgin read a telegram of welcome from the King in which His Majesty expressed the wish that the deliberations of the conference would result in decisions tending toward a closer union of the colonies with the mother country, and the consolidation of the Empire as a whole. Despite this amiable expectation, the conference is said to have resulted in little save dissension and antagonism. One of the delegates is quoted as characterizing the conference as "a failure from beginning to end." The

ministers pictured in the photograph, together with their official hosts, are placed as follows: In the back row, from left to right—Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Holderness, Sir William Lyne (Australian Minister for Trade and Customs), Mr. W. A. Robinson, in the middle row—Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir Francis Hopwood, General Botha (Transvaal), Sir J. Mackay, Mr. G. W. Johnson, Mr. E. W. Just, Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Sir Robert Bond (Newfoundland), front row—Mr. Asquith, Sir Joseph Ward (New Zealand), Sir Wilfrid Laurier (Canada), Lord Elgin, Mr. Alfred Deakin (Australia), Mr. E. R. Bosser (Natal), Mr. Lloyd-George.

THE RED DEATH AND THE BLACK

By JOSEPH KEATING

NO man goes more cheerfully on the way to death than the miner. One would think that the eternal darkness of the pit would make men miserable and morose. Instead, the men whose lives are spent in perpetual gloom are bright, light-hearted, and equinently content with their lot. In the winter time they see the light of heaven only on Sundays; for during the other days it is dark when they go to their work and dark when they return; that is, if they return; for from the moment they step into the cage that he to take them down into the black mine they put themselves within touch of death in a thousand ways.

What dark hole death may spring from, of course no one knows. The rope may break, let the cage fall a thousand feet down, and smash sixteen human beings into an unrecognizable mass. Or, while still merely at the beginning of the day's work, something might go wrong with the centre-ropes—this thing happens rather often—then the upcoming cage catches the down-going one, and the men and boys are ground very small.

As a man walks slowly along the tunnel to his work, perhaps a slight fidgetiness on the part of Nature loosens the stones in the roof. The stone that drops may seem to only touch the man's cap. But the touch is enough. His comrades carry him home on a rough stretcher of wood, with some tar-canvas over him. The poor mother and her children weep.

The dangers in the "face"—that is, at the actual work of cutting the coal—are so many that it would be quite impossible to mention all.

But the eminent danger is the Red Death! Scientists have long been at work trying to discover and eliminate this source of wholesale slaughter. They know that two things, and two things alone, are responsible: a large accumulation of gas and an exposed artificial light. As the work of breaking out the coal itself produces gas, that evil is inevitable; and as artificial light is necessary to do the work, why, that evil is also inevitable. Taken separately, these things do no harm. But the moment they come

together it is the signal that a few hundred simple souls are called by God.

Red Death fills the black roads. It flies raging, blazing, through the long galleries, seeking whom it may devour. It comes out of the darkness with a roar. Its fury shakes the earth. The roof trembles, breaks, and down comes the mountain in myriads of pieces. The dust mingles with the great flames; the volume of fire becomes too vast for the narrow tunnel. The side walls crumble, burst out, and give the black more room. The ground rocks under the men's feet: they totter and fall; and the appalling fire-torrent rushes over them.

Every man and boy in the pit cries out with terror. They know that the rolling thunder they hear is the roar of death. Even the horses—there may be three or four hundred of them—understand why the roads and walls are trembling. Then men, boys, and horses rush out. The only way to escape is where the light of day comes down the shaft.

This is far away from where they are, and they scream with the horror that is upon them.

Just as they turn the corner of their little gallery to get to the main artery they see the fire. It fills the whole road. It is a great river of red, blue, and green. The gases and dust of the roads give it many colors.

The men, the boys, the horses, rush on before it. It will overtake them. But they rush on, with the poor hope that they can outrun death.

The long, narrow tunnel becomes a jumble of human beings and animals. The men shout, the boys scream, the horses neigh and scream with terror, and trample on the weaker creatures. The dust rises in black clouds. By and by that dust will help to make the flames more fierce and strong. Then it will gain on the living mass rushing before it, and men, boys, and horses will be done, quiet, and the fire-dragon will pass over them.

Even if they escape this monster of Red Death, he has a follower

(Continued on page 817.)

WHY IT IS EASY TO STEAL HALF A MILLION DOLLARS

By RALPH H. GRAVES

IT is fortunate for the public that the really trustworthy chartered accountants of this country do their work with great thoroughness, skill, and honesty. In New York they daily are engaged in inspections that show no flaw, and the same may be said of them in other cities. However, confidence in the pick of the profession does not altogether dispel fears of those who are a discredit to it. The conscientious accountant will be the first to endorse the plea that all the men in his business should be compelled by law to attend to their contracts efficiently.

There has been no explanation to show how it was possible for a clerk to steal securities worth from \$200,000 to \$500,000 from a New York banking institution a short time ago. The question doubtless occurred to everybody who heard of this robbery, one of the most daring and remarkable crimes of recent years. Yet so one comes forward with an answer from Wall Street, where there must be many bankers and accountants able to settle the curiosity of the innocent, though rightfully interested, public.

A flaw, a vital fault, exists somewhere in the system that permits such a theft. That much is certain.

This fault is either the lack of what are called "audits," or in the laxity of those audits, which are the inspections of books and records made for the banks by expert accountants, either firms or individuals. It is an undeniable fact—the authority for this assertion is a skilled accountant for years employed by a firm of national reputation—that no theft of bonds or securities is possible without speedy detection if the audits are properly conducted. No bank or trust company can be victimized by methods such as were used in the recent case so long as careful expert accountants regularly and adequately audit the books. The thing is utterly absurd from the accountant's point of view.

Whether the trust company that was robbed engaged experts to make regular audits has not been divulged. If it did, the audits were faulty. If it did not, there is no reason for the directors to be surprised at the vanishing of \$500,000 or even more. Any one who believes otherwise is at liberty to accept the challenge of the reputable accountant, who, naturally without wishing his name to be disclosed, thus described what was the matter with the system of safeguards against theft of securities:

"In the first place, some of the banking concerns do not have audits by competent accountants at stated intervals. Either they are unwilling to pay the price, or they consider that occasional inspections by insiders are sufficient. A complete audit by a reputable firm of experts is costly. The sum each time may reach \$5000. For every full-fledged accountant the firm charges \$25 a day, and for the assistants, two or three of whom are under such accountant, \$5 a day. The depth of the inspection depends, of course, upon the number of men making it.

"Secondly, the business of expert accounting, except so far as the best firms are concerned, has undeveloped to such an extent since it became generally known in America, ten years ago, that even some of the recognized concerns no longer give the same attention to details they gave in the beginning: cheap help, to a large extent, has come to take the place of personal supervision by the men who built up the business, and there is a tendency to rush through jobs imperfectly, as the extent of the business increases.

"In order to understand that it is entirely impossible for a robbery of securities to take place in a bank and remain undetected by the expert auditors, it is necessary to know what they are expected to do. Besides seeing that the books are straight and the records complete, it is their duty, theoretically, to count every bond or other valuable paper in the possession of the bank. The institutions that hold back any information from the experts are too late to be considered, though there are instances of banks refusing to allow the men they employ to examine all the holdings, on the ground that some features of their business must be kept private. In almost all cases the special auditors have a free swing.

"If, then, every book and every bond is scrutinized, it is manifestly ridiculous to suppose that an employee could steal securities from the vaults throughout a period punctuated by an expert audit. Where there is a proper audit every three months, as is the case in many of the safest banks, the thief can operate for

two months and twenty-nine days without being caught—but that is all.

"How, you ask, can the stealing be perpetrated in an institution that employs a recognized firm of expert accountants to go over its books regularly? Well, as I said, the audit may be imperfect even then, for all the 'recognized' auditors are not good ones. There is no other explanation. The imperfection usually exists in the counting of the securities, not in the checking of accounts. It is easy to find errors in the books, difficult and tedious to find them in the bulky stacks of bonds held for trust funds down in the vaults. If the auditors are trying to rush through their work, as they are wont to do sometimes when the bank has a contract instead of paying the accounting firm by the day, the bond-counting is the field for haste. Inaccuracy is less easily noticed there.

"From the vaults the bank employees bring up to the auditing-room stack after stack of the securities. The only thorough way for the accountant to count them is to seal up each package after satisfying himself that the contents correspond with the record in the bank's books. If he does not do this the same lot of bonds may be brought to him more than once by the employee engaged in stealing. I have known of such a case. The accountant simply counted the bonds and sent the packages back to the vaults. The employee, it afterward developed, would bring the same bonds to be counted a second time, after a lapse of perhaps an hour. For instance, two estates in trust were in charge of the bank. The estate of A contained \$200,000 of securities of a certain railroad. The estate of B owned \$100,000 of the same bonds. The clerical employee had stolen the \$100,000; so he produced half of A's bonds in bringing to the accountant the holdings of B.

"In that instance the accountant did what they so often do when in haste to get through. He barely glanced at the securities to see what was their denomination and character, but did not go into such details as the numbers of the bonds. Had he returned them to the vault in a sealed package, however, it would have been impossible for the employee to produce a portion of them a second time without destroying the seal and announcing his fraud.

"At times experts of such flagrant inefficiency are employed that the thief does not even find a moderate amount of cleverness necessary. He learns that the periodic counting of bonds is a farce. All he has to do is to take the remote chance of some one's happening to look into the package he has robbed. Most likely he discovers, by watching the auditors once or twice, that they merely glance at the outside wrapper of a bundle and take for granted that it contains what is described in the figures written on the cover. If this is their habit the thief's path is easy.

"The long and short of it is that expert accounting is not regulated in this country as it should be; nor are all the banks compelled to order audits and make public the results. The last, of course, would not be a regulation of much value so long as the accounting business was imperfect. Hence it is apparent that the point at which reforms should begin is in the profession of the public accountant.

"While that profession has been important here for less than ten years, and has become, so far as many firms are concerned, less adequate than it was when first introduced, it has grown to a state near perfection in England. We could well learn a good lesson there. Principally would it seem to be wise for us to adopt the English law that makes the auditor legally responsible for a theft he fails to detect in the course of his inspection. In America, undoubtedly, he is morally responsible for a continuation of thefts over a long period of time, when his attention to duty would have put a stop to them in the beginning; but legally he is not regarded as negligent in the slightest degree.

"Should the Governor of New York persist in his reported intention of instituting a thorough investigation of the banks and trust companies he would, undoubtedly, pave the way for new laws controlling those concerns and the accountants. Incidentally, there is no question that the serious would disclose, if not bring to light, numerous instances of unsafe business methods, of lax care of properties held in trust, and probably of ethically culpable if not legally punishable relations between banks and other institutions in which the bank directors are interested."

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH: AN APPRECIATION

By EARLE HOOKER EATON

OH, PRIMA, Smith, nerous the sea,
Three hundred years ago,
You came to found the F. F. V.,
And hit the pipe with La.
A doughty man o' splendid pith,
Till stricken by Death's evilie
You always were the same old Smith—
You never were a Ruykhe.

Let Dutch New-Yorkers swell with pride,
Because their line is old,
The Smiths one make them all unloide,
When Jamestown's tale is told.
The crown of precedence they do so,
Tis find in their clutch,
For in the point time, dear John,
A'm surely lost the Dutch.

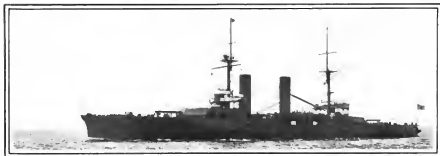
Intimate with ruthless pen,
And shrewd, and cynic shrew,
Accuse you of romantic when
You wrote of your career.
Your glory now shall thus perich,
As Smiths will soon cast snub,
And send detractors off to join
The Annals Club.

About your honored name, I wot,
There cluster many myths,
But who will say that you were not
The dad of all our Smiths?
With brains and brain you led the way
And won undying fame,
And Smiths to millions strong to-day,
Now bear in full your name.

*Jamestown, 1607; New York, 1623.



The American-built Cruiser "Chitose," which sank two of *Rojstvensky's* Fleet in the Battle of the Sea of Japan



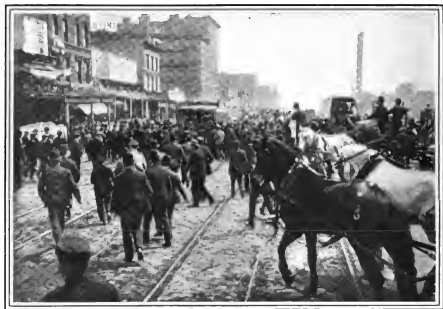
The Cruiser "Yokuba," Vice-Admiral Ijima's Flag-ship—one of the First of the *Mikado's* War-ships to be built in Japan



Seven Hundred Japanese Sea-fighters from Vice-Admiral Ijima's visiting War-ships "robbernecking" through Upper New York

THE JAPANESE NAVY DISCOVERS AMERICA

THE JAPANESE SQUADRON UNDER VICE-ADMIRAL IJIMA, CONSISTING OF THE CRUISERS "YOKUBA" AND "CHITOSE," WHICH IS ENGAGED ON A PEACEFUL TOUR OF THE WORLD, PUT IN AT THE PORT OF NEW YORK ON MAY 15 FOR A VISIT OF SEVERAL DAYS. THE "CHITOSE" IS A VETERAN OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR, BUT THE "YOKUBA" WAS PLACED IN COMMISSION ONLY A YEAR AGO. THEY ARE THE FIRST JAPANESE WAR-SHIPS THAT HAVE EVER VISITED NEW YORK



Disorder in West Street occasioned by the appearance of Strike-breakers. One Death has already resulted from a Fray between Strikers and a Detective who was mistaken for a Strike-breaker



Masses of undelivered Freight on the Steamship Wharves along West Street—evidence of the enormous Inconvenience and great Financial Loss which has been occasioned by the Deadlock between the City's striking Longshoremen and the Steamship Lines

A TIE-UP IN MARITIME COMMERCE—THE LONGSHORE- MEN'S STRIKE ALONG THE WHARVES OF NEW YORK



A Car in the Hands of the Strikers and their Sympathizers. This was one of the Cars involved in the Shooting, during which Two Persons were killed and a Score wounded



How San Francisco solves the Problem of Transportation during the Strike. These Motor Street-cars hold about half as many as an ordinary Trolley-car. The Fare is Twenty-five Cents

SAN FRANCISCO'S NEWEST AGITATION—SCENES IN THE MUCH-DISTURBED CITY DURING THE STREET-CAR STRIKE



"OUR ANNUAL CLEAN

DRAWN BY JANE M'COMBES



“CLEARANCE SALE”
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

ON AND ABOUT A COLLEGE CAMPUS

By OSCAR VON ENGELN

ONE's earliest conceptions of a college campus are unusually vague in the extreme. Something is usually, perhaps, the dominant idea. But even these, in my case, received a distinct shock on the occasion of my first encounter with the reality in the shape of a Western State university. I don't mean that this very view was unsightly—far from it. Indeed, everything about the place was in the primmest train, and gave one the same impression aside by a House for Orphans—an affair with smooth lawns, formal flower-beds, sapling trees, gravel drives, and characterless brick buildings. If one has ever had occasion to compare a number of European and American landscape photographs, it must have been noted that the chief characteristic of our scenic art is the representation of Nature untrammelled. In our field and roadside pictures there lurks always a touch of her lawlessness—in the shrubbery at their borders, in the rail and stow leaves which girdle them, and in the copes which interpose the prospect. On the Continent, on the contrary, everything bespeaks domestication and this feeling can be detected at once by even the most unpractised eye in all the photographs which come from there. Thus, to be typical, the ideal American college should be located in a more or less gloriously untamed country.

And that is the charm of Cornell, whose recent Ezra Cornell Centennial celebration has brought her prominently into public view. From the first glimpse from the train windows of her gray towers and red-tiled roofs, peering out above the tree-tops, and crowning the summit of the hill on the far side of the valley, identifies her unmistakably. Beyond, in the blue distance, are other higher hills; adown the slope before us white water comes tumbling; while at our feet lies the placid reach of the inlet celebrated as the early spring practice course of the Cornell crew.

Suppose that you have contented your self with but a glimpse of the broad quadrangle, and are sitting out now to see, first, what awaits the Cornellian in his tramps' abode. All directions contain nothing but possibilities; but to the north there offers the fair bosom of Cayuga Lake, inviting you with fresh breezes and dancing, sunlit waves. The combination is irresistible; moreover, you are told that six miles away on the western shore you will come to Taughemock gorge, the end of whose mile-length is marked by Taughemock Falls.

Falling water has, since time immemorial, appealed to the human imagination; and therefore the public down the lake, first in the shadow, under the high cliffs of the west shore, and then past long reaches of open wooded slopes, is none doubly entranced by the goal in view. As you plunge into the cool glow of the gorge, doubly gratified after the water's glare, you follow the seaward marked, narrow, winding path which winds its way, here along a narrow shelf, with the rushing water below and a perpendicular wall 250 feet high above, or again climbing high up on some black talus slope. Thus the mile stretches out long, but finally the

path rounds a sharp turn, and before you, a rolling plain of white, is the full whose waters plunge straight down 216 feet.

The natives tell you proudly that it is "Higher 'n Niagara," for they have not built inequally wooden walls and platters for which to view the herds—on payment of a quarter, but now you pay for the sight by your previous scramble through the rapids, although a pleasure in itself, yet discourages the vast multitude of the unit. The reason, however, that this has not been made a commercial asset, with a consequent complete spoliation of their charm, is, no doubt, the multiplicity of similar gorges and cascades, though not so grand as this, throughout the region. The campus itself is bounded to the east and north by the Cayuga and the Fall Stream gorges respectively, and the course of each of these is a succession of indirectly preceding the present in geological time, also to the continental glacier swept over the northern part of the United States, the north and south valleys of this region, of which this is one, have the brunt of the destructive erosion accomplished by the glacier, and were thus overdeepened as much as 500 feet, their east and west tributaries coupled almost straight. These tributaries were left hanging high above the level of the valley, so that after the glacier's retreat they had to erode down the steep slope of the new valley wall of the latter in order to put their flow into Cayuga Lake. Enough time has elapsed since the first onset of the glaciers, to have such deep gorges in the solid rock. Again the varying hardness of the strata through which different streams have had to cut has given rise to a series of a descent of long which make each one a type in itself. Thus Taughemock falls strays down, while Fall Stream goes as far as to the south, making out a series of steps through the length of a two mile gorge, and in the pools below the rock of water there are trout, not many to be sure, yet much to feed an added thrill to the whole up the narrow length.

If now you have grown chilly of these shady retreats and climb to the summit of Eagle Hill point and from there looking in the midday sunlight of an early back the field yet termed "Candy" by. The vantage point is sufficient high to command all the country to the north and east, and in the broad outlook numerous gorges have been made noticeable cliffs in the north and one sees with its many slopes and outcrops of the surrounding hills. It is in deed, a fair country; there are clumps of forest, and ridges with their winding roads and groves between. Far to the right, gleams the lake and just above it you see once more the University's towers.



"Higher 'n Niagara"

TAUGHEMOCK FALLS—ONE OF THE MANY LARGE CATASTROPHES WHICH ARE A STRIKING TESTIMONY OF THE NON-MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY ABOUT CORNELL

But will the campus itself fulfill the promise of its environment? For it is in the nooks and the corners, the walks and the portals of his college quadrangle that the student dreams. These make up the picture around which his memories cluster, and whose sight brings back all that is dear to him of college life. They spell to him the spirit of the place.

There can be but a suggestion for you of that which is Cornelia, of the witchery with which the scene you now view is most potently invested for every Cornellian. You are standing before my wrapped Melrose, one of the three esplanades of which you are also Morrill beyond, while White is behind you if dare not say which fate each contains, except to hint of the inextinguishable grime which many butterfly undergraduates have discovered in their sorrow in Morrill. It is after a fresh spring shower, and now that the last drops have splashed in the pools of the belvedere, with a pool which reflect the cleared blue of the sky above—the last of the afternoon strangers are coming forth and leisurely quitting the hill. It is the halcyon interval which comes with a day's work done.

Of such a tangibility are the associations which engender the spirit of the Cornell campus. Even the latest structures, which now complete the great quadrangle, have welded themselves unostentatiously to the whole, so that their newness is unfelt.

What, though, would these imposing edifice avail if there did not centre around them the life and activities of the undergraduate? Indeed, perhaps, to the student's heart is that merry memory which he knows as "Spring Day." Its manifestations are painted bright to the freshman by his upper-class associates from the very day of his entrance into University life. It has for its end the filling of the Athletic Council's coffers, and its form varies with the years; essentially it is a church fair transplanted to tents, and perhaps even greater utilities are perpetrated in its name than in that of its illustrious forbear. In this merry-making the whole University enters with an abandon not always evident when learning is the play. While the treasury of the Athletic Council, as replenished, pays the rest of her battles with other universities, there are sports at Cornell



A Typical American Campus

"THE LAST DROPS HAVE SPLASHED IN THE POOLS OF THE OLD BUILDING WALK, AND THE AFTERNOON STRANGERS ARE COMING FORTH."

the calm evening coolness pervades the atmosphere, and seemingly for a moment, the evening song:

"When the sun fades far away
In the embrace of the west,
And the voices of the day
Bummar low and sink to rest,
"Music with the twilight falls
(For the dreaming lake and dell,
'Tis an echo from the walls
Of our own, our fair Cornell."

Then the shadows creep up fast and one by one wrap the ivy-mantled walls in their embrace until we stand alone and lonely in the vastness of the great sky alone, and with the great breadth of the wide world around our feet.

which prosper with the aid of money-bags. Thus the campus witnesses a whole series of intercollegiate baseball games, wherein are executed many plays which would bring credit to the Varsity team.

In any characterization of the typical American college one must not omit to mention the customs which bind together its community as with golden strands. Young as she is, Cornell has her traditions, of which the "Senior Singing" is the most classical. To the senior who, in these final hours of his undergraduate days, is trying to live every minute they contain to its full measure, the campus speaks as with a living voice. Therefore it is with a mingled feeling of pain and joy that, on three or four evenings in the last weeks of the year, he forgets in the glimmering of the call of the chimes to retire as a class the college airs. From the steps of Northman for an hour the old songs are sung one after the other, spontaneously and full-throatedly, so that the echoes ring back from far across the quadrangle. The tree shadows lie softly on the grass, projected afar by the slanting rays of the sun just balancing above the summit of the verdant hillsides. Then as cold and sinks behind the ridge, and the singers,

A PROFITABLE INTERVIEW

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

Beyce won't talk politics. *Daily Newspaper*

"WHAT do you think of Panama?" said I to Mr. Beyce.
"I think," he answered coolly, and quickly as a trier,
"The skating in the Arctic Sea must be so very nice."

"A speaking of the fisheries" may up in Newfoundland.
What think you of that question?" and he answered, very bland,
"The oysters down in Tennessee are fat. I understand."

"What is your notion, Mr. Beyce," said I, "of old Japan.
And San Francisco trying hard to put her 'neath the sun?"
"I think," he said, "that Carnegie's a very pleasant man."

"Then there is Cuba," I went on. "Pray tell me what you think.
Should we take suffering Cuba in, or leave her on the brink?"
"Oh, as to that," he quickly said, "I very seldom drink."

"What do you think of Swedenborg and all his funny jokes?"
Do they compare," said I, "with those of Poesse's witty folks?"
"I always call for Hoffmanns," said he, "with antichrists."

"What think you of the President," said I, "his verse and rhime—
And is it really true that he has dined you Susan Jim?"
"I'm fond of Wagner," he replied, "but few can whistle him."

MAM' LINDA

A Novel

BY WILL N. HARBEN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. B. MASTERS

CHAPTER VIII

IMEDIATELY on parting with Carson, Helen went down to Linda's cottage. Lewis was leaning over the little low fence talking to a negro, who walked on as she drove away.

"Where is Mam' Linda?" she asked, guardedly.

"In de house, Missy," he answered, pulling off his old slouch-hat and wadding it tightly in his fingers. "She ain't heard nothin' yit. Ahm was des tellin' me er whole string er talk folks was havin' down on de street, but I told 'em not to let 'er hear it. Oh, Missy, if guine ter kill her. She can't stan' it. Des no longer's las' night she was settin' in dat do' talkin' 'bout how happy she was to hear Pete was doin' so well over on Marce Carson's place. She said she never would forget young master's kindness to er old nigger woman, er now—de old man agreed cut his hands in a pathetic gesture before him—"now you see what it come to."

"But nothing serious has really happened to him yet," Helen had started to say, when the old man stopped her.

"Hush, honey; she coudn't."

There was a sound of a footstep in the cottage, and then Linda appeared in the doorway and invited her mistress into the cottage, placing a chair for her and dusting the bottom of it with her apron.

"How do you feel this morning, Missamy?" Helen asked, as she sat down.

"I'm well enough in body, honey,"—the old woman's face was averted—"but dat ain't all ter a piason in dis life. Ef des my body was all I had, I wouldn't be so bad off, but let's my mind, honey. The worried 'bout my boy regin. I had bad dreams las' night, en tho' 'em all be seemed ter be in trouble. Den when I woke dis mornin' en tried ter think 'twas only des er dream, I ain't satisfied wid de way all of 'em act. Lewis look gu' on't de eyes, en everybody dat pass erlong, hatter stop en look Lewis off den de fust's er talk. I ain't no fool, honey. I notice things when dey ain't regular. Den here you come 'fo' yo' breakfast time. I've watched you, child, since you was in de cradle en know every bat er yo' sweet eyes. Oh, honey—"Linda suddenly sat down and covered her face with her hands, pressing them firmly in—"honey," she muttered, "suggen's gone wrong. I've knowed it all dis mornin', en I'm actually afraid ter ax you all ter tell me. I cern't think of but one thing. I'm so muddled up, en dat is dat my boy done thowed up his work en gone away off somers wid bad company; en yit, honey—"she now rocked herself back and forth as if in torture, and finished with a steady stare into Helen's face—"dat cern't be it. Dat ain't bad enough ter mek Lewis act like he is en—well, honey, you might as well come out wid it."

Helen sat pale and undecided, unable to formulate any adequate mode of procedure. At this picture Lewis leaned in the doorway, and as his wife's back was towards him he could not see her face.

"I want ter step down er minute, Linda," he said. "I'll be right back. I des want ter go ter de sto'. We're out er coffee, en—"

Linda suddenly turned her dark, agonized face upon him. "You are not goin' till you tell me what is gone wrong wid my child," she said. "What de matter wid Pete, Lewis?"

The old man's eyes wavered between those of his wife and Helen's.

"Why, Linda, you say—"he freely began. But she stopped him with a gesture at once impatient and full of fear.

"Tell me!" she said, firmly. "tell me!"

Lewis shuddered into the cottage and stood near her, a magnificent specimen of the husband of his race. Helen's eyes were blinded by tears she could not restrain. "Tain't nothin', Linda, 'pon my word, 'tain't nothin' but dis," he said, gently. "Dar's been trouble over near Marce Carson's farm, but not our none done say Pete was in it—and er end."

"What sort of trouble?" Linda pursued.

"Er man en his wife was killed over dar in bad last night."

"What man en woman?" Linda asked, her mouth falling open in suspense, her thick lip hanging.

"Ab Johnson en his wife."

Linda bowed forward, her hands locked like things of iron between her knees. "Who done it, Lewis—who killed 'em?" she asked.

"Nobody knows yit, Linda. Mrs. Johnson lived er little while a Begon in Harben's Weekly, Vol. LI, No. 3620.

after de folks come en found 'em, en she said it was er—de hell it was er youngish yaller nigger, en—en—" He went to her being at the end of his diplomacy, and simply stood before helplessly to telling his part in his hand. The man was still. Helen wondered if her own heart had stopped once a tense and strained was her emotion. Linda sat but found to a moment, then they saw her raise her hands to her head, put them there convulsively, and then she gasped.

"Miz Johnson said it was a yaller nigger!" she moaned. "Oh, my Gawd!"

"Yes, but what dat, woman?" Lewis demanded in some sharpness of tone. "Dar's coodlin's en coodlin's er yaller nigger over dar."

"They ain't none of 'em been whipped by de dail man 'fo' 'er boy," Linda was now staring straight at him. "Some of a never made no open threats but Pete. Dey'll kill 'em—"de dived, and her voice fell away into a prolonged sob—"en be no—dey'll hang my po' baby boy—hang 'em—hang 'em!" she suddenly rose to her full height and stood, glowing with her face dark and full of passion and grief combined. She put her hands and held them straight upward.

"I want ter curse Gawd," she cried. "You hear me? I ain't done nothin' ter deserve dis here thing. I've been er pious de—white folks, en my mammy en daddy was 'fo' me. I've not en done my duty ter dem what sinned me, en—en—en I face dis. I hear my child beggin' ter 'em to spare en let ter 'em. I hear 'em beggin' ter see his old mammy to dey kill en I see 'em draggin' 'em off wid er rope round 'em." With a shriek the woman fell face downward on the floor. As if under de influence of a terrible nightmare, Helen bent over her. She was insensible. Without a word Linda lifted her up in her arms and bore her to the bed in the corner.

"Dis guine ter kill yo' old mammy, honey," she whispered. "Dis ain't never guine ter fill up from under it—never it de will."

But Helen had dampened her handskerchief in some water was greatly atoning the dark fury with it. After a moment Linda drew a deep, shuddering breath and opened her eyes.

"Lewis," she said, "so try en find out all you kin. En pray his here en pray Gawd ter be merciful. I said I'll come in, I won't. He my main stay. I got ter trust 'im. 'fo' de fact me I'm lost. Oh, honey, yo' old mammy never got no more favors; stay here wid er pray, pray ter let de here eye be—Oh, Gawd, don't let 'em—don't let 'em! De po' boy didn't do it—he wouldn't harm a kitten—he talked too much 'fo' de mornin' under his whippers, but dat was all."

Motioning to Lewis to leave them alone, Helen sat down at the edge of the bed and put her arms round Linda's shoulders, her old woman rose and went to the door and stood it, but she came back and stood by Helen in the darkness that was now in the room.

"I want you ter git down here by my side en pray be—honey," she said. "Seven ter me but de Lord know ter what folks me den de do de black, anyway; en I want you."

"Im ter spare yo' till fust de Pete des dis time—des er end."

Knowing by the bed Helen covered her wet face with her hands. Linda knelt beside her, and Helen prayed aloud, her clear, sweet voice ringing through the still room.

CHAPTER IX

On Carson Dought's farm, as the place was not particularly kept, the negro lands lived in disarranged by negro women here and there about the fields or in the edge of the woods or surrounding the place. In one of those, at the owner's request, Pete had installed himself, his household effects consisting of a straw mattress thrown on the parsonage door, and a few cooking utensils for use over the big fireplace of the available chimney.

Here he was sleeping on the night of the tragedy which had stirred the countryside into a white heat of race hatred. He had spent the first half of the night at a negro dance two miles out at a farm, and was much elated by finding that he had attracted unusual attention and feminine favor, which was due to the fact that he was looked upon by the country blacks as enjoying one of the usual run—a town shaver with a glib tongue and many other accomplishments, and a negro, too, as Pete counted them, who stood high in the favor of his master, whose name carried weight over it was mentioned.

Shortly after dawn, Pete was still sleeping soundly, as was his habit after a night of pleasure, when his door was rudely shaken.

"Pete Warren, Pete Warren!" a voice called out, sharply, "wake up in da mornin', I tell you!"

There was no response—no sound from within the cabin except the deep breathing of the sleeper. The door was shaken again, and then, as it was not locked and slightly ajar, the little old negro man on the outside pushed the shutter open and entered, standing across the door to where Pete lay.

"Wake up here, you fool!" he said, as he bent and shook Pete roughly. "Wake up of you know what good for you."

Pete turned over, his snoring breaking into little gasps. He opened his eyes, stared doubtfully for an instant, and then his eyelids began to close drowsily.

"Lazy here!" he was roughly handled again by the black hand on his shoulder. "You young fool, you dance all night till you can't keep yo' eyes open in da daytime, but if you don't git er move on you an light out er dis cabin you'll dance yo' fast time wid nothin' under yo' feet but wind. It'll be long in da middle er you de frog."

"What dat—what dat you givin' me, Uncle Richmond?" Pete was now awake and sitting up on the mattress.

"Huh! I come ter tell you, boy, dat you 'bout ter git in trouble, er fer all I know de biggest you ever had in all yo' born days."

"Huh! you say I is, Uncle Richmond?" Pete exclaimed, in credulously. "What wrong wid me?"

The old man stepped back till he could look through the cabin door over the fields, upon which the first streaks of daylight were falling in grayish, misty patches.

"Pete," he said, "somewhile done slip in Ab Johnson's house er brain him on his wife wid er axe."

"Huh! you don't say!" Pete stared in sleepy astonishment. "When dat happen, Uncle Richmond?"

"Dis er hill white age, de old man said, 'Ham Black come er tell me. He say er better all hole out; it gwine ter be de big gest 'foulment ever heard of in dis mountain, but, Pete, you de main one ter look out.'"

"Me! Huh! what you say dat fer, Uncle Rich?"

"'Ce de dry gwine ter look fer you de too one, Pete. 'Ce're you been talkin' too much out yo' mouth 'bout dat whippa' Johnson done give you on Sam Dallow er de rise out in town dat night."

"Ham tol' me ter come warn you ter hide out, er dat quick. Ham say he know in reason you didn't do it, 'ce're he say yo' bark it was 'n yo' bite. Ham say he let 't was done by some sinner dat didn't talk so much. Ham say he mighty nigh sho' Sam Dallow done it, 'ce're Sam met Ab Johnson in de big road yesterday er sinner come on ter de sto' lookin' lak er devil in men's clothes."

But he didn't say nothin' er de axe. Look lak he was devin' fer, kidin' his time."

Pete got up and began to dress himself.

"I bet mysel' Sam done it," he said, reflectively. "He's er bad sinner, Uncle Richmond, er ever since Johnson er Dun Willis whipped dat round he's been talkin' er on growlin'."

But as you say, Uncle Rich, he didn't talk out again."

"Dat don't make no difference, boy. The old black man went on, seriously. "You git out'n here in er hurry er stick er trail fer dem woods. Even den I doubt of dat gwine ter save you. 'Ce're Dun Willis got er pair er bloodhounds dat could smell sinner tracks den er ten inch stone."

"Huh! I say, Uncle Richmond, you don't know me," Pete said.

"You don't know me of you 'bwe I'm gwine ter run him down white men. I ain't nigh dat. Ab Johnson's house—and even 'cross his line er fence, I promised Marcus Car-

son Bright not ter go nigh 'im; er—er I promised 'im ter let up on my gun, on I done dat, too. No, uth, Uncle Rich, you

git somebody else ter run yo' foot-race. I'm gwine ter cook my breakfast lak I always do, er den go out ter my sprouts dat has ter be grubbed."

"Look here, boy!" the old man's blue-black eyes glared as he stared at Pete—"I know yo' mammy er daddy er I like um. They good folks, er always was friendly ter me er I don't like ter see you in dis mess. I tell you I'm er old man. I know how white men set in er case like dis—dey don't have no pity er pity er pity. Dey will kill you sho'. Dey'd er been here 'fo' dis, but dey gittin' together. Listen! Hear dem hawes er yellin'—dat at Wilson's sto'. Dey will be here soon. I don't want ter stan' here er argue wid you. I ain't had nothin' ter do wid it, but dey would' nigh done er it onto me of dey found out I come here ter nash you. Herry up, boy!"

"I ain't gwine ter do it, Uncle Rich," Pete declared, firmly and with a grave face. "You are er old man, but you ain't givin' no good advice. Ef I run dey would say I was guilty sho', er den, er you say, de dogs could track me down, anyway."

The boy's logic seemed unassailable. The piercing eyes of the old man flickered. "Well," he said, "I done all I could; I'm gwine home now. Even now dey may know I come here at yo' early time er mix me in it. Good-by; I hope fer yo' old mammy's sake dat dey will let you off. I do sho'."

Left alone, Pete went out to the edge of the wood behind his cabin and gathered up some sticks, leaves, and pieces of bark til at had built from the decaying boughs of the trees a sort of den into the cabin and deposited them on the broad, stone hearth. Then he uncovered the coals he had the night before buried in the ashes, and made a fire for the preparation of his simple breakfast.

CHAPTER X

His breakfast over, Pete shouldered his grubbin'bag, an implement shaped like an adze, and made his way through the dewy undergrowth of the wood to an open field a eighth of a mile from his cabin. There he set to work as what was considered by farmers the hardest labor connected with the cultivation of the soil.

His back happened to be turned towards the store, hardly visible over the swelling ground in the distance, and so he failed to note the rapid approach across the shadow of two men till they were close upon him. One was Jeff Brainer, the sheriff of the county, a stalwart man of forty, in high top-boots, a leather belt holding a long revolver, a broad-brimmed hat, and coarse gray suit; his companion was a hastily deputized citizen armed with a double-barreled shotgun.

"Put down that bar, Pete!" the sheriff commanded sharply, as the negro turned with it in his hand. "Put it down! Drop it!"

"What I gwine put it down fer?" the negro asked in characteristic tone. "Huh! I got ter do my work."

"Drop it, and don't begin to give me your jaw," the sheriff said.

"You've got to come on with us. You are under arrest."

"What I under arrest fer?" Pete asked, still doggedly.

"You are accused of killing the Johnsons last night, and if you didn't do it you are in the tightest hole an innocent man ever got in. Kleg and I are going to do our best to put you in safety in the Gilmore jail so you can be tried fairly by law, but we've got to get a move on us. The whole section is up in arms, and we'll have hard work gettin' away with you. Come on. I won't rope you, but if you start to run we'll shoot you down like a rabbit, so don't you try it on."

"My Lawd, Mr. Brainer, I didn't kill dem folks," Pete said, pleadingly.

"Well, whether you did or not, they say you threatened to do it, and your life won't be worth a hill of beans if you're here. The only thing to do is to get you to the Gilmore jail. We might make it through the mountains if we are careful, but we've got to get horses. We can borrow some from John Parsons



Drawn by F. B. Hutton

"You'll dance yo' last time wid nothin' under yo' feet but wind"

down the road, if he hasn't gone crazy, like all the rest. Come

"I tell you, Mr. Brainer, I don't know er thing 'bout dis, but it looks ter me lak maybe Sam Dodder—"

"Don't make any statement to me," the officer said, humanely. "You are accused of a dirty job, lute, and it will take a dang good lawyer to save you from the halter even if we save you from this mob; but talkin' to me won't do no good. Me 'n' King here couldn't protect you from them men if they once saw you. I tell you, young man, all hell has broke loose. For twenty miles around no black skin will be safe, much less yours. Innocent or guilty, you've talked too much. Come on."

Without further protest, Pete dropped his bar and went with them, doggedly and with an overpowering and early sense of injury, walking between the two men.

lay, waiting between two trees. A narrow, private road, which they traversed without meeting any one, carried them to Parnassus's farmhouse, a one-story frame building with a porch and a roof that sloped back to a beam-toe shed in the rear. A wagon stood under the spreading branches of a big hick, near a bean-logged harrow nestled down by a stump of a tree, a chicken-coop, an old beehive, and a run-shackle buggy. No one was in sight. No living thing stirred about the place save the turkeys and ducks, and a barnyard dog barked from where a row of half-buried stones marked the mountain-side against the secret folds of the gravel walk from the gate to the stairs.

The sheriff drew the gate open and hailed lustily, according to country customs. After a pause, the sound of some one moving in the house reached their ears. A window curtain was drawn aside, and later a woman stood in the doorway and advanced warily to the edge of the porch. She was portly, red of complexion, about middle-aged, and dressed in checked gingham, the predominating color of which was blue.

"Well, I'll be switched!" she ejaculated. "What do you-uns want?"

"He's over in his hay-field, or was a minute ago. What you want with him?"

"We've got to borrow some horses. We want three—one for each. We're gona' try to dodge the mob. Mrs. Parsons, an' put this feller in jail whar he'll be safe."

* That boy!¹⁶ The woman came down the steps, rolling her sleeves up. "Why, that boy didn't kill them folks. I know that boy; he's the son of old Mammy Linda and Uncle Lewis Warren. Now, look here, Jeff Insulder, don't you and Bill King go and make fools of yourselves. That boy didn't no more do that nasty work than I did. It ain't in 'im. He ain't that look. I know stiggers as well as you or any one else."

"No, I didn't do it, Mrs. Parsons," Pete affirmed. "I didn't. I didn't!"

"I know you didn't," said the woman. "Wasn't I standin' here in the door this mornin' and saw him git up an' go to get his wash and cook his breakfast? Then I see 'im shoulder his grubbin' and go to the field to work. You officers may think I was knowin' it all, but no sinner didn't go 'd in stay around like that after killin' a man an' woman in cold blood. The sinner that did that was some scamp that's fur from the spot by this time and not a boy fetched up among good white folks like this one was, with the best old granny and dandy that ever had kinky hair."

"But witnesses say he threatened Abe Johnson a month ago," said the sheriff. "I have to do my duty. There never would be any justice if we overlooked a thing as pointed as that is."

"Threatened 'im?" the woman cried. "Well, what does that prove? A nigger will talk back an' act surly on his death-bed if he's mad. That's all they have of defendin' themselves. If that

he's mad. That's all they have to do dreamin' themselves. If Iote hadn't talked some after the las'in' he got from them men, that'd a' been some'n' wrote with him. Now, you let 'im loose. As shore as you start off with that bar he'll be lynched. The fact that you've got 'im in tow will be all them crazy men want. You couldn't get two miles in any direction from here without bein' stopped; they're as thick as fleas on all sides, an' every road is leadin' south."

"I'm sorry I can't take your advice, Mrs. Parsons," Bralder said, almost angrily. "I've got to do my duty, and I know what it is better than you do."

"If you don't off with that boy his blood will be on your head," the woman said, firmly. "Let alone not advised to hide out till this excitement is over, he might stand a chance to save his neck; but with you—why, you mought as well stand still and yell to 'em to come on."

"Well, we've got to get horses to go on with and yours are the best."

— Well, you want your be damned sugar to be warmed on my stick. — the woman said, sharply — I know what my duty lies. A woman with a thimbleful of brains don't have to listen to a long string o' testimony to know a murderer when she sees one; that boy's as harmless as a kitten, and you are tryin' your best to have him hanged —

Well, the law is on my side, and I can take the horses if I see fit in the furtherance of law an' order. If Dale was here he'd tell me to go ahead, an' so I'll have to do it, anyway. Well, I'll be on my way, an' I'll bridle the horses an' lead 'em out."

A queer look, half of anger, half of definite purpose, settled on the strong rugged face of the woman as she saw the shrill stalk off to the barnyard gate enter it, and let it close after him.

"Bill King," she said, drawing nearer the man left in charge of the headbanded prisoner, who now for the first time in the words of his defender had sensed his real danger—"Bill King, you haven't come in to lead that poor boy right to his death this way—over

don't look like that sort of a man." She suddenly swept her furtive eyes over the barnyard, evidently noting that she was now in the stable. "Xu, you haven't—for I haven't yet!—let you!" Suddenly, without warning even to the slightest glint of facial expression, she grasped the end of the string in her hand and whirled him round like a top.

"Run, boy!" she cried. "Run for the woods, and God be with you!" For an instant Pete stood as if rooted to the spot, and then as swift of foot as a young Indian, he darted through the trees and round the barnhouse, leaving the woman and King desperate for the possession of the gun. It fell in the ground, he grasped King around the waist and clung on to him with tenacity of a furious dog.

"There was a thunderous oath from the barnyard, and, rising a hand, the sheriff ran out.

"What the hell— Which way did he go?" he demanded.

But King, still in the tight embrace of his assailant, was too badly upset to reply. And it was not till Fraider had let her locked hands loose that he could stammer out, "Run! Run! Run!—into the woods!"

"An' we couldn't catch 'im to save us from—" Eddie said.

"Madam, I'll handle you for this. I'll push this one against you to the full limit of the law."

"You'll do nothing" of the kind," the woman said, "unless you want to make yourself the laughing stock of the whole nation. I shan't want I asked for all the good women of the country," she said, "an' when you run agin we'll beat you at the post. Law an' order's one thing, but officers' rights' mo' so. That's it is another. If the boy deserves a trial he deserves it. He's not 'a' stood one chance in ten million in your charge or 'a' knowed it."

At this juncture a man emerged from the close-growing willows across the road, a look of astonishment on his face. It was Mr. Parsons. "What's wrong here?" he asked.

"Go, nothin' much," Braddy answered, with a white heat of fury. "We stopped here with Pete Warren to borrow your horse to get 'im over the mountains to the Gilmore Jail, an' your wife grabbed Kiff's gun while I was in the stable an' used it against him."

"Great God! what's the matter with you?" Paterson thence at his wife, who, red-faced and dazed, stood rubbing a bruised spot on her wrist.

"Nathin's the matter with me," she retorted. "except I've a more sense than you men have an' know the boy didn't kill de girl."

"Well, I know he did!" Parsons thundered. "But he'll caught before night, anyway. He can't hide in them woods in the middle like a chicken and leave the road."

"Your wife 'loved' he'd be sure in the woods that it is
Glennville Jail," Huxley said, with another snarl.

"Well, he would, as for that," Parsons retorted. "If you think that army headed by the dead woman's daddy an' brother will halt at a penny bird-cage like that you don't know no. They smash it like an egg-shell. I reckon you fellows will pretend to fear the law. Well, I'll go down the road an' tell 'em what to do. There'll be a picnic some'n's nigh here in a powerful short time. We've got men enough to surround that whole mountain."

CHAPTER XI

[illegible]

Suddenly bending himself, and freder for the second and he had got, he sped onward again, choosing the valley rather than the steeper mountainside. Short's gun reports, born bluen, and the flash of the barrels now followed him. Suddenly he was in

...bearing mountain stream about twenty feet wide and not deeper than his waist, and in many places barely covering the bed.

crossed stones over which it ran. Here, as if an inspiration came, the remembrance from some story he had heard about a person once managing to elude the scent of bloodhounds by taking a water, and into the icy stream he plunged and more slowly and

But his reason told him this slow method really would not benefit him, for his pursuers would soon catch up and see him from the banks. He had waded on the stream about a mile when

he came to a spot where the stout branches of a sturdy tree hung down within his reach. The idea was worthy of a white man's brain, for, as he stood pulling on the bough to test its strength, he conceived the plan of getting out of the water there and climbing into the dense foliage above, where his pursuers might not think to look, and the hounds, bent on catching the scent where he had been, would speed onward, farther and farther away.

He drew the bough down till its leaves sank under the water, but it bore his weight well, and from it he clambered to the massive trunk and higher upward, till, in a fork of the tree, he rested, noticing with a thrill of joy that the bough had righted itself and hung as before above the surface of the stream. On came the dogs; he could not hear them now, for they made no sound, but he heard the heavy, maddened voices of men urging them on. On they came. The swift through undergrowth, the pitter, as of rain on dry leaves, the hurrying of gravel behind them—the snuffing and sneezing—that was the hounds. Closer and closer Pete begged the tree, fearfully breathing, fearing now that the water dripping from his clothing or the leaved leaves of the bough would betray his presence. But the hounds, one on either side of the stream, their noses to the earth, dashed on. Pete caught only a gleam of their sleek dark coats and they were gone. Behind them, panting, came a dozen men. In his fear of being seen Pete dared not even look. With closed eyes pressed against his wet coat-sleeve, he clung to his place, a hunted thing, neither fish, fowl, nor beast, and yet like them all.

"They will run 'em down!" he heard a man say. "They never fail. He thought he'd throw 'em off by taking to water. He didn't know we had one for each bank."

On ran the men, the sound of their progress becoming less and less audible as they receded. Was he safe now? Pete's slow intelligence answered no. He was now fully alone in his danger. He might stay there for a while, but not for long. Already, perhaps owing to his desperate running, he had an almost maddening thirst, a thirst which he there and then felt as a red stream on near tantalized. Should he descend, shake his throat, and attempt to regain his place



Drawn by F. B. Sturges.

"Well, I know he did!" Parsons thundered. "But he'll be caught before night, anyway!"

now added those of hunger. For hours he stood thus. He saw the light of day die out, first on the landscape, and later on the clear sky. Now, he told himself, under cover of night he would escape, but something happened to prevent the attempt. Through the darkness he saw the glitting lights of many pine torches. They passed by and far under the trees, sometimes quite near him, and as far as he could see up the mountainsides they flickered like the sinister night-eyes of his doom. He had stood till he felt as if he could do so no longer, and then he got down on the bough as before, and after hours of conscious hunger and thirst and cramping pains he slept again. Thus he passed that night, and when the golden rays of sunlight came piercing the mountain mist and flooding the landscape with its warm glory, Pete Warren, hearing the voices of sleepless ravens, more more numerous and harsh and pecked with hair, fearing them on all sides from far and near, he dared not stir. He remained perched in his leafy nook like some wild and yet half-knowing thing of primordial days, avoiding the darts and arrows of the high-checked straight haired men lurking beneath.

To be continued.

THE FIRST WOMEN DEPUTIES IN THE DIET OF FINLAND



Fri. Dagmar Hervo



Fri. Lueta Hagman



Baroness Alex. Greppeberg



Fri. Minna Sillanpaa



Frau H. Gebhard

NINETEEN WOMEN HAVE BEEN CHOSEN AS REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PEOPLE TO SIT IN THE FINNISH DIET, THE FIRST IN THE WORLD TO BE ELECTED DEPUTIES. UNFORTUNATELY, ONE OF THEM IS A COON.

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR MEXICO?

By HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

Commissioner of the District of Columbia

FROM 1827 to the present time, with the exception of an interregnum of four years, during which time the Constitution was amended by the elimination of the clause which forbade the reelection of a President, Porfirio Diaz has presided over the destinies of Mexico. In these three decades

a remarkable evolution of the Mexican people has occurred. From a volatile, revolution-loving race, which characteristics still pervade the republics of the Latin race in South America, the Mexicans have advanced into a condition of peaceful, settled activity. They are appreciating the value of the enormous resources which make Mexico the treasure-house of the world, and, apparently, they do not intend to jeopardize their remarkable development. If this be true, the first is one of vital interest to the people of the United States. From an international point of view it is essential that the country which borders us upon the south shall be stable and contented. From the financial and commercial standpoint, it is still more imperative that there shall be no disturbance. The republic of Mexico is to-day enjoying a prosperity hitherto unequalled. It becomes, then, a most important question to consider whether the equilibrium which has established this prosperity will continue. It is an inquiry which affects millions and millions of dollars of American capital and thousands upon thousands of American lives. The sensitiveness of the American mind upon this subject was fully demonstrated last September. An uprising of the Mexicans against Americans in Mexico was then predicted. The date fixed for the hostile demonstration was Mexico's Independence day. While those fully acquainted with the situation felt absolutely no concern, there was, nevertheless, a distinct sigh of relief both in Mexico and in this country when the fatal day passed without disaster.

Mexico's material advancement is in part due to the present era of world-wide commercial expansion, but still more is it to be attributed to the wise and vigorous rule of President Diaz. He is the architect, builder, and guardian of the republic. In the beginning, Diaz was Mexico and Mexico was Diaz. If this does not

continue to be true in the same literal and emphatic sense, Porfirio Diaz himself, with a patriotic determination to preserve his country after he shall have departed, is surrounded here with men who, having been educated and trained by him, are fully capable of continuing his policies and following the path

which his example has shown to be the toward stability and progress. In other words, he is leaving the future not a state which shall have a champion his conduct in the past. He is not beyond the all-time necessary span of time. Although vigorous, not actually and physically the time must be long postponed before the next succession of authority will be less an administrative success. What will happen then? Mexico's entire progress as well as the come involved in a eternal trouble she will receive the possibility of its progress? The answer seems to be that more or less that inquiry made long ago in Mexico, with considerable time spent in the capital city, may be summarized in the words whose discussion and lives are involved in the importance of the future. That might have happened if the rule of President Diaz be an unfortunate failure had been continued many more years, of course, a matter of conjecture. The probability is that the stability of Mexico would not have been achieved many years of two and three generations have, however, their coming also upon the people. The latter have learned the value of order and order. The success of the golden fruit of success, and they know that the harvest has ripened under the benevolent sunshine of good government. The men who are being trained by President Diaz are the men of the thirty who are already departed are educated, competent, wise, and brave-minded. Side by side the Central American



Porfirio Diaz

present Vice-President, for instance, has the respect of the new republic, while the members of the cabinet are men of considerable statesmanlike qualities. It is not without significance that the men have profited by the prevalent prosperity, and there are no contingent of the foundation upon which it has been erected. The

JAMES R. KEENE'S "SUPERMAN" WINNING THE BROOKLYN HANDICAP



THE FIRST IMPORTANT EVENT OF THE SPRING RACING SEASON IN THE EAST, THE \$20,000 BROOKLYN HANDICAP, WAS WON AT THE GRAVESEND TRACK BY JAMES R. KEENE'S THREE-YEAR-OLD COLT "SUPERMAN." "BEACON LIGHT" WAS SECOND, AND "NEALIN" THIRD.

THE DISASTROUS RAILROAD WRECK IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



THIRTY-FIVE PERSONS WERE KILLED AND MORE THAN A SCORE INJURED IN THE WRECK OF A SPECIAL TRAIN ON THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD AT BURNS, CALIFORNIA, SIXTY MILES NORTH OF SANTA BARBARA. THE SPECIAL WAS BEARING A PARTY OF MYSTIC ADHERENTS FROM A SESSION AT LOS ANGELES, WHEN IT WAS DERAILED AND DETROD WHILE RUNNING AT HIGH SPEED.

The Red Death and the Black

(Continued from page 201.)

more terrible than himself. For behind the flame comes a perfect whirlwind of furnace-hot dust—the scorching blast that follows in the track of every explosion.

A man may escape the fire. In his flight he falls flat upon the ground. The fire in its fury rushes over him without being able to harm him. But the moment he rises he feels about his face a something that is at torture heat. It hisses and tears the skin from his cheeks, peels it off, as if he had suddenly thrust his head into a caldron of molten lead. The agony throws him writhing upon the ground again.

That second fall to the ground may prolong his life for a few moments. It is the track of the molten blast to rush along the roof, and leave the air at the bottom of the road cool and pure. He discovers this. He breathes joyously. The air is pure! But it remains at only for a fraction of a minute.

Now comes the worst rainy of all—the poisonous "after-damp"—carbide-acid gas and alltrages, the product of combustion of the air. It strikes, invisible, through the roadways, at the tail of the blast. It can neither be seen nor heard nor felt. It is mysterious. It is terrible. It spreads through the air its laviable poison, drowsy as opium fumes.

Far ahead of him in the darkness the mass has a faint red tinge along the roof. That is the advancing blast. Its strength is demoralized. It sweeps before it horses, trams, men, and boys, and crushes them all into one great heap of wreckage. It rushes out with the driving force of a hundred express trains.

Ahead the mass hears this carnage-making roar. He rushes back. He thinks he will get at the main road by another way. All over the pit hundreds—out of the track of the blast—are doing the same. They are running along the tunnels, looking for a way out. They have escaped the blast. All that remains is to reach the eye of the pit and go up to the light of the day.

But the hundreds running along in the darkness begin to feel sleepy and tired. Quite silently, without any of the superstitious behavior of its creator, the after-damp has caught them. Of each hundred about ninety-five will die peacefully. They will have no burns, no bruises. Their features will be placid, their cheeks may under the black dirt. The after-damp kills silently. And when the searchers come they will find groups of men lying on the ground in natural positions, just as if they were merely sleeping. But they are all dead.

The "after-damp" is heavier than air. It sinks to the ground, and as more and more comes pouring in, it rises in an inviolable tide. A few moments before they lie down the men see the little boys fall sleepily to their knees. Fathers take their sons in their arms to carry them home. But fathers and sons soon lie down together in the dust. The mysterious, invisible after-damp has crept into their lungs, and they are eternally sleeping.

Couldn't Fool Him

THE younger son of a well-known politician of Chicago has spent pretty much all of his life in the big city by the lake, and, consequently, knows little of country ways and things.

Not long ago he visited a man he had met in Chicago, and who maintains a big farm near Cairo, whether he had invited the younger come for a lengthy stay.

One day the Chicago youth was wandering about the farm, closely examining the top, ends, and sides of a certain trim, well-made object forced round in the paddock.

"What are you searching for, Jimmy?" asked the owner of the place, with a quizzical smile.

"Where are the doors and windows?" asked Jimmy.

"Doors and windows? Why, Jimmy, that's a haystack!"

"Look here, old man," exclaimed Jimmy: "I may be only a green person from the city, but you can't kid me that way. Hay doesn't grow in bumps like that!"

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RICHMOND'S HISTORIC CHURCH

By CHARLES MARSHALL GRAVES

"The small parcel of ground enclosed at St. John's Church is the most renowned historical spot in all America, and it should not be marred, modified, occupied, or transformed for any ordinary cause"

SO writes Mayor Carlton McCarthy, of Richmond, in vetoing the ordinance which the vestry of old St. John's Church wished to have adopted into a law giving them the right to erect a modern parish-house for church entertainments and festivals in the churchyard where sleep many of Virginia's illustrious dead.

The proposition to erect such a house in St. John's churchyard, under the very shadow of the old sanctuary where Patrick Henry made his famous speech ending with the words "Give me liberty or give me death," has created a storm of protest. From every part of the South letters have come, urging the Council not to pass the ordinance sought by the vestry, and commending the Mayor for his action in vetoing it.

This is the second attempt in the past few years on the part of the growing congregation of St. John's Church to make some alteration either in the building or in the grounds, but so sacred are this edifice and its immediate surroundings held by the American public that the bare mention of change has created wide opposition. Letters have come from as far south as Texas; and when it was proposed to erect the small vestry-room adjoining that part of the church in which Patrick Henry made the famous speech which was the battle-cry of the Revolutionary War, several New York papers published editorials and letters from various correspondents protesting against it as a sacrilege.

However some may dispute Mayor McCarthy's estimate of the historical sacredness of the church and churchyard, it is a fact that there are few buildings in America so well known and so eagerly visited by tourists, and while much attention is drawn to

it by Patrick Henry's very words, in the churchyard sleep one or more Governors of Virginia; also George Wythe, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, whose grave, strange to say, has been but recently located very nearly under the pew in which Patrick Henry stood during the delivery of his address.

So determined is the city of Richmond not to permit any new buildings in the churchyard that the Mayor has proposed that the city give the congregation a lot sufficiently large for a church and all the institutional buildings which the congregation may wish to erect, and has even gone so far as to say that if necessary to prevent the congregation making changes either in the old building or in the grounds the city could well afford to erect the necessary structures on the donated lot.

A most significant approval of the action of the Mayor comes from the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, which has passed a resolution commending the Mayor for his stand, promising him the support of that organization in preventing any further attempt to mar and modernize either St. John's Church or the surrounding grounds. This is the organization which owns the most historical portion of Jamestown Island including the church tower and graveyard there, and which is doing a wonderful work for the preservation of historic sites and buildings in Virginia.

It is intimated that the vestry of St. John's will press their ordinance, with a hope of getting it through the Council over the Mayor's veto, and within the next thirty days Richmond will see a brisk fight between modern progress on the one hand and love for historic association on the other.



Don't Shoot, Cupid. For My Sake Don't



MATER FAMILIAS: "Great Scott! Two More Mouths to Feed!"

A Slight Misunderstanding

A WELL-KNOWN Boston lawyer says that not long ago he was astonished to see printed in a newspaper a glowing testimonial as to the benefits to be derived from using somebody's Cerequick. The office of the concern was located near his own, and he dropped in while out for his lunch.

"See here," he remarked, somewhat forcefully, when in the presence of the manager: "you have printed a testimonial altogether from me with regard to your compounded stuff—and I never took a drop of it in my life. What do you mean by such procedure?"

"Is that so?" the manager said, soothingly. "Merely a slight misunderstanding. I assure you, sir, for which I am very sorry. You see, we understood that you had died recently. Take this down, please," he added, turning to a stenographer: "Memorandum: change signature to sworn testimonial No. 124,346."

The Mayflower's Fancy

Why am I called the Mayflower?
I think I can tell you why:
I come in May
When the brass bands play,
And the banners flap and fly.
While out of the earth I'm growing,
Over the blue and gray I sigh—
Watch and ward I keep
O'er their dreamless sleep—
And that is the reason why!

R. K. McKEITHRICK.

Plain and Simple

A MEMBER of the Cleveland bar tells of a country justice in Ohio who was fond of rejoicing upon every one in court the necessity of brevity in offering testimony is ordinary talk.

On one occasion this worthy successor of Dogberry was admonishing an old man who appeared as a witness in a trifling case.

"You must not, sir," observed the justice in his most solemn manner, "use so many words. Do you understand?"

"I do, your Honor."

"Then you must, in the fewest words of which you are capable, answer the plain and simple question whether, when you were crossing the street with the child in your arms, and the carriage was coming down on the right side and the truck on the left, and the express-wagon was trying to pass the carriage, you saw the plaintiff between the truck and the express-wagon, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the carriage, truck and carriage, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively, or how it was."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THE TROUBLES AT JAMESTOWN

By WILLIAM INGLIS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
JUNE 8 1907

PRICE 10 CENTS



Why We Hammer Continuously on the Mechanical Efficiency of the

Three-Cylinder
Two-Cycle
Elmore
\$1750



Four-Cylinder
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NOVELS FOR SUMMER READING

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"No modern novel has so gripped me in years. If readers of fiction have not lost a taste for 'style' in writing poetry in description, and lifelike characterization, *The Cruise of the 'Shining Light'* should take rank as one of the finest novels of recent years."—Bliss C. Shelley, Literary Editor, Boston Herald.

The Mystics

By Katherine Cecil Thurston

In this new novel the author of *The Masquerader* discloses a strange and almost medieval situation in the heart of London to-day. Its unrelaxing becomes convincingly real as scene follows scene with the same persistent excitement and dramatic suspense which marked *The Masquerader*.

Stolen Treasure

By Howard Pyle

Buccaneers and pirates, brave men, good and bad, move across these exciting pages. One follows these daring adventures with a return of youthful enjoyment in thrilling exploits on the high seas and in the struggle for yellow gold. The volume is beautifully illustrated by the author.

To the Credit of the Sea

By Lawrence Mott

A book full of the sweep and zest of the sea. It is startlingly real in the dramatic scenes it presents as the lives of the brave fishermen of the "Banks" and Labrador coast. The heroism, daring, and self-sacrifice which make up so large a part of their careers are splendidly portrayed.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

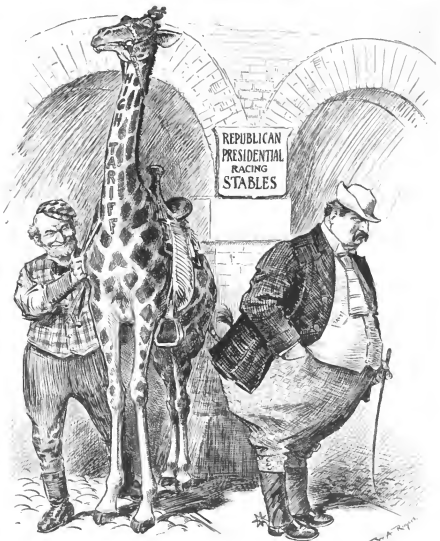
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W. H. T.—“NOT FOR ME”

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

Are Bryan and Defeat Inevitable?

There has been a curious feature of the unanimity of Democrats for Mr. BRYAN; he has been the open choice of those who do not believe that he can be elected. Some remarkable letters to the newspapers, and some significant editorials in important journals, reveal the existence of this heretofore unheard-of political anæmia, and also indicate signs of an awakening. Hopeless and lacking in power to devise a way to escape the inevitable, some Democrats of the West and South have been sighing that Mr. BRYAN will be nominated. This has been saddening, but it is having its effect; assisted by growing conditions in the Republican party, it has been reacting. Here and there the political dependents are raising their heads to inquire, "Why throw away an opportunity?" In an illuminating letter to the *New York Sun* from Charlottesville, Virginia, there was a note of deep despair. The writer declared that "the astonishing feature of the political situation . . . is the almost unanimous acceptance of BRYAN as the Democratic candidate, coupled with an utter dearth of enthusiasm, if not of interest, in respect of the man himself." Stagnation is accepted here as inevitable, and the Democrats of Virginia seemed to be willing to take this kind of peace, "even if we have to seek it in the grave of hope and manhood." A few days later, the *Sun* published a letter from Richmond. Its tone was different. It was clear that some Democratic leaders had already become weary of stagnation, and had been aroused by the new presentation of their condition in such utterances as that from Charlottesville. In this later letter we were told that the "old hopeless complaint, 'What's the use?' appears to have been rejected here as a feeble and unmanly pretext for surrender." And then we hear that the Democrats of power in Virginia have made up their minds to make a real contest for the Presidency, and to refuse to go to certain defeat under the leadership of Mr. BRYAN. "It is safe to assume," says this writer, "that this resolution will find favor throughout Virginia as the days go by. It is equally safe to assume that as the BRYAN blight is lifted from their brows they will come to a clearer perception of the South's right to dictate to the national Democracy as regards both men and principles."

Why Throw Away the Opportunity?

Other evidences of this awakening spirit are crowding in upon us. The *Charlotte Observer* asserts that the South has lost its nerve, "otherwise it would not consent to be led by the nose by Mr. Bryan to a third defeat under his crazy-quilt banner, but would assert its rights by insisting upon the nomination for President of a Southern man, who, if elected, would at least have his party organized and on fighting-ground instead of demoralized and dispirited, as is

the promise of the present." A correspondent of the *New York Times*, among many other writers, has been giving voice to the sentiment that not only the South, but Democrats everywhere, should be rising up against the oppressive weight of the BRYAN incubus, and begin to look about them for a candidate who will lead a real opposition to the Republican party. It is evident to all close observers that an opportunity has arrived, and Why throw it away? That is the question which Democrats must ask themselves, and if they are to deserve well of the country they must make an intelligent reply.

Bryan Means Defeat

That BRYAN's nomination means Democratic defeat for the third time is more than an impression; it is a certainty. Mr. BRYAN is not only burdened with the despairing conviction of many men who will, or who might, vote for him, that he is foredoomed to defeat. To many of these he lives under an evil star, and they will look upon their votes in advance as wasted. They will be easily persuaded to stay at home on election day. He has represented an issue in his two disastrous campaigns. This issue, on which he went to defeat, nevertheless, brought him some strength, as it lost him other and most valuable support. He no longer has that issue, and while he cannot hold all that came to him in 1896 and in 1900, he cannot regain more than a trifling percentage of those Democrats who declined to support him in 1900. As the *New York World* says of Mr. BRYAN as a candidate, and of suggestions of efforts to help him to campaign funds: "But a campaign fund alone will not do. There must be votes. Where are they to be sought? What policies are to win them? Who is to lead the way?" If Mr. BRYAN undertakes to lead, the way will be down the same old blind alley to the familiar stone wall against which the Democratic party has battered its head in two fatal efforts to reach the goal. Mr. BRYAN's silver issue is dead, and while he does not quite know this, the country knows it, and is aware, too, that he did not display good judgment when he made it the central feature of his campaigns. His new gods are government ownership and the referendum and initiative. Neither of these has attracted the country, and, more than that, on the first display of each he lost some valuable strength which had come to him in the hope that from his experiences he had learned something. He is distinctly weaker than he was in 1896 and in 1900, and he is weaker than he was before he made his first speech after his return to this country. As a destroyer of the States and the establisher of an arbitrary paternal Federal government, there is no reason why the country should prefer Mr. BRYAN to Mr. ROOSEVELT or his candidate, and it will not. If it desires something different from present policies continued by the same or by another hand, it would be folly to change to Mr. BRYAN. The opportunity of the Democrats is for a change of policies, and especially for the reestablishment of the reign of law. It is because some Democrats are beginning to see their opportunities that they are looking about for other candidates.

John W. Daniel, of Virginia

The list of Democrats who are under discussion as possible candidates for President is increased by the addition of the name of JOHN W. DANIEL, of Virginia. The movement away from the BRYAN fetter is indicated by the tendency of men who have been inclined to assume BRYAN as a matter of course towards freedom of mind. To think that some one would make a better candidate is very likely to result in finding some who will be thought actually better. Now we have the South, too, truly entering upon its just rights, for not only has it the right to suggest one of its own citizens as a candidate, but any one who would criticise its suggestion for the reason that its candidate is a Southern man would show himself lacking in patriotism. Now we have, then, suggested for Democratic candidates men from all sections of the country: Governor JOHNSON, Mr. BRYAN, and ex-Vice-President STEVENSON from the West; Senators CYLINDERSON and BAILEY and DANIEL from the South; ex-Archbishop-General HAMMON from Ohio; Judge GRAY from Delaware; ex-Governor DOUGLAS from Massachusetts; and Woodrow Wilson from New Jersey. Here is a goodly list, and Senator DANIEL ought to be welcome to it. He has some qualities which may commend him to those who have been

thinking seriously of another Southerner. Among these candidates there are some who may very sensibly be assumed to possess the qualities and the principles that will attract votes in 1908, qualities that Mr. BAYAN lacks, and principles upon which he has turned his back.

Reform the Tariff

More and more plainly the Republicans are pointing out their opportunity to the Democrats. Speaker JOSEPH G. CANNON may not be much of a statesman, but he is a representative of the Republicans who control their party in these Western States where the demand for revision of the tariff is strongest. The Republicans of Illinois have recently named him as their candidate for President, and Mr. HARRIS, one of the Senators from that State, enjoying a glimpse of its feeling, hastened to announce that Mr. CANNON was not as much of a "stagnant-potter" as he has been represented to be. Mr. CANNON, on his part, hurries out a denial of this unkind attempt to set him right, and insists that there shall be no attempt at tariff revision as long as he can help it. Mr. CANNON has not been celebrated as a tariff expert, or as an expert on any subject where either large or accurate information is required; all that he knows on this subject is that many votes have been got on the tariff issue heretofore, and he believes that it is good politics to hold on to a vote-getting play until popular interest in it seems to be flagging or actual hostility to it seems to have sprung up. Mr. CANNON knows, he says, that the Sixtieth Congress was elected on the theory that the country was content to "let well enough alone," and he sees no reason to drop "that winning card," therefore he declines to consent to any movement to change the Dingley law in any respect. This is not the attitude of all Republican politicians; but it has been, and is still, the attitude of those who have the management of the party and the government, and among them is included the President. They have no thought of changing the tariff law; but if they find themselves compelled to revise, they favor a revision that will be more seeming than real, one that will not relieve the consumer at too great a cost to the beneficiary.

Mr. Van Cleave's Suggestion

PRESIDENT VAN CLEAVE, of the National Association of Manufacturers, also emphasizes the opportunity. He sees that revision must come, and he desires his friends of the Republican party to bend before the storm, so that they may remain in power and attend to the revising themselves. He mildly says that the time has come for revising the tariff schedules. He would do no harm to high duties, but he would lower some of them. To this end he suggests that the Republican party, at its coming convention, declare in favor of a tariff revision at an extra session to be called immediately after March 4, 1908, and the appointment by the President of a non-partisan commission with Congressional authorization (why?) to frame a report on which revision could be based. We tried a tariff commission in 1883, we may say, incidentally. Its report was a moderate affair, and some sensible changes were suggested by it; but Congress tore it to pieces, and sent its disagreements to a conference committee, from which, in the last hours of the session, came a bill more protective and more beneficial to certain favored interests than any law we had then had. It was passed unread and misunderstood. But here we have the purpose of the politicians who now control the government, and the intent of those who control the politicians. This is the way the Republicans expect to take away the opportunity; how will the Democrats avail themselves of it?

Mr. Roosevelt's Abuse of Patronage

The reports from Washington concerning Mr. ROOSEVELT's "pernicious activity" in Ohio in behalf of Mr. TART continue to be disturbing. A letter to the editor from a citizen of Ohio, not a FORAKER man, so he declares, supplementing more than one recent Washington despatch, says that all intelligent men in Ohio have known for two months that "all of the power, patronage, and personal and political influence of the President is being used to nominate the candidate he has selected for President. Every government official in Ohio," he continues, "has had his instruction to line up and vote for TART. Every bit of Federal patronage is being manipulated

to this same end. The Senators are not permitted to make appointments—their recommendations are thrown in the wastebasket," etc., etc., etc. The *New York Times* judiciously points out that this neglect of the Senators may possibly lead to some improvement in time. Mr. ROOSEVELT's oft-announced purpose has been to consult Senators on the subject of appointments, and if he is now willing to ignore the Senators in order to use the Federal patronage for the man whom he has picked out to be his successor he may come insensibly to ignore Senators in order to increase the efficiency of the public service. Some will say, and they may support their assertion with reasonable argument, that herein is revealed Mr. ROOSEVELT's real attitude towards the civil service; that he has employed all that important part of the offices not protected, or "covered," as they say, by the civil-service law to promote the interests of the party organization, and his plan of consulting Senators is evidence of this; that the Senators may safely be trusted to consult the welfare of the organization—their organization—in making recommendations; that now, in Ohio, Mr. ROOSEVELT is not departing from his true policy, but has abandoned the Senators because they and their organization will not support his man, and is simply employing the patronage in the State himself for the purpose for which he desired the Senators to employ it. Whether this criticism is just or not, it cannot be denied that it has been invited, and that, admitting Mr. ROOSEVELT's past devotion and services to the cause of reform which he has so long championed, he seems to be doing all in his power to destroy it by his treatment of the Ohio offices as personal spoils.

Obnoxious Forces for Taft

It may not do Mr. TART much harm, but the fact is interesting that a good many obnoxious forces in Ohio have been enlisted in his behalf. Brother CHARLES is himself not highly respected by the good citizens of Cincinnati. The letter from which we have already quoted declares that for weeks efforts, presumably successful, have been made to "secure the support of the Cox organization." Cox, the writer says, "is the man whom Secretary TART declared, a year ago last fall, was not fit to associate with politically, and whose defeat and elimination from politics he publicly urged. If Governor HUGHES and Tammany were to combine for political purposes the conditions would not be dissimilar." These efforts are probably those of CHARLES P. TART, who, heretofore, has been one of the most important allies of Cox. The Secretary has probably no direct knowledge of them, but, as a Presidential candidate, a man cannot be too careful of his company.

Irish Nationalists and British Liberals

It is probably a mistake to assume, as has been assumed by many onlookers, that an irreparable breach has been opened between the British Liberal and the Irish Nationalist members of Parliament by the unqualified and unanimous refusal of the Nationalist convention, held at Dublin, to accept the BIRRELL bill, intended to transfer many administrative functions, now vested in boards appointed by the Viceroy of Ireland, to a central council, partly appointed, but mainly elected, by those Irishmen who possess the parliamentary franchise. There is no doubt that the convention's treatment of the BIRRELL bill should be construed as an announcement that it will tolerate no sort of cooperation between Irish Nationalists and the ROOSEVELT wing of the Liberal party, which in the present cabinet is represented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the Minister of War. Under the circumstances, if Premier BANSERMAN's majority were less overwhelming than it is, he would have to dismiss Sir EDWARD GREY, Mr. ASQUITH, and Mr. HALDANE, or lose the support of Mr. JOHN E. RUSSELL and his eighty followers. No such alternative confronts the Prime Minister to-day, but at the next general election, which, in Mr. BANSERMAN's opinion, will take place in 1908, or soon thereafter, Sir H. J. CAMPBELL-BANSERMAN and the other Liberals who are sincere converts to home rule, and who compose the majority of the present ministry, will have to permit the followers of Lord ROOSEVELT to flock by themselves, for the latter cannot possibly control so large a fraction of the electorate as is represented by the Irish vote in British constituencies. Lord ROOSEVELT, Sir EDWARD

GREY, Mr. HALDANE, and Mr. ASQUITH really belong with the Unionists upon every question except that of free trade in broadstuffs. Meanwhile, Irish Nationalists will be expected to distinguish the sheep from the goats by supporting at by elections those Liberal candidates who are known to be staunch home-rulers, and, on the other hand, helping to defeat those of the ROOSEVELT stripe. That would be the only fair deduction to be drawn by Irishmen sitting at Westminster, or voting in Great Britain, from the action of the Dublin Nationalist convention. They ought not to hold Premier BARNESMAN responsible for the BANGAL hall, which notoriously did not conform to his personal wishes, but simply represented the utmost which the Rooseveltites would concede.

Japan and San Francisco Again

Again a slight outburst has alarmed Japan, and caused doubts as to the friendliness of the labor element of the Pacific coast to the Japanese who dwell there. In the course of some rioting a San Francisco mob of street-car strikers made an attack on a Japanese restaurant and bath-house, and destroyed some property. There is no evidence to show whether the first assault was upon property because it belonged to Japanese or simply because it was property. But it seems that the bystanders were roused to active participation by their race prejudices. Immediately there was agitation on the part of the Japanese here and at Tokio. Ambassador AOKI made representations to Secretary Root, and Secretary Root communicated with Governor GILLET. The Japanese government, after listening to some excited remarks by representatives of the populace, exhibited its usual calmness. It is unfortunate that Californians, or indeed the citizens of any State, whether of high or low degree, should so often threaten the good feeling that ought to prevail between this country and other powers with which we have treaty relations, within whose jurisdiction some of our own citizens dwell, and with which we carry on trade.

San Francisco's Critical Condition

But San Francisco has only too much reason to claim indulgence for anything untoward that happens just now within her borders. So far as can be judged from the reports that come East, she is about as near a state of anarchy as a city can be and still keep its shops and banks open. At this writing she has on her hands four strikes—of telephone, laundry, iron, and street-car workers. Of these the street-car strike has been attended with violence and rioting, which the city police under control of DUNAN, an appointee of the recently labor-union Mayor, have made slight effort to suppress. Wages being already higher, and hours of labor shorter, than in any other city, and the work of rebuilding being checked by the extortionate cost of everything, the prevalent feeling is that the present strikes must be fought to a finish. The strikers will arbitrate nothing, and the opinion is held by conservative observers that the strikes have not really been contrived in the interest of wage-earners at all, but have been hatched by the labor-union leaders, whose municipal government is under indictment, as measures of industrial war against all public order. The State administration is said to be the only force that now stands between San Francisco and anarchy. Any day—say to-morrow—may see the State militia put in charge of the city.

Mr. Roosevelt and the Nature Fakirs

The doctors of natural history insist that too many quacks are practising their profession. They want it stopped. The accused quacks say that they are doctors, too, and as well qualified to practise as the other professors. The conflict between them has been raging with especial bitterness lately because of the popularity and prevalence of the writings of adventurers in natural history, whose qualifications the regulars deny. Chief among the regulars is the venerable Joak BRAMMUS. Of less authority, but still of eminence in the same group, is President ROOSEVELT. It grieves these gentlemen and their colleagues to have anybody print, as true, stories about animals and their doings which do not tally with the observations which they have themselves made. The intensity of Mr. BRAMMUS's feelings on the subject was lately remarked in this paper. Mr. ROOSEVELT's convictions about it have been still more recently set forth by Mr. E. B. CLARK

in *Everybody's Magazine*. Mr. CLARK, who seems to have written by authority, represents Mr. ROOSEVELT as deploring the propensity of sundry "nature fakirs" to piece out in their articles a little observation with an altogether scandalous proportion of imagination, and to sell and print the resulting composition as bona fide natural history. Into this wickedness, he says, JACK LONDON and C. G. D. ROBERTS have fallen; but the leading practitioner of it he finds to be W. J. LONS, whose iniquity he finds to be the more insufferable and injurious because some of Mr. LONS's books have come to be used as text-books in schools. It grieves Mr. ROOSEVELT to have the innocent school children fooled by Mr. LONS's sinistrous animal yarns. Mr. LONS, thus assailed, has retorted with pleasant warmth, declaring that President ROOSEVELT is no naturalist, anyhow, but a mere game-killer, who knows much more about dead animals than live ones. Mr. LONS certifies himself to be a careful and patient observer, and a venacious writer, and insists, Mr. R. to the contrary notwithstanding, that what he reports about the habits and achievements of animals is true, every word of it, and fit for the school children to accept.

A Weakness of the Regulars

This is far too violent a squabble for any mellowed laymen to intervene in. The professional animal-men seem to have lined up with President ROOSEVELT and against the romantics. Mr. HORNADAY, of the *Bronx Zoo*, says that "any man who invents strange stories of animals and publishes them for truth is a dangerous citizen" ("undesirable citizen," please, Mr. HORNADAY) and the keepers of the zoos in Washington, Chicago, and Cincinnati are of the same mind. But, after all, it is hard to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about man or beast, and it is especially difficult, even with consciences enlisted, to tell it about beast. We believe there are some pretty successful fake nature-writers who practise profitably to interest readers without much concern for the facts of natural history. To assail them is fair game, even though their conduct may seem to their readers less reprehensible than it seems to their rivals. But where Mr. BRAMMUS, Mr. ROOSEVELT, and the rest of the regulars seem apt to trip is in too ready assertion that what some other nature-writer asserts is impossible. The whole truth about any animal nobody can tell. When the results of observation have been recorded the rest is surmise, and generalization must always be more or less hazardous. The habits of various animals are known, but who can measure or predict the variation of individual animals from the observed habits of their species? And who can measure the mind of any living creature, but especially of the higher animals, and be sure that his measurement is right and includes all? The romantics' romance, and no doubt the regulars are justified in being shocked by them; but the regulars have their weakness in their tendency to be too positive that what they have observed is the whole truth, and that everything outside of it is imposture.

Taller Soldiers Wanted

Agreeable to a suggestion from the President, the height requirement for cadets entering West Point has been raised one inch. Under the old rule, sixty-three inches was the minimum height accepted. The new rule makes sixty-four inches the minimum for boys of seventeen, and sixty-five inches the minimum for boys who are eighteen or older. It is reported that the President has long been of the opinion that the officers of the army, as a body, would present a much finer appearance and be capable of more work if they were bigger physically. They might look better, as a body, but it does not follow so readily that they could do more work. It is related in the current number of the *Century Magazine* that when President LINCOLN met SUMNER at City Point, in the spring of 1865, he said to him: "General SUMNER, when this peculiar war began I thought a cavalryman should be at least six feet four high, but I have changed my mind. Five feet four will do at a pinch." "SUMNER," says Mr. BUTTS, who tells the story, "measured five feet four and a half." That is not enough to get an eighteen-year-old boy into West Point under the new regulation. So the republic has cause to be thankful that SUMNER shipped in when he did.

American Women at Men's Work

MARRIED women, of course, have always done their share of the world's work. Indeed, it is open to argument whether they have not done more than their fair share of it. It is doubtless true that if upon men, as we now know them, were suddenly devolved the burdens of child-bearing and child-rearing, to say nothing of the cares of the household, families would be considerably smaller than they now are. It is certain that married women, who have discharged the duties of maternity, have never been "supported" by men in any just sense of the word "support." Nay, if all men, married and single, were to labor every hour of the day, they could not do all the work of the world. A few worthless men, married or single, there may be, but even they are not so much supported by the men of their families as by the overwork of the "separated" women at the other end of the social ladder. From creation's dawn women have performed their full quota of the world's work; and usually they have not been paid for it. Unpaid work, however, seldom commands respect. It is the paid female worker who has brought home to the public mind conviction of woman's worth in the world's economy. The spinning and weaving done by our great-grandmothers and by their great-grandmothers in their respective houses were not reckoned as a contribution to a nation's wealth until the work was transferred to factories and there organized; to factories, where the women who pursued a particular calling were remunerated according to the commercial value of their products. It is undoubtedly the women of the industrial class, the wage-earners, reckoned no longer by units, but by hundreds of thousands, the women whose work has been submitted to a money test, that have been the means of bringing about the altered attitude of public opinion toward woman's work in every sphere of life.

From this point of view a singular interest attaches to the report recently issued by the Census Bureau, which sets forth some isolated statistics regarding the number of feminine wage-earners found by the census enumerators seven years ago in occupations formerly regarded as exclusively suited to men. The number of women, indeed, engaged in agriculture and the rougher kinds of labor is small in the United States, as compared with the number relegated to such toil in parts of Continental Europe. Nevertheless, the statistics now put forward show that in 1900 there were no fewer than 150,000 women farmers and farm laborers in this country; indeed, there were more of these by 110,000 than there were who pursued the relatively feminine occupation of dressmaking. It will surprise many persons who look upon the female sex as by comparison physically feeble to learn that there were 185 women engaged in blacksmithing and 508 as "machinists." Indeed, there were eight employed in boiler-making, than which no occupation imposes a greater strain upon the muscular system. Forty-five women were classified in 1900 as locomotive engineers and firemen; thirty-one as brakemen, and ten as baggage-men on railways. Many more were seen as carpenters and millwrights and flagmen. There were even six women ship-carpenters and two ship-roaders. Indeed, one or more women had learned all of the 303 occupations once monopolized by male breadwinners—except nine. Among the very few callings yet exempt from feminine competition were those of United States soldiers, marines, and sailors, members of city fire departments, or of the "line-man" department of telegraph or telephone companies.

The data collected in 1900, and now for the first time published, show that of 22,653,000 women over sixteen years of age, more than one-fifth, or upward of 4,535,000, were breadwinners, of whom only 1,124,000 were domestic servants. The proportion of feminine white wage-earners, both of whose parents were born in this country, was less than fifteen per cent. The proportion of white women paid workers, one or both of whose parents were native-born, was thirty-seven per cent. The native white women workers, both of whose parents were born abroad, represented more than twenty-five per cent.; the white women workers who themselves were foreign-born, more than seventeen per cent.; the negro native-born women, twenty-two per cent. As compared with the year of 1890, the number of women breadwinners in 1900 had increased by more than one hundred per cent., an increase which obviously can be only partially ascribed to the expansion of population during the two intervening decades. Obviously, the number of occupations open to women had been augmented significantly during the interval. There is no evidence that the remarkable extension in the number of women wage-earners has been attended by any decrease in the number of marriages, or by any sexual deterioration. From the viewpoint of the political economist, however, it is to be regretted that the reason-takers of 1900 throw no light upon the proportion of women wage-earners who, on the one hand, support not only themselves but others, or those who, on the other hand, are partially indebted to men for their own support. Those who pertain to the latter category obviously subject the members of their sex belonging in the former, and also their masculine competitors, to unfair competition, and are partly responsible for the tendency to pay women somewhat less than men for performing the same kind of work. We say partly, because there is no doubt that a chief cause of the difference in respect of remuneration is

the fact that in all States of the Union, except four, women do not possess the full franchise, and, therefore, are unable to make good on the ballot-box their claims to equal compensation for equally good work.

As has often been pointed out by advocates of woman suffrage, no one needs all the powers of the fullest citizenship more urgently than does the wage-earning woman. It is unquestionably true that the wages paid to any body of working-people are determined by the political influence of the body of workers in question. Prieters, for example, by their intelligence, their powerful organization, their solidarity and habit of collective action, have managed to keep up their wages in spite of the invasion of their domain by new and improved machinery. If, however, by some untoward fate, the prieters should suddenly find themselves disfranchised, placed in a position wherein their numbers found themselves politically inferior to the numbers of other trades, no efforts of their own, in the absence of complete enfranchisement, could restore to them the standing in the esteem of their fellow craftsmen and the public at large which they now enjoy, and which materially reinforces their demand for high wages. In the garment-making trades, on the other hand, the presence of a large body of the disfranchised, of the weak, the young, and the unintelligent, undoubtedly contributes to the economic disabilities of these crafts. Custom, habit, tradition, the public esteem in which the people performing certain kinds of labor are held, help to determine the prices of that labor, and no disfranchised class of workers can permanently hold its own in competition with enfranchised rivals. The lack of the ballot places the wage-earning woman at a serious disadvantage, as compared with her enfranchised fellow working man in the same vocation. By the impairment of her standing in the community, the general rating of her value as a human being, and, consequently, as a worker, is lowered. As things are now, in order to be rated as valuable as is an efficient man in the field of her earnings, she must show herself not merely as less efficient than he, but more efficient. She must be sturdier, or more trustworthy, or more skilled, or cheaper than he, in order to have the same chance of employment at a given rate. Thus, when women are accused of lowering wages in certain callings, they may justly reply that it is only by conceding something from the pay which they deserve and would gladly claim, that they can hold their own in the labor-market, subjected, as at present they are, to the disability of disfranchisement.

Men workers are beginning in these days to discover, however, that it is by no means beneficial to them that their women fellow craftsmen should labor under such a disability. Experience has taught them that it is fatal for any body of workers to have forever hanging from the fringes of its skirts other bodies occupying a level just below its own; for this state of things means continual pressure downward; an additional obstruction to be overcome in the struggle to maintain reasonable rates of wages. Hence, within the last two generations there has been a complete revolution in the attitude of labor-unions toward the women working in their trades. Forty years ago women might have knuckled in vain at the doors of the most enlightened labor-unions, whereas to-day, not only in England, but in the United States and France, the federations of labor keep in the field paid organizers whose duty it is to enroll in the unions as many women workers as possible. Working men, in a word, have come to learn that women are in the field of industry to stay, and now, also, they realize that there cannot be two standards of work and wages, one masculine, the other feminine, for any trade without constant menace to the highest standard. Hence their willingness, if not eagerness—as yet male school-teachers are not eager, but logically they should be—to place women coworkers on the same industrial level with themselves in order that all may pull together in the effort to bring about reasonable conditions of life.

The Retreat

THERE are a great many ways of dividing folk into two classes. There was once a learned old man who used to say he always divided people into those who were built by their temperaments and those who bullied their temperaments. They may quite easily be distinguished as those who live with things and those who live with ideas. Mr. A. C. HENSON says he divides them into those who, when they are walking alone along a country road and see a crowd of people in a field all looking toward the central point with their backs turned, would rush up and look too, and those who would hurriedly turn away and go in an opposite direction; in short, into those who love a crowd and those who love solitude. Still another classification is to divide folk into those who know themselves, and those who have but the dimmest or most distorted reflection of themselves in their own minds. All these fundamental distinctions depend upon the self-knowledge and care that are furnished upon the retreat,—the place wherein one can enter, where they live alone, and meet and get acquainted with their own souls. The folk who get acquainted with themselves are the same ones who bully their temperaments, who know the superlative value of ideas and

the comparative uselessness of things, who are free of idle curiosity and aimless gregariousness; who have, indeed, so ordered the retreat that it is a possible and pleasant place to dwell in.

It was the incomparable emperor himself, the best of all authorities, who told us that to rush about seeking a retreat in the mountains, in country-houses, and by the seashore was the mark of the romantic man, and that it was always in our power to retreat within ourselves; for nowhere, either with more quiet or more freedom from care, does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts as bring him tranquillity. "And I affirm," says the great one, "that tranquillity is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind." The beginning of knowing ourselves, especially if we begin late in life, is like to be a painful process; if, by happy hazard, we escape meeting a sinful person, we are still very apt to meet a vain or an egotistical person or a flippant pleasure-seeker, and none such are good for the close intimacies of constant communion. Those religious faiths that taught self-examination and confession as a part of purgative had this element of good, that they aimed at introducing a man to himself; and any sincere and sinful person could procure the acquaintance, could learn to make the retreat into himself not only a possible and bearable matter, but ultimately what it was intended to be, a refuge from the casualties and storms of life. There one may take stock of one's capacities and choose what to develop, sift one's interest, and know which to pursue in order to gain the tranquillity which in the great Emperor seemed to be unshakable. There one grows to understand that by the multiplicity of our perceptions are our feelings and relations enlarged. There is no harm in having on absorbed interest in bonnets, but if one adds thereto an absorbed interest in the courses of the stars one gains a certain peacefulness of disposition which bonnets, unintended, cannot give. It may seem a *non sequitur*, but in reality a knowledge of flowers and their ways and habits, a chosen love of their beauty, will do more than arm one to combat in high temper; a knowledge of poetry banishes fear, and a taste for metaphysics endows us with tolerance. To meet ourselves alone and to get acquainted is to take stock of our perceptions and interests, and to enlarge and improve them in whatever way we find necessary to make ourselves agreeable and improving companions. To find that a large part of our unconscious mental energy is spent in idle wishing for money or fame or accessories is a grievous matter, for we are well aware that a time will come when to have owned Lambeth Palace or to have walked past it daily will be one and the same thing, and that the only matter of import will be the kind of a spirit that owned or walked.

"Behold," says MONTAIGNE, "what it is to choose treasures well; to hide them in a place where no man may enter, and which cannot be betrayed but by ourselves; altogether one's own, and wholly free, wherein we may hoard up and establish our true liberty, there to discourse and meditate and laugh . . . having a mind moving and turning in itself; it may keep his company; it hath wherewith to offend and defend, wherewith to receive and wherewith to give."

The refuge has two dangers, none the less; the danger of being a place for idleness, and the danger of admitting us for our fuller life with men. That is no solitude which is given to idle dreams of what we might be among men but are not; the kind of dreaming which ends in dreary, blank despair because we cannot stand the comparison between the dream and the reality. That points to an acquaintance with ourselves as futile and feeble as the most superficial of outside relations, where we indulge in air-castles founded upon no firm basis of actual truth. We must face ourselves as we are before we can add one jot to our spiritual stature. That solitude, too, has dangers which lead us to shun men. Out of a full and wholesome knowledge of ourselves must grow deeper and stronger relations to other men. No one of this day had a fuller solitude, a safer and sippier refuge, than WALT WHITMAN, and no one has recorded profounder feelings for his kind and truer nearness to all other men. It would almost seem that no two people can stand near each other without hurt unless the ideal stand between, unless they emerge enriched and uplifted from the retreat.

Personal and Pertinent

How do some lawyers pass their law? One of a class is now doing time on Blackwell's Island, and without him especially in mind, but dealing with his kind, a little tale that was told on the day of his troubled journey to prison will throw some light on some lawyers whom the courts permit to practice. A distinguished member of the profession of the right kind was journeying from New York to Albany to argue a case before the Court of Appeals. According to the fashion of his antique day, he wore on his bosom a diamond of the kind known to the world as a "headlight." As he slept peacefully in his chair in the car, a man stumbled upon him. When he roused Albany his pin was gone. He was an eloquent advocate, and had often been retained by the lawyers of the State to defend his paying criminals, and he had become wise. He wrote to his son, afterwards a judge, but who was then being

made wise, the circumstances of the case, adding: "If you consult our friends — and —, perhaps they may throw light on the matter." In a few days after rousing up their clients, — and — returned the "headlight."

Mrs. McKINLEY, to whom Death came, a welcome visitor, on May 20, lived many years in Washington, the best of them being passed in happy obscurity as the wife of a Representative in Congress; especially happy were they when WILLIAM McKINLEY was a rising man, when he was gaining his place. Her life was a physical illustration of the difference between anticipation and realization. In those early days at the Elliott House the two were members of a little circle of people, political and military—for the Elliott House was always the abode of army and navy officers who were visiting the capital—and the circle seemed very bright to their friends and to themselves. Mrs. McKINLEY was a pretty woman then, and of quiet tastes. She sometimes went up to the Capitol at the close of a day to walk back with her husband. The social antics of Washington had no especial pleasure for her. She was content with the hotel life, or that part of it which was here, and she never gave any sign of being diverted, with the others, by the social imitations which taint the real life of Washington hotels with small comedy. Of course she joined with the other women in being "at home" on the hotel's "day," but she gave no sign of being impressed with the solemn importance of the funny function. She was as wholesome and serene as she was, probably, at Canton when WILLIAM was presiding at the business of lawyer. As he rose in importance, she fell off in health, and when the husband had attained distinction, she was a hopeless invalid. Then she sometimes evoked to the supposed demands upon her, and sought to play the part that she remembered, in a dim way, to have been assumed by the wives of political personages when she was a quiet and happy domestic leader at an American hotel. She made her effort bravely, but she suffered sadly for it, but her husband never seemed to know that she was not having it with the best. His devotion to her through the long years that followed has been part of the best-known current history of our day. As he rose higher in public life she continued to decline, and for five years at the last she was deprived of his affectionate solicitude and attention.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT-JUDGE WALLACE had a good many people at his dinner, and he was worthy of the occasion of the good-bye to the judge and of the welcome back to the bar. He is a lawyer of what men are inclined to call the "old school," the members of which may be found among the best of our moderns, and even among our youngest lawyers. This means that they regard their profession as owing a high duty to society and to the state; that they reverence the law, seek justice, and live closely lives. The rendering of their profession brings them among the books of government, the history of the lives of men who have laid up the rules which embody the principles of civil liberty, and gives their minds a flavor of varied learning. Their respect for the law, for their own positions as the interpreters, the administrators, and the defenders of the law, makes them jealous for the independence of the judiciary, and Judge WALLACE has earned much repute and honor that will be very sweet to him through all his life, by reason of the integrity and courage with which he has guarded the shrine of which he has, for many years, been one of the high priests. The executive power has had no terrors for him, nor has the legislative power, nor has any power held command over him, to sway him one way or the other, except the power of the law.

For the rest, he is an agreeable man who has a wide interest in those acts which employ men's minds and in men themselves. He has a pleasant home in Syracuse, with amiable neighbors, among whom have been some of the most eminent lawyers of the State. He was appointed when Mr. CONKLING was a chief power in the State, and probably on his recommendation or with his august consent. At any rate, he has not been CONKLINGED, or any President or any party's, or anybody's judge, but he has conducted himself as an honest judge should, with full intent to administer the law, and with due courtesy. It is said of him by one of his friends that he intended on his retirement from the bench to live the pleasures of the traveler, and, in advance of the time, and perhaps to try on the proposed new novelty, he took a cruise among our Southern waters. It was enough. The living was too difficult. The long judge found that his mind was too active for idling among the purple isles and dabbling in the amber seas, and a tempting offer of a partnership opened his eyes to the pleasing fact that he was not too old to continue to obey the behests of his stern mistress, the law. The firm of which he is to be the head is older than the judge himself will ever be, and it has recently been sadly weakened by the quickly succeeding deaths of three partners. It is the firm one of whose heads old lawyers will remember as HIRSH BARNEY, a strong political leader, and once Collector of the Port of New York, but better remembered, much better, in WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER, a distinguished, as he was an able, lawyer, but known of the multitude as the author of "Nothing to Worry."

Correspondence

LITERARY COMPARISONS

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—When those in authority utter verdicts, it doubtless becomes those in the lower ranks of life and knowledge to keep violently silent, and yet there are instances when to do so requires more than human self-expression. The learned English ambassador with us has not in the least assuaged the air and called on barbarians as did MATTHEW ARNOLD, nor has he shrugged his shoulders at us as did Mr. YEATS; but he has gravely asked us about our poets, and the New York Sunday Times for May 5 has brought forth an alarming budget of authorities to emphasize the truly American attitude, and to tell Mr. BYRCE that if his hand has tossed BROWNING, SWINBURNE, Tennyson, WILLIAM WATSON, FRANCIS THOMPSON, and WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, we have had all sorts of THOMAS, HOWARD, THOMAS, and so on, who are just as good. "What," says the greatest American authority—"what better sustained poem have we had for thirty years past than AMELIE RYVES'S 'Solent'?" We are in no position to dispute with our elders and betters, but, standing under correction and in utmost humility of spirit, we should like to make a very low and say that we, in our rashness and ignorance, would suggest that "Tristram of Lyonesse," published in 1862, and therefore within the thirty years, was a better sustained poem.

We are told that Mr. GEORGE K. WOODBURY has his best years ahead of him, and are led to believe that he may at any moment blase forth and extinguish BROWNING. But if the biographical dictionaries speak the truth, Mr. WOODBURY is past the half-century mark—an age when the poet usually dies in *mea*, and leaves a more discursive and philosophical temper of mind than suits the ecstatic rapture of poetry. It is an age at which Mr. BROWNING had "Men and Women," "The Dramatic Lyrics," "Dramatic Romances," "Dramatic Personae," and a part of the "Ring and the Book," therefore the best of his work, behind him. We hear from another authority that a play called "The Three of Us" has given hearts and diamonds to MARLOWE, WYNDHAM, SHAKESPEARE, GOETHE, SCHILLER, and the rest, and lends them easily. We, who have never heard or seen the new wonder, who had never even heard of it until we met this amazing announcement, can but put our hands over our mouths and say, like Joe, "I should I am vile; how shall I answer thee?"

Another authority tells us that Mr. ALDRICH possessed a poetic vein as authentic as that of Mr. SWINBURNE. But what has that to do with the poet? A pebble is as authentic a piece of earth as a rocky mountain, and an andiron is as authentic in its brightness as a star, and no ink-pot is as authentically black as a midnight sky, but why draw comparisons? What does it mean? That Mr. ALDRICH was a great and a stirring influence like SWINBURNE? Perhaps; but if so, the pebble is every whit as good as the mountain, and the andiron as the star, and the ink-pot as the midnight sky. Perhaps one thing is just as good as another, anyhow, and that is what we are led to believe by the publication of such interviews as these: "It is all good," as a jovial stable-boy used to say when clearing out the stable was particularly unclean—"it's all good if you happen to like it."

This attitude would doubtless have pleased our one great writer of original impulse and force who theoretically believed in liking what Mr. Kipling called "the whole blooming show." Although when it came to literature our poet sang consistency and theory to the winds and said, "Do you rail that perpetual, pictorial, post-pot war American art, American drama, laid, verse?" "The Three of Us," however, had not yet been published, nor had AMELIE RYVES'S "Solent." What our great, brave poet yearned for was the breath-compassionate of some heroic life, and a new-founded literature not to amuse or divert or kill time with, but merely to reflect existing surfaces, or ponder to the taste of ignorance and nonchalance, let a literature "underlying life, religious consistent with science, handling the elements and forces with competent power, tracking and training new—and, as perhaps the most precious of its results, achieving the redemption of woman out of those incredible holds and webs of silliness, silliness, and every kind of dyspeptic depletion."

Perhaps "Solent" and "The Three of Us" will do this. Who says? If *Solent* seemed to some a rather ill-disciplined little Virginia girl who talked back in her elders and stirred with what ever came along in masculine attire, and that the abed thing in the whole book was a crown made out of jomille and stars—at any rate, an excellent reform in millinery—that must have been some personal favor in the reader. The great literature, according to the authorities, is with us. The English ambassador need not ask us who are our poets who are stirring up our hearts, or if our hearts are stirred at all. He has been answered—AMELIE RYVES and Mr. WOODBURY are stirring our hearts. So is "The Three of Us." Hold your breath, Mr. BYRCE, and await the heroic result.

We are, sir,

DIVERS READERS.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—The publication from time to time of specimen mistakes in English and of the grotesque expressions so often found in college entrance papers leads many people, very naturally, to the conclusion that secondary training must be lamentably wanting in the prime essentials of the uses of our own language. In fact, in a recent issue of *Harper's Weekly*, extracts are given from "A Report on the Examinations for Admission to Harvard College," with the comment that the secret is out, "'Prep' School is the place!" Now the really amazing part of this is the statement also in the article in question that "most young men who apply for employment as reporters or editors are graduates of colleges or universities, etc." (we may very peremptorily ask, it strikes me, "How in the world were such wretchedly prepared candidates ever allowed to enter college, when offering such a 'Martyrdom of English,' and still further, 'How is the fact to be reconciled that after such entrance a period of four years' training, in most cases, has been bestowed on the youth by the college or university with such results?")

This is only one of the variations that one may play on this theme. There are two others which to-day stand out most emphatically as one considers this all-important problem. The first is the "examining" system now so generally and so gratuitously employed by those who are able to afford the expense. I believe that the multiplication of examining schools, existing for the most part during the summer months, is largely superfluous for the purpose of the very thing most needed in our boys.

The mere act of getting into college, often by scarcely the slightest margin, does not imply that a lad is able to handle the fundamentals of his own language to the satisfaction of any one, himself included. One sometimes is forced to believe that requirements in spelling, handwriting, reading aloud, and expression should be among the very first requirements for admission to a college or university. These, with a proper medium of Latin and in some cases Greek in homoeopathic doses, would, in my opinion, do away with such exhibitions as the one recorded in "Extracts from college papers."

There is little use, it would seem, in universities or anywhere else, of course in drama, anthropology, horseshoeing, fæe arts or what not, unless we can get away from the rightful charge that we do not even know how to spell or form a readable English sentence.

The second variation harks back to the days before Secondary School life began.

No much is heard of the wonders of the kindergarten, and no potent are the forces of the government, that one is astonished to find so uninitiated a product as the product of twelve years or so of modern progress to be. Surely something is lacking when possibly a little glibly spoken German or French represents the intellectual training in so many cases. I suspect that in many countries, especially in England, they do these things better than we do, during these invaluable years of our childhood.

A plea for the consistent teaching of children before they are twelve in the rudiments of their mother-tongue language is never out of place. No one, I fancy, can be held responsible for neglect of proper rudimentary training except parents themselves.

The watched care for the health and the happiness of children may well be extended to a proper supervision of their early intellectual progress, thus doing away with the present-day carelessness in this respect.

No doubt, sometime, the royal road to the solution of the "English" problem will be found. Meanwhile, however, it is the duty, manifestly, of all of us, whether we be parents, schools, colleges or universities, to take our proper share of responsibility, and of blame too, and to lend our earnest help towards solving the manifold difficulties of the problem.

I am, sir,

WILLIAM BROWN OLIVERTON,

Head Master Dumfries School.

HELPING THE MONEY-MARKET

CHICAGO, Ill., April 13, 1907

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*:

SIR,—Referring to your editorial in the WEEKLY of April 13, 1907, relative to the relief of Wall Street by "The money that Mr. Cortisyon has poured into the market actually belonging there," will you please inform "Constant Reader" if the "aid" referred to would have been necessary if the holders of the stocks had owned them; I mean, furnished the cash for their full value?

I am, sir,

CONSTANT READER.

It is, of course, not true that speculators on margins were the only, or perhaps chief, beneficiaries of the largesse by Mr. Cortisyon from government holdings of the bonds issued by the banks. The speculators increased the demand for money, but it is also true that if the money which had accumulated in the Treasury, by reason of our laws, had returned, after being used for the payment of certain public dues, into circulation, the crisis would have been postponed, perhaps prevented. At any rate, the government would not have been forced to be a party to the tribulations of Wall Street. It is this necessity that the government is thus compelled to interfere, from time to time, in the money-market, that the WEEKLY intended to regret in the editorial comment in question.—EDITOR.



THE TROUBLES AT JAMESTOWN

By WILLIAM INGLIS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

NEWPORT, Va., May 26, 1907

IT is amusing to observe how many seemingly intelligent persons recently returned from Virginia give themselves the air of the acknowledged wit as they talk about the "Jamestown Exposition." The phrase has such an engaging tang that it tickles the tongue of the speaker and the ear of the hearer, makes each of them feel that he is the real, thorough expert in that sort of thing, a true connoisseur in world's fairs, a trifle surfeited and blasé perhaps, but still the possessor of nice taste and impeccable judgment.

The trifling fact that the phrase is unjust and slanderous need not deter any smart person from using it. Especially when one considers that in the early days of the Exposition there were certain just causes of complaint, which even now have not been altogether removed, though there has been great improvement and the show will soon be complete. But as for "Jamestown"—a trick or deception: a fraud; an imposture," as the dictionary defines the word—that is a ludicrous term to apply to the attractive Exposition at the mouth of the James River.

The governors of the Jamestown Exposition had an opportunity to make a record by completing the show on time. No other national exposition in America has ever been quite ready for the public on the date appointed. The great Chicago World's Fair, commemorating the four-hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus, was first postponed from 1902 to 1903—a full year—and then opened about a month after the revised date. The Buffalo and St. Louis expositions were likewise tardy.

So there is really no cause for wonder that the governors of the Jamestown Exposition failed to break the long, unfortunate record.

They did open the show on April 26, the day designated by Congress, but it is a lamentable fact that not three-quarters of the buildings or the exhibits were completely prepared for exhibition by that date.

There has been so much criticism and insinuation of late directed against the management of the Fair that the story of the Exposition shall be herewith impartially set forth, with particular reference to the reasons of delay and to the frightful menace to health and success in the conditions prevailing in the outlying district over which the Exposition authorities

have no jurisdiction. Remedial means are being applied now as a result of the incessant demands of the army authorities. The very officers who were loudest in their denunciation of the conditions that prevailed a fortnight ago now express their belief that the neighborhood of the Exposition will remain as healthy as the Exposition territory itself. And the sanitary condition of the fair grounds is pronounced perfect by competent and unprejudiced authorities.

To compare the state of the Exposition to-day with what it was at the time of the opening is enough to reassure the visitor that all will soon be complete, the last brick laid in the last building, the very latest exhibit promptly displayed, the final touches put on every lot of roadway and promenade. Of course, the Gospeed and Susan Funtast piers, with Discovery Landing between them, will still be unfinished, still a blot on the landscape.

But these great commemorative piers are national work, over which the governors of the Jamestown Exposition have no more control than they have of the tides. They are being built by Federal mechanics, governed by Federal engineers, and it is the material for them, its unsightly freight-cars and ugly heaps, that makes an eyesore of the sea approach to the Exposition which should have been the most beautiful.

And the matter of tardiness in building the piers leads naturally to a view of the first cause of all the delay—the dilatory policy of Congress. When the project was first mooted a decade ago by the late General Fitzhugh Lee, the plan was to commemorate the first landing of white settlers on American soil by an exposition on a modest scale. Year by year the scope of the celebration grew until the burden of financial support became too heavy for the State of

Virginia, which has always been more illustrious than rich.

The State of Virginia nevertheless appropriated \$350,000 for the enterprise, the Jamestown Exposition Company sold \$750,000 worth of its \$1,000,000 capital stock, and the national government contributed \$5,250,000. But this was not enough, and last year application was made to the government for a loan of \$1,000,000, to be secured by a lien on the gate receipts and revenues. It was the delay in obtaining this loan that was primarily responsible for the unfinished state of the Exposition on the opening



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The Condition of the New York State Building when the Exposition was formally opened



A House in which a Sick Man lives over a Cesspool



The Conditions which Confronted the County Sanitary Officials when they finally undertook to Clean up the Exposition Neighborhood

day. According to Virginians who visited Washington last winter, Speaker Cannon vowed that only over his dead body would Congress appropriate more money for Jamestown. There was a long-continued deadlock. Senators Daniel and Martin had to force the appropriation by including it in the Emergency and Deficiency bill, and it was only the impossibility of defeating the Jamestown appropriation without ruining the entire bill that induced Speaker Cannon to consent to the appropriation. During the struggle much valuable time was lost, and it was only three months ago that the governors of the Jamestown Exposition Company were able to get hold of the loan.

They were now in the midst of their troubles. Instead of emerging from them, for they were delayed not only by the most stormy and backward spring that Virginia has seen in many years, but by numerous strikes among the mechanics and laborers—to say nothing of the awful inertia which overwhelms every man who tries to do any kind of work in the South.

If only the opening could have been deferred until June, the army of 2000 workmen would have had everything in place. But postponement was impossible. The date of the opening, April 26, was unalterably fixed by act of Congress; the National Government had issued its invitations to the governments of Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Japan, etc., to send their navies to Hampton Roads for that particular occasion. It was absolutely impossible to secure one day's delay. An unprejudiced observer cannot but admire the courage and persistence and good humor with which the Virginians have encountered all the obstacles in their way, and made the best of a trying situation.

In spite of all these drawbacks the governors were able to present to the public an Exposition nearly three-quarters finished on the scheduled opening day. In the four weeks that have since elapsed much hard and effective work has been done.

Practically all of the buildings are finished—the chief excep-

tions being the Art Gallery, the Georgia Building, and, curiously enough, the New York State Building. It was rather amusing to a New Yorker who has read in the publications of his beloved native State so much free criticism of the backwardness of the Exposition at present, to find the New York Building very far from completion. Perhaps some day these cheerful critics may present the excuses for the building's unfinished state. In the mean time the impartial observer, looking upon the New York Building, and listening to the New York exhibitions, is constrained to new and sad reflections upon him who sees not the beams in his own eye while still trying to pluck the mote out of his brother's eye.

The governors of the Exposition declare, with great confidence, that the entire installation, with the exception of the government pier and the Negro Building, will be in complete working order by June 10, Georgia Day, when President Roosevelt will again visit the scene. To this observer it seems far more likely that the whole show will be in order by the end of June, no longer needing an apologist, but fit to take its place among the best exhibitions of recent years.

But the governors must be ever ready with the *apex*. The labor problem in the South consists very largely in the business of keeping the black man and brother awake and on the job. For example: there was this morning in Raleigh Court, one of the divisions of the Exposition, a congestion of vehicles which left only a narrow passage clear for traffic. In this space two high-wheeled, small-bodied carts, each drawn by a mule and driven by a negro, came head to head. Neither could advance until one or the other gave way. Each one refused to budge. This dialogue followed:

"No-o-o! You get out mah way!"
 "Gitt out mah way!"
 "No, ah won't."
 "Yes, you will."
 "Won't, nelder. Whah you k'long?"



An open Cesspool under a Fruit-shop, within Twenty Feet of a Well



One of the Mudroom Structures in Pine Beach on the Edge of a Lake of Rain-water

WHERE THE DANGER OF POLLUTED WATER AND BAD SURFACE DRAINAGE MENACED EXPOSITION VISITORS

TWO WAYS OF DISPOSING OF REFUSE

"Jamestown Construction Company."
 "Huh! Jamestown Construction Company, you mean?"
 "No-sir! Jamestown Construction Company!"
 "Jamestown Construction Company."

"For construction—"
 For all I know, those negroes are at it yet. The title of the company was a choice toy for them. They tossed the word back and forth. The black teamsters on the other carts, trucks, and wagons grinned and chuckled as the debate went on. Meantime the work of the Jamestown Construction—or is it Construction, after all!—Company was daily delayed. Scores of instances like this almost seemed to justify the yearnings heard in certain quarters for the Man with a Talk.

It is difficult to be temperate in speech when one considers the dreadfully insanitary conditions that prevailed until a few days ago among the two thousand inhabitants of the little town of Pine Beach, which within a few weeks this spring grew malarial and just outside of the Exposition grounds. All sorts of Coney Island shows, misgiving saloons, and covert halls and queer little shops and stores, such as one would expect to find in the wild and woolly West, are thickly clustered over a little more than a square mile of territory between the main entrance to the Exposition and the Pine Beach pier. Here a horrible state of affairs arose. The people had neither water supply nor sewerage facilities. The result was that the most primitive device for disposing of garbage and all sorts of waste material were maintained side by side with shallow wells hastily driven in the light sandy soil. As long ago as last fall these conditions began to bring results in the shape of attacks of malaria upon the unhappy people of Pine Beach. During the winter a stupor of malaria activity took place, but with the first warmth of spring the mosquitoes reappeared and began to spread the germs, inasmuch as a regiment each of United States infantry, cavalry, and artillery is quartered in close proximity to the Pine Beach settlement. Major-General F. D. Grant, in command of the camp, issued an order early in April giving these directions:



Two Negroes sleeping dawdling over the Task of an Army



The successful Crematory Pit used by the Military Regiments

1. The chief danger expected is malaria, which exists in a malarial form, and is always contracted through mosquitoes. The most extreme means must be taken to guard against them. No one must sleep without having a mosquito bar carefully adjusted, and any soldier violating this rule must be brought to trial before a summary court. Not every mosquito is infected, so that most of the bites are harmless, but it must be remembered that the disease is of slow growth, and that it may be two weeks or more longer after being bitten by an infected mosquito before symptoms develop, and in the mean time the man is a source of great danger to his comrades, some of whom might lose health or life from malaria contracted from him.

2. Typhoid fever is always present in the region, and is generally contracted by eating or drinking uncooked foods which are infected by polluted water, but may also be infected by flies, which carry it from the discharges of the sick. In the early stages or in walking cases, and during convalescence, men frequently spread the disease broadcast, so that all open cesspools and drains must be considered highly dangerous.

3. The drinking water is considered safe at this time, but it is not known how long that this will continue. It is therefore ordered that all

the drinking water be boiled either in camp boilers or by the Forbes-Waterhouse boiler. If the latter is used, it must be managed by a reliable, carefully instructed soldier.

4. The most extreme care must be taken to keep flies from the food, particularly after it is cooked. These insects may come from considerable distances, and as there are numerous unsanitary open cesspools in the vicinity outside the camp, they must be looked upon as highly dangerous. Food receptacles, kitchens, and, if practicable, dining tents must be carefully screened.

5. All foods purchased in the vicinity and not supplied by the Commissary Department must, as far as practicable, be carefully investigated as to their source, particular attention being paid to milk, which frequently carries typhoid in hot weather. Fruits and



The Camp of the United States Regulars at the Exposition—a fine Example of Sanitary Supervision



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The Jamestown Exposition at its Best—the Promenade before the State Buildings

vegetables, eaten raw, should first be carefully washed and with extra care, preferably in water which has been boiled.

8. To guard against ptomaine poisoning which is apt to occur in camp conditions in hot weather, it is directed that no lunches or other meat mixtures be made except immediately before use. Any cooked meats kept over from meal to meal must be kept in small quantities in ice. Extra care must be taken to detect the least tainting of meats, and even suspicious foods must be discarded. Stale fruits are particularly harmful. Milk should never be accepted if delivered warm.

This writer visited Pine Beach a few days ago and saw things that frightened him. In a sandy field dotted with scrubby undergrowth truckmen were dumping great loads of kitchen garbage, meat and vegetable cans, stable refuse, and other decomposing stuffs. Swarms of flies were fattening on the masses and flying about. Less than one hundred yards away—within easy distance of typhoid infection by flies—were three hotels calculated to accommodate two hundred persons. In the midst of the danger heaps, sitting on old soap-boxes and sheltered from the cold breeze by empty hushbands, were a shabby young negro and an Indian aged black man. They were crouching over a tiny fire of chips and bangles, warming their hands.

"What are you doing here, Uncle?" I asked.

"Des makin' a fish, sah," the aged one replied, touching his cap.

"What's the fish for?"

"Lard, I don't, sah," said the old man. "Dey tol' me tuh keep a fish in de hyeh to de garbage, as I'm heepin' it—da's all."

Of course some of the garbage was being burned. It was with great relief that the writer visited the crematory of the Twenty-third Infantry, United States Army, less than half a mile away. There, in a circular brick-walled pit the garbage from the company kitchens was being burned. Two alert negroes were keeping the fire alive. "Twenty-five bar's o' stuff we burned since eight o'clock dis mawnin'," said one of them, "an' it's only levsers erlock now."

In the heart of the sudden town of Pine Beach the visitor found a sanitary officer of the United States army inspecting a camp of the bundled, dirty tents in which fifty or sixty gypsies were living. All sorts of filth were scattered about the sandy soil, and in the midst of the camp a negro was driving a well-flare hygienic outlook.

"I'll report it again," said the officer, severely. "I hope it will do some good."

A middle-aged woman with chalky cheeks and thin, gray lips approached the inspector.

"Doctor," she pleaded, her teeth chattering as she spoke; "doctor, won't you come in and see my husband. He has malaria."

"You're having a malarial chill yourself right now," the doctor answered.

"Oh, I know," the woman answered, "but my husband isn't able to get out of bed."

The doctor and the visitor went in together. The husband's bedroom was next to the kitchen of one of the hotels built to accommodate visitors to the Exposition. He was proprietor of the restaurant part of the hotel. Under the kitchen and the man's bedroom was an open cesspool, which extended within fifteen feet of a new and shallow well, from which presently water would be drawn for drinking and cooking. The husband was shivering, pale, gray-lipped, racked with pain—a typical case of malaria. The doctor did what was possible for him, and later urged the proprietor of the inn to make other arrangements for

water and sewerage. In another building a quarter of a mile away the inspector and the visitor found an open cesspool under a fruit shop and within twenty feet of a well. Near by a mass was squalling, driving nails in a plank.

"Cesspool?" he mumbled through a mouthful of nails. "Certainly. Right here, behind me. Now, it don't do no harm."

By way of commentary on this, a swarm of gorse-carrying flies was buzzing between the cesspool and the fruit shop.

It is a great pleasure to be able to report that the town of Pine Beach is now being overhauled by competent sanitary officers. The early neglect came from the fact that this compact fifth city, containing not only the buildings already described, but also half a dozen large hotels calculated to shelter thousands of exhibition visitors, suddenly sprang into existence in the truck-farming lands of Norfolk County. The Board of Supervisors of the county, accustomed to big municipal problems, calmly slept over their duty in spite of the protest of Major Woodruff and Captain James, the military sanitary officers. The conditions seemed at one time to threaten the entire enterprise with disastrous epidemics of malaria or typhoid fever or both. But the writer had been investigating the lack of drainage and the consequent supply of infected water for only two days when the Norfolk County Board of Supervisors, spurred to a realization of their duty by the governors of the Jamestown Exposition, appointed a most energetic and competent man to clean up the town. There is no doubt that from this time on the town of Pine Beach will be as healthy as the Exposition itself.



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A few of the Buildings which are likely to be permanently maintained

THE FATHER OF THE GAME

By L. J. DE BEKKER

THE House of Chadwick has had two titled members in recent years—Sir Edwin, famous in his day as a sanitary engineer, who lived to be ninety-three and received a K. C. B. from Queen Victoria in recognition of his services; and Henry, his younger brother, known wherever baseball is played as The Father of the Game, who reckons his age at eighty-three. To be eighty-three is something, but Father Chadwick doesn't look it. Like Peter Pan, he won't grow up, and, despite his years, his attitude toward the things he loves has all the buoyancy of youth. To see him at his best in point of youthfulness, you must see him at the ball park, where he is sure to be conspicuous by reason of his commanding figure and long gray beard, and because of the attention he receives from the players and officials. There his enthusiasm is contagious. He still is, as he has been for twenty-six years, editor of the official *Baseball Guide*, and is, besides, the recognized American authority on cricket.

"When I was a schoolboy in Brooklyn in 1837," says The Father of the Game, "the only prominent field sports in vogue were horse-racing and the old English game of cricket; the latter a game which had been played in New York city since the middle of the previous century—its being, in fact, a record that a cricket match was played on a field near what is now Fulton Market as early as 1751. Running races were the feature at the old Union Race course near Jamaica, and trotting matches at the Coneyville course.

"Though a form of baseball was played by the old Olympic Town-ball Club as early as 1831, the first regular baseball club was not organized until 1843, and that was the Knickerbocker Club, which still clung to a form of town-ball. Our national game, as it is now played, dates its existence no farther back than 1857, the year of the organization of the first National Association of Baseball Players. I may add that, up to the decade of the sixties, baseball was played entirely by amateurs, all professionalism in the game being barred by the old National Association rules. In 1868 the first professional baseball team was organized in Cincinnati, and a team of regular salaried players took the field, the club in question being known as the Red Stockings.

"In 1871 I was instrumental in dividing the baseball fraternity into two classes, amateur and professional, by assisting in the organization of the first National Association of Professional Ball Players, which, in 1875, gave way to the present National League.

"You ask my opinion as to why it is that our national game, in its professional department, has been, and still is, disgraced by a degree of 'mobocracy' foreign to the character of the game itself, and mostly to the measures of the clubs in the loss of patronage of the grand stands which it leads to, besides being a heavy handicap to the efforts made to sustain the high reputation of the existing system of 'organized' professional baseball, by

the rulers of the 'National' and 'American' baseball leagues, and by those of the majority government of the 'National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues'.

"In the early history of professional baseball, especially during the decade of the seventies, when that curse of all field sports, pool gambling, nearly gave a death-blow to the whole professional business of the game, I had to battle with the evil in question, until I drove every 'crook' of the period out of the professional fraternity, and then it was that the baseball business began to earn the splendid reputation it now possesses of being the most honestly conducted sport or game there is in vogue, in which professional exemplars take part. But of late years an abuse has been allowed to grow up in the professional baseball ranks second in its evil effect to the evil of downright 'crookedness'; and that is the 'kicking' evil, viz., the disciplining of the decisions of the umpires in the game.

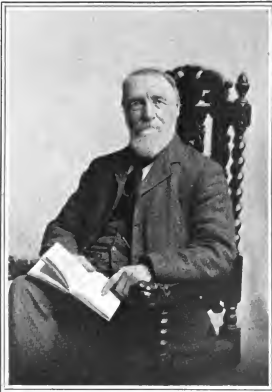
"During the past decade this demoralizing evil grew to such extremes, owing to the laxity in discipline on the part of club team managers and the aid and countenance given the managers and their players by the majority of the magnates of the professional leagues and clubs, that it led to the inauguration of a condition of things in the ranks which disgusted the best class of patrons of the professional business at large. Then it was that the President of the young American League, Mr. Ban Johnson, entered upon a crusade against the 'kicking' evil and its sequence of rosy blackguardism in the ranks; and his good example woke up the other league magnates to a realizing sense of the very costly nature of the abuse on loss of public patronage; and since then the black-guard 'kickers' of the decade of the sixties, have been driven from the ranks of organized baseball, and the abuse reduced to a comparatively small minority of ugly and hot-tempered players, who have yet to learn the folly of the habit, in the loss of cool judgment the 'kicking' habit invariably involves.

"I notice that despite the efforts of Messrs. Pulliam of the National League, and of Mr. Johnson of the American, the 'kicking' especially in the poorly managed teams of the two leagues, is still indulged in, owing to the fact that the gentlemen in question do not make the punishment of the crime."

"Has baseball reached the final degree in its evolution?"

"By no means. The fault has always been in cricket, that too much importance was given the batting. The fault in baseball today is the prominence given to pitching and fielding. Properly to round out the game, equal stress must be laid on batting, so as to give it equal importance,—to equalize the forces of attack and defense."

"You've something new for the ball players and the 'fans' to think about and talk about, or even to write about.



Henry Chadwick
THE FATHER OF BASEBALL



EUROPE'S QUEEN OF SORROWS

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE EMPRESS ALEXANDRA FEODOROVNA OF RUSSIA

From photograph by Underwood & Underwood

A HISTORIC OCCASION IN MADRID—KING ALFONSO ACKNOWLEDGING THE GREETINGS OF HIS SUBJECTS AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE BIRTH OF A SUCCESSOR TO THE SPANISH THRONE



SHORTLY AFTER THE CEREMONIES ATTENDING THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS, ALFONSO APPEARED ON A BALCONY AT THE FRONT OF THE PALACE IN MADRID TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE JOYFUL ACCLAMATIONS OF THE POPULACE OVER AN EVENT OF MOMENTOUS INTEREST TO THE NATION. THE KING MAY BE IDENTIFIED IN THE PHOTOGRAPH AS THE MINUTIVE FIGURE IN THE BALCONY

THE FEAST OF TIGERS

By R. HOLT LOMAX

BOWMAN LIVINGSTON had been back from India only a week, yet the fellows at the Columbian Club, among whom he used to loiter in an atmosphere of high regard, were already commencing to look uneasy when he began—no; not began; resumed his interminable stories about tiger-hunting.

It is not given to every man who carries big guns to India to bring down three fine tigers, and everybody felt that Livingston should be allowed a little pardonable exaggeration; but it is worrisome to have to follow through dinner after dinner an enthusiastic long tale about *howdahs* and *shikaris* and *dek bungalows* and all the Hindustanee rest of it. So it was with gratitude that we all welcomed the interruption of Lieutenant de la Roche when he told a tale that dropped poor Livingston's tiger reminiscences forever. Our buoyant friend was laying down the law that the tiger takes to man-eating only when he is too aged and decrepit to hunt wild animals. De la Roche, a dry, brown little fellow late of the French army in Tonquin, begged his pardon most elaborately, and said:

"I know you will believe that I am not animated by a spirit of captious contradiction when I tell you of my experience to the contrary. The incident was so awful that I am reluctant to speak of it. I assure you that every time I hear or read the word tiger the air about me seems to vibrate with the shrieks that I shall never forget.

"I was leading a surveying expedition last year over the Fou Cha Hong Mountains, on the way into China, when we suddenly found ourselves assailed by a horde of tigers. Nothing I had ever heard prepared us for such a siege as this. In the daytime we could see the huge, silent, black-and-yellow beads sinking through the bush not far from our column. They never came near enough to attack us in force, but they trotted and walked watchfully along a course parallel with ours, and seemed to be always waiting for a chance to pounce upon any straggler. You may believe that we advanced with absolutely unbroken unity.

"I had always believed that the tiger is a solitary creature, that

hunts alone, or, at most, in pairs. But here they were actually stalking us in numbers—we often saw as many as seven or eight at one time. Although they only menaced us at long range in the day, the tigers were very dangerous at close range after night-fall. Under the advice of our *fei pan*, or head man, I made the camp very compact, and always ended the day's march at least one hour before the brief twilight. Then we built a ring of camp-fires around our stopping-place to keep the tigers away. You Americans have heard of the awful temperature in the Philippines. Believe me, it is still hotter and more exist in Tonquin. Add to that the warmth from the campfires, and you shall derive from the sum total some idea of the awful heat we had to undergo every night. The air was stifling. We slept very little, and then only fitfully.

"One night, as we were dozing inside our ring of fire in the Wang Hon Forest, we were aroused by the cries of human beings in awful distress. My friends, I have heard at the opera and in the theatre sounds which represented the cries of many souls in agony, but never have I listened to such shrieks as those. The number of voices seemed to be myriad. There could be no doubt of the dire extremity of the people. In a moment every one in our camp was wide awake. I called the *tai pan*.

"Get the boys ready," I ordered him. "We must save those people."

"My lord," he replied, "it is madness. Do not lead us outside of the ring of fires. If we go we shall die. The tigers will devour us. They are at work now. It is the cries of their victims that we hear. We can do no good, and if we go we die."

"Gradually the cries diminished in volume, died into silence. I felt rather than heard the rustle of every leaf in the forest. Sleep was impossible for any of us. We tossed on our cots, oppressed by the stifling heat of our protective fires, and frightened by the screams that still rang in our ears.

"It was safe to venture out at daylight; so, with my *ash* altern, the *tai pan*, and a dozen *wo fox*, I proceeded in the

(Continued on page 811.)

A NEW ALL-STEEL HIGHWAY FROM NEW ENGLAND TO FLORIDA



How the new Bridge over Hell Gate will Look when Completed

WITH the completion of plans for the new East River bridge of the New York Connecting Railroad, a momentous step is taken in the railroad development of the Atlantic States. This bridge, which will form part of a steel viaduct more than three miles long, will connect the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad system in the Bronx with the Long Island and Pennsylvania systems. With a sweeping curve the viaduct will pass over Hell Gate, Wards Island, Little Hell Gate, Randall's Island, and Bronx Kills, making possible a through all-rail route between New England and the South and West. Through trains from Boston may then run to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, Palm Beach, New Orleans, Chicago, St. Louis, or any other Southern or Western city without leaving the rails. Heretofore cars for such through trains have been ferried around New York from the Bronx to Jersey City.

The plans for the bridge over the waters of Hell Gate show a steel arch span of 1000 feet between abutments. These abutments are monumental stone towers, dividing the arch-bridge proper from the steel viaducts that approach it. Granite at the base, moulded concrete above, the towers will rise to a height of 200 feet, and will contain rooms needed for railroad operation. The tracks themselves will be 140 feet above the water, passing through the steel arches that rise 130 feet higher. Some of the steel members will be nine feet in diameter and weigh 100 tons each.

This will be the longest and heaviest steel bridge in the world. Eighty thousand tons of steel will be used in its construction. It will carry four railroad tracks, embedded in stone ballast so as to render the structure noiseless.

The carrying capacity of the bridge will be twenty times greater than that of the Brooklyn Bridge, or equal to four lines of the heaviest freight locomotives. About three years will be necessary for its completion.

Of the four tracks which it will carry, two will be for passenger and two for freight. The passenger tracks, by way of a cut-off in Queens County, will connect with the tunnels of the Pennsylvania Railroad and its central station at Thirty-third Street and Seventh Avenue, Manhattan, and with the Long Island Railroad and its seashore resorts and city stations; and all of these lines will connect with the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, and other New England lines. The freight tracks will run across Queens, and, with the Long Island Railroad, will form a big loop around Brooklyn. Through freight from New England to the South and West will be carried over this route and across New York Bay from Bay Ridge to Greenville, New Jersey. Thus there will be two distinct routes for the two classes of traffic, and neither will interfere with the other. Besides planning a bridge of ample strength, the constructors have endeavored to make it architecturally impressive.



Another View of the new Bridge which will make it possible to run through Trains from Boston to Palm Beach without leaving the Rails. At present Cars for such through Trains must be Ferried around New York from the Bronx to Jersey City

THE NEW DIPLOMACY

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

The Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "The Mikado," has been suppressed in England for fear of offending Japan.—Cable Despatch

Naw let us call off "Hamlet" and lest we disturb the chains
Of honor and affection that have bound us to the Danes,
Suspend the sale in bakershops of the dainty Charlotte-Russe,
Lest with our friends the Russians we shall violate the truce.

Na longer will Bologna, and on Roqufort look abance
Lest we be charged with showing teeth unto our friends of France.
Forbid our little boys and girls to dance that funny spiel
Of walking Spanish lest we grieve our allies of Castile.

Give up the droll Dutch dinstet that Fields and Weber speak.
Tis possible that Kaiser Bill would not enjoy the joke.
Suppress Bret Harte's immortal lines about the Heavhen Chink—
We can't afford, these times, to place fair Peking on the blink.

Stop slugging "Trenton"; let old "Rigoleto" fill—
They're mighty, mighty sensitive out there in Sunny It.
Let no one beat a Turkish rug, or shake it with a jerk:
Just sponge and dust it gently lest you pain the festive Turk.

No jokes about the German's crimes should be allowed to go—
It will not do to pain or grieve the friendly Ekkinu.
Stop minstrel shows, 'twere better so; a much more peaceful plan
To do no thing that can offend the dusky Congoon.

Then we shall have an amity benignant and world-wide.
Friends will be found increasingly on every single side.
What quarrelling is needful for a really happy life.
Keep for your neighbors, children, and the mother of your wife.



The Daughters of the House—Eather (on the Left) aged 13, and Marion, aged 11



Mr. Cleveland accepting a Loving-cup from the Sulist



The distinguished Sportsman shooting Ducks on the Preserve of General E. P. Alexander at South Island, South Carolina, two Days before his Seventieth Birthday



Dr. and his wife

MR. CLEVELAND IN THE
FROM STEREOGRAPHS



The Home of the ex-President at Princeton



Teaching the Young Idea (Francis Grover, aged 3) how to Shoot



at Princeton



The Return from a good Day on the Duck-ponds. Mr. Cleveland showing the Trophies of his Bag to General and Mrs. Alexander

IS HOURS OF EASE.

Y UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

THE EDALJI CASE AND BRITISH JUSTICE

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

London, May 25, 1907.

IT is fortunate that British justice rarely errs. For when it does, it is through that stupidity against which the gods fight in vain. The notorious Beck case of two or three years ago was the result of nothing deliberate or premeditated, of no persecution or perjury, of no pedantic insistence upon legal technicalities, of no cooked-up evidence, of nothing, in short, that in any way resembled the Dreyfus affair with which it was historically compared. It was the result simply of stupidity, the stupidity of officials who, having got an idea into their heads, not only could not get it out again, but were inevitably driven to do all they could to justify it. The Edalji case has perhaps a somewhat more sinister look, and I do not think it uncharitable to describe it as something more than an instance of a paralytic and of lacrimable stupidity. That is, of course, on the assumption which very few Englishmen do not share, that a mistake has in fact been committed. We shall know before long what the commission which was appointed to review the whole case thinks on that point. It is already very reported that the findings of the commission are in Edalji's favor, and that he is to be granted a free pardon. But as none of the sittings of the commission have been in public, and as there is little sense in pardoning a man for a crime of which he was inferentially innocent, I think the report may be discounted as guesswork and nothing more.



George Edalji

THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE CASE

The facts of the case are exceedingly involved, but with the help of the admirably statement, which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in his best Sherlock Holmes vein, put forth a few months ago on Edalji's behalf, I shall hope to be able to reduce them to some sort of order.

The story begins as far back as 1874, when the Reverend S. Edalji, a Church of England clergyman of Purser origin, was married to a Miss Stenham. Such marriages are of course rare, but race-prejudice is curiously quiescent in Englishmen and Englishwomen—so long as they stay in England—and the union between an English girl and a colored clergyman seems to have been regarded as something unusual, indeed, but not worth resenting. An uncle of the bride held the gift of the living of Great Wyrley in Staffordshire, a half-ruined, half-agricultural parish. The Reverend S. Edalji was presented to it a few years after his marriage. He has now been the vicar for thirty-one years, conducting himself in his somewhat difficult position with great dignity and discretion, but he was naturally, to some extent, a marked man. His son, George, the central figure of the present case, was born in 1876. When he was twelve years old, that is, in 1888, a number of threatening anonymous letters were received at the vicarage. They were traced to a servant-girl in the house, who was accused among other things of writing up ribald sentences about her employers on outhouses and buildings. She was bound over to keep the peace, and for a while the letters ceased. In 1892 they began again, and this time they were sent not merely to the vicarage, but to other people in the neighborhood. They lasted for three years. Some of them were published by Mr. Edalji in the Staffordshire papers in the hope that their author might be discovered. They all proceeded from a single source, and they were all tainted with the incident of the servant-girl in 1893. They were accompanied by a long series of ingenious and elaborate hoaxes, such as the continual laying

of objects on the vicarage window-sills or under the doors. These letters had four signal characteristics. They showed, first, an almost diabolical hatred of the whole Edalji family, a hatred that seemed particularly directed against George. Secondly, they displayed an equally frantic admiration for the local police. Thirdly, they were marked with a real or simulated religious mania. Fourthly, they betrayed an extremely intimate knowledge of the names and affairs of the people in the district.

I have said that various hoaxes were played at the time on the Edalji family. Advertisements were inserted in their name in the local papers; trashy people delivered espousals of unordained goods; and so on. Finally a forged apocryphal, signed with George Edalji's name, and instantly disowned by him, appeared in the public press. In it he was made to confess himself the writer and author of the anonymous letters "received by various persons during the last twelve months." Among the hoaxes was the placing of a large key on the vicarage doorstep on December 12, 1892. This key was quickly found to have been taken from Walsall Grammar School, Walsall being a town some six miles away. This incident was brought to the notice of the chief constable of the county, Captain the Honorable G. A. Anson, and he was at the same time furnished with information connected with it partly by the local police and partly from a source which he has never disclosed. This information led him to write to Mr. Edalji accusing his son, George, of having stolen the key from the Walsall Grammar School, and laid it on the vicarage doorstep. (George, I may add, was not educated at Walsall Grammar School.) The letter ended, with this menacing sentence: "I may say at once that I shall not pretend to believe any protestations of ignorance which your son may make about this key." More than two years later, when Mr. Edalji wrote to the chief constable complaining of the anonymous letters and the repeated hoaxes, he received in reply a letter in which the chief constable certainly seemed to hint, but did not openly state, that George was the culprit. The point to note is that the Staffordshire police had from the beginning their suspicions of young Edalji.

At the end of 1893 both the letters and the hoaxes suddenly ceased. From that day till 1903 peace reigned in Great Wyrley, though George Edalji was a resident in the vicarage all the time. Then began the series of outrages that sent the neighborhood into a panic. On February 2, 1903, a valuable horse was found to have been cut open during the night. Two months later a cock, three months later a cow, then another horse, then a sheep, then two cows. Then two horses were put to death in the same way. On August 17 a pony at Great Wyrley Colliery was similarly destroyed. It was for this crime that George Edalji was arrested and convicted. But his imprisonment raised no cessation of the outrages. On September 21 another horse was despoiled. In November a horse and mare were found mutilated in the same field. In February, 1904—Edalji all this time being in prison—another horse was ripped open, and finally, in March, two sheep and a lamb were similarly killed. For this last crime a milner named Farrington was convicted on circumstantial evidence and sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

Why was George Edalji arrested for the crime of August 17? Chiefly because the epidemic of anonymous letters had burst out again, and his name was mentioned in several of them. Whether the 1903 letters were by the same hand as those of 1892 and 1893



The Scene of the Outrage at Wyrley, England, for which Edalji was Convicted and Imprisoned

there is no absolute proof to show, but all the probabilities of the case point that way. The 1905 batch were signed in various names, but the most important of them purported to come from a young schoolboy, named Treator, who not only denied all knowledge of them, but was away in the Isle of Man when some of them, bearing a Staffordshire postmark, were written. Treators travelled to school with some companions every day by train, and Edalji, who went to business by the same train, had more than once happened to get into the same compartment with him. As some of the other boys were referred to by name in the anonymous letters, it was considered that the police scored a point by being able to prove that Edalji was or might have been acquainted with them. For the theory of the police was that Edalji and the author of the anonymous letters were one and the same. This is a somewhat remarkable theory, because several of the letters openly accused Edalji of being the perpetrator of the outrages, and others charged him with various acts of immorality. Some of the letters were sent to Edalji, others to his father, and others—among them one threatening to shoot a police sergeant—in the police. Their general purport was that a little sustaining gang, of which Edalji was the chief, had been organized and was preying upon the district.

Edalji's actions at the time of these outrages were scarcely those of a guilty man. Such anonymous letters as he received himself he at once communicated to the police. He offered a reward of £25 to the public press for the apprehension of the criminal—for his own apprehension, according to the theory of the police. He suggested to them that bloodhounds should be employed in running down the criminal. This is hardly the way in which a guilty man, anxious to avoid detection, would behave. Moreover, his whole mode of life and character were at variance with the suspicions of the police. In 1903 he was a twenty-seven years old and a practising lawyer. He was extremely shy and nervous, a total abstemious, a non-smoker, absorbed in his profession, in which as a student he had greatly distinguished himself, and so afflicted with astigmatic myopia that Sir Conan Doyle, who has himself practised as an oculist, declared that "the idea of such a man securing fields at night and avoiding cattle while avoiding the watching police was indubious to any one who can imagine what the world looks like to eyes with myopia of eight dioptries."

It was, as I have said, for the crime of August 17, 1903, that Edalji was arrested and convicted. On that day Edalji reached home at 6.30, walked down to the host-makers in the village and returned to the vicarage for supper at 8.25. After supper he retired to bed in the same room as his father. The bedroom door was locked in accordance with Mr. Edalji's usual custom, and the

outside of the house was watched by constables and detectives whose suspicions had been directed towards the young lawyer. No one was seen to leave it. At eleven o'clock the pony, which was discovered mutilated at 6.30 next morning, was seen apparently unharmed. Between those hours, therefore, the crime was committed. The Rev. M. Edalji testified, and there was nothing to shake his evidence in the slightest, that his son spent those hours in bed in the same room with him. On the morning following the outrage the police went to the vicarage. The son had already gone off to business. The police entered his parents' room to remove all the young man's clothing. One coat was said to be damp—the night had been excessively rainy—and to have stains on it. Some of the stains on analysis proved to be starchy stains, probably from fish sauce or bread and milk; and two others on the right cuff, of the size of a dime, were declared to be mammalian blood. A set of razors belonging to the vicar was also seized; some of them were found to be wet and a rust stain was discovered on another. The police theory was that Edalji had ripped up the pony with a razor, and had done it with such inimitable exactness that only two dubious drops of blood, each the size of a dime, had fallen on his cuff.

But besides the stains, the coat was also alleged to have a brown hair on it. Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Edalji and the police inspector examined it at the vicarage. The inspector thought he saw some horsehairs, but some of the family was able to detect them. The inspector took the coat away with him. Twelve hours later it was examined by the police surgeon, who picked from its surface twenty-nine undoubted horsehairs. It will not say that the police put them there, but it is questionable that after the coat was taken to the police station, and before it was examined by the surgeon, a portion of the hide of the mutilated pony was also in the possession of the police. Some damp trousers and a pair of very wet boots were also discovered at the vicarage.

Edalji denied wearing either the coat or the trousers on the night of the outrage, but admitted that he had worn the boots. It had been raining most of the day and he had got them wet. But no blood was found on either the trousers or the boots, and the mud on them was road mud, not the yellowish mixture of clay and mud that lay round the scene of the crime. There is no need to go into the rest of the evidence that was produced against the prisoner. It was of the same spurious character throughout. But there are one or two points to be noted in connection with the outrages that were committed while Edalji was in prison. One of these ended in the death of a horse belonging

(Continued on page 852.)

DEMONSTRATING A POINT IN THE SINGULAR EDALJI CASE



In his defence George Edalji, Sir Conan Doyle made a vital point of the accused man's catenae short-sightedness. In order to make clear the importance of this point, the two illustrations on this page were prepared by the "London Sphere." The upper photograph shows an interior as a man with normal sight would see it. The other photograph shows the same interior as a man with Edalji's vision would see it, taken by a specially adapted lens. Edalji's father has testified that his son did not see ghazis prior to his arrest. It is plain that if all that Edalji could see of a shop in daylight is what is shown in the lower illustration, he would see practically nothing at night; and, as Sir Conan Doyle has pointed out, "to find a pony in a dark field, or, indeed, to find the field itself . . . would be a hard task, while to avoid a lurking catenae would be absolutely impossible."

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MAM' LINDA*

A Novel

BY WILL N. HARBEN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. B. MASTERS

CHAPTER XII

A QUER, secret meeting of negroes was going on in Darby. Stealthily they left their cabins and ramshackle homes, and one by one, through the darkest streets and alleys, they made their way to the house of Neb Wynn, a man who had acquired his physical being from the confluence of three distinct streams of blood—the white, the Cherokee Indian, and the negro. He owned and drove a dray on the streets of the town and, being economical, he had accumulated enough money to build the two-story frame (not yet painted) home in which he lived. The lower floor was used for a negro restaurant, which Neb's wife managed; the upper was devoted to the family bedroom, a guest-chamber for any one who wished to spend the night, and a fair-sized "hall" with windows on the street, which was rented to colored people for any purpose, such as dances, lodge meetings, or church assemblies.

It was in this room where on a light burned that the negroes met. Indeed, no light was below, and when a negro who had been secretly summoned reached the spot, he assured himself that no one was in sight and then approached the restaurant door on tiptoe, rapped twice with his knuckles, paused a moment, and then rapped three times. Thereupon Neb, with his ear to the keyhole on the inside, cautiously opened the door and drew the applicant within, and rising the shutter softly, asked, "What is the password?"

"Nevy," was the whispered reply.

"What's the counter sign?"

"Peace an' good will to all men. Thy will be done."

"All right, I know you," Neb would say. "Sit down up dar; but, mind you, don't speak one word."

And thus they passed—the men who were considered the most substantial colored citizens of the town. About ten o'clock Neb came cautiously up the narrow stairs, entered the room, and sat down.

"We are all here," he announced. "Brother Hardestadt, I've done my part. I ain't no public speaker; I'll leave de rest ter you."

A figure in one of the corners rose. He was the leading minister of the place; he cleared his throat and then said: "I would open with prayer, but in pray we ought to stand or kneel, and either thing would make too much disturbance. We can only ask God in our hearts, brothers, in be with us here in the darkness and help lead us out of our trouble; help us to decide, if we can, singly or in a body, what course to pursue in the grave matter that confronts our race. We are being sorely tried, tried almost past endurance; but the God of the white man is the God of the black. I have been talking to Brother Black to-day, and I feel—"

He broke off, interrupted by a sharp rapping on the stair below. "Huck!" Neb Wynn cried out in a warning whisper. He crept on tiptoe across the carpetless room, out into the hallway, and leaned downward.

"Who dat?" he asked, in a calm, raised voice.

"It's me, Neb. I want ter see you. Hurry up."

"It's my wife," Neb informed the breathless room. "Sounds lak she's scared. Don't say no word till I get back. Mind, you folks got ter be careful ter-night."

He descended the creaking stairs to the landing below. They caught the low mumbling of his voice intermingled with that of his wife, and then he crept back to them—strangely silent, they thought, for after he had resumed his seat against the wall in the dark human line they heard only his heavy breathing.

Brother Black rose and leaned anxiously on the back of his chair. "I'm gosh' to tell you, faithful friends, a secret," he said; "a secret which if it was not dat, we knowed it might hang us all. So far it isn't with me an' a black 'emur dat kin be trusted—my wife. Gen'men, I know what Pete Warren is. I kin lay my hands on 'im any time. He's right here in dis town ter-night."

A sudden burst of surprise rose from the dark room, then all was still; so still that the speaker's grasp of his chair gave forth a harsh, rasping sound.

"Yes, my wife need 'im in de ol' lumberyard back o' our house, as he was with er right ter look at dat she mighty nigh went out in 'er senses. He was all cut in de face, an' his clothes an' shoes was des hangin' in 'is ar'fices, an' his eyes was most poppin' out'n his head. He was starvin' ter death—hadn't had a bite o' eat since he ran off. When she seed 'im it was about a hour by

* Began in HARBEN'S WEEKLY, Vol. LI, No. 3038.

me, an he begged 'er to fetch 'im some'n' t' eat. Gen'men, he was so hungry dat she say he liked her haw's lak er dog when he was lakke' to er. She come home an told me on as was what ter do. Gen'men, 'er God on high I want ter do my duty ter my race an also to de white, but I couldn't see my way ter meddle. De white folks—some of 'em, anyway—say dat we aid an' encourage crimes 'mongst our people, an while my heart was bleedin' fer dat boy I couldn't, underhand, he's 'im widout goin' ter de men in power accordin' ter law."

"And you did right," spoke up the minister. "As much as I pity the boy, I would have acted as you have done. He is accused of murder and is an escaped prisoner. To decide that he was innocent and help him escape is exactly what we are blaming his parents for doing—taking the law into hands not sanctioned by authority. There is only one thing that can decide the matter, and that is the law of the land we live in."

"Dat's exactly de way I looked at it," said Black. "an as I tof my wife not ter go nigh 'im ergin. I knowed dis meetin' was up fer to-night, an I des thought I'd fetch it here on lay it 'o' you all on take er vote on it."

A good idea," said the minister from his chair. "And, brethren, it seems to me, as a body of representative negroes of this town, have now a golden opportunity to prove our sincerity to the white race. As you say, Brother Black, we have been accused of remaining inactive when a criminal was being pursued for crimes against the white people. If we can agree on it to a man, and can turn in a prisoner now, how that will show the whites to apprehend him have failed, our act will be flashed all round the civilized world and give the lie to the charge in question. Do you think, Brother Black, that Pete Warren is still hiding near your house?"

"Yes, I do," answered the barber. "He would be afraid to leave dat place, an I reckon he's waitin' dar now fer my wife ter fetch 'im some'n' t' eat."

"Well, then, all we've got to do is to see if we can thoroughly agree on the plan proposed. I suppose one of the first things, if we do agree to turn him over to the law, is to consult with Mr. Carson Dwight and see if he can devise a way of acting with perfect safety to the prisoner and all concerned. If he can, our duty is clear."

"Yes, he's de man, God knows dat," Black said, enthusiastically. "He won't let us run no risk."

"Well, then," said the minister, who had the floor, "let us put it to a vote. Of course it must be unanimous. We can't act on a thing as perilous as this without a thorough agreement. Now, you had all heard the plan proposed. All in favor make it known by standing up as quietly as you possibly can, so that I may count you."

Very quietly, for so many things in concert, men on all sides stood up. The minister then began to grope round the room, fumbling with him hands the standing voters. "Who's this?" he suddenly exclaimed, when he reached Neb Wynn's chair and lowered his hands to the drayman's bowed shoulders.

"It's me," Neb answered. "Me, dat's who—me!"

CHAPTER XIII

"On!" There was an astonished pause.

"Yes, it's me. I ain't votin' dat way," Neb said. "You all kin act fer youself. I know what I'm alout."

"But what's the matter with you?" Brother Black demanded, sharply. "All dis time you been de most axious one ter do some'n', an now when we got er chance ter act wid judgment an caution all in a body an, as Brother Hardestadt says, ter de honor of our race, why, you—"

"Hold on, des keep yo' shiet on," said Neb, in a queer, tremulous voice. "Gen'men, I ain't placed des much de same as you all is. I don't want ter tek de whole responsibility on my shoulders."

"You are not taking it on your shoulders alone, brother," said the minister, calmly; "we are acting in a body."

"No, it's all on me," Neb said. "You said, Brother Black, dat Pete was in de lumberyard 'hind yo' house. He ain't. You might as 'er' ever 'stuck o' planks in every dry-kiln, but you wouldn't da 'im. He's a cousin of my wife's, an me 'a' dat boy was good, true friends, an as he come here des now when you heard my wife call me an 'I'd rood kised' on my swarey. He ain't out as my dadde now in de hay up in de loft, waitin' fer me to fetch 'im suppin' t' eat an soak as you all got off. My wife say he's de

most pitiful thing dat God ever made, en, gen'men, I'm sorry fer 'im. Law or no law, I'm sorry fer 'im. Put yo'selves in Pete's shoes an' you wouldn't be so easy ter vote yo'selves bebid de burn. Whin'd dey git in jury dat 'ad believe in his innocence when dey kin prove dat he threatened de dead man? Nowhar in dis State. No innocent niggers ever been hung, eh? No innocent nigger in de chaingang, eh? Huh! dey as thick as fleas."

When Neb had ceased speaking not a voice broke the stillness of the room for fully ten minutes; then the minister said, with a deep-drawn breath: "Well, there is really no harm in looking at all sides of de question. It seems to me that it would only be fair, since you say Pete Warren is near, fer him to be told of de situation and left to choose fer himself."

"I'm willin' ter do dat, God knows," said Neb; "an ef y' all say so, I'll fetch 'im here on you kin explain it ter 'im."

"I'm sure dat will be best," said Hardestade. "Hurry up. To save time, you might bring his food here—that is, if your wife has not taken it to him."

"No, she was aboard ter go out dar. I'll mek 'er fetch it up here while I go after him. It may tek time, fer he may be afraid to come in. But ef I tell 'im de grub's here I bound you he'll come."

They heard Neb's voice giving instructions to his wife, and then the outer door in the rear was opened and closed. Presently a step was heard on the stair and they held their breaths expectantly, but it was only Neb's wife with a plate of food. She placed it grudgingly on a little table which she dragged softly from a corner into the centre of the room, and without a word retired. A door below creaked on its hinges; steps resounded loudly from the floor below, and Neb's urgent, piteous voice rose to the inner ears of the listeners.

"Come on; don't be a baby, Pete," they heard Neb say. "Dey all yo' friends en want ter he'p you out'a yo' trouble ef dey kin."

"What dat meat? What it? Oh, God, what it?" It was the voice of the pursued boy, and it had a queer, uneasy sound that all but struck terror to the hearts of the listeners.

"She br' it up dar whar dey all is," Neb said; "come on!"

That seemed to settle the matter, for the clamorous steps increased and then Neb led Pete Warren into the room.

"Wait; let me git you er chair," Neb said.

"What it? Whar it? My God! whar dat meat?" Pete cried, in a harsh, rasping voice.

"Whar'd she put it?" Neb asked.

"Hanged ef I know."

"On de table," said Hardestade.

Neb reached out far the plate, and had as soon touched it than Pete sprang at him with the snarl of an angry dog. The plate fell with a crash to the floor and the food with it.

"There!" Neb exclaimed, "you did it."

Then the spectators witnessed a pitiful, even repulsive scene, for the boy was on the floor, a big bone of ham in his clutch. Nothing was heard except the snuffing, sniffling, crunching sound that issued from Pete's nose, mouth, and jaws.

"Sh!" Neb kneeled, warningly; but there was no cessation of the ravenous, noisy eating of the starving negro. "Sh!" It was Neb's warning, this again. All was silence in the room; even Pete paused to listen. It was the low drone of human voices, and many in number, immediately below. A light from a suddenly

exposed lantern flashed on the walls. Neb approached the window, but, afraid even cautiously to raise the mask, he stood breathless. Then through his closed lips came the words: "We are emight; gen'men, we in fer it certain en sho'. They done tracked us down."

There was a loud rapping on the door below, a stifled scream from Neb's wife at the foot of the stairs, and then a sharp, commanding voice sounded outside.

"Open up, Neb Wynn," it said. "We are on to your game. Some devilment is in de wind, and we are going to know what it is."

Neb suddenly and boldly threw up the sash and looked out. "All right, gen'men; don't hek' my saw lock. I'll be down dar in er minute." Then quickly turning to Pete, he bent and drew him up. "Mek er break fer dat winter grub dar, slide down de shed roof, en run fer yo' life, Run!"

There was a great clatter of chairs and feet in the group of men, a crashing of a thin window-sash in the rear, a heavy thumping sound on a roof outside, and a loud shout from lusty throats below:

"There he goes! Catch 'im! Head 'im off! Shoot 'im!"

Then darkness, chaos, and terror reigned.

CHAPTER XIV

WHILE these things were being enacted, Sanders, who had taken supper at Warren's, and Helen sat on the front veranda in the moonlight. Scarcely any other topic than Mam' Linda's trouble had been broached between them, though the ardent visitor had made many futile efforts to draw the girl's thoughts into more cheerful channels. It was shortly after ten o'clock and Sanders was about to take his leave, when old Uncle Lewis emerged from the shadows of the house and was going along the walk towards the gate leading into the Dutch grounds, when Helen called out to him.

"Where are you going, Uncle Lewis?" she asked him.

He doffed his old slouch-hat and stood bare and bald, his smooth pate gleaming in the moonlight. "I started over ter see Marse Carson, Missy," he said, in a low, husky voice. "I know good en well dat he can't do a thing, but Linda's been beggin' me ever since she seed him en Mr. Ginner drive up at de back gate. She thinks maybe dey Parat suppin' bout Pete. I know dey ain't, honey, 'n' dey 'ud 'a' been over 'o' dis. Dar he is on de verandah now.—Oh, Marse Carson! Kin I see you er minute?"

"Yes, I'll be right down, Lewis," Carson answered, leaning over the railing.

As he came out of the house and approached across the grass, Sanders and Helen went to meet him. He bowed to Helen and nodded coldly to Sanders, to whom he had barely been introduced, and then with a furrowed brow he stood and looked at the old man husbly made his wants known.

"I'm sorry to say I haven't heard a thing," Uncle Lewis, he said. "I'd have been over to see Linda if I had. So far as I can see, everything is just the same."

"Oh, young marse, I don't know what I'm agin' ter do. I don't see how Linda gins' ter pass thro' no other night. She'n luv'n' n't de stake,



Illustration by J. B. Martin

"My God, he's shot!" Garner called out

Marce Carson, but thou it all she blesses you for tryin' so hard."

Carson lowered his head. There was a look of profound and tortured sympathy in his strong face. Garner came out of the house, smoking a cigar, and strolled across the grass toward them.

Carson was white, and the arms Garner had taken were trembling. "I don't know, Garner—I can't stand anything like that," Dwight said. "It has made me actually sick. I—I—can't stand it. Good night, Garner; if you won't spend the night with me I'll turn in. I—I—"

"Hush! what's that?" Garner interrupted, his ear bent towards the centre of the town.

It was a loud and increasing outcry at Noh Wynn's house. Several reports of revolvers were heard, and screams and shouts:

"Head 'im off! Shoot 'im! There he goes!"

"Great God!" Garner cried, excitedly. "Do you suppose it is—?"

He did not flinch, for Carson had raised his hand to check him, and stood staring through the moonlight in the direction from which the sounds were coming. There were now audible the rapid and heavy footfalls of many runners. On they came, the sound increasing as they drew nearer. They were only a few blocks distant now. Carson cast a hurried glance towards the Warren house. There, leaning on the fence, supported by Helen and Lewis, stood Linda, silent, motionless. Sanders stood alone not far away. On came the rushing throng. They were turning the nearest corner. Somebody or something was in the lead. Was it a man, an animal, a mad dog, a—

On it came, forming the point of a human triangle. It was a man, but a man divided to the earth by fatigue and weakness, a man who ran as if on the point of sprawling at every desperate leap forward. His hard breathing came fell on Carson's ears.

"It's Pete!" he said, sharply.

Garner laid his firm hand on his friend's arm. "Now's the time for you to have common sense," he said. "Remember, you have lost all you care for by this thing—don't throw in your life. By God, you sha'n't! I'll—"

Dwight wrenched his arm from the clutch of Garner and dashed towards the gate and was out in the street just as the negro reached him, stretched out his hands, and fell sprawling at his feet. He remained there on his knees, his hands clutching the young man's legs, while the human wolf-pack passed round.

"He's the one!" a hoarse voice exclaimed. "Kill 'im. Turn him—the d—"

Standing pinioned to the ground, Carson raised his hands above his head. "Stop! Stop! Stop!" he kept crying, as the crowd swayed him back and forth in their effort to lay hold of the fugitive, who was slipping from him with the desperate clutch of a drowning man to his rescuer.

"Stop! Listen!" he kept shouting, till those nearest him became calmer, and forming a ring, pressed the outer ones back.

"Well, listen!" some of them cried. "But what he's got to say, it's Carson Dwight's. He's not taking any for his; he's a white man. He doesn't take up for black devils that—"

"I believe this boy is innocent," Carson's voice rang out, "and I plead with you as men and fellow citizens to give me a chance to prove it to your fullest satisfaction. I'll stake my life on it. Some of you know me; well believe me when I say I'll stake every cent I have, everything I hold dear on earth, if you will only give me the chance."

A cry of fierce opposition rose in the outskirts of the throng, and it passed from lip to lip till the storm was at his height again. Then Garner did what surprised Carson as much as anything he had ever seen from that man of mystery.

"Stop! Listen!" Garner thundered, in tones of such command that they seemed to sweep all other sounds out of the tumult.

"Let's hear what he's got to say. It can do no harm."

The trick worked. Not three men in the mad mob associated the voice or personality with the law partner of the man demanding their attention. The sound subsided; it fell away till the low, whispering groups of the frightened fugitive were heard. There was a gasp and a sidelong look on the edge of the sidewalk, and feeling it behind him, Carson stood upon it, his hands on the woolly pate of the negro. As he did so his swift glance took in many things about him. He saw Linda at the fence, her head bowed upon her arms as if to shut out from her sight the awful scene. Near her stood Lewis, Helen, and Sanders, their expectant gaze fixed upon him. At the window of his mother's room, he saw the invalid clearly outlined against the lamplight behind her. Never had Carson Dwight put so much of his young sympathetic soul into words. His eloquence streamed from him like a sudden torrent of words. On the still night air it rose clear, firm, confident. It was a call not to them to be merciful to the mother loved there like a thing out from time, for passion like theirs would have been increased by such advice, but it was a call to patriotism. He pleaded with them to let their temperate action that night say to all the world that the day of intolerant lawlessness in the fair Southland was at an end. Law and order were the South's only solution of the frightful problem laid like another burden on a suffering people.

"Good, good!" It was the adroit Garner under his broad-brimmed hat in the edge of the crowd. "Listen, neighbors, let him go on."

There was a faint suggestion of agreement in the stillness that followed Garner's words. But other difficulties were to arise. There was a cluster of galloping horses round the corner on the nearest side street, and three men, evidently mountaineers, rode manly up. They reined in their puffing, panting horses.

"What's the matter?" one of them asked, with an oath. "What are you waiting for? That's the d— black devil."

"They are waiting, like human beings, to give this man a chance to establish his innocence," Carson cried, firmly.

"They are, d— you, are they?" the same voice answered back. There was a pause; the horseman raised his arm; something gleamed in the moonlight, and there was a flash and a report. The crowd saw Carson Dwight suddenly lunge to one side and raise his hand to the side of his head.

"My God, he's shot!" Garner called out. "Who is that man?" For an instant silence reigned; Carson still stood pressing his hand to his temple.

No one spoke; the three motive horses were rearing and prancing about in excitement. Garner made his way through the crowd, flinching then right and left, till he stood near the block. A good white man had been shot," he cried out. "Shoot by a man on one of those horses. Be calm. This is a serious business."

But Carson, with his left hand pressed to his temple, now stood erect.

"Yes, some reward back there shot me, but I don't think I am seriously wounded. It may fire on me again, as a dirty coward will do on a defenseless man; but as I stand here daring him to try it again, I plead with you, my friends, to let me put this bug into jail. Many of you know me, and know I'll keep my word when I promise to move heaven and earth to give him a fair and just trial for the crime of which you accuse him."

"It's Carson Dwight. My God, he's got grit," a voice cried. "Let him have his way, boys. The sheriff is back there. Heigh, Jeff Bralder, come to the front!"

"Is the sheriff back there?" Carson asked, calmly. In the strange silence that had suddenly fallen, he asked no more.

"Yes, here I am," Bralder was moving towards him through the crowd. "I was trying to spot the man that fired that shot, but he's gone."

"You let he's gone?" cried one of the two remaining horsemen, and stepped in, and the other, he turned and they both galloped away. This seemed a signal to the crowd to acquiesce in the plan proposed, and they stood voiceless and still, their rage strangely spent, while Bralder took the limp and cowering prisoner by the arm and drew him down from the block. Pete, only half comprehending, was crying piteously and clinging to Dwight, as Carson said:

"It's all right, Pete; come on; we'll lock you up in the jail where you'll be safe."

Between Carson and the sheriff, followed by Garner, Pete was the centre of the jostling throng as they moved off towards the jail.

"What dey gwine ter do, honey?" old Linda asked, finding her voice for the first time as she looked towards her young mistress, "Put him in jail where he'll be safe," Helen said. "It's all over now, Maamsy."

"Thank God, thank God!" Linda cried, fervently. "I knowed Marce Carson wouldn't let 'em kill my boy—I knowed it—I knowed it!"

"He didn't nobody say Marce Carson was shot, honey?"

old Lewis asked. "Seem ter me like I done heard—"

Pale and motionless, Helen stood staring after the departing crowd. Carson Dwight's powerful words were still ringing in her ears. They seemed to have been her heart from her breast. He had said, "You like a good strong free man, pleading as she would have pleaded for that simple human life, and they had listened; they had been swept from their mad purpose by the sheer sincerity and conviction of his young soul. They had shot at him while he stood a target for their unbridled passion, and even then he had dared to taunt them with cowardice.

"Daughter, daughter!" her father on the upper floor of the veranda was calling down to her.

"What is it, father?" she asked.

"Do you know if Carson was hurt?" the Major asked, anxiously. "You know, he said he wasn't; but that would be like him even if he were wounded. It may be only the excitement that is keeping him up, and the poor boy may be seriously hurt."

"Oh, father, do you think—?" Helen's heart sank; a sensation like autumn came down her legs, and she almost fell; but Sanders, who was white like on his face, he caught hold of her arm and was supporting her to a seat on the veranda. She raised her eyes to Sanders's face as she sank into a chair. "Do you think—I'd he look like he was wounded?"

"He could not make out," Sanders answered, seriously; and yet his lip was drawn tight, and he stood quite erect. "I—I thought he was at first, but later when he continued to speak I fancied I was mistaken."

"He put his hands to his temple," Helen said, "and almost fell. I saw him steady himself, and then he seemed stammered for a moment."

Sanders made no reply. "I remember her aunt said," he mused, his brows drawn together, "that she once had a sweet-heart. Could this be the man?"

CHAPTER XV

Ten minutes later, while they still sat on the veranda waiting for Carson's return, they saw Dr. Stone, the Dwight's family physician, come from his high chair, the hitching post near the door.

"I wonder what that means?" the Major asked. "He must have been sent for on Carson's account and thinks he is at home. Call to him, Lewis."

Hearing his name, Dr. Stone approached, his medicine-case in hand.

"Were you looking for Carson?" Major Warren asked.

"Why, no," answered the doctor in surprise; "they said Mrs. Dwight was badly shocked. Was Carson really hurt?"

"We were trying to find out," said the Major. "He went on to the jail with the sheriff, determined to see the boy protected."

"There was a sound of an opening door and old Dwight came out to the fence, hatless, restless, and pale. 'Come right in, Doctor,' he said, grimly. 'There's no time in loss.'"

"Is it as bad as that?" Stone asked.

"She's dying. If I'm any judge," was the answer. "She was standing at the window and heard that pistol-shot, and now Carson was hit. She fell flat on the floor. We've done everything, but she's still unconscious."

The two men went hastily in to the room where Mrs. Dwight lay, and they were barely out of sight when Helen noticed some one rapidly approaching from the direction of the jail. It was Keith Gordon, and as he entered the gate he laid his hand on Linda's shoulder and said, cheerily, "Don't worry now; Pete is safe, and the mob is dispersing."

"But Carson," Major Warren asked, "was he hurt?"

"We don't know yet," Keith was now at Helen's side looking into her wide-open anxious eyes. "He wouldn't stop a second to be examined. He was afraid something might occur to alter the temper of the mob, and wasn't going to run any risks. The crowd was made up mostly of town men, but a man from the mountains, a blood-rerelative of the Johnsons, could have killed the Major again, and Carson knew it. He was more worried about his mother than anything else. She was at the window and he saw her fall; he urged me to hurry back to tell her he was safe. I'll go in."

But he was detained by the sound of voices down the street. It was a group of half a dozen men, and in their midst was Carson Dwight violently protesting against being supported. "I told you I'll all right!" Helen heard him saying. "I'm not a baby, Garner; let me alone."

"But you are bleeding like a stuck pig," Garner said. "Your handkerchief is soaked." Carson cried, "I was stunned for a moment when it hit me, that's all."

Helen, followed by her father and Sanders, went hurriedly to meet the approaching group. They gave way as she drew near and she and Dwight faced each other.

"The doctor is in the house, Carson," she said, tenderly; "go in and let him examine your wound."

"It's only a scratch, Helen. I give you my word," he laughed lightly. "I never saw such a squeamish set of men in my life. Even stolid old Bill Garner has had seven duck fits at the sight of my red handkerchief. But how's my mother?"

Helen's eyes fell. "Your father says he is afraid it is quite serious," she said. "The doctor is with her; she was unconscious."

They saw Carson wince; his face became suddenly rigid. He sighed. "It may not be so well, after all. Pete is safe for a while, but if she—if my mother were to— I want no further, simply staring blankly into Helen's face. Suddenly she put her hand up to his blood-stained temple and gently drew aside the matted hair. Their eyes met and clung together.

"You must let Dr. Stone dress this at once," she said—more



She stood looking at her image in the mirror

Illustration by J. B. A. A. A.

gently. Sanders thought, then he had ever heard a woman speak in all his life. The visitor turned aside; there was something in the contact of the two that at once maddened him and drew him down to despair. He had dared to hope that she would consent to become his wife, and yet the man to whom she was so gently ministering had once been her lover. Yes, that was the man. He was sure of it now.

Dwight's attitude, tone of voice, and glance were evidence enough. Besides, Sanders asked himself, where was the living man who could know Helen Warren and not be her slave forever afterwards? "Well, I'll go right in," Carson said, gloomily. He and Keith and Garner were passing through the gate when Linda called to him as he came hastily forward, but Keith and Garner were talking, and Carson did not hear the old woman's voice. Helen met her and paused. "Let him alone to-night, Mamma," she said, almost bitterly. It seemed to Sanders, who was seeing new sides of her character. "Your boy is safe, but he is wounded—wounded, I tell you, and his mother may be dying. Let him alone for to-night anyway."

"All right, honey," the old woman said, "but I'm going to stay here till the doctor comes out on an 'im how day be is. My heart is full for night, honey. Seven must like find done listen for my prayers."

Sanders lingered with the pale, deeply distressed young lady on the veranda till Keith came out of the house and strode towards them across the dooryard.

"They are both all right, thank God!" he said. "The doctor says Mrs. Dwight has had a frightful shock, but will pull through. Carson was right, his wound was only a scratch caused by the grazing bullet. But God knows it was a close call, and there is but one man in the State now enough to have fired the shot."

When Keith and Sanders had left her, Helen went with dragging, listless feet up the stairs to her room. Lighting her lamp, she stood looking at her image in the mirror on her bureau. Her strangely drawn and grave her features appeared. It seemed to her that she looked older and more serious than she had ever looked in her life.

Dropping her glance to her hands, she noted something that sent a thrill through her from head to foot. It was a purple swathe left on her fingers by their gentle contact with Carson Dwight's wound. Stepping across to her wash-stand, she poured some water into the basin, and was on the point of removing the stain, but she paused and impulsively raised it towards her lips. She stopped again, and stood still, erect, and unaltered. Then a thought flashed into her brain. She was recalling the contents of that letter of Carson's to her poor brother; the hot blood surged over her and she dipped her hands and began to lave them in the cooling water. He was noble, he was brave, he had a great and beautiful soul, and yet he had written that letter to her dead brother. Yes, she had openly encouraged Sanders, and she must be honorable. At any rate, he was a good, clean man, and his happiness was at stake. Yes, she supposed she would finally marry him. She would marry him.

To Be Continued.



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NEW YORK'S ELABORATE SUMMER PLAY-
GROUND—CONEY ISLAND BY NIGHT AND DAY

The Feast of Tigers

(Continued from page 236.)

direction from which the sounds had come. He broke suddenly into a clearing in the forest, a crowd which stood a grove of stout camp-followers.

"Fastened to the trees by thick ropes were the intemperate remnants of what once had been human beings. How wretched they had been made! I shall never learn from telling you. I knew at once the history of that tragedy. And even as the thought flashed through my mind the *toi pan* uttered it in words.

"Tigers," he whispered, "Tigers."
Some of my *toi pan* were members of the Black Brotherhood, but they all shuddered at the frightful sight that confronted us. I put them all to work burying the dead and while they were at this task I counted the bodies. There were fifty-eight of them.

The *toi pan* came running across the clearing.

"Master," he cried, "one of them is still living."

"Impossible as this seemed, I hastened to where a group of the men were gathered around a writhing creature on the ground. I gave the poor torn one a big drink of rice cordial (*saucho*), and within a few moments he revived enough to talk.

"There were one hundred of us in rebellion against the Prince Wali King," he said, "and I defeated us in a short battle, and made fifty-eight prisoners. He gave an order, and we were led into this forest and tied to the trees. That was at the tenth hour of yesterday. All day long we stood still, looked to the strong trees, our bodies bruised by the ropes as we struggled to get free, our throats parched by thirst.

"At nightfall the tigers came. Many tigers. We could see them far off at first, walking about and looking their tails, and always coming a little nearer. When it was quite dark we could see their yellow eyes moving in the darkness, always creeping a little nearer. Some of our men tried to stand. They cried out like tigers—as much like tigers as they could.

"For a time the beasts were frightened by the fire, for they feared a trap. But at last one tiger plunged boldly through our circle and into the open space. Then another and another. The place was full of tigers. We could not see them clearly, but their eyes were staring like torches, and we could make out a great mass of bodies writhing and leaping over one another. They purred like cats.

"One tiger suddenly charged out of the mass and leaped upon my brother. My lord, he was dead at the first leap. Then another and another leaped and struck. What could we do but cry out? We are only men. I saw a great beast leaping at me, and I knew no more until you, my lord, gave me life out of a rap."

"My friends, that man died as he was speaking to us. I suppose the tiger that struck him left him to prey upon a larger man with more flesh, and that is why he survived so long. We buried all the victims, and hurried away. The tigers continued to follow us until we had crossed a great river. I hope never to look upon a tiger again."

The Edalji Case and British Justice

(Continued from page 235.)

to a former named Green, Harry Green, the farmer's son, a young man, signed a confession that he had himself killed the horse. This confession he afterwards repudiated, stating that "what had killed me of him by the police. But he did not go back in it until he had secured a ticket to South Africa. Not only did the police not prosecute him, but they continued at his leaving the country, and their conduct raised the unpleasant suspicion that they feared that his trial would bring out facts which would interfere with the conviction of Edalji.

Edalji's case when it came before Quarter Sessions was tried in the lower court by a man who had had no legal training. The

prisoner was convicted not only on the evidence at which I have glanced, but on the testimony of Mr. Thomas Gurney, the hand-writing expert, who gave it as his opinion that Edalji was the author of the anonymous letters. A year after he gave this evidence Mr. Gurney appeared before the Bench Committee, and had to admit the terrible fact that through his evidence an innocent man had suffered prolonged incarceration. It is therefore not impertinent to suggest that he may have been mistaken in the Edalji case as well. Looking at the facts as a whole, and especially at the fact that the outrages continued long after Edalji was in prison, it seems clear that the verdict was a gross miscarriage of justice. Many people thought so at the time, and immediately after the sentence of seven years was passed a movement was set on foot to reopen the case. As in the Beck affair, the Home Office remained stolidly obdurate. Edalji served three years in prison. Then an excellent series of articles in Mr. Labouchere's paper, *Truth*, shook officialdom and he was suddenly released. Since then Sir Comm Doyle has investigated the whole matter, and stirred public opinion to the point of forcing a commission of inquiry. That commission is now, as I write, dedicating on the case. It seems incredible that it should not find altogether in the accused man's favor.

NOTE.—Since Mr. Brooks's article was written, the cable has brought news of the fact that the Government Commission, which has been reviewing Edalji's case, has granted him a free pardon, admitting that he was severely convicted. It charges him by implication, however, with the authorship of the famous incriminating letters written to the police respecting the crime, despite the fact that Sir Comm Doyle, in his elaborate analysis of the case, demonstrated that there was no proof that Edalji wrote the letters.—KORROO.

Female Labor in France

Of the 37,730,000 population of France, statistics record a working population of 19,750,075, of whom 6,935,510 are women and girls. The number engaged in agricultural pursuits is 8,176,540, of whom 5,638,352 are women. Of the 1,822,820 people engaged in commerce, 689,999 are women, and of the 1,015,020 people employed in domestic pursuits 791,178 are female. Those engaged in industrial pursuits furnish employment to 5,810,855 people, of whom 2,124,642 are women. The percentage of females employed in four branches of labor is: Agriculture, 28; commerce, 35; domestic pursuits, 77; and learned professions, 33.

The Point of View

PAT is employed by a large manufacturing concern, whose plant is surrounded by extensive and exceedingly well-kept lawns, to operate an automobile grass-cutter, and while his motor would not create much interest in the Vanderbilt Cup Race, his ten-hours-a-day, six-days-a-week of steady travel runs into an impressive total of miles done.

One Sunday afternoon as Pat was enjoying a walk in the country, a friend came along, radiant in the possession of a new machine, and, slowing down as he copied Pat, invited the wayfarer to get in and ride.

Pat's reply was instantaneous. "Now, thank'y, I do that all week!"

Our Polar Governor

"I'm best if I see," said the Tammany politician, "that this fellow Peary wants to spend so much time and money travelling up into the frozen North just to discover the pole, when for three dollars he can buy a ticket for Albany."

"What's that got to do with the north pole?" demanded his co-e-e-e.

"He'll find it's twin brother up there," explained the Tammany politician. "That fellow Hughes would make it back like a bolting spring in Arkansas."

Signs

"I AM afraid," said the philosopher, "that at heart we are all Indians. For instance, when an Indian paints his cheeks in scarlet lines and dabs a yellow square on his forehead the world knows that he is in love. When he covers his face with zigzag black lines upon an ochre base it is his purpose to go out and consume all the strong waters he can find in ninety-seven counties."

"Well," said the listener, "what of it?"

"Similarly when you see a young man from the West with more millions than brains cornering the red-paint industry, laying in all the brushes, paibs, and mops he can put his hands on—"

"Yes!" asked the listener, breathlessly.

"You know he is going to leave home and mother to spend a quiet week in little old New York," said the philosopher.

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THE STATUS OF THE AUTOMOBILE IN ENGLAND, ITALY, AND BRAZIL.

ENGLAND is claimed to be the best market in the world for automobiles. Despite their enormous output in 1906, the home factories could not possibly supply a large part of the demand, and as the same condition may obtain during the present and succeeding years, it would seem to be opportune for American producers to obtain a share of this import trade, which now goes almost wholly to France.

At a recent exhibit of motor-cars in Liverpool, two or three American-built cars were displayed and attracted much favorable comment. The country surrounding Liverpool is so uneven and hilly that the electric runabout, so popular in America, is not found to be equally serviceable there. Nevertheless, for town uses, for professional and other calls and the transaction of routine business, it should be in demand, especially when the cost is considered and the ease with which the car can be manipulated. For driving in the country in the north of England a heavier car, with a different motive power, is preferred, on account of the frequency with which steep hills must be climbed.

While the interurban electric railroad of the American kind will probably never be extensively built in England, on account of the topography of the country and the inherent prejudice of the people, the motor omnibus, accommodating about the same number of people as the ordinary London omnibus, is being introduced in many parts of England. One or two lines of motor omnibuses have been established between Liverpool and outlying towns and districts, and additional lines will probably soon be inaugurated. The excellence of the English railroads, both as to safety and the frequency of service between the larger centres of business, will naturally limit the field of the motor passenger omnibus to short distances. The noise of the motor omnibus and the unpleasant odor it emits are seriously objected to, both in town and country, but the resulting convenience is rapidly overcoming all objections, although the omnibuses would certainly come into more general use if these were not so annoying.

In Italy the great wave of industrial activity which has swept over the nation during the past five years, of which the increase in the importations of coal and the somewhat feverish development of hydraulic power imply the importance, is nowhere more directly and fertile than in the development of the automobile industry. Turin stands at the head of this movement, which began in January, 1901, and on December 31, 1906, the companies

manufacturing automobiles and their accessories in Italy numbered 111, with a nominal capital of \$2,354,600 and a working capital of \$39,600,509. Of the 37 of these 111 companies that are situated in Turin, 23 manufacture automobiles, 8 manufacture automobile accessories, and 6 are engaged in automobile coach building. No less than 11 new companies for the manufacture of automobiles were founded in Turin during 1906, those formed in 1905 being 9. The progress of the past year has thus placed Turin beyond all question first among the automobile-building cities of the world.

The value of the automobiles built in Turin and exported to the United States during 1905 was \$124,558, and during 1906, \$235,718. During the same years the value of the automobiles exported from Italy to all countries was, respectively, \$699,409 and \$2,020,871. The United States thus took from Turin more than 29 per cent. of all the automobiles exported to all countries by Italy in 1905, and more than 12 per cent. of those exported in 1906.

In Brazil the number of American machines to be seen is constantly increasing, and the reputation of the cars of American make is becoming more and more favorable. Apparently the trade in Rio de Janeiro is veering to touring-cars almost exclusively, the demand for runabouts being almost all. Taste also runs to machines of a long wheel base with large seating capacity rather than great power or speed. There is still a disposition to give European machines the preference, chiefly because they were first introduced, but American machines are accepted when their merits are actually proved. While showy cars are popular and appearance has unusual weight, there is a good and growing field for medium power, strongly built, medium-priced machines like some of the American manufacturers are now producing.

The first auto buses placed in service in Rio de Janeiro have not been a success, but a different model is being considered, and it is thought that the mistakes of the management of the service so far can be avoided and a more successful result obtained. The service was maintained for a time on the Avenida Central, the great show avenue of the city, but the machines were very large and clumsy and failed to attract the expected crowds. On the other hand, there are a large number of machines let for hire by the hour or by the trip at high rates, which are popular, and whose owners are doing a very satisfactory business.

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Strange Disappearance of the American Horse

ANTIQUES and motorists may lead in time to the second disappearance of the horse, which once before became extinct in North and South America. Over three centuries ago, at the Spanish Conquest, there was not to be found in the New World, so it has been practically proved, a single animal that answered to the horse. Horses, indeed, which the Spaniards brought with them to mount their cavalry were objects at first of great terror to the natives, who took them to be four-legged supernatural beings come purposely to aid the conquerors. Yet recent research by the Whitney Mission has established beyond doubt that long before Columbus the Americans were merry by horses from the mountains of Alaska to the plains of Patagonia.

In 1826 the chance discovery in New Jersey of an equine fossil of an unknown kind led to more methodical investigation of America, with the result that prehistoric horse-bones have been found in California and Oregon; between the Gulf of Mexico and the Carolinas; in Texas, Florida, and the valleys of Mexico; in the heads of the Mississippi and on the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Horses, too, must have been numerous in this country previous to the appearance of man; researches having brought to light their fossilized remains mixed up with pottery and the stone arms of cave-dwellers.

How is it, then, that the equine race, represented in America by kind of fossil considerably more numerous than in Europe, came for a time to vanish from this country to reappear thousands of centuries later with the Spanish Conquest? For but a century after Cortez there were already in existence herds of wild horses in the regions of the Plata and the prairies of the Far West.

By some this temporary extinction of the American horse has been attributed to the increasing cold and the encroachments of the glacial hemisphere. It is certain that the elephant and camel disappeared at the same time. Another explanation is that the horses succumbed to a deadly such as the "rinderpest" in South Africa. Again, what brought about this extinction may possibly have been a species of the present-day Colombian vampire bat, which sucks the life-blood of its victims, and in the districts it infests prevents the horse being used as a beast of burden.

R. DOLT-LONAT.

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Ages

THERE is a Boston divine who enjoys a good cigar, and while on a recent trip to New York went into the smoking-car to indulge himself in a "weed." He had barely seated himself, when a young fellow came into the car, which was well filled, and seating himself beside the minister, drew forth and lighted a huge pipe which, from its strength, seemed to have received all the development which the youth lacked.

The young fellow evidently took the chances which his fellow passengers from time to time cast in his direction for those of admiration, for he presently took his pipe from his mouth, and, holding it lovingly in his hands, remarked:

"Hearty, isn't it? It was a birthday present to me."

"Indeed?" the minister responded with a pleasant smile. "But, you know," he added, "I should never have supposed you were so old as that."

High Finance

"I HAVE a bookkeeper in my office who is evidently destined to be one of our future captains of finance, all right," a broker remarked the other day. "He is a good clerk, but of late he has been late several times, and I had to call him down."

"You have been late three times already this week," I said. "What is the trouble—overleeping yourself?"

"No, sir; and I am very sorry," he answered. "I will try not to let it happen again. It has been due to the fact that I have been walking to the office instead of riding."

"Think the exercise does you good?" I asked him.

"No, sir; rather a matter of economy," he explained. "Even small sums count to me, you see, and I have already saved enough to have my shoes re-soled."



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THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND OHIO

Curiosities of the Servant Question in New Zealand

In connection with the advanced position taken by labor in New Zealand it may be interesting to note the attitude of the domestic servants of that colony. A union has been formed which, through its secretary at Wellington, sent out circulars to housewives, informing them of the "claims" of the Domestic Workers' Union, and expressing the hope that their reasonableness would be acknowledged by signing the agreement accompanying the circular letter, which informs those concerned that "by so doing you will obviate the unpleasantness of appearing personally or by agent before the Conciliation Board or Arbitration Court." Following are among the "claims" set forth in a circular:

The week's work shall consist of sixty-eight hours, to be divided as follows: Work to commence every morning, except holidays, at 6.30 A. M., and cease on Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7.30 P. M., with three intervals of one-half hour each for meals, and one hour's interval in the afternoon of each day.

On Thursdays work shall cease at 2 P. M., with two intervals of one-half hour each for meals.

On Sundays work shall cease at 2 P. M., with two intervals of half an hour each for meals, but domestic shall, if required, prepare tea between the hours of 5.30 P. M. and 6.30 P. M. on alternate Sundays.

On Wednesdays work shall cease at 10 P. M., with three intervals of half an hour each for meals and one hour interval in the afternoon.

On Sundays two hours shall be allowed to attend church in the morning.

Christmas Day, Boxing Day, New Year's Day, King's Birthday, Prince of Wales' Birthday, Anniversary Day, Easter Monday, Labor Day, and all statutory holidays shall be deemed to be holidays, and work done on such days shall be paid for at the rate of 1 shilling (24 cents) per hour.

Domestics shall be in every evening at 10 P. M., except Thursdays, and on that night at 12 P. M.

To what extent these "claims" have been acknowledged has not yet transpired.

Absent Treatment

A WOMAN prominent in Philadelphia and a leading member of a club there is the main figure in a story that illustrates her somewhat indiscriminate charity.

"I have so much sympathy for these poor street musicians," said she one day to a colleague at the club. "I give one Italian and his wife fifty cents every week regularly. They play in front of my house every Thursday, nine or eleven."

"I should imagine that would be most irksome," suggested the friend. "Think of listening to that horrible street piano during a lengthy interval one day every week!"

"Oh, my mind has to look out for that," explained the charitably disposed woman. "Thursday is my day at the club, you know!"

In Doubt

A CERTAIN young man who, according to all the accepted notions, should be very happy at this time was fazed by a friend, the other day, with a somewhat troubled look upon his face.

"I have a little matter, old man! Haven't had a tilt, have you?" the friend inquired.

"N—no," was the reply, accompanied by a sigh. "Fact is," he continued, in a burst of confidence, "I've been thinking over a little remark Alice made last night."

"Oh, perhaps you misunderstood," the friend suggested, encouragingly.

"I hope so," was the reply. "You see, we were talking of—well, how things would be, you know, and Alice said—"

"And won't he be just too sweet: you will come home all tired out from your last day's work, and hold me on your lap for hours, and read to me, and drive all my cares away, and dry my tears, and rub my head—and it will be just like a novel!"

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITY

JOHN WARWICK DANIEL

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LI

New York, Saturday, June 15, 1907

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A DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITY
JOHN WARWICK DANIEL
SENIOR SENATOR FROM VIRGINIA

HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. LI.

No. 2034

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

A Democrat of Presidential Size

Our country has two great political organizations, one or the other of which will elect our next President. It is of the highest importance that both of them should be maintained in a condition of vigorous and responsible efficiency, so that whenever the people become dissatisfied with the policies or administrative labors of one, they may find a safe alternative in the other. It is now ten years since the Federal government ceased to be in the charge of the Democrats, and during that period they have been out of office also in most of the Northern States. For these reasons, and because of the division in the party on the silver question, it has been a bad decade for the development of Democratic leaders. The able men of the Republican party have come to the front in ample number, filling conspicuous places in the government, making reputations for themselves, and becoming widely known to the general public. Not so with the Democrats. To them the Federal service has been pretty much closed, and only in Congress and in some of the State governments have Democratic leaders kept in sight. The one professing Democrat who has never been overlooked by his party is Mr. Bayne, and it is natural enough that to a very considerable army of Democratic voters it should seem that he is the only Democrat of Presidential dimensions that exists. But there are other Presidential Democrats besides Mr. Bayne, and it is highly desirable that the Democratic public should cultivate their acquaintance. One of them is Senator DANIEL of Virginia, a man whom every one who has an interest at stake in the next Presidential election ought to know all about. A correspondent of the WEEKLY has been to see him at his home in Lynchburg, and tells on another page such details about his life and opinions as, we trust, will make the readers of the WEEKLY feel that they knew him better.

The President's Recent Remarks

When the President made his tour through the Middle West he delivered speeches which permitted various interpretations, and advantage has been taken of the permission. His speech on the railroads, elsewhere considered, contained a number of sound and conservative reflections and reassuring promises. It is worth while to gather these together and to present them in their fullness, especially since to a large degree they are acceptances of ascriptions made by railroad managers and by others familiar with the railroad business. When made by this class of the community they have been derided and denounced as coming from tainted sources; and even within a week or two we have heard from ardent lips that any one who defends the railroads for any practice or even custom is presumably saying, for pay, that which he does not believe in his heart. We will endeavor to present unobscured some statements, not on their merits only, but because they for-

mulate truths that are now accepted by Mr. ROOSEVELT. Here are a few specimens. "Railroads should be permitted and encouraged to make traffic agreements;" the President asks only for such laws as those of Massachusetts and of England, meaning laws insuring publicity, and content with the result that publicity alone secures; "there has been much wild talk as to the extent of the overcapitalization of our railroads;" the census reports and the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission "show that, as a whole, the railroad property of the country is worth as much as the securities representing it;" the real value of railroad securities in the opinion of investors is "greater than their total face value," notwithstanding any "water" that may formerly have been squeezed into them; the "great mass of our railroad securities rest upon safe and solid foundation;" it would not be equitable to base rates entirely upon the physical valuation of railroads; the great need of the hour is increase of railroad facilities; government ought not, by legislation or administration, to make railroads unprofitable to the investor in its attempt to compel improved service to the shipper.

The President's Paternalism

These were some of the statements made by the President at the unveiling of General LAYTON's monument at Indianapolis. It is well that we thus have the promise that those who always think as Mr. ROOSEVELT thinks will now be led to see some soundness in the position of those who do not believe that indiscriminate slaughter of the railroads is the proper punishment for railroad mismanagement. Mr. ROOSEVELT's remarks of the kind referred to were accompanied by just reproaches of railroad slanders, by proper expressions of indignation against railroad-wreckers and of prize-worthy determination to punish them. There was also apparent the well-understood intention of the President to give by legislation to the Federal government power to compel the railroads to submit themselves to the control of the government—that is, of the politicians who will be commissioners. What the President said about overcapitalization, about the necessity of prudence on the part of the government in exercising its control, and on the propriety of caring for the rights of the investors is sound and true, but it is also clear from the speech that the President, though declaring it to be inadvisable for the government to undertake to direct the physical operation of railways, believes that the railroads cannot be well managed except by a paternal Federal government. He believes that government ought to have the power to supervise and control the railroad business as, to use his own image, it oversees the national banks. No evidence of the constant failure of government in the business enterprises in which it embarks can convince him that a paternal Federal power cannot manage better than the owners of the roads. As a matter of fact, the banks are not prosperous because government undertakes to keep them from failure, but because their expert managers conduct their essential banking business unimpeded by ineffectual politicians. And these latter do not even prevent the failures that they ought to make well-nigh impossible.

Can Mr. Roosevelt Be Conservative?

No one who wisely and justly operates a railroad objects to proper public supervision, but supervision and publicity are not control, any more than they are ownership and operation. Every one will approve of the enforcement of the law against "predatory plutocracy" as well as against "predatory poverty," but it is perfectly true that danger and corruption are the natural fruits of too much government supervision. The rights of investors in railroad securities are tied up with the rights of the shippers. Government cannot pass laws which will injure the one which will not eventually bring disaster to the other. It cannot make the roads unprofitable without impairing or perhaps destroying their usefulness to the communities through which they run. The difficulty has been that Mr. ROOSEVELT's previous remarks on railroads and railroad management have led a good many people to believe that he would have undue supervision, and some of his messages and speeches support this conclusion. Some of the States also, doubting his intention to escape from the fate with which Mr. ROOSEVELT threatened them, have followed what they supposed to be Mr. ROOSEVELT's theories, and have passed legislation that would deprive investors of dividends and shippers of needed facilities. It is well that Mr. ROOSEVELT sees the

necessity of warning his hot-headed followers who have thought to get safely into his fold as they scurried away from Mr. ROOSEVELT's threats. They have, indeed, gone much too far, and now, perhaps, more than Mr. ROOSEVELT is needed to bring them back to a realizing sense that an indiscriminate war on railroads threatens every business interest, corporate or individual, in the country. How far Mr. ROOSEVELT's influence has worked in the direction from which he now calls back his followers is indicated by the tendency to doubt if his conservative utterances mean precisely what they seem to signify. They are read together with arguments for Federal paternalism and Federal incorporation, and especially in the baleful light coming from the President's acceptance of the suggestion that the United States may take control of all roads—even intrastate roads—under the constitutional provision giving it power to "establish post-offices and post-roads." "Any one who believes that this clause authorizes the United States to take control of a railroad by declaring it to be a 'post-road' will believe that it may assume full control of a building by renting a room in it for a 'post-office.'" And men will be reluctant to believe that such a mind would conservatively apply those conservative theories with which Mr. ROOSEVELT graced his Indianapolis speech.

The President at Lansing

The President's address on May 31 at Lansing, Michigan, at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Michigan State Agricultural College, came too close after his speech about the railroads to get so much attention as it would otherwise have had. He dwelt upon the need of better industrial training for the ordinary American skilled workman. We have tended, curiously enough, in our industrial training, he said, to devote our energies to producing high-grade men at the top rather than in the ranks. Our schools, he found, tend rather to train away from the shop, the forge, and the farm. He would have much more attention paid to making efficient mechanics and farmers, and more done to make farm life attractive to capable people.

Mr. Bryan's Statesmanship

Mr. BRYAN sees some evil in the "new rate law." He refers, probably, to the effect of enforcing the old anti-trust law. He says that the railroads now get the money which they have been giving in the form of rebates. He is also grieved by one effect of the law forbidding the granting of railroad passes. He says that the railroads now get the money from those who used to travel free. He further says, or so he is reported, "When I find a man who is constantly talking against government ownership of railroads, I believe that he is doing it from his own interests." This was all said in a speech which Mr. BRYAN made at Norfolk, Virginia. In the same speech he is reported as suggesting that the South should recall the fact that although it gives more electoral votes than the North to a Democratic candidate, the North gives the larger Democratic popular vote. It is unnecessary to comment elaborately on these nuggets. The man who recasts that one who has wickedly bribed another, and has been driven from his offending for the future, will hereafter get his honest dues, is quite capable of counting a big minority as important in an election as a small majority; while one who is convinced that another is a self-seeking and perhaps a corrupt man because that other differs from him, must often be struck with the ubiquitousness of greed and self-seeking when he reads the returns of elections in which he has been the leading candidate.

Mr. Taft on the Tariff

Mr. TAFT has invited the wrath of all Republican "stand-patters" by declaring that he is in favor of a revision of the tariff. All stand-patters, whether they are for doing nothing, for "leaving well enough alone," because they fear that a change will injure their business, or reduce the number of their votes, are opposed to this sort of talk. Mr. TAFT doubtless believes in revision; perhaps he believes in a real revision in behalf of the consumer, and of the manufacturer whose raw material is made expensive for him by the present tariff. He has not indicated, however, the nature of the changes that he would favor, nor do we know whether he has given any study whatever to the question. We are inclined to agree

with JEROME HARRIS, Mr. TAFT's fellow citizen, Mr. CLEVELAND's Attorney-General, and the candidate of some for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1908. He says that those who made this tariff cannot revise it, as it ought to be revised, in the interest of the consumer; and it is undoubtedly true that most professed Republican tariff-reformers must be taken with a ton or two of salt.

The Public Utilities Bill

When Mayor McCLELLAN vetoed the Public Utilities bill he may or may not have stated a good reason for his action; but he was very far from committing the crime against progress of which he was pretty generally accused. The bill was never adequately debated by the Legislature. So far as it was discussed at all, those who opposed it were pleasantly alluded to as servants of the corporations; and in certain quarters it has grown to be the fashion to disbelieve anything said by a man whose interests are involved in the question under consideration, unless he be a protected manufacturer or a politician in search of popular favor. Nevertheless, the bill was discussed very ably by Mr. CHRYSTIE and others when it was in committee, and the character of the arguments as well as the character of those who made them demanded a consideration which the measure did not receive in the Legislature, but which it will doubtless receive in the courts if it ever reaches the judges. It may be the kind of legislation which the people of New York desire—we are not now discussing that question—but it was passed by both Houses of the Legislature as no such measure should be passed. The bill provides for the appointment of a commission with powers that exceed those of any body of men that have existed in a free country since the days of the court of Star Chamber. This commission not only decides upon all applications for franchises—in the streets of a city as well as through the State—but no railroad corporation is to be permitted to issue a security or a promissory note without first obtaining the consent of the commission. Not only is the existence of the roads and their power to increase their usefulness in the control of these commissioners, but they are to direct all operation, repairs, switches, turnouts, number of cars of each train; they are to make rules and regulations for employees, and they are to have the right in order extensions that may ruin the roads. The officers of the roads are to lose all real responsibility to the stockholders, and to be responsible to commissioners who, in turn, are to be responsible to the Governor alone.

The Splendid Possibilities for Graft

No legislation was ever suggested that contained a greater potency for "graft." Its richness is beyond calculation. Governor HAVENS may be trusted to make excellent appointments—as excellent as conditions will permit, for we know from our experiences in Panama the difficulty of retaining expert services in public employment; but what is to come after him? The country has learned from bitter experience that laws which give public officials something to sell are likely to do the devil's work—from laws that put the lip-sworder in the policeman's power to laws that give officers of the government an opportunity to blackmail business. It is not very long ago that Governor HAVENS himself was convinced, as a result of his own efforts, that a law which puts insurance companies at the mercy of a politician holding an office bred crime. He would remove an officer who took advantage of his opportunity; but his predecessors had not made removals for such a cause, and high-placed leaders of political parties had used the law and the office to make it worth the while of insurance companies to contribute liberally to campaign funds. There is no soil in our political garden so rich for the growth of noxious weeds as the Public Utilities bill, and the Mayor did his duty in calling attention to it. At any rate, the history of the measure illustrates the difference between legislation and edict. We ought not to desire our laws made in this way, and we ought not to desire such a law.

The South on the Presidency

The search for a Southern Democrat for President continues with an eagerness that indicates a growing belief that the party is not tied to one man only. The last announcement we have seen is that of the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, which names General LEWIS E. WADSWORTH, now ambassador to Japan. General WADSWORTH was at one time acting Governor

of the Philippines, but the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* would probably not have mentioned him at the suggestion either of President ROOSEVELT or of Mr. TAPPAN, with whose policies General WRIGHT has been in entire accord so far as the work of governing the Philippines is concerned. Otherwise, General WRIGHT has always been a Democrat in essentials, and is a gentleman of high character and of many accomplishments. Tennessee may present him without misgiving; and so may Mississippi name JOHN SHELBY WILLIAMS, and Missouri JOSEPH W. FOLK, both of whose names were omitted in our recent list of candidates suggested by the South. There is something stimulating in this interesting recognition by the South of its right to expect the country to receive a Southern candidate for the Presidency on the same terms on which Northern candidates are received. And it is well to repeat that any candidate or any party that would endeavor to defeat an opposing candidate because he comes from the South would themselves deserve defeat for thus reviving the passions of the war.

Senator Beveridge Misquoted

SENATOR BEVERIDGE objects to our statement that in his Galena speech he asserted that "States' rights" is nowhere to be found in the Constitution. He tells us that what he said was that it was "not found in the original Constitution, but was added by amendment." It is greatly to be regretted that any wrong was done to Senator BEVERIDGE, but the wrong is not ours; it was due to the printed broadside containing the speech in full—a broadside that looked as if it were furnished to the newspapers. Mr. BEVERIDGE, then, did not say what this broadside, or our reading of it, asserted. He said that "States' rights" was not in the original Constitution, but in the Tenth Amendment. So, therefore, it is not of much account. It pertains to the imbecility, then, which characterizes the provisions insinuating upon religious freedom; freedom of the press; the rights of peaceably assembling and petitioning; security of persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures; jury trial, etc., etc. All these rights are asserted in amendments, just as is the reservation of rights to the States or the people. If this last is of no account because it is expressed in an amendment, neither are the others; neither are the rights of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments. Mr. BEVERIDGE is entitled to this full repudiation; but we must add that if the Tenth Amendment were not in existence, "all powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." When explicit powers are granted, all but those not necessarily implied from them are reserved to those granting the powers—the States. There was no need of the Tenth Amendment. "States' rights" was in without it.

The New "International Law Quarterly"

The lately published second number of the *International Law Quarterly* contains—in addition to interesting editorial comments on a number of the topics with which it is the specific province of the new quarterly to deal—at least three important articles, namely: the address delivered by Secretary ROOR on the real question underlying the Japanese treaty and the San Francisco school-board resolution; secondly, a survey of the recent development of international law, by ex-Secretary-of-State OLNEY; and, lastly, an exposition of the precedent-making convention of 1907 between the United States and the Dominican Republic, by Dr. JACOB B. HILLMAN, than whom no man is more qualified to discuss the subject. The gist of Mr. ROOR's address, which justly occupies the leading position and which cannot be read too attentively, is the demonstration that beneath all technical inquiries as to whether the discriminating resolution of the San Francisco school board was valid or not, or as to whether Japan's claims concerning the status of Japanese pupils in the schools of California were or were not well founded, lies the fundamental and grave question. What state of feeling would be created between the great body of the people of the United States and the great body of the people of Japan as a result of unfriendly or unsympathetic treatment given to Japanese residents in this country? What would be the effect upon the Japanese of discourtesy or insult in the columns of American newspapers or from the platform of American public meetings? What would be the effect upon our own people of the high-spirited

responses that natural resentment for such treatment might elicit from the Japanese?

The People Determine Friendships

The admittance question is timely, though as yet, outside of San Francisco, there has been no reviling of the Japanese in newspapers or public meetings. Anomaly it would be deplorable if in future years the exceptionally friendly sentiments that have obtained between Japan and the United States were to be replaced by angry and vindictive feelings. It will be no fault of our Federal government should a change so regrettable occur. The whole blame for it will rest upon the shoulders of our citizens, who do not realize the responsibility which inevitably devolves upon them under our democratic form of government. It is the truth, though the masses of our people are not alive to it, that in a democracy it is not the government but the citizens that bring about friendship or dislike, sympathy or discord, peace or war between nations. In our own day, through the myriad columns of the press and the messages flashed over countless wires, multitude calls to multitude across boundaries and oceans, in courtesy or insult, in amity or in defiance. As things are now, the people of a given commonwealth who permit themselves to treat the people of another country with discourtesy and insolence are surely sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind, for a world of sullen and revengeful hatred can never be a world of peace. Secretary ROOR has learned by official experience that against the generation of hostile feelings treaties are waste paper and diplomacy an empty form.

A Grand Notice for Dr. Long

Not since PASTOR WALKER has any writer got so valuable a notice from the President as Mr. LONG, the "animal writer." It is delightful to see the pleasure he is getting out of it. We are not expert in the knowledge of natural history, but Mr. LONG's handling of Mr. ROOSEVELT looks to us very like the dealings of a professional with an amateur. Mr. ROOSEVELT is the greatest amateur on earth; an amateur of spelling, natural history, signs, railroads, military science, anthropology, mendacity, history, farming, ethics, sports, constitutional law—indeed, of all knowledge. The range of his information is extraordinary. So is his readiness in the use of it, and his ability to assimilate a new branch "while you wait." As the greatest living master of half-knowledge he is a brilliant and wonderful figure. Half-knowledge is all the most of us have about anything, and it is by no means to be despised. The bulk of the fruit of current education is half-knowledge. All that is necessary to make it vastly useful and entertaining is that its possessor should recognize it for what it is. But there or thereabouts lies a snare, and one in which, it seems to us, Mr. ROOSEVELT is apt to get himself entangled. Every now and then, in the confidence begotten of a quick mind and fervent energy, he falls into the mistake of thinking for a moment that he knows all about something, and on that subject lays down the law. On one subject, politics, we credit him with knowing about all there is to know, but we do not recall any other branch in which his rating would be higher than that of an able amateur.

The Cotton Rabbit Goes for the Teddy Bear

Undoubtedly Mr. ROOSEVELT knows a good deal about animals, but it was a mistake for him to tackle Dr. LONG, because animals are Dr. LONG's specialty, and while neither he nor any one else knows all about them, it is easy for him to make it appear that he knows more about them than Mr. ROOSEVELT does. He has time for the work, he is a good writer, his cause is just, and the newspapers seem ready to give him all the space he wants. If he has not already succeeded in making Mr. ROOSEVELT regret that he attacked him, it must be because Mr. ROOSEVELT so delights in a fight that he can enjoy seeing another fighter get his exercise at his expense. It is very funny and very interesting—a sort of battle to a finish between the cotton rabbit and the toby bear—and there is every prospect that it will result in making Dr. LONG a Presidential candidate on the Mollycoddle ticket.

The Mollycoddle Ticket

For President,
Fire-alarm FOREVER.
For Vice-President,
Nature-fair LOON.

Mr. Roosevelt's Latest Speeches

ALTHOUGH advance copies of the speech to be delivered by the President on May 30 at Indianapolis had been current for some days, they had been confined to Wall Street, and there is no doubt that the utterance was awaited throughout the country with eagerness, not to say anxiety. Would he aggravate, or would he allay, the increasing impatience concerning the actual and prospective prices of standard railway securities? Would he assert, or would he precipitate, a panic in railway shares? This was a question which interested deeply not only the thrifty citizens who had invested their savings in railway stocks and bonds, but also the vast multitude of producers whose means of conveying their commodities to markets have been crippled severely during the last twelvemonth by a deficiency of railway trackage and rolling stock. It is doubtful whether the declarations of any preceding Chief Magistrate, even those that came from ANDREW JACKSON during the Nullification crisis or in the course of his duel with the United States Bank, have been more earnestly scanned and pondered than those which were made on May 30 by Mr. ROOSEVELT at Indianapolis, and at the State Agricultural College at Lansing, Michigan. We also have examined the speeches with care, and we must own ourselves unable to extract from them unalloyed and consistent teaching. It is quite possible to cull from them sentences here and there which, when taken apart from the respective contexts, and without reference to juxtaposed assertions of a very different tenor, could hardly fail to discourage profoundly those who had hoped to hear something calculated to restore public confidence in the value of railway securities and in the present and future management of American railways.

It is no less possible to select passages which, viewed solely by themselves and in exclusive connection with such other, might well tend to arouse and diffuse an optimistic sentiment with relation to the financial and industrial prospects of the United States.

Let us review, first, such features of Mr. ROOSEVELT's exposition as may seem, at first sight, to justify an optimistic view of the existing situation. For example, at Indianapolis, Mr. Roosevelt pointed out that great social and industrial problems confront us, but he added that their solution demands, on our part, not only unflinching courage, but also a wise, good-natured self-restraint, so that, on the one hand, we shall neither be daunted by difficulties, nor, on the other hand, be misled into showing either rashness or vindictiveness. Elsewhere, in the same speech, the President, while insisting upon Federal control and regulation of interstate railways, declared that railroads should not be prohibited from acquiring connecting lines by buying the stocks, bonds, or other securities of such lines; provided, of course, these lines were not parallel and competing. He even advocated an amendment of the existing law whereby railways should be permitted and encouraged to make traffic agreements when these should be in the interest of the general public as well as of the railway corporations making them. Repeating the avowal that the aim of his railway policy was in no way punitive or vindictive, he announced that he would be the first to protest against a confiscation of property in any guise, and he expressed a conviction that the United States Supreme Court could be trusted to see to it that nothing should be done under the pretence of regulating railways to destroy property without just compensation or without due process of law. The rights of innocent investors should not, he said, be jeopardized by legislation or executive action, one would say patriotic statesman sanction laws which would fall heavily on them, instead of on the original wrongdoers or beneficiaries by the wrong. Mr. ROOSEVELT also clearly recognized that there must be as such rigorous statutes as will prevent the development of the country, a development attainable only when to investors is offered no ample reward for the risk they take. He willingly acknowledged that the men who build a great railway and the men who invest in it render a great public service, for the reason that adequate transportation facilities are of vital necessity to the republic. Therefore, he justifies, he said, to make it in the interest of the investor to put his money into the honest expansion of railways. Mr. ROOSEVELT conceded with equal frankness that there has been much wild talk as to the extent of the overcapitalization of American railways, viewed as a whole. He cited the census reports on the commercial value of American railways, together with the reports made to the Interstate Commerce Commission by railways on their cost of construction, as tending to show that, considered collectively, the railway property of the commonwealth is actually worth to-day as much as the face value of the stocks and bonds representing it, notwithstanding the "water" that may have been injected in particular places. Finally, the President advocated ample provision by Congress to enable the Interstate Commerce Commission to undertake the physical valuation of every railway in the country, in order to render it possible to determine the reasonableness of future extensions of capitalization. Mr. ROOSEVELT directed attention to the fact that such a valuation would help to protect the railroads against the imposition by State or Federal authority of inadequate and unjust rates, and would, therefore, be as important from the view-point of a rail-

road's safeguarding as from the view-point of the public's protection. At the same time, the President conceded that the effect of such valuation and supervision of securities must not in any case be retroactive. Existing securities must be tested by the laws in existence at the time of their issuance. This nation, in a word, was no more to injure securities which have become an important part of the nation's wealth than it would consider a proposal to regulate the public debt. All that the public interest requires is a guarantee against improper multiplication of securities in the future.

Now, if this were substantially all that the President had said at Indianapolis and Lansing, there would be but little warrant for drawing slender arguments from his declarations, I unhappily, we cannot overlook some remarks of a much less satisfactory tenor. Few, indeed, will quarrel with the abstract avowal that the rights of property are in no more jeopardy from the Socialists and the anarchists than they are from the predatory mass of wealth, and that the power of the nation must be exerted to stop crimes of causing no less than crimes of violence. The President, however, seems to contemplate retroactive, punitive, and vindictive administration, if not legislation, when he says that any man who has loaded railway properties with obligations and pocketed the money instead of spending it in improvements, or who has risked the capital of railways in the hazards of speculation, should be held to a criminal accountability. As a matter of course, he says, we shall punish any criminal whom we can convict under the law. Most certainly, he adds, there will be no relaxation by the Federal authorities in the effort to get at any great railroad-wrecker, any man who, by clever swindling devices, robs investors, oppresses wage-workers, and does injustice to the general public. There has been, Mr. ROOSEVELT says, a great deal of dishonest work by corporations in the past, and he promises that there shall not be the slightest let-up in the effort to hunt down and punish every dishonest man. How such a treacher, not to say rascals, treatment can be applied to past defections from the highest standard of equity without disturbing popular confidence in railway managers considered as a class, and without upsetting the public faith in the value of some recently issued railway securities, is not clearly and acceptably explained. If the President had said the book of the past is sealed, we upon a new volume to-day, the great body of investors, actual and prospective, would doubtless have breathed more freely. From the moment the President of the United States is apparently desirous of wreaking a personal grudge, and seems to have in view a particular individual who he enters upon a sweeping denunciation of past misconduct, and invokes for its condign punishment the vast resources of Federal power, he exposes his motives to suspicion and casts grave doubt upon his impartiality. There are lines in the speech made at Indianapolis which a certain railway magnate is unlikely to find acceptable reading, but the mass of disinterested onlookers and the great body of American producers and shippers would have been more edified and better pleased if the exposition of the railway policy of the administration had suggested no such direct and personal application. LOUIS XII. said that it would be unbecoming a King of France to remember the wrongs of a Duke of Brabant, and it is equally unworthy of an American Chief Magistrate to allow a private quarrel to shape or warp his public acts.

The Jamestown Exposition

THE Jamestown Exposition has been having a hard time with the New York papers of late. Its faults have been glaringly proclaimed, despite the interesting fact (as told last week in the WEEKLY) that the New York State House is far from complete, and the government pier the most incomplete structure of all. And its virtues have been overlooked or dimmed with faint praise. So to settle the matter once and for all, and to get its estimate of character, it sent for W. I. BUCHANAN, late of the Buffalo Pan-American Exposition and the right-hand man of DAVID R. FRANCIS at the St. Louis Fair. Mr. BUCHANAN says that the character and scope of the Exposition are vastly greater and more extensive than he had anticipated; that there are, indeed, certain features of the Exposition that are, in every sense, distinctly better than those of any Exposition since Chicago, notably the exhibits of the United States government; secondly, the States Exhibit Building, both of itself and the exhibits it contains, he thinks, surpass any State exhibits heretofore attempted. Even if nothing more were done to the buildings and their contents than had been done when Mr. BUCHANAN was there, there would still be a show worth looking at, for, he said, "there is vastly more to be seen and enjoyed in architectural beauty, in landscape and water effects, than any one has reason to expect."

Meanwhile a great deal has been done. Between three and four thousand men have been set to work completing the buildings, the roadways, walks, and grounds. Mr. JAMES M. HARR, the former successful president of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad, has been

made the head of the Exposition, and a new director of advertising has been appointed.

Virginians are not an excitable people; they never get nervous, and they do not hush. If the truth were known, the feeling that hustling is a little underbred has permeated the entire people, and they all go to an enterprise slowly; but when they begin, they stick to it. This is the Virginian characteristic; that they never give up an enterprise, a cause, a friend, or an enemy. If they take hold, they keep hold.

The entrance the Exposition has received have taken effect to get up Virginia's fighting blood. The Fair will be a greater success for the dull opening. As things stand now, it promises to be complete by the middle of June, and then, if the incessant rain will stop for a bit and the sun will shine, it will be difficult to imagine a more beautiful stretch of land than that lying along Sewell's Point, with the broad Hampton Roads waters stretching before it, the cool pine groves on either side, and the beautiful copices of lay and laurel bushes, the beds of pansies, tulips, narcissus, rhododendrons, and the roses everywhere. Apart from all other exhibits, the natural beauties are enough to attract visitors. It is impossible to give too much praise to Dr. WARREN MAXNER, the Massachusetts man who had not the lovely grounds and cleverly made all the wealth of indigenous plants and wild flowers that decorate the earth about this locality. Even the wild Adirondack lily carpets the charming thickets back of the Arts and Crafts village, and the mocking-birds and catbirds sing and robins and wrens twitter freely along the alarbes. The offering the Exposition makes to lovers of nature has, perhaps, been less dwelt upon than any other of its aspects, but it is one important enough not to be overlooked. And to real lovers of nature the winding paths and natural lanes amongst the pines and live-oaks will always be more lovely than the most careful and beautiful of formal gardens.

All together there is a great deal to tempt the sightseer to the Exposition, and perhaps to an intrepid traveler the greatest sight will be that of the land and its people, for in few places in the United States has a type been so long maintained without admixture of alien strain, and Virginians are almost as definitely a people and a type as Frenchmen or Germans. Undoubtedly a new cosmopolitanism must invade them before many more generations pass; perhaps this very Exposition will do its part toward inviting the new and the usual and obliterating the old; but while there remains a vestige of the old Virginia, as it once was, it is well worth a journey to see it.

Personal and Pertinent

The other day an Eastern college sent its baseball team—that's what they call the aggregate—upon a Western tour. Every college team goes around a circuit, just like the professionals, who are their pattern in some respects, as, for example, in the use of the English tongue. When the New England nine—shall I call the old name—returned, they were enthusiastic about our Western university. "Why," they said, "University is better than —; but there they talk baseball ALL the time!"

Many thousand men who were once schoolboys must have noted, with a stirring of old associations, the recent death of the venerable ALMER HARRISON, professor emeritus of languages in Brown University. For many years, beginning about 1878, the HARRISON Latin grammar and Latin texts were the prevailing companions of youth in the somewhat staid progress up the path of knowledge. Men who studied them as boys may never have attained to an affectionate regard for their author, but they all feel that they knew him intimately, and probably recognize now that it was not his fault that there is no royal road to learning.

The *Dial*, one of Chicago's most excellent papers, is embellished with an appreciative article on Sir OLIVER LOOMÉ's *The Fisherman of Faith* edited with a review, by T. D. A. COCKFIELD. In it there is this cleverness, whose those who, believing or doubting, are entertained by Sir OLIVER, will doubtless be glad to read. "There is an old saying," writes Mr. COCKFIELD, "that 'Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven.' The teaching of Sir OLIVER LOOMÉ would seem to indicate that 'Except little children become as elderly philosophers, they shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven.' There are a good many people who will, with some show of reason, believe that there is not much difference between the two versions of the Master's words.

JOSEPH EDWARD SUMMERS, who has recently achieved the presidency of the New York Chamber of Commerce, has done what all men want to do, but which few men succeed in accomplishing. His ambition for many years has been to retire at present distinction, and he has arrived perfectly and without much trouble. Mr. SUMMERS did not start out in public life with the intention of becoming a leading man of business, or a man of

business at all. When he was graduated at Williams College, in the class of 1862, he went back to Troy to practise law in a town which has been justly celebrated for its law—MARTIN L. TOWNSEND, JOHN E. HALL, W. A. BEACH, are names that come back to veterans. But fate drew SUMMERS down to New York, where he made a fortune in Wall Street, and he became president of the Stock Exchange. Then he became president of a bank, a trustee of his college, an influential member of the Clearing House Committee which so judiciously broke the law in the currency-lamine panic. He is a Democrat, and somewhat of a politician. Once, when Democrats were sane, they talked of him, on different occasions, as Mayor of the city and Governor of the State. He was of that more almost forgotten old company of men who were friends of SAMUEL J. TILDEN. He has held some public offices, and is now on the Water Commission, the beneficent expenditure of which is expected to rival that of the Panama Canal. But Mr. SUMMERS, despite his business activities, has not lost the gift of speech which was his at college and at the bar.

Out in a large Western city all the people do not keep in touch with the necrology of their time. This is true of a good many other places, but it may not be true that there are many places where those who write for the newspapers are so busy with the droppings of the leaves that they cannot recall the fall of the giants of an older time. The other day Dr. WILLIAM EVERETT was to deliver a poem on an academic occasion in that city. The trouble with WILLIAM EVERETT is that he has nothing to recommend him except his mind, and for that sort of thing some newspapers have "no earthly use." Dr. EVERETT can sing most sweetly in numbers, whether in Latin, or English, or Italian, and he is famous in his small and immediate circle as the head master of Quincy, and among some Harvard men who achieved an education when they were in college, as the most interesting teacher of Latin they ever encountered. He was really going out to this city of the West to recite verses for the P. B. K. Society of its university, notwithstanding the terror of railroad journeys; but he found himself ill—his doctor did for him—and he was forced to give up the journey and the poem. Upon this the leading newspaper of the town remarked that "Ezraiah EVERETT, until lately president of Harvard College (Yale's annual victim at football), was to have delivered a speech at the university this afternoon, but he fell ill and he can't come; as the time was short no local substitute could be found. Mr. EVERETT is said to be one of the best-looking speakers in Boston." This may have been fun, but you can't tell. At any rate, the people who had expected to listen to Dr. WILLIAM EVERETT said that you couldn't expect anything better from that newspaper.

When Dr. WOLCOTT, one of the Harvard Corporation, says that he does not think that FARMING HOUSE is sufficiently academic to be President of Harvard University, he recalls a time when Professor MURKIN and others were urging Mr. ROOSEVELT's choice with a strenuousness worthy of their favor. Somehow or other the same sort of objection as that suggested by Dr. WOLCOTT occurred to the minds of others. One of the oldest professors of Harvard expressed it in this way:

"It would be interesting, would it not, to see the Yale spirit at the head of this venerable institution?"

It is not strange, but it is entertaining, to note the resemblances of mental impressions. At quite another time and at quite another place, something like that was said. It was the evening after the Yale bicentenary. At that celebration STRAMMAN (Yale) read the poem, and ROOSEVELT (Harvard) made a speech, and of the two some one said:

"It was interesting, wasn't it, that the Harvard culture should be represented by a Yale man, and the Yale spirit by a Harvard man?"

And how some one should think that these remarks are taken by the writer as indications of recent character, but as barriers to assert that those were but jests inspired by an apt occasion. Mr. ROOSEVELT would do some serious work in a college, and would be eminently instructive in a chair of history at Columbia, an opening which President BUTLER would like to make for him, for which Mr. ROOSEVELT would admit that no President was too big or any man's part too important.

Dr. WOLCOTT's rather superfluous disclosure was inspired by the President's remark to a delegation of Harvard graduates at Lansing, Michigan, that in a year and eleven months he expected to be an active member of the Harvard organization. No he will. Being then released from the cares of state he will be a free man again, and will not have to ask leave of anybody to go to Commencement, the boat races, the football games, the baseball games, or any other Harvard event. These exercises he cannot now attend without more disturbance to the equanimity of the country than he is often willing to occasion. So he stays away unless the prompting is very urgent. And when he comes to be President his activity as a Harvard alumnus will undoubtedly be very greatly intensified. As for being president of Harvard College, this idea has probably not been in President ROOSEVELT's mind for some years. It was talked about at one time, but not recently.

Correspondence

FOR JOSEPH FOLK FOR PRESIDENT

GAITHERSBURG, TEXAS, April 26, 1907.

To the Editor of *Hampden's Weekly*:

SIR,—Are you not wasting time, energy, and much like writing in trying to have Professor Wilson nominated for President? He may be the fittest, most capable man under the shining sun, but such fact is known to but few. He is identified with no great question which interests the people. Issues and events point nominations in such times as the present.

It seems to me that remedies now are very similar to those in 1876, when Tilden was nominated. He had broken up a corrupt ring in New York, been elected Governor, much good in that high office, and was selected because his name was associated with the spirit of reform then demanded by the people.

In Governor Folk, of Missouri, the Democrats have such a man. His career is along the same lines. He is strong with the people, also are again aroused to the need of reform by the revolution of graft and greed in public and corporate life. The people are looking for a leader capable of grappling the great trusts sapling our whole system. No more scoldard or talker will fill the bill. Bryan, Wilson, Judge Tamm, are cheap, capful characters, but Folk can get tens of thousands more votes than any other Democrat in these United States.

Let the slogan be Folk and reform. Special privileges in none, whether capitalist or laborer. He is a platform within himself. Take up Folk, Mr. Editor, and you can get help.

I am, sir,

SINER.

"THE BACKSLIDING OF PHILADELPHIA"

PHILADELPHIA, PA., May 7, 1907.

To the Editor of *Hampden's Weekly*:

SIR,—I have read carefully the article entitled, "The Backsliding of Philadelphia," in your issue of May 4. The title is truly indicative of the general condition as many see it to-day. The cartoons you publish did certainly appear in the local papers. Certain occurrences of minor importance that were within the knowledge of every one are accurately set forth. But aside from these, I think that it would be fair to say that the writer of the article has misrepresented generally the history of the City Party, and conditions in Philadelphia during the year preceding the election of February, 1907. I will ask that you will allow me to contradict one of the statements made, viz.:

"In Philadelphia, Stuart carried a majority of 22,000; Gillisney was defeated by a vote of 26,920."

The correct vote was:

Stuart	123,493
Emery	91,165
Gillisney	22,328
For District Attorney—	
Rosen	119,483
Gillisney	106,067
	12,908

While there was necessarily bitter feeling against John Weaver, you could not get any facts informed, sensible person to believe that the writer of your article brand Messrs. Blackburg, Tilden, and Carpenter, while on the stump, vent their spite on him "in unbecomingly terms" nor laid at him "unprintable epithets."

No one who was in the city during the campaign for the nomination for district attorney could truly say that Mr. Gillisney's nomination was "slid" by the reform leaders. The misfortune was that most of the leaders stood aloof from the contest. The only leaders that took part were on the Weaver side until a town meeting at the Academy of Music had demonstrated the Gillisney sentiment of the rank and file.

I am an admirer of Mr. Gillisney, but I do not write this article on that account, although I am glad to say that I know how untrue and unfair are the statements made about him. But he needs no defense by me or any one.

The City Party is necessary, however, far greater than any one man, and I believe that it is unfortunate that *Hampden's Weekly* should give prestige to an account of such a movement that reflects on the intentions and motives of sincere and intelligent men, none of whom proved themselves politicians of no mean ability.

I am, sir,

HARVEY T. SMITH.

AS TO THE LACK OF AMERICAN SHIPPING

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 24, 1907.

To the Editor of *Hampden's Weekly*:

SIR,—In your paper of March 1st, you have an article headed, "Where American Enterprise has failed," which I have just read. Part of the reason for the failure is given in the article itself, which is a kind of the whole matter.

Our country with its hundreds of thousands of miles of railroads, and half as much more of inland and coastal waterways, besides the little of oceanways that we use, does about one-half of all the transportation that is done in the world. And it is simply a question of expediency whether we take our stuff to Texas, New York, Montana, Europe, or Asia—that is, across the ocean or by points in our own land. We are serving the "world's commerce" in either case. We have done what we undertook to do, and did it well. If ever we have a big country and many people to be served. A large part of the people are foreigners, also come to us

and get goods here instead of at home, giving us more commerce here and less across the water.

The plus and practice of our people have been to produce as much as possible, and to dispose of it all as quickly and to as good advantage as possible. Is it true that "American enterprise has failed" in any of these ways? Has any nation on earth ever succeeded so well, and accomplished as much for the world in the same length of time?

We are providing a haven and a home for thousands of immigrants coming to us every day. Ship loads of food have been sent in charity, a few needed across the waters. We cannot do all we are willing to be done. But we have sought to do first that which seemed the most important in the time.

This question is not new. It has come up at intervals for thirty years or more. Yet the enterprising Yankee nation goes right on doing that which seems to be for its best interests.

May be that in the future we shall find that the time has arrived when our ocean transportation could and should be done in American vessels, and then we shall be ready to do it.

I am, sir,

FRANK VAN DOORN.

A CALL FOR THOUGHTFUL PERSONS

HAIGHTON, TENN., May 21, 1907.

To the Editor of *Hampden's Weekly*:

SIR,—Will you kindly inform some of your readers who are those "thoughtful persons" that you so often refer to as deploring President Roosevelt's reckless course and desiring a return to "less sensational methods"? As the writer knows many honest men (not speculators) in different parts of the country and most of whom find any other view of the President's course but the very favorable, he leans to the opinion that the thoughtful citizens referred to are mostly of the so-called Wall Street variety. There is no doubt that such people have reason to feel very peculiar over the financial situation, and believe the President's course responsible for it, but wholesale reticence was exposed, and even *Hampden's Weekly* will some day admit that the cure was worth all it cost.

I am, sir,

F. C. WALTER.

"REAL MEN TO MAKE LAWS"

New York, May 26, 1907.

To the Editor of *Hampden's Weekly*:

SIR,—In an editorial comment, June 1, upon the passage of the Public Utilities Bill, under pressure of Governor Hughes and public sentiment, you say:

"If legislators have no more courage and independence than to legislate by command or through fear of public sentiment, it is high time to elect real men to make laws."

Is not the sentiment of the majority of voters in this country the "public sentiment" which governors and legislators obey and are elected to obey? Did not a majority of the voters elect Governor Hughes and the Republican majority of the Legislature? Would you be so kind as to point out how it is possible "to elect real men to make laws" in defiance of the very purpose for which they are elected? Is there any other way than for the "real men" to feed the voters, by making pledges and promises which they intend to break after they are elected?

I am, sir,

EDWARD G. HOLMES.

AN ENGLISH OPINION OF MARK TWAIN

(From the London Spectator)

Some thirty-five years ago Mr. Samuel Clemens, or Mark Twain, as it is pleasant to call him—was deputed by his fellow passengers to ask for recognition from the Royal Humane Society for the captain and the life boat crew of the steamer *Barataria* for saving life at sea. Quite characteristically, he asked for no reward for himself. He was satisfied if he had been of any service "standing around the deck in a furious storm, without an umbrella, keeping an eye on things and seeing that they were done right, and yelling whenever a shore seemed the important thing." That was enough for him; but what he asked for was recognition for the captain and the crew from the humane society, also, he would "be so remembering them increase the high honor and esteem in which the society is held all over the civilized world." Perhaps we may roughly the words to the position of the author at the present moment. Another "humane society" is proposing to confer a distinction upon an honored personage. The University of Oxford has offered an honorary degree to Mark Twain, which will be conferred upon him at the forthcoming commemoration, and it is refreshingly true that honoring the great American writer Oxford honors herself. . . . But he is, above all, the fearless upholder of all that is clean, noble, straightforward, innocent, and manly. If there is a certain meaning to the phrase "American journalism," which is distasteful to Englishmen, Mark Twain, of American writers, stands for all that Englishmen like best. He has his extravagances; some of his public, indiscreet visits on the Continent if he is a jester, he looks with the wrath of the happiest of Puritans; he has read much of English knightlyhood, and translated the best of it into his living pages; and he has assuredly already won a high degree in letters by having added more than any writer since Dickens to the glory of the empire of the English language.

A DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITY

JOHN WARWICK DANIEL

THE SENIOR SENATOR FROM VIRGINIA

By WILLIAM INGLIS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

LYNCHBURG, Va.

June 5, 1907

IN all the present talk about possible Democratic candidates for the Presidency in the campaign of 1908 one name leads all the rest—the name of John Warwick Daniel, of Virginia. Statesmen and editors vie with one another in generous rivalry as to who shall pay the highest tribute to this man, who has for thirty years led his party in his native State, who is renowned as much for wise conservatism as for fearless patriotism, and who, after twenty years of service in the Senate of the United States, is rich in influence but not in power.

The late George Prentiss Burr, after long association with

Mr. Daniel in the Senate, wrote of him: "I have been led to form a great respect for his intellectual qualities and for his sincere and far-sighted patriotism." Throughout the land for many years Mr. Daniel has been celebrated as an orator. It would be quite possible, upon reading the current references to him in the newspapers, to receive a wrong impression as to his personality—in other words, to conceive him, perhaps, as the ponderous, deliberative statesman whose massive mind crushes the spirits of all who come near, or the euphuistic rhetorician whose elaborate thoughts are too far and gone for human nature's daily food.

Mr. Daniel is neither the one nor the other, as this writer quickly found on a visit to Lynchburg, but a simple, kindly American gentleman, as democratic as your next-door neighbor, frank but not effusive in his greeting, plain-spoken and of few words, a man whose mental attitude toward his fellows is that of one who is alert to study rather than to teach. His manner is that combination of dignity and courtliness which for want of a better name we characterize as "old school," yet there is not even a suggestion of stiffness or formality.

Nothing could be less exciting than to meet this statesman. He does not merely wring your hand, and eagerly hope you are well, and say how happy he is to see you, and tell you enthusiastically all about yourself. On the contrary, his handshake is calm and firm, and a bit conditional. He looks the visitor squarely in the eye and declares he is glad to meet him. Moreover, he seems really glad, though not at all effusive, and there is that in the expression of his large, clear, dark eyes that bespeaks instant friendliness.

The senior Senator from Virginia is not above medium height. The old, undebatable record shows that he was born at Lynchburg, on September 5, 1812, but he is no brawny, robust, cheerful, breathes such an atmosphere of vitality, that one might well be deceived and not more than fifty years old. There is only the least touch of gray at the temples of the broad and symmetrical head. Breadth is the principal impression that one receives at the first



Senator Daniel in his Office on Main Street, Lynchburg, Virginia

glance—breadth at the top of the full and well-rounded brow, breadth throughout the face and especially at the chin, which juts well forward, the chin of the fighter. There is aquiline and high in the bridge, a dominant, combative nose, yet tapering at the point as becomes one of keen intuition and nice discrimination. The eyes are set far apart, round, full-lidded, deep-brown in color, and stand well out beneath bushy black brows. Thick and the broad, mobile mouth at once bespeaks the orator. The head is well poised above broad shoulders and deep chest. The Senator never goes about without crutches, for his left thigh was shattered by a Minie ball in the battle of the Wilderness, and though he can walk without aid it is never quite safe for him to discard these supports.

While Congress is in session Senator Daniel and his family stay in Washington. During the rest of the year they live at Westbury, an old-fashioned Virginia country place of some two hundred acres, about a mile west of the city limits. Just now, because of the illness of Mrs. Daniel, the family resides in town, occupying a modest

house in Federal Street, on the crest of one of Lynchburg's long hills. Between this house and his modest law-office in Main Street lies the Senator's daily routine. To go with him from one building to the other is to learn a lesson in friendliness: for every body along the way, whether young or old, man or woman, white or black, greets him with a cordial, "Morning, Major," or, "Evening, Major," as the case may be. And to each one he responds by name.

"The Major," is what they all call him at Lynchburg, just as if an one else ever held that title. Which, naturally enough, brings to mind his war record. Young Daniel was eighteen years old, a student at Lynchburg College, at the outbreak of the civil war, he immediately volunteered as a private in Wise Troop of cavalry. Early in the battles of Fredericksburg, Winchester, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Bridge, and Mine Run. In the battle of the Wilderness, on May 5, 1862, while rallying a regiment in Pickett's brigade, Major Daniel was struck by the rifle bullet that nearly killed him and put an end to his military service. After the war the Major was graduated in law at the University of Virginia, and in 1869 he became a leader of the Democratic party in Virginia. He found time to prepare two law books that are still quoted by authorities in the courts of the United States and even of

England—Daniel on *Attachments* and Daniel on *Negotiable Instruments*.

From being a leader to being the leader was a quick transition. He served two terms in the Virginia House of Delegates, was State Senator from 1875 to 1881, was elected Representative in Congress in 1882, and has been United States Senator continuously since 1887. His record reveals a continuous struggle for decency and honesty. When the Bradstreet tried to squirm out of paying the lawful debt of the State of Virginia, Major Daniel was one of their bitterest foes. He was one of the pioneers in the establishment of the free-school system in Virginia. In the Fifty-ninth Congress he secured the adoption of a motion giving the Southern States representation in the South-American congress at Rio de Janeiro.

He it was who lathered the legislation whereby the United States is establishing its own gunpowder factory, so as to be independent of private monopolies. It is due chiefly to his aid that the Jamestown Exposition has received national appropriations.

From the moment the civil war was ended Major Daniel has never lost an opportunity to reconcile North and South, to emphasize the unity of all the States in one nation. It is a fact worthy of note that, no matter which party is in power, Senator Daniel has always been able to influence legislation in favor of his State.

But to know the Senator at his best one should see him in his home city, busy, grave, preoccupied with law work or national legislation, yet never without time to be of service to his friends.

DEMOCRATIC ISSUES THAT POINT THE WAY TO VICTORY

By SENATOR DANIEL

Yea, ask me to answer a question. I make the effort to do so with diffidence, for I do not pose myself as any Moses to lead the people out of the wilderness. Yet I am one of the people, and if I have a conviction I am so constituted that I am apt to state it.

Democracy is generally too diffusive, and has often had too much platform and tried too hard to please everybody. (We realize that it is easier to say too much than too little. Washington spoke little, but did much. Jefferson spoke severely at all, but he did much also. Neither Madison nor Monroe was a great speaker, but they shaped systems and events. What we need, as I think, is a common-sense, plain, straightforward Democratic platform, which will stop when it gets through. If the Democratic convention of 1908 goes Democratic it is not unlikely that the country may also go Democratic. If the convention dissipates itself in perisage, the voters will be likely to act accordingly, and go in all directions.

Now as to your question, "What should be the purpose upon which the Democratic campaign should be based?"

I venture to answer: The purpose of getting together the voters of the United States to assert the plain and simple Democratic creed that this is a government of the people; that the highest and plainest duty of government is to secure to the people equal rights, and to oppose all monopolies and special privileges.

The tariff, transportation, the trusts, and centralization are the subjects of public interest and consideration. We need no new issues and no new Constitution of strained generalization. Those who seek to invent new issues and new versions of the Constitution perplex and divert the minds of the people from substantial issues and just views that exist. It is principles and not "isms" that Democrats stand for; and if you take the compass of sound principle it will guide you through the tangles of contention.

Real issues are made by the people themselves, and grow out of their necessities.

Artificial issues are like artificial flowers, good for nothing except in the greenhouse.

As to the tariff, whom it for the purpose of making it in the interest of the people instead of the interest of monopoly, and the interest of domestic development instead of foreign development as it now is in many cases. When the farmers, the carpenters, the laborers, and the builders' tools can be brought in South America and South Africa at cheaper rates than here at the very doors of the American factory in which they are made, it is folly to claim that our farmers, carpenters, laborers and builders, and our people generally are "protected" thereby. They are simply misled. It is an insult to the intellect of men to claim that our myriad consumers are "protected" by charging them more for American manufactures than is charged for the same American-made articles in South America or South Africa—after paying freight to get them there. Only what you would, in the vernacular, call "a sucker" could be gulled by such sophistical contention. Be discriminatory and moderate with respect to the tariff. Correct its errors, lop off its excesses, eliminate its obvious and un-American discrimination. Respect our healthy and honest industries, having tender care for the wages of our workmen, and avoiding the wretched results of radicalism.

It is a fact of more than a century's history that the United States has never had a tariff measure adopted without some protection in it; and that no man was ever elected President who did not in some particular favor an item or schedule of protection. Look these facts in the face and do not expect to run amuck against everything that is not in harmony with doctrinaire ideals. Conditions are greater than theories. No great reform can be made in a day, and wise statesmanship must deal with the whole subject of tariff, transportation, and trust, sedately and prudently.

The conserving spirit should never give way before the hot and destructive spirit which wants everything "now," and refuses to follow Nature in her patient processes. Napoleon was great, but he fell from impatience.

"How poor are they who have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees!"

As to transportation, it is conducted, for the most part, and especially between the States, under public franchises. Regulate it as a part of interstate commerce, with the purpose of protecting the weak against the strong, and see to it that fair, just, and reasonable rates and rules prevail.

As to the trusts, the purpose should be to insist that they obey the law, and to protect the people from the restraints on the freedom and fairness of trade which they assail. The common law against them and the statute law should be alike enforced.

Centralization should be combated by the fair, just, and



The unpretentious House in Federal Street, Lynchburg, used as a temporary Residence by Senator Daniel



Senator Daniel's Home at Westerly, Two Miles outside of the City of Lynchburg

national construction of both State and Federal governments; and none of them should be twisted and perverted to embrace things not in their purview as the Constitution stands.

Ownership by the Federal government should be confined to those things which are necessary for self-defense. The United States owns and operates cannon and gun factories, and shipyards, because they are necessary for self-defense. They are now building a powder factory and should build whatever is needed to keep ready for war without being attacked by monopolies, when attacked without by hostile armies and fleets.

"Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

Should we undertake to buy and operate the railroad systems of the United States, we would instantly convert the government itself into a prodigious railroad trust. It would have over a million employees—all to be appointed in some way at Washington, and there would be the most tremendous organ of centralization and corruption that the world has ever known.

Jefferson thought that the best government is that which governs least; while such a railroad government would be one that governs most.

Whenever the Federal government or the State governments have gone into partnership with the railroads they have come out at the little end of the horn. Look at the history of the Pacific roads, and look here in Virginia at our own experiment. Here are still hanging the burdens of our railroad experiments, and they have encouraged us to the idea of jumping from the frying-pan into the fire.

The extreme question of State rights that came to the issue of battle has been long since settled, but as long as the United States is a federation of States, questions of Federal and State jurisdiction will continue to arise and will pass to the peaceful jurisdiction of the courts. Democracy has its fixed principle on the subject, and no one has better stated it than did Jefferson, in his first inaugural address, when he stated for:

"The support of the State governments in all their rights as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and sound bulwarks against our antirepublican tendencies.

"The preservation of the general government in its whole consti-

tutional vigor, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad."

This is hasty and offhand, and I speak with the more freedom because I am not a candidate for any place on the Presidential ticket, and have no expectation of becoming one. My desire is simply to warn our democratic friends, especially those whom I in part represent, against departing from the landmarks of Democracy. They have preserved the party for over a century, and it is by them alone that it can renew its youth.

FROM THE SPEECHES OF SENATOR DANIEL

In all his public addresses we less than in private life Senator Daniel has advocated the wiping out of sectionalism, emphasized the unity of our nation. Witness the following from his eulogy on the unveiling of the statue of President McKinley at Columbus, Ohio:

"This gave him to the republic. He gloried in its deeds of peace, friendship, and charity. The republic gave him to humanity. The world is wiser, happier, and better that he lived."

"McKinley's place is that of the great pacificator. McKinley was neither Englishman, Irishman, Scotchman; neither Puritan nor Cavalier. Huguenot nor German. He was an American of Americans, with the fresh ways and the fresh strength of the new composite nation that stands in the foremost file of time. Not one of the Presidents of the United States ever touched his heart or tendered cheer in the hearts of his countrymen than did he, and no one more thoroughly appreciated the good-will that was given him. He brought all his countrymen to better understanding and closer communion. He sent forth the warriors of the blue and the warriors of the gray to battle, close to elbow, heart to heart, rank to rank, in honor preferring one another. He trusted all alike; will be might. Time and again I heard him say that his highest ambition was to make all the people feel that they were Americans. This he did, and the people's sympathy was more than how pleasant a thing to behold brethren dwelling together in unity."

The doctrine of unity of the States was no less eloquently set forth by Senator Daniel in his eulogy at the memorial to the late Senator Hoar at Worcester, in 1903:

"You have indulged somewhat in personalities, and I am sure you will grant me that privilege. You spoke of the civil strife in which your State and mine took different sides. I was a boy of eighteen in 1861, when the war began, and I want to say here and now that I have but little respect for a boy who does not stick to his people and to his country without asking questions. With me it is 'My country, right or wrong,' and I transfer that sentiment to the United States without reservation. I am as loyal to the United States as any soldier who was ever a member of the Grand Army of the Republic."

There are in this world no better persons than brave soldiers. I have the greatest honor for the man who has been a soldier. I honor the man who fought against me in the civil war. I know what sort of a case he was up against, and I know what sort of a case we were up against. When I went to the United States Senate, my commanding was seconded by a man who fought with the Sixth Corps of the Union army. While I was fighting in the ranks of the Southern army I did my duty as I saw it. If I could stand before the judgment-day with as pure and honest a record on everything else as I do on that, I should get by easy."

"But why talk of the past? I am an American. I want the people of Massachusetts to know, I want the people of the world to know, that all the good soldiers were and soldiers of the Revolutionary war, nor are they all dead. There are those still living in the Old Dominion as loyal to the Stars and Stripes as ever followed a command. There are those who are as courageous as Lee and as eloquent as Henry. I am glad there has come a time when men may speak out and give fullest expression to their sentiments."

"No such similar area in the universe was ever before like America, the scene of such stupendous and such rapid evolution of achievement; no five centuries of the previous history of mankind was so signalized by the material achievements of intellect, of moral and physical heroism, or of material progression."

This mighty period of striving and contention has closed in the 'married realm of States.' The Congress unanimously, and the President cordially, have returned to the Southern States every one of their flags which were captured in the civil war, and in coming here at this time I have the double satisfaction of expressing the gratitude of my people for this high act of national grace and magnanimity toward them, and of declaring my conviction that the great and good men whose we mourn did much by his wise and generous course to produce the possibility of this feat of peace and friendship. And I may say of him and of my country in the same breath: 'They gentleness hath made this great.'"

"As we look forth upon our multitudinous nation from the eagle of vantage we have reached, we may realize that not one of the multitude feels that he is 'a man without a country.' There is none who does not realize that through our conflict we have reached greater respect and fresh friendship for each other; none who is ashamed of the past; none who fears the future; none who is not ready to give his life for his country. The unique distinction belongs to the American republic that, with over a century of national life behind it, including the stupendous civil struggle, not a single life has been upon the scaffold or under the red hand of execution for political opinion's sake. America alone of all the great nations of history can say this. There is the star of the first magnitude on the forehead of liberty enlightening the world."

VETERANS REVIEW VETERANS



ABOUT 15,000 U. S. VETERANS MARCHED IN THE MEMORIAL DAY PARADE IN NEW YORK CITY. THE LINE OF MARCH WAS FROM BRADWAT AND SEVENTH STREET TO GRANT'S TOMB. NEAR THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT ON HICKSBOCK DRIVE THE PARADE WAS REVIEWED BY MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER D. HOWARD, MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL E. MCKEN, GENERAL FREDERICK D. GRANT, AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED PERSONS. AS THE HEAD OF THE PARADE REACHED THE REVIEWING STAND, THE VETERANS RECEIVED FROM THE BATTLESHIP "CONNECTICUT," WHICH WAS ANCHORED IN THE RIVER BELOW, THE NATIONAL SALUTE OF TWENTY-ONE GUNS.

HONORS FOR NEW YORK'S WORK-HORSES



THE FIRST PARADE AND REVIEW OF THE WORK-HORSES OF NEW YORK CITY EVER HELD TOOK PLACE ON MEMORIAL DAY. ABOUT 1000 HORSES AND 1000 VEHICLES WERE IN THE PARADE. PRIZES WERE OFFERED AND WON FOR THE BEST SHOWING IN THE CLASSES OF FOUR-HORSE AND THREE-HORSE TEAMS, BETWEEN, CUM-DE-DEEP, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT, NINE, TEN AND NINE, CONCERN, LIGHT DELIVERY WAGONS, AND MISCELLANEOUS OTHERS, NOT TO SPEAK OF THE FROG AND FARMER WORKERS IN THE SERVICE OF THE FIRE AND POLICE DEPARTMENTS. THE ROUTE WAS FROM WASHINGTON SQUARE UP FIFTH AVENUE, PAST THE REVIEWING STAND AT MADISON SQUARE, WHERE THE PARADE WAS REVIEWED. EACH WINNER RECEIVED A BRASS MEDAL FIVE INCHES IN DIAMETER, WHICH WAS ATTACHED TO THE HARNESS. THE WINNING DRIVERS RECEIVED PRIZES IN MONEY RANGING FROM \$25 TO \$1.

WHEN WHEAT FAILS

HOW ELECTRICITY MAY BE UTILIZED TO PRODUCE THE NEW FERTILIZING AGENT, NITRATE, WHICH WILL INSURE THE CONTINUANCE OF AN ADEQUATE SUPPLY OF GRAIN

By PROFESSOR SILVANUS P. THOMPSON

D.Sc., F.R.S., B.A. Lond., M.D. Konigsberg

THE HUMAN race does not live by bread alone, it forms an essential feature in the diet of the white races that the possibility of a permanent shortage of wheat is a very serious question. With the growth of the wheat-eating nations, the demand for wheat has increased, while the increase of territory under culture for wheat has hardly kept pace.

Further, owing to the limitations of climate and soil the time must not be far distant when all the territory available for wheat-growing will be taken up. Even now much of the land devoted to wheat can be so utilized only by the stimulus of manures containing nitrogen, mainly compounds of ammonia and nitrates. But the nitrates which have been exported from India and Chili to an enormous extent for fertilizing the wheat-fields are also limited in quantity. What will happen to the world's food supply when the inevitable stage of exhaustion is reached? Must the white races starve for want of bread, or exchange their hereditary diet for the rice of the Hindu or the manioc of the Kaffir? Is it a mere coincidence that the wheat-eating races have developed an energy of physique and an activity of brain that have made them masters over the non-wheat-eating races? That they will demand wheat in absolutely certain. It is equally certain that within a comparatively few years the demand will overtake the supply. What then? Why, then, the resources of science and of human invention must be our resort. In the face of the famous dictum of our great chemist, Sir William Crookes, attention may be directed through the laboratory.

Now this pregnant sentence is an intimation that, failing the supply of natural nitrates, the chemist must find a way to supply nitrates artificially. This problem, the immense importance of which to the progress and continuance of civilization can hardly be overestimated, has lately assumed a new shape by the invention of new processes for the manufacture of nitrates by the aid of electricity. For the atmosphere of our globe consists of nitrogen and oxygen, mixed together, but chemically uncombined. These gases are the constituents, along with water, of nitric acid, and therefore of all nitrates. The difficulty is to force them into chemical combination. For a hundred years it has been known that any mere electric spark will cause a minute amount of the nitrogen of the air to enter into chemical combination with the oxygen. But the knowledge of how to effect this on a sufficient scale, and to generate nitrates commercially, is a recent achievement of science. The problem and its solution having been thus briefly stated, the aim of the present article is to demonstrate the reality of the impending crisis in the production of food-stuffs, and to describe the processes by which, with the aid of electric discharges, nitrates for the fertilization of the wheat fields may be manufactured from the inert nitrogen of the atmosphere.

It is only in countries within the temperate zones that wheat will grow; the tropics and the arctic regions are not available. It is therefore possible, in view of the climatic and geological conditions, to estimate the total available acreage in the world and this, including inaccessible regions such as Siberia, may be set down at not much more

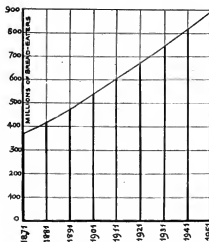
than 240,000,000 acres. At the present average yield of 12½ bushels of wheat per acre, this would furnish an annual crop of 3,000,000,000 bushels; and as each wheat-eater consumes on the average 4½ bushels per annum (the which estimate 0.5 bushels needed for seed are included), the whole available area will suffice to furnish wheat for a total population of 660,000,000 souls. Now

at the present date of 1907 the total number of bread-eaters—practically all the white races and a certain proportion of men of other races in contact with the white races—may be estimated at 585,000,000, and it rises every year in an increasing ratio. According to the computations made in 1905 by Sir William Crookes, on whose investigations the question mainly

rests, the number of bread-eaters rose from 371 millions in 1871 to 472 millions in 1891. In 1911 it will be 663,700,000; in 1921 it will be 671 millions; in 1931, 746 millions; in 1941, 818 millions; in 1951, 893 millions. But the increase in the acreage under cultivation does not keep pace with the increase of population. The total area under cultivation for wheat averaged 34,750,000 acres in the years 1871 to 1873, and 62,300,000 in the years 1901 to 1905. Thus while the wheat-eating population increased 58.8 per cent. in twenty years, the average acreage devoted to wheat-growing increased by only 23.7 per cent. Since 1900 the rate of increase of bread-eaters has been more than double that of the acreage under cultivation for wheat. Unless something can be done to alter the conditions, it is obvious that a shortage of wheat is actually imminent. For if the entire available territory is only sufficient to raise wheat for 606 million persons (which number will be attained by the natural increase in the wheat-eating populations about the end of the year 1910), then either the consumption per head must be lessened, or else some means must be found to increase the average yield per acre above its present figure, namely 12½ bushels per acre. Furthermore, it must be remembered that when once any territory has become cultivated up to near its possible capacity for wheat, the acreage actually so used tends inevitably to decrease; for as the towns grow up, the land once brought into cultivation is needed for other crops, and a shrinkage of the wheat-growing area ensues. Thus is the province of Ontario, as a result of the prosperity of its towns, the acreage under wheat cultivation decreased by fifty-four per cent. between the years 1850 and 1885. Land brought quite recently into wheat-growing in Dakota, Queensland, New Zealand, Argentina, and even Mauritius, is already in some parts being now devoted to other uses. India, which is one of the wheat-growing countries, sends all her own crop for her famine-stricken people; while the United States, which for twenty years has been the world's greatest exporter of wheat, will shortly attain the serious stage of becoming a wheat importer to supply her own rapidly increasing white population.

As the white races are not likely to submit to a serious change of diet, or substitute bratis, rice, plantains, bananas, or maize for the wheaten bread that is their staple food, the only alternative is to augment the average output per acre. In different regions, owing to

"Unless something can be done to alter the conditions . . . a shortage of wheat is actually imminent. For if the entire available territory is only sufficient to raise wheat for 606 million persons (which number will be attained by the natural increase in the wheat-eating populations about the end of the year 1910), then either the consumption per head must be lessened, or else some means must be found to increase the average yield per acre."—PROFESSOR THOMPSON



Statistical Diagram showing the steady and portentous increase of the Wheat-eating Population of the World since 1871



The First Factory to produce Nitrate by Electricity—situated at Notodden, Norway

difference of soil, climate, and methods of cultivation, the yield of wheat per acre differs somewhat widely. In the United States the average yield is about 12 bushels per acre, and in Argentina, about 13; each, therefore, near to the average of all lands, namely, 12½, as already mentioned. In India, Florida, South Australia, and Algeria, the average yield is only about 9 bushels per acre. In Canada the average is 15½. In Continental Europe the yield rises from 16 in Austria and Sax, in Hungary to 23 in Germany and 25 in Norway. In the fertile plains and valleys of New Zealand it rises to 25½. In the wheat fields of Great Britain and Ireland it reaches 25, while in the little splendidly tilled kingdom of Denmark it actually attains 41.8 bushels per acre. If English farmers can succeed in raising 2½ times as much, or Danish farmers more than 3½ times as much, wheat per acre as the farmers of the United States, it might naturally be hoped and expected that by proper cultivation the average yield the world over could be raised from 12½ bushels per acre to at least 20 if not 25 bushels per acre. Certainly the use of appropriate fertilizers counts for a great deal. Different crops need different material agents: some need phosphates, some nitrogen, some potash. Wheat requires nitrogen, either in the form of nitrates or nitric acid, or else as ammonia. These materials exist as natural constituents of natural manures or products from them. Nitrate of potash as collected in India from manure soils is far too scarce to furnish a breadstaple part of the need. The guano beds from the islands of the south are nearly exhausted. The sulphate of ammonia made in our gas-works artificially is a powerful agent; but it cannot meet one-twentieth part of the demand. But the great staple fertilizer of to-day, without which even the present extension of the world's wheat-fields would have been impossible, is Chilean saltpetre—the nitrate of soda. Beds of this substance, the deposit of ages, occur as a crude native product in a narrow tract between the Andes and the shore hills of Chile. Of this material, extracted from the rough earthy substance, more than a million tons are exported every year all over the world. About 20 per cent. of this output is used in the manufacture of nitric acid in order to afford the ingredients used in smokeless gunpowder and other explosives, celluloid, xylonite, artificial dyes and azoic, and other chemical products. Another five or six per cent. goes for fertilizing the best crops for the sugar industry. The remainder, nearly 75 per cent. of the whole, is devoted to manuring the wheat-fields.

Sir William Crookes gives the following striking instance of the value of

nitrate of soda as a manurial agent:

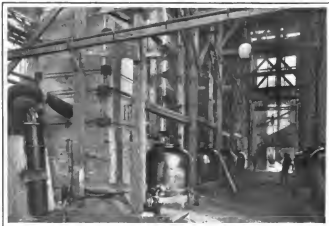
"The action of nitrate of soda in improving the yield of wheat has been studied practically by Sir John Lawes and Sir Henry Gilbert on their experimental field at Rothamsted. This field was sown with wheat for thirteen consecutive years without manure, and yielded an average of 11.9 bushels to the acre. For the next thirteen years it was sown with wheat and dressed with five hundredweight of nitrate of soda per acre; other mineral constituents also being present. The average yield for these years was 26.4 bushels per acre—an increase of 24.5 bushels. In other words, 25.86 pounds of nitrate of soda produce an increase of one bushel of wheat."

Let us pause to consider the effect of these statistics. Assuming that the average yield all the world over could be raised from 12½ to 20 bushels per acre by a corresponding use of nitrates, the additional 7½ bushels will require 160 pounds of nitrate

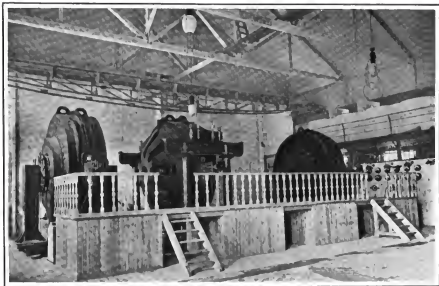
of soda for each acre. If the present average be taken at 17.5, 100,000,000, then, even without any increase of territory, the quantity of nitrate needed would amount up to no less a figure than 12,000,000 tons per annum!

Now the reserve of Chilean nitrate, vast as it is, cannot possibly meet this gigantic demand. The output of these mines has grown from about 25,000 tons per annum in 1855, to over 1½ million tons in 1906; and at the present rate the mines will be exhausted in a period estimated by various authorities at from sixteen to forty-eight years from the present time. Clearly, though the wheat-famine may be staved off for a time by drawing on the saltpetre beds of Chile, it is but for a time. And then the world must find some other source of nitrogen for fertilizers, or starve.

Now nitrogen exists in vast quantities in the atmosphere, four-fifths of the air consisting of it. The total quantity of it in the atmosphere of the globe is about four trillions of tons (4 x 10¹² tons). But this nitrogen, being in the "free" or uncombined state, is inert. It is absolutely worthless as a fertilizer. Owing to its feeble chemical affinities it is with difficulty made to combine either with oxygen to form nitric acid or with hydrogen to form ammonia. "Fixed" nitrogen in either of these forms is a very valuable commodity; but the trouble is to fix the free gas. While carbon and sulphur and hydrogen readily "burn"—that is, enter into combination with oxygen, giving out heat in the process,—



The Granita "Absorption Towers" in the Nitrate Factory at Notodden, where the Last Stage in the Production of Nitrate is Accomplished



Three Electric Furnaces (800 Horse-power each) at Work manufacturing the immensely valuable Nitrate of Lime

nitrogen refuses to burn with oxygen. It is perhaps as well for us that it should be so, or else the very first flame struck by the first primitive savage would have set the entire atmosphere ablaze, and the world would have been bathed in an atmosphere of ourselves and poisonous nitrous fumes! Yet since nitrates and nitrites exist, it is clear that nitrogen can be made to enter into combination with oxygen. It is now more than 150 years since the famous L'Arrenish discovered that the electric spark passing through air can "fix" a certain small fraction of nitrogen as nitric oxide. Fifteen years ago Sir William Crookes exhibited an experiment on the flame of burning nitrogen, the combustion being maintained by supplying the flame with electric energy by an alternating current of electricity supplied at a high voltage. In fact, while in ordinary combustion, as, for instance, of carbon with oxygen, heat is given out, in this forced combustion of nitrogen heat is absorbed, and the combination can only go on while energy is being pumped in electrically. Noting this, Sir William Crookes with characteristic prevision pointed out in 1898 that this experiment suggested a possible solution for the food-problem; and he reminded his audience that though electric energy generated by steam-engines or gas-engines might be too costly, water-power, as at Niagara, furnished a cheaper source. He estimated that if electric energy could be obtained at as low a price as one-seventh of a penny per unit (i. e., per kilowatt-hour), nitrate of soda might be manufactured at the price of 15 per ton. Chile saltpetre being then 27 lbs per ton. It has since advanced to £11 per ton. He added that while it was possible as a scientific matter to fix a certain amount of atmospheric nitrogen by several methods, no process had yet been used except on a small scale, and none had at that date—some years ago—been brought to the notice of scientific or commercial men which could be considered successful as regards either cost or yield of product.

But in nine years much may be achieved. Chemist, electrician, and engineer, working in collaboration, with modern appliances and with an adequate natural supply of water-power, may accomplish much—have accomplished much, indeed, though the achievement is still in its infancy. For while various skilled inventors have been at work in various parts of the world, and various processes have been announced as more or less successful for fixing atmospheric nitrogen, three are actually at work on a commercial scale. In Scotland, a company is manufacturing cyanide of soda for treating auriferous quartz in the gold-mining industry. In Berlin, Professor Frank is absorbing nitrogen by means of carbide of calcium (itself a product of the electric furnace) to form cyanamide. In Norway a fully-equipped factory has been at work for two whole years, turning out Norwegian saltpetre, the nitrate of lime, by the direct process of burning nitrogen in a special electric furnace, absorbing the nitrous fumes in water as nitric acid, and combining the acid with lime to furnish a marketable product.

Since in this process nitrates are directly produced from the atmosphere, and the manufacture is on a commercial scale, some detailed account of this, the first factory for the electric production of nitrates, will have more than a merely technical interest.

The process is due in the genius of Professor Kristian Birkeland of Christiania, aided by the mechanical skill and organizing capacity of Samuel Ryde, an engineer of the same city. Birkeland, who has for many years made a study of the aurora borealis, has from time to time devised experiments to elucidate auroral phenomena, in the course of which he investigated the action of the magnetic field upon electric discharges of various kinds. Amongst other things he discovered the separation or dispersion of the Kathode beam, in a highly exhausted vacuum tube, under the influence of a magnet, into a sort of spectrum. After ten years of such work he was led to examine the singular action of a transverse magnetic field upon an electric arc formed when an alternating electric current is passing between the tips of two conducting rods or electrodes. Under these conditions the arc or flame instead of forming a short luminous jet about one-quarter inch long, as we have it in ordinary arc lamps, spreads out laterally into a series of cylindrical streams which enlarge themselves into a roaring disc of flame. Such a flame, as electric arc is blown out magnetically into a disc, Birkeland enclosed in an iron furnace lined with fire-brick, with suitable apertures through which a stream of air could be passed. The air which emerges after passing through this electric flame is rich in orange-colored nitrous fumes. After being cooled it is sent into a series of absorption chambers, built of granite, inside which water trickles down, absorbing the fumes and making a very pure nitric acid of interesting strength as it passes from tower to tower. This acid is absorbed by treating it with limestone and caustic lime, thus producing nitrate of lime, which is concentrated and packed in casks.

After erecting at first a small experimental plant of 25-horse power, and then a large one of 100-horse power, an experimental station of 600-horse power was set up near Arendal in the south of Norway. Then a site was chosen for the erection of a factory at Notsdalen in the Hiltredalen, where a neighboring waterfall, the Tinnos, furnished some 2400-horse power, while the lake beside which the factory stands affords water-carriage to Christiania or to Helsingør. The factory was conceived on a scale capable of turning out from 3000 to 5000 tons per annum. Before it had been at work six months plans were called for to enlarge it to increase the output fivefold. For the necessary power another waterfall, the Svælefos, higher up on the same stream, was secured, and the barrage was begun a few months later. In the gorge of the stream a new powerhouse was erected capable of affording 25,000-horse power.

But other projects for further developments are on the way. The Norwegian Nitrate Company has acquired powers for another waterfall at Hellefos near Arendal, with about 25,000-horse power, another of 40,000-horse power at Wamma on the Swedish border, and for a still more important installation at the Bjånesfos in the heart of Norway. This fall, the work of harnessing which has already been begun, will yield a steady minimum output of 22,000-horse power. Some years must necessarily elapse before the whole of this can be utilized. These Norwegian falls do not

(Continued on page 191.)



THE AUTOMATIC BENEFIT

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

DRAWINGS BY F. STROTHMANN

ITZOK BLUM was dead. He was a good husband, kind, gentle, and industrious, so his widow mourned him truly, felt that life without him was hardly worth the living. She gave him a funeral whose elegance satisfied the most censorious critics in the neighborhood.

And having discharged her full duty to the departed Itzok, Sadie Blum returned to her home of three rooms in an Broadway Street tenement, and began to lay plans as to how she should fare the world alone. Battered! Of course. There was room enough for three or four. And in the old days, before Itzok came into her scheme of things—Ah! he was such a handsome man, with fine eyes, and five hundred dollars in the bank!—why, in the old days Sadie was one of the best knee-pants makers east of the Bowery. So it would be an easy matter to get a sewing-machine, earn wages, and forget, or at least lessen, her grief while driving the needle at high speed. The future, then, would take care of itself. But the present—had Sadie forgotten anything she ought to do? True, Itzok's original five hundred was still in the bank, together with a few more they both had added to the hoard; but even then that was no reason why Sadie should not gather a little more. What says Toplitzky? He who seizes a chance to get good money is throwing away good money. And Sadie knew of a certain and easy way to make a big profit in one evening. She would give herself a benefit—a regular benefit in a regular theatre.

A regular benefit? Sure, certainly—why not? Itzok was a good man and popular. He was a pioneer of loaves. He had friends by the score, good friends who would help the poor widow by buying tickets for a benefit. There is on the East Side a certain inagle in the "very word "Benefit." For the

Jew is generous to his own, yet, at the same time, pockets are more easily opened when there is a tangible return thereto. And how better can one combine charity with pleasure than by attending a performance at the theatre with the knowledge that one is doing a good deed?

Worcester defines the word benefit as meaning a favor, or a profit conferred. But Worcester never attended a Yiddish automatic benefit, else he might have characterized it as sometimes a profit deferred.

In the beginning there is the ever-present question of finance. The theatre cannot be hired for less than three hundred dollars,

save on some rare occasion, when a benevolent management reduces the price to two hundred and seventy-five. And when one realizes that so wide-spread is the benefit fever that three nights a week are given over to that use, one can understand that reductions are rare.

Sadie Blum called a council of her friends. They were unanimous for the scheme, and contributed by five and by ten dollars at a time, until the three hundred was raised.

Then a delegation, noisy, hydra-headed, full of eloquent hands, approached the manager. But presently Mrs. Blum was recognized as the leader, and she voiced the request.

After bargaining and threats to go across the street to the rival playhouse, a deal was finally arranged. The price was three hundred dollars, said price to include the privilege of choosing the play to be performed. Then came the tug of war. Mrs. Blum, after vehement debate, finally insisted upon the courtesy due her sex, and a tragedy was chosen, despite the protests of those who preferred opera.

The tickets for Thursday night are turned over. The friends prove that



Strothmann

Drawn by F. Strothmann

"Are these tickets?" thunders the old fellow



IF WISHES VERI

DRAWN BY J. B. H.

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WEEKLY



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

ERE FIGURES

MONTGOMERY FLAGG

their kindness extends farther than the mere lending of money, by taking a number of the tickets, and waylaying other friends. It is a benefit, they explain, for Mrs. Blum. The performance! Ah, that shall be left to the kind friends who buy the ticket for the poor sick lady. Should an opera please him, or should he prefer a drama? It is hard to please all, so why not let each purchaser feel the glow of pride which comes with the knowledge that one is choosing one's own play?

And so the amateur ticket-sellers dispose of what part of their allotment they can, and turn over the remainder to Mrs. Blum, who, on the night of the benefit, mounts guard in the box-office. She shares her temporary dignity with those of her friends whom she deems worthy of the honor, until, at last, the little box is jammed so tightly that, in the excitement of greeting old friends who have neglected to buy in advance, she mixes up all the tickets.

And so it happens that the youngster demanding a twenty-five-cent seat receives a chair in the orchestra, and a heartfelt belief in the beauty of charity is instilled in his mind. But the crowd is becoming too great, so Mrs. Blum delegates her nephew to sell tickets on the sidewalk. He is doing a land-office business, when a minion of the law, seeing him roughly by the collar, demands his speculator's license.

Expostulations avail nothing. What matters it that the house is sold to his aunt? Comes the insistent demand from the Hebrew special officer, "Where is your license?" It is written that man cannot do two things at once, and pacifying the law is detrimental to the proper carrying on of business. It is not to be wondered at that the vendor farther mixes up the vendors, thereby adding to the joy of the occasion. And he retires to the box-office, with a train of frail Russians clamoring for his hand.

Inside, the ushers are having their hands full. A full-bearded patriarch has tickets for wife, children, and grandchildren. A bawdier group, they crowd around the usher, and he shrinks from their peremptory demands for seats. Down the centre aisle they start. Their coupons are for C, but what matters a little thing like the alphabet to one who reads only Yiddish? The usher states the case. They must retire two rows.

"Are these tickets?" thunders the old fellow.

Reluctantly the usher admits that it is even so.

"But me no lute!"—or its Yiddish equivalent—cries the patriarch, whereupon he hands his book into the first row. Persuasion having failed, the usher calls for the officer, and, with firm mutterings about the disrespect for their elders among the Yiddish youth of to-day, that family is settled in its own row.

Meanwhile the troubles have augmented. While the usher has been dallying with old Michaelowitz, other benefactors have been preempting seats, for all the world like a crowd at a ball game.

Then reigns a dapper youth, his hair sleekly parted in the middle, and accompanied by his sweetheart, both laden with bags of fruit and candy, presents his tickets. Alas! his seats are occupied by a Kleinschiff Russian who has died the preservation of his native land for the glorious free soil of America. He give up



Balancing a hired No. 6 silk hat upon a No. 7 head

his seat? Has not the heritage of two thousand years of tyranny taught him the value of to have and to hold? It would seem so. Before he yields, he would fain see what he is to receive in return. Better seats? Bring them forth that he may behold. But the majesty of the law is again invoked, and another convert has been won to anarchy. For tyranny prevails here as well as in Russia.

A middle-aged man, with his spouse, lumbers down the aisle. The usher hastily glances at one ticket, shows them seats, and then discovers that their coupons are for widely separated parts of the house. But this time there is real trouble. If the amateur ticket-sellers have made mistakes, that surely is not the fault of the audience. Have they not given up their hard-earned money, and shall they be deprived of what is coming to them? And the wife's righteous indignation is roused so loudly that the usher is driven to retreat, trusting that no claimant will come for those particular chairs. Fortunately, when they do, they prove to be a simple couple, too engrossed in anticipation of the delights to come to care where they sit.

And so, with incipient riots every minute, the house is filled. At eight o'clock not a seat is vacant, save in the boxes. Every one knows that the performance does not start until a quarter after, but the Broadway habit of disturbing your neighbors has not yet been adapted on the East Side. Once seated, the proper thing is to arise and look for acquaintances. A tall brunette unduly stands, waves her hand toward the balcony, and cries: "Ooh-hoo, Emma! Hello! Ais'd id fine!" And by the satisfied expression on her face it seems that Emma agrees, although by this time noisy greetings prevent the accurate recording of any one conversation.

And now the boxes are filling. The votaries of fashion must prove their status to a lower world, hence they arrive a little late, even as Fifth Avenue makes its entrance at the opera. Only, in the Yiddish theatre, a late arrival does not mean after the curtain has risen. All gaze at them, and they hurry around the

(Continued on page 887.)



Drawn by F. Stockman

"Hats off!" the curtain rises, and the play is now the thing

"HOME RULE" AGAIN

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

MR. BIRRELL'S bill is a step in the right direction, but a very modest one. The council which it erects to deal with exclusively Irish affairs is in no sense a legislature. It does not contain a trace or touch, as Mr. Birrell said in introducing his measure, a hint or a suggestion, of any new legislative power or authority. No law, public or private, can ever be made at any time or in any circumstances by virtue of any one of its provisions. It does not authorize the levying of a single tax or the striking of the lumlost rate. It leaves the constitution of the United Kingdom unaperturbedly unaffected. To those whose memories go back to the home-rule bills of 1886 and 1893 Mr. Birrell's proposals can only seem barren and jejune, can only be regarded as a proof that the Irish cause in the last twenty years has retrograded and not advanced. There is, however, one point in which it is identical with the more heroic measures of the Gladstonian epoch. It is pre-destined, as they were, to unhesitating rejection by the House of Lords.

All the world knows that Ireland is administered by a series of boards, most of which make their headquarters in Dublin Castle. There are some forty-five of these boards. Some of them are under the control of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, others of the Lord Lieutenant for Ireland, others again are independent of both and lead their own lives in their own way. The English House of Commons, already overburdened with business, has neither the time nor the knowledge to supervise their workings. The boards form together a peculiarly vicious and demoralizing sort of bureaucracy. Their shortcoming is not corruption; it is not previous inefficiency; it is not indifference to the welfare of Ireland; it is that they lack, and can never hope to gain, the confidence of the people, and that they are hampered in all they do or attempt to do by an insuperable suspicion. Mr. Birrell described the Dublin Castle system with his usual picturesque lucidity. "It is," he said, "situated off from the great current of national life and feeling; and one cannot feel—I do not believe anybody within the walls of Dublin Castle can feel—that that is the way to secure the regeneration of Ireland. No pulse of real life runs through the place. The main current of Irish life as it rushes past its walls passes by almost unheeded. There it stands, remote, unfrequented, miserably slow," regarding this great stream of national life and feeling with a curious expression, mingled, it may be, with cynicism and amusement, coupled also, I admit, with a passionate tutorial desire to teach the wild Irish people how to behave themselves, just as the great Roman procurator of Anne Bonnet's day, being in his delightful villa in York, or Calchester, or Bath, may have regarded the vagaries of the inhabitants of this island."

That is a perfectly good description. Dublin Castle is an amazing medley of overcrowded, overlapping boards, a standing blot on England's claim to know something of the elements of good administration. It has scarcely a single defender anywhere in Ireland. Unionists have conquered and denounced it to less heartily than Nationalists. A Russian bureaucracy in Finland could not be more utterly divorced from the sympathies and confidence of the people it rules. I scarcely know, indeed, what merit it possesses or what fault it lacks. Ireland at present has no-fourth the

number of indictable offences to her discredit as Scotland. Yet she is compelled to maintain a police force twice as large, and is charged \$5,000,000 a year more for its upkeep. The supreme need of Ireland is education, yet she pays more for her police than for her schools and colleges. Ireland has a smaller population than Scotland and yet pays \$1,000,000 a year more for her judicial system, and \$2,000,000 a year more for her local government—and it is like going to Spain to see the way in which law is sometimes administered in Ireland, and to watch the sublime struggle between Irish prejudice and Irish jury-packing. Such things are the inevitable result of committing the government of the country into the hands of alien and mostly irresponsible bureaucrats. If common sense and coordination were introduced into Dublin Castle, the greatest authority on the subject has estimated that a saving of nearly \$2,500,000 a year might be effected. But to give Ireland merely her money's worth is not enough. Until the majority of the people feel that they do in some sort control their own destinies and have in a measure a shaping hand in their own government, until they are made conscious of a harmony between Irish sentiment, instincts, and responsibility, and the daily work of Irish administration, the country will never be contented. That seems to me the plainest of the innumerable lessons to be learned from Irish history. It is a lesson which Mr. Birrell has thoroughly measured. The supreme aim of his bill, in his own words, "is the association of the sentiment of the Irish people as a whole with the administration of the numerous statutes, rules, and regulations which direct the conduct of purely Irish affairs within Ireland herself."

He proposes to attain this object by creating a council of 100 members, eighty-two of whom are to be elected and twenty-four nominated. The council is to hold office during three years. It is to take over the administration of eight of the principal departments of the government. The resolutions it passes are to be obeyed by these departments, except when the Lord Lieutenant either reserves a resolution or amends it or sends it to the council for further consideration. The council is to work through committees. A new education department, amalgamating various boards that now profess to deal with educational matters, is to be created and will also be under the control of the council. A separate Irish treasury is to be established, and there is to be paid into it a sum of \$3,250,000 for five years over and above the present cost of the departments that the council will administer. Such is rough outline is the government's scheme. Obviously it falls very far short of home-rule. Criticism of it on other and purely administrative grounds is also easy. The position of the Lord Lieutenant, for instance, seems under the provisions of the bill to be an impossible one. Nor does the measure do anything to relieve the congestion of Parliament or to place Irish bills in the hands of the Irish members. On the other hand, it does establish a certain correspondence between Irish sentiment and Irish government, and it has also the negative virtue of doing nothing to harm the Nationalist cause.

Another attempt to solve the Irish problem and another failure—such, I fear, will be the verdict that history will find itself compelled to pass on Mr. Birrell's bill.

THE STILL ALARM

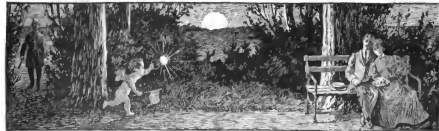


Illustration by C. J. Budd

"But love is blind, and lovers cannot see"
—The Merchant of Venice

MAM' LINDA*

A Novel
BY WILL N. HARBEN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. B. MASTERS

CHAPTER XVI

At the next day came and went on toward its close, the whole town took on an air of vague depression. Men who now lived at Darby, but had been former residents of the mountainous country and were supposed to know the temper and character of the aggrieved people, shook their heads and smiled grimly when the subject of Pete's coming trial was mentioned. "Huh!" said one of these men who kept a small grocery-store on the corner, "that nigger'll never see the door of the court-house."

And that opinion grew, and seemed to saturate the very garment of approaching night. The negroes at work in various ways along the business portion of the town left their pots early, and with no comment to the whites or even to their own kind they betook themselves to their homes—or elsewhere.

Just after dark Carson went home to supper. As he drew near the front gate he noticed that the Warren house was lighted both in the upper and lower portions, and that a group of persons were standing on the veranda. He noticed the towering form of old Lewis and the bowed, bandanna-clothed head of Linda, and with them, evidently offering consolation, stood Heles, the Major, Saunders, and Keith Gordon.

Carson was entering the gate when Keith, through the twilight, recognized him and signalled him to wait. And leaving the others Keith came over to him.

"I must see you, Carson," he said, in a voice that had never sounded so grave. "Can we go in? If Mam' Linda sees you she'll be here in a minute. She's terribly upset."

"Come into the library," Carson said. "I see it's lighted. We'll not be disturbed there."

Inside the big square room with its simple furnishings and drab tints Carson sat, weary from his nervous strain and loss of sleep, into an easy-chair, and motioned his friend to take another; but Keith, twirling his hat in his hands nervously, continued to stand.

"It's awful, old man, simply awful!" he said. "I've been there since sundown trying to help pacify Mam' Linda and Lewis, but what was the use?"

"Then she's afraid?"

"Afraid? Good God, how could she help it! The negro preacher and his wife came to Linda and Lewis and tried to prepare them for the worst. Do you think Linda doesn't know the danger? Well, she does better than any living person. She's past the tear-shedding stage. She and old Lewis simply pace the floor like gaunted brutes with human hearts and souls bound up in them."

"Poor old woman!" Carson groaned. "If it had to come on her it would be better to have it over with. It would have been better if I had stood back last night and let them have their way."

"Oh no," protested Keith, "that's the old woman's sole comfort. She hardly draws a breath that doesn't utter your name. She still believes that her only hope rests in you."

He tore himself from his chair and began to stride about the room like a restless tiger in a cage. His walk took him into the hall utterly forgetful of the presence of his friend. There a colored maid came to him and said, "Your mother wants you!"

He stared at the girl blankly for a moment, then he seemed to pull himself together. "Has my mother heard?"

"No, sir, your father told me not to excite her."

"All right, I'll go up," Carson said. "Tell Mr. Gordon to be in the library to wait for me."

"I was wondering if you had come," the invalid said, as he bent over her bed, took her hand, and kissed her brow. "I presume you have been very busy all day over Pete's case."

"Yes, very busy, another day."

"And is it all right now?" Your father tells me the trial is set for to-morrow. Oh, Carson, I'm very proud of you. I heard your speech last night, and it lifted me to the very Throne of God. Oh, you are right, you are right, you are right! It is our duty to love and sympathize with the poor creatures. They are still children in the realms of their past slavery. They can't act for themselves. Their crimes are due chiefly to the lack of the guiding hand they ever had. Oh, my son, your father is angry with you for spilling your political chances by such a radical stand, but even if you lose the race by it I shall be all the prouder

* Begun in HARBEN'S WEEKLY, Vol. LI, No. 959

of you, for you won't sell yourself. I wish I could go to the court-house to-morrow, but the doctor won't let me. He says I mustn't have another shock like that when I heard that awful shot and saw you reel as if about to fall. Now, are you listening?"

"Why, yes, mother. I—" His mind was really elsewhere. He had dropped her hand and was standing with furrowed brow and tightly-drawn lips in the shadow thrown by the lamp on a table near by and the high points of the old-fashioned bedstead.

"I thought you seemed to be thinking of something else," said the invalid, plaintively.

"I really was troubled about leaving Keith down-stairs by himself," Carson said. "Perhaps I'd better run down now, mother."

"Oh yes, I didn't know he was there. Ask him to supper."

"All right, mother. And he left the room with a slow step, fading Gordon on the veranda below fitfully puffing at a cigar as he walked to and fro.

"Heles called me to the fence just now," Keith said. "She's all broken to pieces. She sent you a message."

"Me?"

"Yes. With the tears streaming down her cheeks, she simply said, 'Tell Carson that I am praying that he will think of some way to avenge this disaster.'"

"She said that?" Carson turned and looked through the gathering shadows towards the jail, then he asked in a tone that was harsh, crisp, and rasping:

"Keith, could you get together to-night fifteen men who would stick to me through point to point, and help me arrive at some decision as to—what is best?"

"Twenty, Carson—twenty who would risk their lives at a word from you."

"They might have to sacrifice."

"They wouldn't make a bit of difference; I know the ones you can depend on. You've got granite friends; the truest and bravest a man ever had."

"Then have as many as you can get to meet me at Blackburn's store at nine o'clock. We may accomplish nothing, but I want to talk to them. God knows, it is the only chance. No, I can't explain now. There is not a moment to lose. Tell Blackburn to keep the doors shut and let them assemble in the rear as secretly and quietly as possible."

"All right, Carson. I'll have the men there."

CHAPTER XVII

When Carson reached the front door of Blackburn's store, near nine o'clock, he found it closed. For a moment he stood under the crude wooden shed that roofed the sidewalk, and looked up and down the deserted street. It was a dark night, and from the aspect of the heavy, troubled clouds high winds seemed in abeyance beyond the hills to the west. He was wondering how he had been made his presence known to his friends within the store when he heard a soft whistle near by, and Keith Gordon beamed up, a flaring disk of a cigar lighting his expectant face.

"I've been waiting for you," he said, in a cautious undertone. "They are getting impatient. You see, they thought you'd be here earlier."

"I couldn't get away while my mother was awake," Carson said. "Dr. Stone was there, and warned me not to leave at night. She can't stand any more excitement. So I had to stay with her. I read to her till she fell asleep. What's here?"

"The gang, and fully fifteen other friendly fellows—you'll see them on the inside, every man of them with a gun. At the last moment I heard that Pole Ruber was at the wagon-yard, and I nabbed him."

"Good, I'm glad you did. Now, let's go in."

"Not yet, old man," Keith objected. "Blackburn gave special orders not to open the door if any person was in sight. Let's walk to the corner."

They went to the next street, and stood at the foot of the stairs leading up to the den. No one was in sight. Across the summer tracks of the nearly switch-yard there was a stream-flouring mill, which ground day and night, and the steady puffing of the engine beat monotonously on their ears. In a red flare of light they saw the shadowy form of the engineer striking the fire.

"Now, the way is clear," said Keith; "we can go in, but I want to prepare you for a big disappointment, old man."

Carson stared through the darkness, as arm in arm they moved back to the store. "You mean—"

"I mean that the meeting, as it is, is a big tribute to them—the esteem in which they all hold you. No other man could have got them together at such a time; but they are not going to allow you to leave now, they have already had time to talk it over in there, and they have agreed that to make any attempt to stop the lynchers by force would be sheer folly. Pole Baker brought some reliable news, reliable and terrible. I've been in for anything myself, but when he said—he will explain."

Giving a rap on the door that was recognized within, they were admitted by Blackburn, who stood back in the shadow and quickly closed the shutter and looked it behind them. In the uncertain light of a lamp with a smoky chimney, on the platform in the rear sat on boxes, chairs, table, and desk a motley gathering of men. Kirk Fitzpatrick, the heavy-eyed black-haired tinner, who had a jest for every moment, was there; Wilson, the shoe-maker; Pole Baker, the German laker; Tom Wayland, the good-hearted drug clerk, whose hair was as red as blood; Bob Smith, Wingo Tangle, and, seated close to the lamp, the crumpling form of Garner, reading a dime novel and utterly deaf and blind to sounds and things around him. Besides those mentioned there were eight or ten other ardent political supporters of Carson Dought.

"Well, here you are at last," Garner cried, throwing down his novel. "If I hadn't had something to read for have been asleep. I don't know any more than a rabbit what you are going to propose, but whatever it is we are late enough about it."

Harriedly, Carson explained the cause of his delay, and took the chair that the tinner, with the air of a confessed inferior, was passing towards him. As he sat down, and the lamplight fell athwart his careworn face, the group were struck dumb with sympathy and a strange, far-reaching respect they could hardly understand, certainly not have put into words; but it was in obedience to that inner attractive force of his that had bound them one and all to him, and which, they felt, nothing but dishonor could break. And yet to-night they sat around him, hands clutched together in such grim opposition that he felt it in the very droop of their attitudes—their silence.

"The truth is," Garner broke the awkward pause, "we guess you got us together to-night to offer open opposition—in case, of course, that the mob means to burn your client. That seems the only thing a body of men can do. But, my dear boy, there are two sides to this question. For reasons of your own, chief among which is a most beautiful principle to see the humblest stamp of man get justice—for these reasons you call on your friends to stand to you, and they will stand, I reckon, to the end; but it's for you, Carson, to act reasonably and think as readily in the interests of all of us as for the unfortunate prisoner. To meet that mob by opposition to-night would—well, ask Pole Baker the latest news. When you have heard what he knows to be true I am sure you will see the utter futility of any movement whatever."

All eyes were now turned on the gaunt mountaineer who was sitting on an inverted milk-pail, whistling a fine point on a bit of stick which now and then he thrust automatically between his great white teeth.

"Well, Carson," he began, in drawing tones, "I loved you—used want to know just how the land lays, and as I had a sort of underground way of gettin' at the facts, I did it an' come on to town. I had heard about how low your mother was, an' easy upset by excitement, an' so I didn't go up to your house; but I met Kirk, an' he told me I could see you at this meetin', and so I waited. Carson, the jig is certainly up with Peter Warren. No power under high heaven could save his neck. The report that went out this mornin' was sent out on purpose to throw the authorities off their guard. Only about thirty men are still on Sam Dudley's trail—the rest, hundreds and hundreds, in bunches an' fartions—each faction totin' a flag to show what they hail from an' all dressed in white sheets, for miles an' miles around, is headed this way."

"Do you mean right at this moment?" Carson asked, as he started to rise. Pole noticed to him to sit down.

"They won't be here till twelve o'clock," he said. "They've passed the word about amongst 'em, and agreed to meet, so that all factions can be on hand, at the old Sanderson place, two miles out on the Springtown road. They will start from there at half past eleven on the march for the jail. It will be after twelve before they get there. Peter's got that long to make his peace, but as longer. And right here, Carson, before I stop, I want to say that there ain't a man in this State I'd do a favor for quicker than I would for you; but many of us are family men, and while that nigger may be innocent, still his life is just one life, while—well," Baker snapped his dry fingers with a click that was as sharp as the cocking of a revolver—"I wouldn't risk it if we opposed them now. They are as mad as wounded wild-geese. They believe he done it—they know on reliable testimony that

he said he'd kill Johnson, an' they want his blood. Five hundred such as we are wouldn't help stop 'em a minute. I want to help, but I can't."

There was silence after his voice died away. Then Garner rapped on the table with his small hand, and tossed back his long hair from his massive brow.

"You may as well know it, Carson," he said, calmly. "We put it to a vote just before you came, and we all agreed that we would—well, try to bring you round to reason."

To their surprise, Carson took up the lamp and rose. "Wait a moment," he said, and with the lamp in hand he crossed the elevated part of the floor and went to the open cellar door. They were left in darkness for a moment, the rays of the lamp flashing now only on the closed doors in the front, for Dought had gone down into the cellar.

"Huh, there ain't any one there," Blackburn cautiously called out. "I looked through the full length of it, turned over every box and barrel before you came. I wasn't going to run any risk in a matter like this."

There was some fixed quality in Dought's drawn face as he emerged, carrying the lamp before him, ascended the steps, and again took his place at the table.

"You thought somebody might be hiding there?" the storekeeper said, "but I was careful too."

"No, it wasn't that," Carson said. "I was wondering—if I was trying to think—"



"There is only one thing to do, my friends"

He paused as if submerged in overpowering thought, and Garner turned upon him almost startly. He had never before used quite such a harsh tone to his partner.

"You've gone far enough, Carson," he said. "There are limits even to the deepest friendship. You can't ask your best friends to make their wives widows and their children orphans in a blind effort to save the neck of a stupid negro, even if he's as innocent as the angels in heaven. As for yourself, your heroism has almost led you into a cesspool of reckless absurdity. You have let that old man and woman up there and Miss—that old man and woman—any way—work on your sympathies till you have lost your usual judgment. I'm your friend and—"

"Stop!" Carson stood up, his hands on the edge of the table, the lamp beneath him throwing his middle face into the shadow of his eyes. "Stop," he repeated. "You say you have; give up. Boys, I can't. I tell you I can't. I simply can't let them kill that boy. Every nerve in my body, every pulsation of my soul screams out against it. I have set my heart in averting this horror."

"Ten years ago I could have gone to my bed and slept peacefully, as many Christian citizens of this town will to-night, under the knowledge that the verdict of mob law was to be executed, but in the handling of this case I've had a new birth. There is no God in heaven if I say if he has not made it possible for the mind and will of man to prevent this horror. There must be a way—there *is* a way. I could put my ideas on paper, my brain to-night—my faith and confidence into your souls—would prevent this calamity and set an example for our fellows to follow in future."

"Your ideas into our brains?" Garner laughed patronizingly. "Well, I like that, Carson, but if you can see a chance to save that boy's neck, and our own I'd like to have you plug it through my skull if you have to do it with a steel drill. At present I'm the senior member of the firm of Garner and Dought, but I'll take second place if you run show, when you are aiming at."

"I don't mean to put your intelligence, Delight went on passionately, his voice rising higher, "but I do see a way, and I am praying God at this moment to make you see it as I do, and be willing to help me carry it out."

"Blaze away," said Pole Baker, leaned up from his log. "I'm not a nigger-lover by a long shot, but I'm sensible, seeing how you feel about this particular one an' his connections, I'm an anxious to save 'em as if I owned 'em in the good old day, an' his sort was freshen two thousand apiece. You blew away. I feel sorter sorakin' anyway after you've got you while you was at that job, till you're sick enough to sleep. By gum, you give me the end of a log that I kin tote, an' I'll do it or break my back."

"I want it understood, Carson," said Wade Tingle, at this juncture, "that I was only voting against our trying to stop that mob by force, and the day I did just that I was voting in the interests of the family men here to-night. God knows if you can see any other possible way."

"We have no time to lose," Carson said. "If we are to accomplish anything we must be moving. Furthermore, what I may propose may, in a way, be made yet to make a sacrifice almost as great as that of open resistance. I am going to ask you law-abiding citizens to break the law, as you understand it, but not law as the best wisdom of man intended it to be. Our country is in a state of open lawlessness. The law I'm going to ask you to break is already broken. The highest court might hold that we would be no better, in fact, than the army of law-breakers headed this way with the form of race hatred on their lips, its insense blame in eyes that till recently burned only in gentleness and human love. But I'm going to ask you to choose between two evils—to let an everlasting injustice be done at the hand of a hate that will drown in tears of regret in time to come, or the lesser evil of breaking an already broken law. You are all good citizens, and I tremble and blush over my undarity in even thinking of asking you to do what you have never in any form done before."

Carson paused. Wondering silence fell on the group. Upon each face struggled evidences of a desire to grasp his meaning. That it was momentous so man there doubted. Even the ever-quick Garner was shaken from his habitual lax attitude, and with his delicate fingers rigidly supporting his great head he stared openmouthed up at the speaker.

"Well, what is it?" he presently asked. "There is only one chance I see," said Dought stood erect, his arms folded, and stopped as if that the light of the lamp fell full upon his tense features. The patch of sickle-bender stood out from his pale skin, giving his perspiring brow an uneasy look. "There is only one thing to do, my friends, and without your help I stand powerless. I want to form ourselves into a supposed mob of ignorant men, to go through of the others to the jail, and force Bart Barrett to turn the prisoner over to us."

"Great tiddy!" Garner rose and leaned on the table. "Then what would you do?"

"Carson pointed steadily to the cellar-door and swallowed the lump of excitement in his throat. "I would, as you see, bring him here and imprison him, in that cellar, guarded by us only till—till such a time as we could safely deliver him to a court of justice."

"By God, you are a whet-bone!" burst from Pole Baker's lips. "That's the easiest thing I ever heard of."

"You mean to make Bart Barrett believe we are—actually bent on lynching the negro?" demanded Keith Gordon, enthusiasm bubbling from his eyes and voice.

"Yes, that would be the only way," said Carson. "He is a wren of a fellow, his only position is his livelihood. Even if we could personally him to enter our plan it wouldn't be fair to him, for he would be shouldering more responsibility than we would. The only way is to thoroughly disguise ourselves and

compel him to give in, as he will be compelled by the others if we don't act first. I know he would not fire upon us."

"It looks to me like a steady lark," spoke up the storkkeeper. "As for me, I want to reward originality by doing the thing if possible. As for that cellar it's as strong as an ancient fortress, anyway, and Carson, Pole would not try to escape if you ordered him not to. As for disguises, I can lend you all the blacked sheeting you want. I got in a fresh bale of it yesterday. I could cut it into ten-yard pieces and that would not hurt the sale of it. Moments like this a better price than regular stock, anyway. Boys, let's vote on it. All in favor stand up."

There was a clatter of shoes and rattling of chairs, boxes, kegs, and other articles which had been used for seats. It was an immediate and unanimous tribute to the wren Carson, Dought's personality had long held over them. They were all to him to man; even Garner suddenly, and strongly for his abrupt individuality, relegating himself to the rank of a common private under the obvious leader.

"Hold on, boys!" exclaimed one not so easily relegated to any position out of full of action, and Pole Baker was leaning in a further proposal. "So far the arrangements are good and sound, but you-uns haven't looked far enough ahead. When we get to the jail that's got to be some damned fine act, or that Bart will snarl a mouse and release our demands. In a case like this silence is a sight more powerful than a fake noise when we see some'n a hangin' to save a man, and one man only, to do the talking."

"Yes, and you are that man," said Carson; "you must do it."

"All right. I'm willing," agreed Baker. "The trust is, folks say I'm good at just that sort of thing an' I'll sort of like the job."

"You mean to do it with the very man," said Carson.

"You bet he is," agreed Blackburn; "now come down in the store an' let me rig you up some. We haven't any too much time to lose."

That's another thing you-uns don't seem to have calculated on," said Baker, as Blackburn was leading them down to the dry-goods counter. "It may take time to quiet the public excitement even if we put this thing through to-night. You propose to let the indignation go out that that was a lynching. How will you keep 'em from thinkin' it's a fake noise when we see some'n a hangin' to a tree limb in the mornin'?" If they thought we'd put up a job on 'em, they would now around till they was on to the whole business, an' then that would be the devil to pay."

"You are right about that," said Garner. "If we could convince that Pole has been tricked by some party who don't want to be known in the matter the excitement would die down in a day or so, but if they should imagine that he had been liberated it would bring on a civil war."

Never mind, was Pole's ultimatum. "Leave it to me and I'll take care of something like that," said Barrett. By gum! he had about told 'em that, for reasons of our own, we intend to hide the body when the niggers can't get at it to give it decent burial! I'll believe that would go down."

"Splendid, splendid!" said Garner. "Work that fine enough. Pole, give us the word to give up or everything."

"Well, I can work it all right if I am to do the talkin'." Pole said, as he made a plunge for his portion of the sheeting.

CHAPTER XVIII

FIFTEEN minutes later a spectral group filed out through the rear door of the store, and passed for further orders in the shadow of the wall of the adjoining lank building. The sky was still kin to a safe place. That if he looks follow in the houses

With Carson and Pole in the lead the party marched grimly two and two, a weird sight even to themselves. Straight down the alley behind the stores along the railway they moved, keeping step like trained military men. Pole carried a roll of raw rope and swung it about in his white, wrinkle clutch as he continually gave orders as to turns and tentative pauses. Now and then he would leave them standing and stride ahead through the darkness and stand for them to come on up. In this way they progressed, with many a halt and many a cautious detour to avoid the lines that already fully through some cottage window or chink in a door or some windowman at his post at some mill or foundry, till finally they reached the grounds surrounding the court-house and jail.

"I don't know how soft-hearted you are, Carson," Baker whispered the young man's ear, "but there's one thing a man full of feelin' like you seem to be ought to guard against."

"What is that, Pole?"

"Why, you know, if we get the poor devil out he'll be sure he's done for as he'll be sure to raise a awful row, begin'n 'em prayin' an' so tellin' what else. But for all you do don't open your mouth. Let 'em grin an' bear it—tough as it will be—till we kin get in a safe place. That 'll be folks listenin' in the houses along the way to the store, an' if you was to speak one kind word to them they'd sure give you up. To all intents we are hynders of the most detestable brand."

"I understand that, Pole," said Carson. "I won't interfere with your work."

"Don't call it my work," said Baker, admiringly. "I've been through a sight of secret things, but I never heard of a secret job as slick an' deep-sid as this. If she goes through safe I'll put you at the top of my list. It looks like it would work, but a body never kin tell. That Barrett is the best him to climb. I don't know kin well enough to foresee what stand he'll take. Boys, have your eyes ready, an' when I only you to take then you do it as if you hated to shoot whatever is in front of you. Our bluff is the biggest that ever was thought of, but it kin to go. Now, come on!"

Through the open gateway they started across the public lawn covered with fresh, green grass, to the jail near by. A dog chained in a kennel behind the jail waked and snarled, but he did not bark. There was a little perch at the entrance of the jail, and along this the little ghostly band arranged themselves silently.

"Hello in thar, Hurt Barret!" Pole suddenly cried out. In sharp, stern tones. And there was a pause. Then from the darkness within came the sound of some one striking a match. A sickening light flared up in the room on the right of the entrance, then the voice of a woman was heard.

"Hurt, what he it?" she asked, in a startled tone.

"I don't know: I'll see," a coarser voice made answer. Another pause and a door on the inside was opened, then the outer, and Hurt Barret, half-dressed, stood staring at the gruesome assemblage before him.

"We've come after that nigger," said Baker, succinctly, his tone so low in his throat that even an intimate friend would not have recognized it, and he raised his coil of rope and tapped the edge of the door suggestively.

Barret, as many a brave man would have done, stood helplessly bewildered. Presently he drew himself together and said, firmly:

"Gentlemen, I'm a sworn officer of the law. I've got a duty to perform and I'm going to do it." And thereupon they saw the barrel of a revolver which the jailer held in his hand. In the awful stillness that rattled his words the click of his hammer as the weapon was cocked sounded sharp and distinct.

"Too bad, but he's goin' to fight for it, boys," Pole said, with grim faculty. "He is a white man in looks, but he's jined forces with the black devils that are best on reds' land. Steady, take aim. If that's less'n twenty balls in his carcass when he's examined in the morgue, it will mean some member's eternal disgrace. Aim!"

There was a startled scream at the half-open window of the bed-room on the right, and the jailer's wife thrust out her head.

"Don't shoot 'im!" she screamed. "Don't! Give 'em the keys, Hurt. Are you a fool?"

"He certainly looks it," was Baker's comment, in a tone of well-earned, only half-trilled rage. "Give 'em ten seconds to drop them keys, boys. I'll count 'em. When I say ten blow away an' let a yawnin' hell take 'em."

"Gentlemen, I—"

"Hurt! Hurt! What do you mean? Are you plumb crazy?"

"One!" counted Pole, "two! three—"

"I want to do what's right. Of course I'm overpowered, but—"

"Five! six!" wailed Pole, his voice ringing out clear and fierce.

There was a jagging of steel; the spectators, peering through ragged eyeballs in their white rags, saw the bunch of keys as it emerged from Barret's pocket and fell in the doorpocket.

"Gentlemen, you'll regret this night's work," he said.

"What do you care what we regret?" Pole said grimly, "just as you ain't turned into a human suffer. Now," as he stooped to pick up the keys, "you git back in thar to jore wif an' children. We simply mean business an' know what we are about. Aw' look here, Hurt Barret," and Pole nudged Carson, who stood close to him, "thar'll be another gang here in a few minutes on the same busi-



Illustration by J. M. Johnson

"We've come after that nigger," said Baker, succinctly

not from his heart, which really was deeply moved. "Bring 'em on!"

Two of the spectators seized Pole's hands just as his quaking knees bent under him and he was falling down. He started to slip back, and then, evidently realizing the utter futility of resisting such force, he allowed himself to be dragged through the door at the cell and down the narrow stairs.

"I never done it! before t'ad I never done it!" he wailed, sobbing like a child. "Don't kill me, white folks, t'ime one chance. Tek me ter Marce Carson Dwright; he'll tell you I ain't no man."

"He'll tell us a lot!" growled Baker, with another of his mechanical outbursts. "They nigh!"

"Oh, my God have mercy!" For the first time Pole noticed the coil of rope and the sight of it filled him with renewed terror. On his knees he sank, trying to cover his eyes with his imprisoned hands and quivering like an aspen. Hardly knowing what he was doing, Carson Dwright impulsively bent over him, but before he had opened his lips the watchful Baker had rudely drawn him back.

"Don't, for God sake!" the mountaineer said, warily, and he peeped across the street to the houses near by. Indeed, as if to sanction his precaution a window in the upper story of the nearest house was raised, and a white-haired and pale man looked out. It was the leading Methodist preacher of the place. For one moment he stared down at them, as if struck dumb by the terror of the scene.

"Is the name of Christ be merciful, neighbors," he said in a voice that shook. "Don't commit this crime against yourselves and the community you live in. Spare him; in the name of God, hand him back to the protection of the law."

"The law be hangin' person," Pole retorted, as part of his trying ruse. "We are looking after the law; thar hain't no law in this country that's with a hill o' beans."

"Be merciful—give him a chance for his life," the preacher repeated.

(Continued on page 697.)

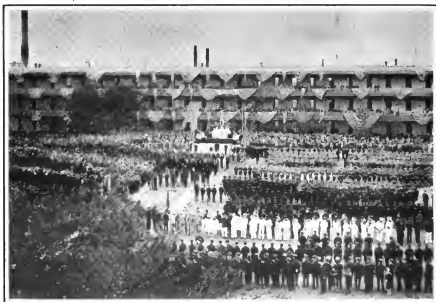
MRS. McKINLEY



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MRS. WILLIAM McKINLEY, WIDOW OF THE LATE PRESIDENT, DIED ON MAY 26, AT HER HOME IN CANTON, OHIO. MRS. McKINLEY, WHO WAS MISS IDA HANTON, WAS SIXTY YEARS OLD. SHE HAD BEEN MARRIED TO WILLIAM McKINLEY FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS AT THE TIME OF HIS ASSASSINATION AT WASHINGTON. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT WAS ONE OF THE ATTENDANTS AT HER FUNERAL, WHICH WAS HELD IN CANTON. THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THIS PAGE WAS TAKEN NOT LONG BEFORE THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE FALLEN IN WAR



SOLEMN HIGH MASS WAS CELEBRATED RECENTLY AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD FOR THOSE WHO HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE WARS OF THE UNITED STATES. IT WAS THE FIFTH ANNUAL MEMORIAL SERVICE HELD FOR THIS PURPOSE. MORE THAN 15,000 SOLDIERS, SAILORS, CITIZENS, AND CITY OFFICIALS TOOK PART IN THE SERVICES

The Automatic Benefit

(Continued from page 898.)

box in the lumber accumulation of conical prisms. Here and there shines a white shirt beneath a great dunsm. Caspary, the singer, never performed a more difficult feat than that of the postman in the lower left-hand box who is balancing a hired No. 6 silk hat upon a No. 7 head. But the relevant attention it provides and the discomfort of the pretty girls compensate for the discomfort.

An introduction is being performed. The youth does not remove his hat, but his head moves stiffly, and an angular thrusting forward of his right hand would indicate that he desires to shake hands. At least, it seems so, for the lady shakes.

Programmes are called into being. Indignation is rife. Unpleasantly expected to hear an opera, and fondly desirous friend Shilsky, who sold him his ticket. Gordil, like tragedy, and does not hesitate to deny the taste and culture of any one who professes opera. The assertion of individualism is primarily to be effected only by the useful actor, who explains that an operatic drama is to be performed, which doubtful statement quells the belligerents, and peace prevails.

We are disturbed by the evident volition of Mrs. Blum. She is expatiating with the manager. Every seat is taken, yet she is short more seventy dollars. The judgmental approach of a patron who has paid seventy-five cents for a quarter seat shows some light upon the situation. Mrs. Blum, unable to understand why so many seats were selling for a quarter, had collected the happy idea of changing all the late arrivals seventy-five cents, irrespective of the seat sold. During the wrath of the late comers, and the joy of the early. The only fault, from a financial standpoint, was that she had waited too long, and the benefit will not be a great lot.

But the bewailings of the automatic beneficiary are cut short by a cry of "Hats off!" the curtain rises, and the play is now the thing.

Mam' Linda

(Continued from page 895.)

Hearing that plea in his behalf, Pete screamed out and tried to extend his hands supplicatingly towards his defender, but in Boker's instant order—was dragged, now struggling more desperately, farther down the street.

"Ah, Pete, tell the pice—" Keith Gordon began, when the moultaineer sharply commanded:

"Dry up! You are disobeyin' orders! Hurry up, bring 'im on. That other pice may hear this racket, and then—Come on, I tell you! You violate my leadership, and I'll have you court-martialed."

In some fashion or other they moved on down the street, now taking a more direct way to the store in the fear that they might be met by the expected lynchers and failed in their purpose. They had traversed the entire length of the street leading from the court-house to the bank building, and were about to turn the corner to reach the rear door of the store, when in a spasm of fresh despair Dave's knees gave way beneath him and he sank limply to the sidewalk.

"Lord, I reckon we'll have to tote 'im," Pete said. "Pick 'im up, boys, and be quick about it. This is a ticklish one, but one person see us and the game will be up."

Pete clearly misinterpreted this, and seeing in the words a hint that help or protection was not far away, he tenderly opened his mouth and began to scream. As quick as a flash Carson, who was immediately behind him, put his hand over his lips and said, "Hush, for Gosh sake, Pete, we are your friends!"

While his mouth closed by the hand still on it, the negro could only stare into Carson's neck, too terrified to grasp more than that Dwight was with him.

"Hush, Pete, and a wuz. We are trying to save you," and Carson removed his hand.

"Who dat? Oh, my Gosh, who dat spoke?" Pete gaped.

"Carson, Dwight," said the young man.

"Now, hush, and hurry."

"Thank God, it's Marse Carson! Oh, Marse Carson, Marse Carson, you ain't gwine for let 'im kill me?"

In a rush they now bore him round the corner, and then, pausing at the door of the store to be certain that no extraneous eye was on them, they waited breathlessly for an order from their leader.

"All right," presently came from Pete's deep voice in a great length of relief: "open the door, Blackheads!"

The shutter cracked and the entry back into the black world within and the three pressed inward. The door was closed. The darkness was profound.

"Wait, listen!" the moultaineer said. "That might be somebody on the sidewalk at the front."

"Oh, my God, Marse Carson, is you here?" came from the quaking negro.

"Sh!" and Pete imposed silence. For a moment they stood as still as the only parting of the negro, like a fired dog, was audible.

"All right, we are safe," Boker said. "But, gosh, it was a close shave. Surface a light an' let's try to ease up this feller. I better be so rough, but it was the only chance."

"Yes, it had to be," said Dwight. "Pete, you see with friends. Strike a light, Blackheads, we're scared out of our wits yet."

"Oh, Marse Carson, what dis meant? What you all gwine to do ter me?"

Blackheads had groped to the lamp on the table, and was scratching a match and applying the flame to the base of the lamp. The yellow light flared out, and in a strange sight met the bewildered gaze of the negro as familiar faces and forms gradually disclosed, and grasping his hand, Pete clung to it desperately.

"Oh, Marse Carson, what dis grime ter do ter me?"

"Nothing. Pete: you are all right now," Carson said, as tenderly as if he were speaking to a hurt child. "The mob was coming, and we had to do that to save you." He explained the plan of keeping him hidden in the cellar for a few days, and asked Pete if he would consent to it.

"I'll do anything you say, Marse Carson," the negro answered. "You know what's best fer me."

"I've got an old mattress here," Blackhead spoke up. "Boys, let's get it into the cellar. It will make him comfortable."

And with no sense of the incoherence of their act, considering that, as the case of the negro, they had never in their lives waited upon a negro, Wade Tingle and Keith Gordon drove the dusty mattress from a dry-goods box in the corner of the room and bore the cumbersome thing through the cellar doorway into the redoubtable darkness beneath.

To be Continued.

Answered

The would-be snuffpotter was having the usual dinner-table argument with her alleged lord and master, when that unhappy individual, finding himself in a close corner, requested the unfortunate query:

"How on earth would you earn a living if I wasn't for me?"

"I don't know, John," the lady replied. "If I had you, I don't know where I'd get another job."

American Motor-boats Abroad

CARSON, F. S. S. JEFFERSON notes with regret that American motor-boat manufacturers are not taking advantage of the Bregm Motor Exposition to be held in that American city during the month of July. He writes:

"Only a few applications from the United States have been filed with the committee, while the number from European countries

have been so many that more buildings and a larger space for exhibition are now contemplated by the committee. I requested the collector of customs to state if exhibits would be admitted free of duty. He informed me that the exposition committee had applied to the government for the free admission of goods intended for exhibition, which he had intended, and which application he believed would be granted. I therefore urge all manufacturers of motor-boats in the United States to participate in this exposition, as it will in all probability open up a new market for these goods."

The Chief Trouble

"It is a sad fact," said the statistician, "that the ordinary waste of food in an English middle-class family would be sufficient to maintain wholly a French family of similar station."

"True," said the epicure. "And it is also a grating fact that the average French family couldn't be hired to eat it after it had been cooked by the average English middle-class family, so that, after all, it is not wasted as far as France is concerned."

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"Finally, after hearing the experience of numbers of friends who had quit coffee and gone to drinking Postum Food Coffee, and learning of the great benefits they had derived, I concluded coffee must be the cause of my trouble. So I quit Postum, and had it made strictly according to directions."

"I was astonished at the flavor. It entirely took the place of coffee, and, in my very great satisfaction, I began to sleep peacefully and sweetly. My nerves improved, and I wish I could warn every man, woman, and child from the unwholesome drug (caffeine) in ordinary coffee."

"Though really not an experienced reader what a powerful drug it is, and what terrible effect it has on the human system, I would never think of going back to coffee again. I would almost as soon think of putting my hand in a fire after I had once been burned."

"A young lady friend of ours had stomach trouble for a long time, and could not get well as long as she used coffee. She finally quit it and began the use of Postum, and now perfectly well." "There is a reason. Read the Story 'Health Classic.' 'The Road to Wellville,' in packages."

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J. C. GARRELS, OF MICHIGAN, WINNING THE 120-YARD HURDLES FROM A. E. SHAW, OF DARTMOUTH, IN 15 1-5 SECONDS, EQUALLING THE WORLD'S RECORD. THE INTERCOLLEGIATE RECORD WAS BROKEN, BUT WAS NOT ALLOWED IN ACCOUNT OF A FAVORING WIND



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A FAMOUS OLD SCHOOL FOR BOYS

THROUGHOUT the entire land there is no spot more attractive or more popular for a school site than the banks of the Hudson river. Here a multitude of rich historical events are localized, dating back to Revolutionary days. Here tread the feet of Washington and Hamilton; near by Irving sanctified the soil with his immortal legends of Sleepy Hollow; while upon the very spot where we stand the brigade of General Israel Putnam camped, and upon a limb of the venerable oak upon the campus yonder he hung a cowardly spy; and that wasn't many years before the town of Peekskill resolved to subscribe the money with which to found an Academy.

True, the school has antedated its first class, which assembled seventy-five years ago, in the colonial building that still crowns the top of Oak Hill, and there began the onerous task of learning to "read, write, and cipher." What amazing strides in education since that date! And what amazing development in the old Peekskill school! The beneficent bounty of the generous citizens, who aspired to have their sons able to stand well with the other boys of these post-colonial days, was not wasted; now was the example unfurled; for, as the years have advanced the educational standards of the United States, those standards have been adapted at Peekskill.

Coming down to the antebellum date of 1857, when the rumbling of impending strife was just beginning to be heard, the original idea struck Principal Wells that military discipline would invest citizenship with something that might, at no distant day, become a very valuable asset of civic education. How well the good Wells heeded he certainly never knew, for, although he inaugurated military discipline at the Peekskill school in 1857, and therefrom it took the title of The Peekskill Military Academy, it was not until after the Civil War terminated that other civic schools adopted the same regime. The school, as we see it to-day, is a splendid aggregation of comfortable buildings perched upon the crest of the gentle mountain that rises above the village of Peekskill. The incensing air comes sweeping across the majestic Hudson from the Highlands, or bays of the pinnacle of Dunderberg Mountain, just across the river; beneath lies the pretty village with its beautiful homes.

The original campus, beautifully situated upon the towering eminence of Oak Hill, overlooking the Hudson River at its most picturesque turn, has just recently been doubled by a large tract of adjoining plateau property, donated to the school by one of its most illustrious Alumni, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, class of 1862. Ten thousand dollars were set aside for the grading of this field by the Alumni Endowment Fund Committee.

The Peekskill boys at present are in a fever of delight over this splendid gift of Senator Depew and the Alumni; for therein they realize that they now have one of the finest athletic fields in the land. And the principals are taking great delight in the development of plans for additional structures, including a new dining hall and chapel, together with new recitation halls and a swimming pool, adjoining the present gymnasium, one of the finest in the country.

The funds necessary for these improvements have been already provided for through the Alumni Committee. No school is more noteworthy for the enthusiastic fidelity of its Alumni, and that the "Old Boys," three thousand strong, should always remain loyal to the Old School is the crowning glory of its history.

It might be expected that after seventy-five years of successful career, Peekskill Academy would have a notable faculty of

preceptors; but it is questionable if, outside a university, so eminent a faculty is to be found as here. C. A. Robinson, Ph.D. (Princeton) and John Hopkins, is professor of Latin, for eight years serving in a similar capacity at Princeton University. J. C. Butler, A.M., is Professor in English. A. M. Hillebrand, Ph.D., teaches mathematics, and is nationally noted as an authority in this branch. Rev. D. E. Leinard, of Hamilton, is head of the department of history. Professor U. B. Chaylesor, of Williams, instructs in French. Professor H. M. Glasgow, of Oxford, England, assists in English and mathematics. Professor J. T. Barrett, a Johns Hopkins man and himself a school principal, teaches sciences. Professor E. J. Barber, of Yale, instructs in Latin and Greek, and Professor G. H. Nisard (Hamilton), assists in mathematics and sciences. Professor S. F. Holmes, A.M., instructor of English, was for three years a member of the Wesleyan University faculty.

The numerical strength of this faculty may surprise; but there is a distinct purpose in it. The design is to have a sufficient force of skilled instructors, so that pupils may be divided into two classes—those who are quick learners, and those who are not so quick; and by separating those classes, not retard the expeditious, nor yet embarrass those who acquire more slowly by forcing them with strenuous competition with swifter learners. Many a parent will say Amen to this wise policy, basing his opinion upon his own

experience when a student, remembering how hard it was for him, if he were rapid, to be held back by slower students, or, if he couldn't learn quite so fast as others, to be kept under nervous tension trying to keep up. It is ever admitted that it is no disgrace to be slow at study; for oftentimes that pupil absorbs more thoroughly. But at Peekskill they think it unwise to hamper either type by working them together, so they provide a faculty large enough to have practically two masters in every branch taught.

Another educational feature

of no mean value is the military system which obtains at this Academy. While the system is fully military in the sense that it is supervised by an active officer of the United States Army, detailed by the Secretary of War, it enters into the general life of the school not so much as a means of discipline as an instrument of culture. Its chief object is to so discipline the boys in self-control and self-management that they will—by their military relationships—actually conduct the school themselves, so far as the maintenance of honor, integrity, and manly conduct is concerned.

So it is valid to speak enthusiastically of "A Famous Old School for Boys" when referring to Peekskill Academy. To be impressive, one must talk largely in an impersonal way. The principals are modest men, feeling that they have a task and trying to do it; and the faculty have the wonted reluctance of proficient educators to praise of their work. The school to-day makes a magnificent showing, with a history of three-quarters of a century behind it. Still, proving the impersonal, it may be said that it has graduated some of the most eminent men in the country, who, upon leaving Peekskill, pursued their studies at the universities and to-day lead in their professions.

To get old is what everything human must do, but to be also famous is what we are all aiming after. This school has a ripe and venerated age, as well as an unswerving disposition for administering the salutary training that goes to the development of American manhood.



Faculty of the Peekskill Academy

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HOMICIDE AND THE DEATH PENALTY IN FRANCE

By MAYNARD SHIPLEY

THE legislators of France have voted favorably on the bill abolishing capital punishment. They did not do so, however, without a vigorous protest on the part of certain reactionaries, who see in the destruction of the bloody guillotine but another attack on the pillars of society.

Taking advantage of a peculiarly atrocious crime recently committed in Paris, advocates of the guillotine, supported by a number of French journals, are endeavoring to convince the people that an epidemic of revolting crimes has already begun, and that restoration of the death penalty can alone check the hand of would-be assassins.

It should be noted that for some years past there have been no executions in Paris; and in the provinces, also, the decapitation of a criminal has been of rare occurrence. In fact, the proportion of criminals executed to the number of homicides committed has grown so small that any deterrent effect such exhibitions might have if of more certain occurrence following a murder has certainly been lost as the penalty was of late applied in France. This fact is admitted even by proponents of the scaffold. It had come to be a question either of more executions or none at all. The people are now divided on this question. Advocates of the guillotine contend that homicide has increased in France as the direct result of declining rigor in the application of the death penalty, "that mysterious agent of authority" without which, many declare with Joseph de Maistre, "thrones are equigled and society disappears." If it is true that murders have increased as a consequence of too great leniency on the part of boards of pardon, the fact is of very material concern to all other peoples.

First of all, there can be no doubt about the decline in the number of executions in France. In the first quarter of the nineteenth century the annual average of persons guillotined was about one hundred and twenty; in the second quarter, about forty annually. From 1850 to 1900 the average number of criminals yearly beheaded had fallen to twenty-eight, and from 1809 to 1870 the average was reduced to about ten annually, falling to eight during the fifteen years ending in 1890. From 1853 to 1901 the annual average of criminals beheaded was but five. Of eleven criminals sentenced to the guillotine in 1900, only one met death at the hands of "Monsieur de Paris," as the chief executioner of France is familiarly known. Early in 1900 this high functionary's salary was omitted from the national budget, in anticipation of the legal abolition of the death penalty by the terms of the new code.

Concurrently with the above-noted decrease in the proportion of criminals executed to offenders condemned, the number of persons tried for murder has materially diminished, falling from 879 in 1853 to 420 in 1893, and to 356 in 1900, and this notwithstanding the alarming increase in juvenile criminality. Some statistics given by Dr. Paul Garnier, ex-official of the Paris Procureure of Police, show that thirty an increase from twenty juveniles arrested for murder in 1855 to fifty-five in 1894, one hundred and eighteen in 1898, and one hundred and forty in 1900. Dr. Garnier ascribes this increase of murders among the youth of Paris, not to in-

activity of the guillotine, but to certain definite social causes, chief among which he names "absolute hereditary and want of intellectual training." He thus as it may, the fact remains that, on the whole, the annual number of homicides in France has diminished more than fifty per cent, during the past twenty years, despite the decrease in the proportion of capital executions to homicides committed.

It is a significant fact that very few of the leading criminologists of Europe regard the death penalty with favor, and that the foremost thinkers of France are almost unanimously in favor of abolishing the guillotine.

In reply to the writer's inquiry on this question, Dr. Th. Ribot, President of the College of France, replied that, in his opinion, capital punishment has little or no advantage over imprisonment as a deterrent of murder. "Facts prove," says he, "that almost all those who have suffered the death penalty had been present at capital executions, or have at least greatly desired to witness them." Obviously the horrible spectacle had failed to inspire the fear expected.

"Almost all habitual criminals are of an anomalous disposition of mind and many of them declared madmen," writes Dr. Max Nordau. "As these are the worst offenders, they are particularly liable to be the victims of antiquated criminal laws."

Dr. Pierre Janet, the eminent psychologist, observes that, "for one who has been accustomed to disciplining in the schools, or anywhere, it is easy to see that what infames most of the individuals capable of committing criminal acts is not the gravity of the penalty to which they expose themselves, but the certainty of the penalty."

Professor Ch. Richet remarks: "Society has a right to protect itself, that is certain; it is much less certain that it has the right to punish. . . . To sum up, it seems to me that society would be just as safe without the death penalty, and that it would not have that awful example,—to inflict death in order to teach men to respect life."

Professor E. Durkheim, the distinguished sociologist, replied, in answer to the writer's question, "I know of no facts that permit me to think that the abolition of the death penalty would result in encouraging and reinforcing homicidal tendencies. The experiments made in several countries of Europe, namely, Italy, Holland, and Portugal, show the opposite. . . . The criminal, especially the violent criminal, does not think of the possible consequences of his act when it is accomplished. On the contrary, however, capital punishment has necessarily for effect to develop homicidal tendencies. . . . The true means for the enforcement of the desired respect for human life is that society itself refrain from taking human life for any reason."

Half a century ago Victor Hugo declared: "The law that dips its finger in human blood to write the commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill,' is naught but as an example of legal transgression against the precept itself."

The best minds of France to-day seem to agree with Victor Hugo.

Saved

A CERTAIN lady, noted for her kind heart and open hand, was approached not long ago by a man who, with tragic air, began: "A man, madam, is often forced by the whip of hunger to assay things from which his very soul shrinks—and so it is with me at this time. Unless, madam, in the name of pity you give me assistance, I will be compelled to do something which I never before have done, which I would greatly dislike to do."

Much impressed, the lady made haste to place in his hands a five-dollar bill. As the man pocketed it with profuse thanks, she inquired:

"And what is the dreadful thing I have kept you from doing, my poor man?"

"Work," was the brief and mournful reply.

Abstemious

A Boston minister says that not long ago he was dining with a friend. Another guest present was a young man from Kentucky, and the minister, who had been pleased by the youth's somewhat difficult yet self-possession manner. He also noted that the young man had left his wine untouched.

"Don't you drink wine, Mr. Clayton?" the charming minister of the host asked, lifting her own glass and smiling across at the young man.

"No, I never do," he replied, blushing.

"Oh, but I am sure you will this time—just one little glass with me!" she insisted.

"No, thank you," was the resolute reply, and the minister looked upon him with growing admiration. The young lady very nearly achieved a point.

"You won't, then?" she asked.

"No," was the firm reply, though the blush of embarrassment deepened on his cheek. "I never drink wine," he added; "but if—er—you have got little old Bourbons, I reckon I could stand three or four fingers."

A Literal Translation

Wuxu, tinent Kuroki visited Yale and heard the college yell, he turned to one of the interpreters in the party and asked, "What are they saying?"

"They have just remarked," explained the interpreter, "that they are very glad, indeed, to see you, and that they hope you will come again and stay longer. They congratulate you upon your victories in the East, and, in conclusion, they wish to inform you that you have been unanimously elected a son of a tumbler."

Stung

THERE is a law in Texas which requires commercial travelers to purchase a license before they may do business, a law either unknown to, or disregarded by, a certain patent-medicine man from New England. He was just emerging from a drug-store, where he had placed an order, when a stranger came up and addressed him.

"You sell Brown's Boston Bitters, don't you?" the stranger asked.

"Yes, and I'd like to sell you a case—sure you are quick you won't have been sick yesterday—fact!" the drummer said.

"All right. How much is this?" the stranger asked, pulling out his pocketbook, and handing over the five dollars demanded, resolving to exchange an order on the local freight-agent for his case.

"Now, I'd just like to see your license to peddle—I'm the sheriff," the stranger said, indignantly.

"You've got me—twenty-five, isn't it?" the drummer asked, offering the money. "I don't suppose it will be necessary for me to appear!"

"That will be all right," the sheriff replied. Then he looked at the order for the case of medicine. "What am I going to do with this stuff?" he asked.

"I'll give you a dollar for it," the drummer suggested, and the trade was made.

"And do you happen to have a license to peddle? Huh, I thought not. Well, you have been trading with me—selling goods without a license—guess I'll go file a complaint against you," the drummer said, solemnly. And the next morning the sheriff, with a sheepish grin, paid a fine of twenty-five dollars.

Smiling Joe

You saw him last summer. He runs around now just like other children. And the Hospital at the Seashore for which he pleaded, to save others from being crippled for life by tuberculosis of the bones and glands, is assured.

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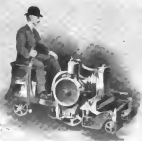
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No legal battle in the United States has equalled the famous Dred Scott case in point of historic interest, yet its origin has remained largely a mystery for half a century. FREDERICK TREVOR HILL has made a minute study of the case—who the plaintiff and defendant really were, what the forces behind them were. The story is here told for the first time.

Life in a Bird Colony

Mr. A. W. DIMOCK recently visited a secluded part of Florida where hundreds of species of birds make their home. He went to study the birds and not to shoot them. No gun was fired, and the birds, seeing they were not to be injured, soon became perfectly tame. This article is illustrated with remarkable photographs.

Fictitious Travel in Phantom Lands

DE SCOTT-KELTIE, of the Royal Geographical Society, has made a study of the curious old-time narratives of travel and of the astonishing ideas of geography embodied in the fabulous tales of the ancient writers. His article is accompanied by many quaint and amusing old drawings and maps.

Where King Edward is Still a Duke

ROBERT SHACKLETON recently visited the quaint Channel Island of Guernsey. He writes of the strange customs prevailing there, the curious form of government, the survival of the old French laws, and many other interesting features of life among these isolated people. Illustrated with drawings by Ernest Haskell.

In Diplomatic Society

Madame de BUNSEN, the widow of the distinguished German diplomat, continues her narrative of her first experiences in the society of the diplomatic world at Turin.

8 Distinguished Short Stories

Variety, vitality, and interest are the keystones of the short stories of HARPER'S. Those in the July magazine are typical.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN has written an exquisitely humorous yet dramatic story of how a little Frenchwoman, going out for a walk in Paris under King Louis, started a war and won a noble husband. MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR writes of two very real American country boys who were carried away by their admiration for an older and "tougher" boy and led into imitating him most slavishly. ANNE O'HAGAN's story, "Bread Eaten in Secret," is a love-story involving a strange psychic experience, and HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD writes in contrast of a romance of village life. THOMAS A. JANVIER tells a grim and supernatural story of the old days in Mexico, and GRACE ELLERY CHANNING contributes a delightful little love-story of married life. ELMORE ELIOT PEAKE, always a strong writer, tells a striking tale of a Southern mountaineer, and how a family feud is ended through his love for a fearless girl.

There are many pictures in color and tint in the July MAGAZINE—pictures as interesting as the writing.

HARPER'S WEEKLY



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COMMENT

Senator Raynor and Mr. Bryan

SENATOR RAYNOR has written a strong and rational letter to the *New York World*, in which he takes the sensible position that it is the duty of the Democratic party in the coming campaign to be true to its traditions—to be conservative without being reactionary. Men of both parties are interested in the fate of the historic Democratic party. Even those who are now with undue excitement cheering on the public men who are chasing, without discussion, passions and prejudices, as well as good intentions and wise purposes, into laws, will one day return to our racial and national faith in deliberation, in thoughtfulness, in carefulness. The need of an opposition party is always with us, and in that need is implied necessarily the theory of *progress* that civilized government is government by discussion. Mr. RAYNOR is a Democratic leader of power and of influence, and he sketches a platform for his party which, if adopted, will make it a real opponent of the party now in power. He says, and says truly, that the tariff affords the real issue between the parties. There is no issue between Republican revision and Democratic revision, but between two parties who take opposite views of a tariff. The Democratic party, if Mr. RAYNOR's view prevails, regards a tariff tax as one imposed principally for the benefit of the general welfare, while the Republican party regards such a tax as one imposed principally for the benefit of a favored class. Here is the real issue, as Mr. RAYNOR suggests, and herein are enfolded all other fiscal and economic issues. Mr. RAYNOR names other issues: he is opposed to a Federal or any movement internationalism, and he is also antagonistic to the active movement to deprive the States of their rights, either by judicial constructions of the Constitution, or by Congressional legislation, or by Executive ignoring of the granted powers and expressed restraints. In brief, Mr. RAYNOR's plan, which is not acceptable to Mr. BRYAN, would construct a real opposition party, an end of which all intelligent students of government, whether they agree or disagree with Mr. RAYNOR's programme, will approve. Mr. BRYAN has also spoken. He seems to be doubtful about his own candidacy, and will be, for he is still infected with the idea that the main virtue of the Democratic party as a political power lies in what he alludes to as Mr. ROOSEVELT's "stalling the thinker composed in the BRYAN workshop." The evidence shows that the Democrats are growing weary of this iteration.

The South and Mr. Bryan

It becomes more and more certain that the opposition to Mr. BRYAN in the South is increasing in vigor and, presumptively, in numbers. Not only are the Democrats of the Southern States, like their fellow partisans of the North, looking about them for other men who may be better candidates than Mr. BRYAN, but they believe that they are dis-

covering them. The impatience with which Mr. BRYAN's frequent appearances are received, if we are to accept the remarks of Southern newspapers as expressive of the feelings of the communities in which they are published, also indicates his waning popularity. The good taste of his visit to attend the Confederate veterans' reunion is questioned. Whether the criticism be sound or not, it is indicative of sentiment. But it is not only in sentiment, in feeling, in expressions of loss of faith, that the Southern newspapers are indulging. They are giving excellent reasons for not desiring Mr. BRYAN as the Democratic candidate in 1908. The *Baltimore Sun*, for example, which is one of the calmest and most trusted of Southern Democratic newspapers, declares that Mr. BRYAN is not the kind of Democrat the South believes in. The South does not believe in wiping out State boundary-lines, as do Mr. BRYAN and Mr. ROOSEVELT. Its people understand perfectly that this would be accomplished by the government ownership which Mr. BRYAN advocates. Moreover, the *Sun* believes that the tariff is the issue, and asserts that the majority of the Southern people agree with it, while it holds that Mr. BRYAN is lukewarm concerning it. It is not, therefore, true that people are opposing Mr. BRYAN merely because they are weary of his eloquence, although it is evident that some are so moved, stimulating and impressive though that eloquence has been; but because Mr. BRYAN's political convictions and policies do not fit in with the thinking of men whose votes are necessary to the making of either a Democratic candidate or a Democratic President.

A Southern Democratic Candidate

The talk of a Southern Democratic candidate for President may, unexplained, mislead people who are prone to mistake allusion for advocacy. The *Houston Post* speaks the right word when it says, "We do not ask the Democratic party to nominate a Southern man because he is from the South, but we do ask that our statesmen be considered upon their merits, and not debared without consideration because they are from the South." This is an expression of the South's conviction that a Southern citizen of the United States shall enjoy all the privileges of his birth and his citizenship without any question, and without the thought of question, precisely as we impose upon him, or accept from him, gladly and thankfully, the sacrifices of citizenship. We cheered the Southern volunteer as he marched to the Spanish war, and as we hailed him as a brother in arms, we could not patriotically question his right to any of the honors of the state because his father or grandfather fought with Lee or Jackson. It seems as though this explanation should not be necessary, but it was in the mind of the *Houston* editor, when he wrote his paragraph, that it had been the fashion to deny his people's rights to struggle for high national honors, and that they had so keenly felt this that they had lost the feeling that the republic would be incomplete until, as the *Post* says, their statesmen are "considered upon their merits and not debared without consideration because they are from the South."

Ohio and Harmony

For some reason the Ohio trouble becomes more and more difficult of precise understanding. One day an announcement is made that harmony between the factions has been contracted for by Brother CHARLES and Senator DICK, and that Secretary TAFT is to be the Ohio candidate for President and that Senator FORAKER is not to be opposed for a third term. The next day Mr. FORAKER denies that he has taken any part in making any such agreement, notwithstanding the fact that his headquarters are closed. All this may be strange to the people of other States, but not to Ohioans. They understand because they are lived in their own political ways. Of one thing we may all be sure—Ohio has not yet obeyed any orders about her delegates or her next Senator.

Mr. Knox's Candidacy

The Pennsylvania Republican State convention not only declared that Senator KNOX was the choice of the State for the nomination of 1908, but Mr. KNOX accepted the honor. It is asserted that this candidacy was very gravely received by the President and by other leaders of the movement for Mr. TAFT, and that they have begun to take active steps,

It is, on the whole, a curious movement. Mr. KNOX, when he was Attorney-General in Mr. ROOSEVELT'S cabinet, was not only a decided favorite of the President, but Mr. ROOSEVELT admired him immensely. Mr. KNOX was certainly of great use to him, and greatly helped to further some of the most important of his designs. Since Mr. KNOX left the cabinet to enter the Senate, Mr. ROOSEVELT regretfully expressing his willingness, there has not been apparent between the two that complete union which once existed. It may safely be said that Mr. KNOX'S candidacy is not one that Mr. ROOSEVELT can heartily desire, while it is one that he cannot openly and aggressively, at least not yet, oppose. How strong a fight the tainted Pennsylvania machine can make in behalf of Mr. KNOX or anybody else depends mainly upon the moral quality of the next Republican national convention. It is interesting to note that the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* gives as one reason for taking the KNOX candidacy seriously, that the "country cannot forever dwell in the midst of alarums." There are many indications that it has grown weary of hunt—not of food of which is the President's own carefully balanced speech at Indianapolis."

Governor Hughes Does a Valuable Service

THE reasons given by Governor HUGHES for vetoing the two-cent fare bill are fit to be attentively considered by all members of State legislatures which have been busy with similar legislation, and by all Governors who have signed like bills. Pointing out that "an arbitrary dislocation of tariffs by the fiat of the Legislature without investigation is a matter of serious concern," and that "if flat freight-rates, either for all commodities or for different kinds of commodities, were similarly to be fixed by the Legislature without investigation or proper ascertainment of their justice, our railroad business and our industrial and commercial interests would be thrown into confusion," he goes on to say:

I do not mean to be understood as saying that a maximum two-cent passenger rate would be unreasonably low. It might be high enough in many cases. Possibly it would be high enough in all cases. I fully appreciate the fact that those who have promoted this bill believe that such a rate would be fair. But I deem it most important that the policy of dealing with matters of this sort arbitrarily, by legislative rule of general application without reference to the demands of justice in particular cases, should be condemned.

Every working man, every trade-union, and every citizen believing himself to have aught at stake in the prosperity of the country should determinedly oppose it. For it not only threatens the stability of business enterprises which makes our prosperity possible, but it substitutes unreason for sound judgment, the ill-considered demands of resentment for the spirit of fair play, and makes impossible patient and honorable effort to correct abuses.

That is excellent sense, and the country is to be congratulated on having it officially expounded in a veto message by a Governor of New York. "The bill," says Governor HUGHES, "represents a policy seriously mistaken and pregnant with disaster." So it does, and so do all like bills wherever passed.

The Mayor and the Recount

THE bill for a recount of the majority vote of 1903 is not a sound piece of legislation. It may be that Mayor McCLELLAN was not honestly elected, and that a recount of all the votes would show that Mr. HEWITT should have had the office. It does not follow that, more than a year afterwards, there should be a law passed providing for a recounting of some of the ballots, and a reopening of a controversy which, under the law as it existed at the time of the election, was settled. A good many competent public philosophers believe that election controversies should be settled once forever, and object to any recount of votes. Mr. SUMMIT J. THURDS was one of these, and that, too, at a time when he was doing his utmost to dethrone Tammany, and when Tammany was in command of the ballot-boxes. It is perfectly true that Mr. McCLELLAN ought not to want the office if he was not honestly elected to it, and there is no evidence, in his objections to Governor HUGHES'S recount bill, that he is of any other mind than that of an honorable man. But it is a law of doubtful expediency that singles out one city for its operation, one election in that city, while it provides for only a partial recount, making it at the same time so costly for the defeated Mayor to defend his rights that an attempt to do so thoroughly would bankrupt any man not very wealthy. The State and the city may be especially interested in the immediate controversy between the two men, but this is

a bit of legislation that is bad, according to all sound theories of lawmaking, and is characteristic of a time when a new law, passed without discussion, is supposed to afford the proper remedy for any evil that may occur to the mind of any statesman.

The New England "Merger"

NEW England, Boston especially, is naturally much stirred by the so-called merger between its Boston and Maine Railroad and its nominal New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad. It is not, indeed, a merger, or even a lease of the one road by the other. Certain people who own a good deal of the New Haven stock have acquired a controlling interest in the Boston and Maine road. A good many people, however, are alarmed by the alleged consolidation of the two vast properties. They are not indeed, for after the purchases of Boston and Maine stock by the New Haven stockholders—or the exchange of one stock for the other—nearly all of the railroad business of New England will be carried on by the same set of share-owners. The two roads, however, will remain separate corporations, managed by separate officers and separate boards of directors, while the Boston and Maine will continue to be a Massachusetts corporation subject to the laws of the commonwealth. President MELLIX of the New Haven road promises great advantage to New England and to Boston by the union of interests between the two roads, and it is well known that New England has much to complain of because of existing transportation conditions, and because of the discriminations against her resulting from the working of the present tariff law and the rulings of the Interstate Commerce Commission against Boston and in favor of Philadelphia and Baltimore. Boston has had a sad foretaste of the effects of Federal control. Governor GRANT has taken action on the change of ownership of the Massachusetts corporation, and has sent a message to the Legislature recommending the enactment of new laws. Senator LEACH sustains his action; but each one of them is probably a trifle hasty, especially in asking for laws against overcapitalization, since Mr. MELLIX has promised that there shall be nothing resembling water. Each seems to have been convinced by the remarkable reasoning in the Northern Securities case, that the possession of a power for evil is equivalent to the doing of the evil. This assumed merger is of such a character that it appears as though it might be a good time for lawmakers to wait awhile. If any wrong is actually done, Massachusetts, the creator of the Boston and Maine, has the remedy in her own hands; but the combination may work good to the community, and if it does, good may be done to all who are either reflecting or shouting on this subject. At all events, New England's experience suggests that it will be well for Massachusetts not only to keep her head, but to maintain her control over the subject as her own.

Great Britain and France at the Peace Conference

THE second peace conference meets at The Hague under circumstances materially different from those of its predecessor in 1899. Even then it could be foreseen that upon all questions concerning which a conflict of opinion or interest was probable the three Powers constituting the Triple Alliance—Germany, Austria, and Italy—would act together. A similar cooperation could be predicated of the two Powers composing the Franco-Russian League. Great Britain, on the other hand, entered the former conference as untrammelled as was the United States. She will have no such liberty of action to-day. Her hands are tied by treaties with Japan and with France; she has also entered into treaties with Italy and Spain which define the respective interests of the signers with reference to North Africa; and she is on the eve of concluding an arrangement with Russia which shall delimit for a term of years the respective spheres of influence of the two Powers in Asia. Thus fettered in every direction, the British Foreign Office will have to consider the wishes of the cosmocrators of all its treaties before taking a definite position with regard to any one of the subjects likely to occupy the foreground of discussion. Yet even Great Britain will find itself less embarrassed by specific obligations than will France. Not only will the French government feel bound to counsel its Russian ally at every turn, but it must not lose sight of the duties imposed by a series of treaties with Great Britain, Italy, Spain, and Japan.

So far as central Europe and the Mediterranean are concerned, the good-will of Great Britain is of much more importance to France than is the good-will of France to Great Britain, and in eastern Asia the Tokio government could confer much greater benefits upon its French ally than it could hope to receive in return. It will, therefore, behoove the delegates of France to comport themselves at The Hague with peculiar circumspection and moderation. Fortunately, the French delegation is again to be headed by ex-Premier BURDEAU, who earned universal praise by the conciliatory course which he pursued in 1899.

The President's Georgia-day Address

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT far exceeds any former President as a furnisher of news to the papers. He made two addresses during his visit to Jamestown on June 10, one in the morning at the Georgia-day exercises, and another in the afternoon to the National Editorial Association. Both times the President spoke out of an overflowing mind, and both speeches must have served excellently well their primary purpose of gratifying and interesting the audiences to which they were addressed. But, as usual, Mr. ROOSEVELT loaded both speeches pretty well up with sentiments and opinions about governmental and national concerns, which, coming from the President, are necessary subjects for rumination. After he had told the Georgians that he was half Georgian himself and proud of it, and that there is as much difference between rich individuals as between wage-working individuals, and that the South was growing wonderfully and needed immigrants and all kinds of schools, he went on to say that "there is increasing need that the welfare of the children should be effectively safeguarded by governmental action," and that "workmen should receive a certain definite and limited compensation for all accidents in industry irrespective of negligence." He added a declaration as to "the extreme un wisdom of the railway companies in fighting the constitutionality of the national employees' liability law," insisting that "no law is more emphatically needed," and that it "must be kept on the statute-books in drastic and thoroughgoing form." He closed this address by earnestly recommending an efficient navy, and pointing out that we must be kindly and considerate, and yet show that we have iron in our blood.

He Talked Taxation to the Editors

So in his afternoon address to the newspaper men, after reminding them of their responsibilities, and warning them against class, and party, prejudice, he spoke at some length on the conservation of our natural resources—public lands, irrigation waters, coal and oil lands, grazing lands, and forests—and of "the rephrasing of our system of taxation so as to make it bear most heavily on those most capable of supporting the strain." On this latter subject he expressed the opinion that in spite of the constitutional objections to an income tax and the difficulty of collecting it fairly, "a graduated income tax of the proper type would be a desirable feature of Federal taxation," and he hoped one might be devised which the Supreme Court would declare constitutional. He considered, however, the inheritance tax a far better method of taxation, and far more important for the purpose he had in view—"the purpose of having the swollen fortunes of the country bear, in proportion to their size, a constantly increasing burden of taxation." By such a heavy, progressive tax, bearing more heavily on collateral heirs than on direct heirs, and more heavily on persons residing out of the country than on persons residing in it, he thought we should try to preserve a measurable equality of opportunity for the people of the generation growing to manhood. So it will be seen that in both his addresses the President dwelt on topics that are very fruitful of discussion.

A Federalist Who Owns Up

That rising young politician, WINSTON CHURCHILL, of New Hampshire, proclaims himself to be an outright and convinced disciple of ALEXANDER HAMILTON. The *New York Times* of June 9 denotes nearly a page to exposition of Mr. CHURCHILL's political sentiments. "I am a Federalist," he says. "ALEXANDER HAMILTON was the state-man of his age. He discerned the impossibility of recouling the sovereignty of each of a lot of States with the sovereignty of the Union in which they are made one state. The thing is impossible, absurd."

He goes on to say that, as a matter of fact, the States are not sovereign, and though they have preserved too much of the character of sovereignty, the conflicts between their constitutional powers and powers "which belong naturally and necessarily to the nation" have been a constant source of embarrassment, war, and misfortunes as bad as war. To-day Mr. CHURCHILL thinks the conflict worse than ever. He avers that the advance of the country is retarded because forty States meddle in affairs that ought to be handled by the nation alone. The thing is intolerable, he says. We are one great country now; rails and wires pay no attention to State boundaries. Everybody travels; provincialism has gone. Artificial boundaries will and must follow. "They represent no fact. They have become arbitrary and negligible except as they are maintained by the fiction of State sovereignty." Verily, Mr. CHURCHILL has acquired a definite view. He seems to be frankly for wiping the stripes off the flag and merging the stars into one. In scores of States, he says, the Legislatures had better never assemble at all. Necessary local legislation can be had cheaper and quicker than they can do it. Still, he is willing to recognize the existence of what exists. "I am disposed to think," he says, "that the necessary change can be made without interfering with the existence of our present institutions," which means, no doubt, that he would leave the States on the map when he weeds them out of the flag.

How Prevalent Are Such Views?

It is true that the mere fact that Mr. CHURCHILL holds these views does not make them important, for he is not yet an important political influence. But he is a clever man, with signs of light and leading in him, and has done creditable things in New Hampshire. That a person of his intelligence should hold and expound the extreme Federalist views that he professes is of interest. One wonders how far they are shared in these days by persons of more importance than Mr. CHURCHILL, but less ready than he to disclose the state of their minds. If the responsibilities of high office and great influence did not restrain Mr. ROOR, would he be ready to confess himself as thoroughlygoing a Hamiltonian as Mr. CHURCHILL? And President ROOSEVELT—do the States as he sees them "represent no fact"? Have they become to his mind "arbitrary and negligible except as they are maintained by the fiction of State sovereignty"?

Don't Burke the Constitution in the Dark

There is nothing about the Constitution so sacred as to forbid it to be debated and amended. It does not exist by divine right, but is a man-devised scheme of government, adjusted to an existing condition and expressly open to readjustment by prescribed means. We may not find fault with any one for feeling or saying that the Constitution no longer fits the country. If any one wants it changed and State sovereignty deleted from it, it is open to such a person to get the changes made if he can. But we are entitled to demand that if made, they shall be made openly and with due consideration and discussion, and by consent of the parties to the compact. Any other way would be revolutionary. The instrument was devised with profound care. Every change made in it should be made with care equally profound. That it should be buried in the dark won't do. Yet by methods something like that do its critics seem to purpose to smother it.

Japanese Incidents

Mr. DOOLEY is probably right in his conviction that a good many Japanese are easy to provoke; and, it may be added, that the labor-unionists on the Pacific coast are very provoking. Nevertheless, it is certain that there is about as much politics in the attitude of the Japanese who, at home and on the coast, are trying to create trouble, as there is in the attitude of our own politicians who are backing the trouble-makers in San Francisco. It is said that the progressives in Japan are trying to cut Aoki from Washington, and to beat the government at Tokio on the American issue, but perhaps the good sense of the Foreign Minister, HAYASHI, will have more weight with his own people than Mr. ROOSEVELT and Mr. ROOR have yet been able to exert upon the school board and other city authorities of San Francisco. The Hague conference will hope so.

New Light on Canada's Resources

THE June number of the *American Review of Reviews* contains no fewer than four articles which, taken together, present a complete survey of the agricultural, industrial, and commercial capabilities of the Canadian Dominion, from the view-point of the latest statistics. The facts seem to justify the forecast that the development of Canada will constitute the most remarkable economic phenomenon of the twentieth century. Let us glance, for example, at the data concerning the agricultural possibilities of the Northwestern provinces, and the mineral industries of the Dominion.

It is unquestionably true that the great colonizing achievement performed by the United States during the nineteenth century, to wit, the transformation of the West from a savage wilderness to a settled, orderly, prosperous, and populous community, is now being repeated north of the forty-ninth parallel to Canada. As recently as 1805 the Hudson's Bay Company still ruled over a vast empire reaching from Labrador to the Pacific, wherein commerce of all kinds, excepting the fur trade, was nonexistent. A narrow belt of cultivated land along the rivers near Fort Garry failed to feed for the meagre population; the nearest railway was hundreds of miles to the south; and the great fertile plains of the Far West were given up to the Indians, the buffalo, and the fur-traders. Today, after the lapse of only three and a half decades, these vast plains of the Northwest contain nearly a million inhabitants. In five years the population has doubled, and there is no room to doubt that the rate of growth will be maintained for many years to come. The settlement of farming-lands has been followed by a corresponding expansion of towns and cities. Winnipeg, which in 1871 was a little frontier outpost, contains, according to the municipal estimate of 1907, no fewer than 111,000 residents. In four years the annual Dominion revenues from customs, excise, and post-office receipts at this place have increased from \$3,000,000 to \$6,000,000, while the bank clearings have risen from a quarter of a billion to half a billion dollars. Nor is Winnipeg the only considerable city in the prairie provinces. Both Calgary and Edmonton have good ground for looking forward to a population of one hundred thousand apiece in the course of a few years, while Regina (the capital of Saskatchewan), Moose Jaw, Saskatoon, and Brandon are all certain to become large towns within another decade.

Even more eloquent testimony to the progress of the Canadian Northwest is furnished by the growing railway system. By the end of 1878 only sixty-four miles of railway track had been laid in that region. At present, there are in Western Canada no fewer than 4400 miles of track operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and 2489 by its rival, the Canadian Northern Railway. The new transcontinental railway now being built by the Canadian government, the Grand Trunk Pacific, will begin to operate sections of its system "in the present season." It is further to be noted that as late as 1870 only 2412 Americans emigrated to Canada. During the ten following years no fewer than 272,000 persons have left the United States to become residents of the Northwest provinces. The spectacle has convinced the inhabitants of Quebec, Ontario, and of the British Isles that if Western Canada is good enough for "Yankees" it is good enough also for them. The result has been a steadily increasing immigration from the British Isles, until the inflow from that quarter now exceeds, by many thousands a year, the arrivals from the United States. The Scandinavian, Teutonic, and Slavic peoples likewise are now strongly represented in Northwestern Canada. In the ten-year period from 1896 to 1906 there were 310,000 immigrants from Great Britain, and 248,000 from non-English-speaking countries, chiefly those belonging to Continental Europe. The significance of the fact that the three provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, have together an area of some 550,000 square miles is scarcely appreciated until we fail to mind that they represent a territory as large as the original thirteen States of the American Union plus the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. For 846 miles these provinces abut on the American border, and they run thence northward from 300 to 500 miles. Nor is it probable that anywhere on the earth's surface is there a superfluity of equal extent which possesses a higher percentage of tillable soil. Wheat is, of course, the staple product of the Canadian Northwest, and there is no better test of fertility. Reviewing the official returns for the three prairie provinces above named, for eight years (1898-1905), Mr. J. W. Barry, editor of the *Manitoba Free Press*, finds that there was an average yield of 19.73 bushels per acre, which, for land cropped year after year, without any resort to fertilizers, is an unusually high rate. The official average for Minnesota during the last seven years was but 14.2 bushels per acre, and that for Iowa only 14.7 per acre. In 1905 no fewer than 3,449,000 acres in Western Canada were sown to wheat, and the yield was 83,500,000 bushels, an average for that year of over 21 bushels to the acre. The output last year was much larger. To handle this enormous quantity of wheat there are 1015 interior elevators, with a storage capacity of 27,853,000

bushels, and ten terminal elevators, which can hold 18,200,000 bushels. In addition, there are ninety-three three-roller flour-mills able to turn out 18,500 barrels a day. We should add that the yearly output of cattle shows a growth in keeping with the general advance of the country. Last year no fewer than 135,000 head of cattle came into Winnipeg from the Canadian Northwest, of which 85,000 went forward to the British market.

Turning to Canada's mineral industries, we find Mr. F. J. NICOLAR, editor of the publications of the Dominion Geological Survey, computing the quantity of gold which has been taken out of the Canadian Klondike region at \$128,000,000, and the output of silver estimated in 1906 from the Cobalt district alone at \$10,000,000. The production of copper in British Columbia amounted, in 1906, to nearly 40,000,000 pounds, and large deposits of copper have lately been discovered in southern Yukon. Of nickel the Dominion produced, last year, enough to supply practically all the world's requirements of this metal, with the exception of the contribution made by New Caledonia. Mr. D. R. DOWLING, of the Canadian Geological Survey, has computed that from the coal areas already known in Alberta alone there is a possibility of extracting 150,000,000,000 tons, and in Saskatchewan over 20,000,000,000 tons, though most of the latter coal-fields are possibly lignite of an inferior quality. The iron production of Canada is at present far from proportionate to the value of its iron-ore deposits. A quarter of a million tons a year is approximately Canada's average output of iron ore, which seems small indeed, compared with the 44,500,000 tons annually produced in the United States. On the whole, it must be acknowledged that the mineral production of the Canadian Dominion is, for the present, inconsiderable compared with that of the United States or of Australia. But there seems to be no doubt that the extension of railways to coal and iron-bearing areas, it will become a larger factor in the mineral output of the world.

In an article on the relations of Canada and the United States, Mr. P. T. M'GATH is likely to astonish American readers when he points out that Canada's mercantile marine is now the fourth largest in the world, being nearly equal to that of Japan, and greater than the merchant navies of Russia and Spain put together. Scarcely less surprising is the fact that although Canada contains but 6,000,000 inhabitants, she is the third best customer of the United States, being surpassed in this respect by Great Britain and Germany alone. Canadians seem warranted in acclimating their country the richest in the world today, when we keep in view that her foreign trade per head of the population is two and a half times as great as is that of the United States, while she has no war debt, no pension roll, no costly navy, and makes but a small outlay for military purposes. Although she is not engaged in a manufacturing country, yet the output of her factories in 1900 was valued at \$481,000,000, or within \$10,000,000 of the combined value of the agricultural, dairying, mineral, forest, and fishing industries of the Dominion. The worth of the Dominion's fisheries, however, should not be underestimated. In 1906 all the fisheries of the United States, with their 85,000,000 inhabitants, were valued at \$27,727,000, while those of Canada, with only 6,000,000 people, were computed at \$29,479,000—exclusive of Newfoundland, which, with only 230,000 inhabitants, possesses fisheries valued annually at ten millions of dollars.

It will surprise no one that Canada should have at last decided against a policy of reciprocity with the United States, when we note that her foreign trade has grown during the last ten years from \$219,000,000 to \$352,000,000, and is now two and a half times per head that of the great American republic. The expansion of her home market is attested by the statistics of her economic prosperity. Last year her railroads, in which \$1,280,000,000 are invested, carried 20,000,000 passengers and 102,000,000 tons of freight and earned \$106,000,000. The paid-up capital of the banks in the Dominion is \$83,000,000, and the sum of their assets is \$167,000,000. The savings of the people on deposit in chartered banks amounted in the aggregate at the same date to \$85 per head against \$4 in 1875, and the former figure does not include investments in private banks, loan and trust companies, and kindred organizations. In 1905 the revenue of the Dominion was \$71,000,000 for 6,000,000 people; in 1855 the revenue of the United States was but \$65,000,000 for 27,000,000 people. To let her profit should be afforded of the increasingly greater purchasing power of Canada to-day than was possessed by our republic half a century ago. In view of these facts, it is not strange that Canada should face the future with supreme confidence. It remains to add that the opening of the short route to Europe by way of Hudson Bay—a route which will be open for five months in the year, and will shorten the distance between Liverpool and the Western shippers of grain by about 2000 miles—is now definitely assured, no fewer than six railways to Port Churchill, the best of the Hudson Bay harbors, having been already chartered.

The Back Yard in June

THERE is a stately manor-house in Leicestershire, England, whose inmates rejoiced in an American friend who, after fifteen years' residence in England, was still wont to beg, "Do let's have tea in the back yard." And what a back yard it was, with its carefree, luxuriant lawn bordered by a neat gravel walk! Beyond that stretched long beds of graduated hardy flowers. The tall dahlias and hollyhocks at the back, the delphiniums and forget-me-nots and phlox and sweet-williams, the masses of poppies, nemophytes, lilies, and, lower down, nasturtiums and clove-pinks, made a thicket of bloom in front of the mellow garden walls. And the lawn stretched on and on, until it came to a border of hazy willows, holding hands, as they always do in England, and peeping over into a tiny, clear stream with bright pebbles under the water, and beyond that lay meadows and meadows and meadows, in a leisurely, sunniness stretch, under the dim, soft, white, low-hanging, dreamy English skies that drench the landscape in half-water ways of sunlight. It was difficult to look and believe one's self only fifteen minutes from the county's most bustling city.

June is the month when such memories haunt the imagination. Even the tiniest Devon village has its stone and stucco cottages draped in masses of purple climatic; and who that has seen heliotrope growing in a luxuriant vine-twined about white pillars ever forgets the wonder of its color and odor?

Beauty is a matter of age and culture.

"No spring nor summer beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one autumnal face,"

avies the most daring of poets. Even the sharp, clear atmosphere in our young land makes beauty harder to compare, and yet those of brave spirit will never quite give over the warfare, but will live ever in the fond hope of transforming the real city back yard into an echo of the cottage gardens of Devon, or of little, beautiful, struggling Broadway in Gloucestershire.

To the amateur aspirant of a garden in the back yard the ways are stony, the pitfalls many, and the month of June a season to stay one's heartache with memories. The mass of glory for which one has worked is like to show bare patches, and blossoming has an unlooked-for habit of being very spasmodic. The worst thing that can befall such amateur is to have listened to the advice of the old-fashioned gardener who suggests plants few and far between. Even in the littlest back yard, if one's dream is of a riot and a mass of flowers, it is better to buy one's plants by the half-hundred than by the dozen, and to be wildly extravagant with measure in the autumn and plant-food in the early weeks of spring. If one plants too thickly it is easy enough to weed out and give unnecessary roots to one's neighbor. If one has any sort of a showing, neighbors become envious, and are anxious to try one's plants, so, like the summer vagrant who said he always lent one his cow to his friends for the three summer months, thereby gaining credit as a beneficent person and getting the cow taken care of into the bargain, one's gains are double. But when the June sun lights upon too thickly planted a back yard the ill is irremediable, and one can only hold one's hands and vow to be extravagant ever after. Meanwhile, the clock ticks out the little lives of men, and to have lost the dream of one June is a serious matter; all too serious a matter when one has reached the age when the blossoming of the back yard stands well to the front of one's interest, when the emotional and the ambitious interests are asleep in the dim background of the mind, when the little battles are large, self-important individuals with vital pursuits of their own that shut one out, and when our most vehement demand upon life is that some little measure of placidity and beauty shall edge the path on which we "ebb out with them who homeward go."

To be sure, there are said to be in the world some gardeners who save pot-grown plants for the sake of the grateful amateur, but there is something like accepted defeat in this refuge, and it is wiser to sprinkle penny and scarlet-seed, and do a great deal of extra watering, and push off the barriers of dreamland until September. After all, he who has studied life deeply knows that it is better to look forward than to rest upon achievement. Remove the pricking contrast between what we desire and what we have, and man becomes as incapable of true joy as a potato. The truest joy is to continue working with unmeasurable hope and unmitigated faith.

Perhaps, it cannot be too often reiterated, though to say it began with KOLARZ in Germany long ago, can be never broadcast all over the rose-beds without detriment to the rose-bushes; and they lift such cheery, vivacious little faces on their stiff backbones, and seem so self-confident and pleased with their own beauty, that one wonders how the awkward Germans dared call them "little-stop-mothers." Such a stopmother could not but be an agreeable addition to the most millionaires of families.

Sometimes, too, a wood-hedge is content to being transplanted into a shady corner of the garden, and to heat it up means a jaunt among all the shy dwellers, and there are some to praise and very few to lose. It is a painful thought that the tenderest, the most

fragile and beautiful blossoms blush unseen so far as human eyes go, and one half hopes that there are hierarchies of angels with various tastes and habits, and that out of all of them are so apt is some angel's contemplation, but that some of the lower ones which absent in the middle, playing at hide-and-seek and rejoicing in the columbines and lady-slippers.

There are some things that should be in the back yard for odor's sake, and amongst these should be a honeysuckle vine and a moon-flower. To him that hath an arbor this is easy, and the result picturesque, but to those who are blessed with only a hideous clothes-hanger, it is possible to apply the ribs of a broken umbrella to holding the revelling hanger stationary, and to train up the vines about the middle pole, and then let them throw their tendrils outward over all the ugly wood till one has a quivering, green, and living tall mushroom instead of a lean and hideous disfigurement. Mignonette, clove-pinks, and brims wreath belong to the group one tends for odor, and love-it-and-aid one owns in masses in a corner all for its pretty name. Sweet-hail, if one can find it anywhere in the world still, ought to be in the garden for the love of SHELLEY and KEATS; and one says SHELLEY first adverbially, for the little lyric beginning.

"Madonna, wherefore sendest thou
Sweet-hail and mignonette?"

is more loveliness than all the woes of Isabella and her gruesome plot.

But when all is said and done, these back yards are only good to waken the memories and the heritages of those who keep still in their mind's eye and heart's core the cottage gardens of South Devon or the wonderful gardens of Broadway in Gloucestershire.

Personal and Pertinent

A BRONZE statue of THOMAS FRANCIS BAYARD is to be unveiled at Wilmington on June 22. SUMNER CUSHELY will make the principal address, and Judge GEORGE GRAY will preside. The statue, modelled by Miss KETIE STELLMAN, of London, was given anonymously to a memorial association, which has attended to setting it up at the entrance to Rockford Park.

We quoted last week at some length what the London *Spectator* says of MARK TWAIN, who is over there to receive an honorary degree from the University of Oxford. The *Spectator* begins its eulogy by saying that in bestowing the great American writer Oxford honors herself, and that such a distinction as an honorary degree is offered in hearty recognition of the name, not only of a man of letters, but one who has set an example of upright, brave, and strenuous living. It ends its appreciative article by the assertion that "MARK TWAIN, of American writers, stands for all that Englishmen like best." And yet, notwithstanding the halo and the incense, it is reasonable to expect to welcome back the same simple, philosophic, philosophical, white-elad gentleness who went abroad the other day to accept the proffered kindness of his English kin.

Mrs. CHADWICK, Admiral CHADWICK's wife, is exhibiting in London an invention of which she is the author. This is a device for the carrying of wounded from fields of battle, and while the friends of peace who are now enjoying the remodeling of the Hague tribunal hope that the time is coming when there will be no battle-fields from which it will be necessary to carry the wounded, the time is not yet here. Mrs. CHADWICK is said to have made an admirable instrumentality for the conveyance of stricken men with so much comfort that they can expect to rally after they have been hit by a bullet. The CHADWICKS look have pleasant and useful occupations now that the admiral has retired. Instead of sitting alone the club at Washington with some other shelled sea-dogs, playing whist, growling over the authorities, and objecting to things, he is a park commissioner of Newport, Rhode Island, and is actively engaged in trying to set up there a model municipal government, while Mrs. CHADWICK has been doing something that will relieve the suffering of those who may be unfortunate enough to be the victims of the guns of the admiral's successors in the navy. Mrs. CHADWICK's invention is making as deep an impression on the minds of the peace-lovers, in London, as the admiral, then a commander, used to make in LOVELL's and PHELPS's time on the minds of the English statesmen and warriors. Then he was naval attaché in our London legation, sent abroad to study their new war-ships.

A long line of ancestral antenae has finally resulted in some of the most searching provisions of the Public Utilities Bill. It is well known that one of the most diligent and acute authors of this measure was E. R. WHITNEY, who was an Assistant Attorney-General of the United States with Mr. OLNEY and, afterwards, with Mr. JESSE HARRISON. Had as that law seems to be so many lawyers, it may be assumed that there are precedents that can be cited in such every chance the Whitney drive, so that the ones that will be brought against it must be well prepared if they are to have any chance of success. Mr. WHITNEY has al-

ways had a strong leaning against railroad corporations, and perhaps he inherited the disposition. He harks back to ROSA SNEEDMAN, who didn't like the rule of Great Britain over these colonies, while the side branches of his connections lean much frailer as the SUMMERS, the EVANSONS, and the HARRIS. His father did not engage his mind in the radical policies of the day, but while his relatives were concerned in promoting abolitionism, or escaping from enraged slave-masters at Charleston, or "smoothing through Georgia," he was laying himself at Yale in untangling the relationships existing between the various parts of speech of all known languages. This younger Mr. WHITNEY has always been a Democrat, and was, therefore, a cause of much regret to his relative, Senator HARRIS. He strode into the fight against the surface railroads of New York a number of years ago, and he may be called the father, or the elder brother, of the present wholesale, and very popular, transfer system. He is the lawyer who is at the bottom of the upsetting of the apportionment law, an upsetting that caused such keen distress of mind to the patriot statesman at Albany, who are called the "Old Guard" by the disrespectful. Governor HARRIS has the profoundest confidence in him, and so WHITNEY's radical provisions in the Public Utilities bill seem to the Governor reasonable of defence. WHITNEY's friendships are entirely non-partisan. He has a faith that is beautiful in two Yale men—"BILL" TART and ARTHUR HARRIS; he is a Yale man himself.

In England sons and grandsons have a way of repeating the intellectual achievements of their sires. In the universities and in politics, that we have not yet acquired on this side of the water, although we started pretty fairly with the Adams family. For example, the two ASQUITHs, father and son, have done about the same things, run the same races, and won the same blue ribbons, the son emulating the father about thirty years afterwards. In 1870, Mr. H. H. ASQUITH took a scholarship at Balliol; in 1892, Mr. HENRY ASQUITH the son, won the exhibition at Balliol. The father was first in "mods" in 1872, the son in 1894; the father took the Craven scholarship in 1874, the son in 1898; the father was first in "Greats" in 1874, the son in 1900; the father gained a fellowship of Balliol in 1874, the son a fellowship of All Souls in 1902. The father was president of the Oxford Union in 1874, the son in 1902. It only remains for the son to be Chancellor of the Exchequer about the year 1923. Then we have W. L. G. GLASSBORO, who is the grandson of the W. L. G. M. and who he is now president of the Oxford Union. He is not only the great debater of the Union, as his grandfather was, but he was so at Eton, as was also his grandfather. This is what the *Joia* says of him:

The achievements of his political career did not begin *per se* with them and at the Union. His energy and enthusiasm enlivened the meetings of a house debating society at Eton. His insatiable love of political warfare has carried him to provincial platforms, and to office in the Palmerston and Gladstone Cabinets. Such places, though surely unattractive, are apt to be awe-inspiring; and we sympathize with the rather timid foreigner who was introduced to our host, and hastily stammered out, "Ah, you are an Oxford Attorney!" This accusation is cruel, to say the least of it, for when he is not "addressing the house" Mr. GLASSBORO is as mild as a guinea. He would not be rude or discourteous even to a Congo trader. He would offer him chocolate.

Of course, Mr. GLASSBORO had a grandfather. So had most of us. But our grandfathers were ordinary grandfathers and were low rollers. Thus it came about that our life's business in life was predicated to be shooting, and his recreation politics.

This is the difference between Dr. WILLIAM J. LOUIS's theory of animal development and that of Mr. JOHN BRIDGEMAN, as reported in the New York Times of June 8:

LOUIS has a theory that there is a great deal of individual character among the birds and beasts. He takes great credit to himself for having "discovered" the individuality of the animals. He declares that there are woodpeckers and woodpeckers, lynxes and lynxes, deer and other deer. That is to say, that an old trapper who has seen deer and wolves all his life, and knows their habits far better than LOUIS will know them in a million years—he says that the old fellow will do no such thing, and some another.

This theory I and all naturalists and all hunters and trappers and all woodmen deny utterly and absolutely. We have been observing the wild beasts a great many years; man has been observing them for a good many hundreds of thousands of years, and it has remained for Dr. LOUIS now in the fulness of time to discover that the whole race has been wrong in its immemorial conclusion that the wild beasts behave such in accordance with the instinct, developed through long ages, of its kind.

And the crux of the matter is right there. We can't account at all for the lives and behavior of the beasts without allowing for instinct. LOUIS can't, by enjoining them with reasons, account for all the bestiality of their lives and behaviors. I wonder if he knows anything whatever of the principles of evolution and development—the principles by means of which all men of science now freely admit all living creation has progressed, race and tribe and genus, to the position it at this moment occupies? Does he know

anything of that? Does he know that it has taken ages to develop each instinct—the least, the most minute? Through long centuries of the struggle for existence, each developing breed has learned the things necessary for its survival. The preservative and progressive instincts have been created, of course, through slight, very slight, variations which proved advantageous. You know your DARWIN—everybody knows it but Dr. LOUIS—so I needn't illustrate. The point is that instincts have been a long time in the making, and that departures from them, advances upon them, are rare and exceedingly slight.

Correspondence

DOES COLONEL WATTERSON "GUESS?"

Boston, Gt., May 24, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In speaking of Colonel Henry Watterson this week you say, "the convention, he guesses, will not want Hughes." Does the Colonel really use Senator Lodge's "strong, terse, English" word, guess? I don't reckon so.

I am, sir, J. L. H.

IMPROVEMENT NEEDED IN TORPEDOES

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 25, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—At the coming peace conference at The Hague, the laws and customs of maritime warfare are to be discussed. I want to ask you if anything has ever been said, in deliberation of this subject, regarding an agreement between the different Powers providing that all torpedoes used at sea should have attached to them some automatic device which, after they had been in the water a certain length of time, would either destroy the explosive or sink the torpedo, so that it would not float about, a constant danger to all shipping.

There is a provision in international law against the use of floating mines in neutral waters, and I cannot see why the same reasoning should not apply to the use of torpedoes, for if they miss their mark and are allowed to drift about, they virtually become floating bombs. The realization of this danger has had a great deal to do with the talk of prohibiting naval operations on the so-called "ocean highways." During the Russo-Japanese war, a number of vessels and junks were destroyed by striking floating explosives that were thought by some to have been torpedoes which had drifted a great distance from the place where they had been discharged. They will also remember the hesitancy on the part of our merchant marine, because of this danger, to navigate Cuban waters directly after the Spanish war. The above instances are insignificant when we consider the extent to which the commerce of Europe would be endangered if a war should occur, such as our between England and Germany. The use of torpedoes would surely play an important part in the naval operations, and undoubtedly a large number of them would be allowed to drift about in the water through which most of the commerce of the world would necessarily pass.

The mechanical construction of such a torpedo, which would sink after it had been in the water a certain length of time, would be very simple. It would be only necessary to place in the shell or hull a plug made of some slowly soluble substance which would dissolve and allow the air-chamber to fill with water, causing the torpedo to sink. The same thing could also be accomplished by a clockwork mechanism that would open a valve after a certain time.

We would like very much to have your opinion of this idea.

I am, sir,

CHARLES HANCOCK.

THE FITNESS OF MR. ROOT

Boston, Ill., May 11, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I write to congratulate you upon your mention of the fitness of Secretary Root for the Presidency. He is undoubtedly the most able man before the nation to-day, but for that reason, fundamentally, has about as much chance of election as you or I. The Chicago Tribune seemed for a while to be venturing a timorous foot upon this thin ice of Root boom, but even that esteemed contemporary seems now to have crumpled the mantle of silence about it and gone its way. We who have the courage of our conclusions may well say of the Secretary of State that "it is better to be great than to be President."

I am, sir,

RAUF B. MILLER.

THE RESTORED CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN

Boston, Mass., June 4, 1907.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It seems rather curious to me that in the article on Jamestown in the June HARPER no mention was made of the new and beautiful little church which has been built there by the National Society of Colonial Dames of America. E. M. Wheelwright, of Boston, did it and it is a gem. It was presented to the Association for the Preservation of Antiquities in Virginia. I think that the writer had evidently not visited Jamestown Island lately. The church is of brick, and a copy or restoration of the original church, and built on the foundation.

I am, sir,

E. G. W.



Judge Fremont Wood and the Haywood Jury in Court. More than 160 Talemnen were Examined before a Jury was obtained



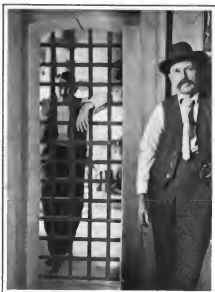
Haywood listening stolidly to Orchard's Testimony. Directly in Front and to the Right of Haywood are his Counsel, Richardson and Darrow

THE MOMENTOUS HAYWOOD TRIAL IN IDAHO

SCENES IN THE COURT-ROOM DURING THE COURSE OF THE AMAZING NARRATION OF THE CHIEF WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION, HARRY ORCHARD, THE CONFESSED HIRED ASSASSIN



Harry Orchard, the imperturbable Murderer and alleged Tool of the Federation



G. A. Pettibone, a former Member of the Federation, behind the Bars in Boise



Charles H. Moyer, President of the Federation, in the Jail-yard



William D. Haywood, Secretary-Treasurer of the Federation, the Defendant now on Trial, in his Cell

ACCUSER AND ACCUSED

THE OFFICERS OF THE WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS IN JAIL AT BOISE, AND THE WITNESS WHOSE CONFESSION CHARGES THEM WITH IMPLICATION IN A CAMPAIGN OF ASSASSINATION

HOW THE WEST DEALT WITH ONE LABOR UNION

THE "INDUSTRIAL WORKMEN OF THE WORLD," AN OUTLAW LABOR ORGANIZATION IN SOUTHERN NEVADA, TYRANNIZED THE STATE UNTIL THE MINE-OPERATORS AROSE AND CRUSHED IT

By BARTON W. CURRIE

THE trial of William D. Haywood for the murder of former Governor Steiensenberg, of Idaho, has attracted universal attention to labor conditions west of the Rockies. The methods of the Western Federation of Miners in conducting their labor battles with the mine operators of Idaho and Colorado will also be on trial with Haywood, Meyer, and Pettibone, three officers of the Federation.

Of equal interest has been the desperate struggle of the Industrial Workers of the World, an outlaw labor organization, which the mine operators of southern Nevada has struggled with for several years and finally crushed out of existence. Once the dominant labor power in the sage-brush State, this band of "Debs Socialists," as it was colloquially referred to, has been effectively put down; and its lawless attitude in the dark for murder, so do two members of the Nevada outlaw union, while eight of their fellow members are in jail charged with conspiracy to murder.

During the stormiest days of the labor troubles in Idaho and Colorado, when the Western Federation of Miners was embroiled with the mine operators of Colorado and Idaho, the Industrial Workers of the World mushroomed into existence. The I. W. W., as it was popularly known west of the Rockies, was made up of the worst elements among labor agitators. Eugene V. Debs was a sort of godfather to this association of "bad men" and avowed anarchists, and many of the crimes committed by the members of this so-called union were charged to the Western Federation of Miners. This was, however, as much the fault as the misdeeds of the miners' association, as it countenanced the I. W. W., and voted it sympathy in its desperate warfare against the mine operators and every responsible interest in the big mining camps.

In a State where there is no militia and where citizens' committees and hired Pinkerton detectives must serve as police, a band of avowed anarchists of a violent type that for almost two years dominated industrial conditions in a peculiarly wild western fashion, has been disorganized and discredited without thought of Federal interference or request of Presidential proclamation. Facing threats of wholesale murder, riot and dynamiting, and a repetition of Cripple Creek outrages, the better elements of the big mining camps fought grimly throughout the winter of 1906-1907 to down this goddescript union of two thousand men. That they won a dignified and bloodless victory shows that the drastic frontier methods of stored bad lands are no longer necessary. It should also serve as a warning to all labor organizations who allow violent agitators to lead them into the way of things and assassinations.

During the months that the Industrial Workers of the World held tyrannical sway in the booming towns of Tonopah and Goldfield there were many murders, or rather assassinations, that were publicly boasted of as I. W. W. discipline. Men who refused to join or recognize the so-called union were kidnapped from the camps and trucked off to die of starvation and thirst if they were not fortunate enough to stumble upon some trail or spur of railroad track. The sold in towns were shown in organizing to meet the menace of I. W. W. tyranny. They were all the more securely lashed together when they did organize, however, and they never flinched or considered compromise at any

stage of the struggle. The single purpose that called into existence the Mine Operators and Business Men's Protective Organization of Esmeralda County was to destroy the power of the Industrial Workers of the World, and this was accomplished, though it cost the complete paralysis of every local industry for many weeks.

The leaders of the I. W. W. bullied and threatened in vain. One murder was committed in the hope of provoking general disorder and riot, when, it was based, the chief enemies of the union could be slain in the confusion. This crime was dealt with in a rigorous, but dignified manner. The murderer was immediately seized, married to Hawthorne, and lodged in the county jail with more order and decorum than often obtains in kid-gloved communities where there is ample constabulary to enforce the laws. Other I. W. W. agitators, who in their desperate case had planned a wholesale killing, were rounded up by ramp vigilantes and Pinkerton detectives and indicted for conspiracy to murder. They will be prosecuted as vigorously as Idaho hopes to prosecute the officers of the Federation of Miners indicted for committing the brutal slaying of Governor Steiensenberg.

At the time Governor Steiensenberg was made the victim of a bomb exploded by an alleged union assassin, the Western Federation of Miners was affiliated with the then straggling bodies of Debs Socialists, who called themselves variously the Independent Workers of the World, the Industrial Workers of the World, and the Industrial Workers of the World, finally choosing the last title. The choice of "workers" was singularly apt, too, for a large percentage of the I. W. W. members and agitators were not workers, and were indeed "workers" in the sense the word is used in underworld vernacular.

The Industrial Workers of the World were organized by followers of Eugene V. Debs, who worship the red flag as their emblem, and in public meeting spit upon and insult the Stars and Stripes. The I. W. W. was born about the time of the I. O. O. F. outrages, when it gathered in its membership the most violent agitators of the Western Federation of Miners. It established small branches in Colorado when that State was torn by violent mining riots, but it never became a menacing power by itself until it invaded the gold fields of Nevada.

There it rose into prominence by methods that could only obtain in frontier communities of the sort that have festered in the bleak, worthless high altitudes of the Great Basin for the past seven years. The organization grew out of industrial chaos. Such

a condition existed for a considerable period, and the I. W. W. flourished to amazing strength in light of the absolutely unbroken tyranny it exercised in the first flush of its power. The organizers of the so-called union originally called themselves Debs Socialists. In a vague way they possessed the idea that Socialism means that ideal state of society in which the employer of labor becomes labor's slave. Beginning with this paradox and reasoning in intricate circles they set afoot at random the pretense that all labor should be jumbled upon one level, with out any distinction of craft or skill. The common day laborer should take rank with the master craftsman. Lacking skill, more drastic methods should serve—free-lancing by a bandwagon, if necessary. As a matter of fact the industrial



An Example of the "Union's" Methods

THE OFFICE OF THE GOLDFIELD "SUN." THE AUTHOR AND PAUL FOWLER, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE MINEHOLD SERVICE OF THE AMERICAN PAPER CO., PHOTOGRAPHER FOR VISITING THE EDITOR OF THE PAPER, L. C. BRUNSON, AND PHOTO BY BEN J. JONES.

Workers of the World, while calling itself a union, is the avowed enemy of unionism. Its object is to absorb all the unions into a polyglot body of workers. The bartender and the "booster" (the man who tends the free-hatch corner in a saloon) are "workers." In this organization, and so are "stevedores," the riff-raff who sweep out the saloons and gambling-houses in the early morning hours. The locomotive engineer, the electrician, mechanic, or any other skilled artisan is a "worker" and nothing more. In Goldfield, a waiter in a dance hall of the beleaguered searlet type familiar to mining camps was permitted, when chosen walking delegate, to dictate to mine-foremen, plasterers, carpenters, masons, and skilled artificers of various trades how they should conduct themselves in their trade relations with employers. If the employer offend any of the semi-script rules heaped together as "workers" he was disciplined either by boycott or some more drastic measure, such as "being run out of town. Several

men were murdered. Social conditions then were almost primal. Whatever of class there was was subject to revolutionary changes. In a few months penurious adventures became men of wealth and importance. A tramp Indian and the sage-brush wastes located the first big claim, and became rich and famous—for a little while. Then the "wolves" got him and he was devoured. George Wingfield, a boy in years, but many times a man in really wild western experiences, rose from the humble state of farm-dealer to the exalted position of richest man in Nevada in less than five years. Now he is the mining partner of United States Senator George S. Nixon, of Nevada, and fifteen times a millionaire. Also he did heroic service in helping to paralyze the tyranny of the

There were other epic changes in men's fortunes that electrified the far West and furnished the imagination which drew thousands to the desert. There is no need to dwell on the strange mixture of men composing this invading host. The psychology of the treasure-hunter is the same the world over. The worthless drift that in draws along in the wake of the fabled men who make history for the great mining camps and dig treasure for themselves differs not at all wherever the gem or precious metal is torn from its matrix. But Nevada has had the unique experience of a powerful organization of this human betwixt and between.

The strenuously energetic mine operators did not watch this organization grow. It attracted little attention until it had gained such strength that it was able to demolish local industrial conditions. The Western Federation of Miners, an occupied with its own troubles in Idaho, gave it scant regard. That the capture of every trade and employment could lead into a powerful organization seemed ridiculous to the experienced labor organizers until it was an accomplished fact. The Federation of Miners had tolerated the few insignificant branches of the I. W. W. in Idaho, for these red radicals could be made to do their share of the workable result. In the Federation, however, the I. W. W. became strong enough to compel public recognition and not merely sub rose toleration.

Labor of any sort was in such demand in the goldfields that those known to wield a pick was practically as valuable as the highest skill of any craft. Every new arrival who came to seek employment, whether to tend a roulette wheel or boss a gang of miners, was immediately pounced upon by the I. W. W. delegates and caudled. No other qualification was necessary than a small initiation fee. Over this was paid the new member was in good standing. He remained in good standing no matter how he conducted himself subsequently, providing, of course, that he paid his dues. He could be a gambling-house keeper, hawking about the tables and begging from the few lucky players; or he could be the leader before the door of a questionable resort. In the organization's broad theory of equality he was a "worker."

A member of the "union" who is now in jail for murder at Hawthorne told me shortly before the American Federation of Labor went to the maintenance of the Goldfield Property Owners' Protective Association in their effort to crush the power of the I. W. W. that there were in the land of "workers" seventy-two ex-convicts. He seemed proud of the fact; too did not whisper it as a confession. Indeed no. He cried it out with a beautiful flourish of oaths. He was a walking delegation of a certain kind of a stamp-spirit whose stride against law and order were of the frothing character that there

Most created in his most child moments. He had one stereotyped address on what he called the "brutishness of interested interests" which delighted his cable audiences of fellow "workers."

Revolution, terrorism, and assassination (if expedient) is the keynote of the I. W. W. propaganda. The early disciples of this red brand of socialism went forth on the desert and converted; sometimes by the persuasion of lurid eloquence, more often with a bludgeon and a threat of murder. Their dogmas were not hampered by any code of law or ethics. Few of the toilers who journeyed to the camp in the boom days had the courtesy to disregard a request to join the "union." Murders in saloons and dance-hall lounges and assassinations on the lonely trails that thread the waste of sage-brush plains penetrating the camps were common. They were referred to then as J. U. H. discipline.

The officers of the "union" headed that when any "dirty work" had to be done to "correct" or "discourage" those who were feared to become "workers," or who attacked the organization, there would be no dearth of volunteers at the call. Dozens of a familiar type of Western bad men were always ready to respond.

They were called the "herd," and the herd, stories had men whose rough exteriors covered warm, generous hearts; who were even meticulous in their scruples regarding the "square deal" in a gun-fight—always giving the other man a chance to "draw" and then dispatching him "like a grubstake." The I. W. W. had men who were the exact antithesis of this. He had won his "scholarship" in the slungshot and snailshot school. His attacks were only a little more open than the assault of the city snailshot who shot his victim in the

black night-shadows with an ear then as a coyote's for the heavy tread of a policeman.

There are no policemen down there on the desert, only a capricious sheriff rarely seen after midnight in public places, and who visits the scene of tragedy only when a formal request is extended to him. (There have been a few vigorous sheriffs in Esmeralda County, but they expired early in their official careers.) Yes, this organization never lacked volunteers for its "dirty work" and as a consequence the committee of Tonopah and Goldfield were soon effectively cornered. Beginning with a nucleus of a few score agitators the membership of the outlaw union swelled within an astonishingly short space of time to more than two thousand.

For half a century Western mining camps have had to deal with dominating criminal elements. Vigilant committees and law and order leagues have met such situations vigorously; but never in the history of mining or frontier life in this country has the problem of dealing with such a completely organized band of unscrupulous as the Industrial Workers of the World been faced. Idaho has suffered from the thug methods of the Western Federation of Miners, and Colorado mining communities have passed through degrading periods in their labor troubles. The "biggest wreck" was at one time had enough to justify some of the bores of the "puny dreadful." But these were all, to a large extent, sporadic outbreaks. The Western Federation of Miners, whatever its crimes, was a union of a distinct class of workers. They had a common cause and were followers of a single calling.

The I. W. W. was no more representative of any distinct class of workers than a cable. Its members have never had a common cause unless you elect to call their warped and rabid theory of socialism a common cause. The attacks and outrages of these "workers" were never directed against any particular body of men, except indirectly in signaling out the individual who was one of a class not organized or powerful.

If a request to join the "union" was disregarded such neglect was regarded as a challenge. A second request was accompanied by the threat that the town was not large enough to hold the "union" and its enemies. Whatever the tale or calling of the person addressed he could exist in the camp only on the condition that he became a "worker." If he remained stubborn in his refusal to join he would be visited by a committee and acidified that he must leave the camp at a certain hour or be run out of town. There was no appeal from this ultimatum. The organization's enemy was disciplined as house-thieves were disciplined in cattle towns by cowboy vigilantes. He was guilty of the high treason of resistance. Of course there were some stringing-along. There were no trees within fifty or one hundred miles. Being

THE TONOPAH DAILY SUN

COULD YOU COME TO US

A committee of the Goldfield I. W. W. called at The Goldfield Sun office today and notified four employees that they must join the I. W. W. by tomorrow or be run out of town.

The I. W. W. men who made the call are Joe Smith, writing detective for the anarchist; a man named Tom who is a member of the fire department, and another party whose name is not known here. They demanded that every employee join their band of conspirators which flourishes under the name of a union. This demand includes printers and pressmen, who are members of the American Federation is a man.

Now it is up to the dirty scoundrels to start something. The Sun is ready for the scoundrels. Come on, you scoundrels, if you are looking for trouble!

A Blow in the Face that staggered the "Union"

THE UPPER HALF OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE TONOPAH "DAILY SUN," ANOTHER OF MR. BRANNON'S NEWSPAPERS, FOR AUGUST 31, 1906, FOR WHICH THE "UNION" TRIED TO KILL HIM FROM ARIZONA

"run out of town," however, was little more relished than "stringing up." In fact, many would prefer quick execution by hanging to the slow torture of starvation and thirst in a deserted mining shaft. Nor is there any pleasant prospect in being out adrift on burning sand-paths without food or water many miles from trail or camp. That there were tragic climaxes to these deportations many little heaps of bones on the alkali wastes will testify. No rush was shown unless the victim selected had influential friends. In such cases the "enemy" was driven out on a desolate trail and left to find his way to some other camp or the railroad where he could board a train at a water tank or fuel station. No one about whom a great misdeed might be made was ever slain unless he was a deserter.

This sort of thing went on for months practically unchecked by the better elements in the camps. The mine-owners, the bankers, and salient operators were too busy in their gold-seeking to bother about what did not actually disturb them in their places of business or homes. So long as the crimes were committed at a safe distance the thing committees of the I. W. W. met with what might be construed as implied approval. Small merchants tremblingly implied their efforts to join the union and avoid trouble. Contractors advised the workmen they brought into the desert to join. Miners who drifted in from all over the West were lured into joining, even though they were already members of other unions.

Feeling secure in their dominance of affairs the officers of the I. W. W. announced the plan of organizing all the mining camps of the sage-brush State and of branching out into California, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico, unopposed, according to their own methods, the best camps from top to bottom, but skipping the towns and cities, where law was strictly enforced and crime painstakingly investigated. Rigorously, however, they could be reached later when the organization became a political power.

But the branching out was delayed. The Dela scheme of pig-bait unionism received a sudden shock that disturbed its foundation and gradually undermined it. One man defied the "union," and, in the phrase of the country, "got away with it." Then he organized its overthrow.

Lindley C. Branson, a young editor, arrived from Nome when the "union" was in the full flower of its dominion, feared and deferred to by all classes, and started two daily newspapers, *The Tonsupah Star* and *The Goldfield Star*. He had successfully edited several mining-camp dailies in Alaska. He is a quiet, forceful young man who does things without any bluster. There are few men to-day who know so thoroughly the psychology of a mining camp.

Several weeks after he began to get out his papers Joseph Smith, the walking delegate of the I. W. W., called on him and told him that his printers, pressmen, devil, and whoever else he employed would have to join the "union." Branson said he would look into it. He did. Smith came back expecting a cringing submission to his "polite command." He was staggered when the editor said to him: "My men will not join the I. W. W. They do not believe in the law, but of socialism and anarchy. Already they are members of the American Federation. I will have something to say about your organization in a few days." The walking delegate returned that requests to join the union were never disobeyed by prudent men. Prudent men were those who wished to remain in the desert and not be hurried there. His storm of threats subsided very suddenly when the young editor drew from his jacket pocket two short-barreled .44's and spread them unostentatiously but significantly on the top of his desk. Exit the walking delegate.

Smith and a committee returned and paid a visit to the composing-room, however. To be sure he first satisfied himself that Branson was out. The workmen were warned that a dreadful fire would be theirs if they did not associate themselves with the I. W. W. But these printers and pressmen had been with Mr. Branson in Nome and Dawson. He was their boss, and if he said "no" it was final. Then the committee warned the men that they would be "run out of town" forthwith. At a meeting that night a gang was selected for the purpose. The ceremony was fixed for the following day. It was postponed owing to an untimely event. The Tonsupah Star, issued that afternoon, contained the following front-page display in the biggest type the little office contained:

COME ON, YOU COWARDLY CURS!

A Committee of the Goldfield I. W. W. Called at the Goldfield

"Sun" Office To-day and Notified Four Employers That They

Must Join the I. W. W. To-morrow or be Run Out of Town

The I. W. W. men who made the call are Joe Smith, walking delegate for the American Federation, a well known firm, who is a member of the Fire Department; and another party whose name is not known here. They demanded that every employer join their band of conspirators which flourishes under the name of a union. These devils include printers and pressmen, who are members of the American Federation.

Now it is up to the dirty scoundrels to start something. The Sun is ready for the scoundrels.

Now use, you cowards and curs, if you are looking for trouble.

This was a blow in the face which staggered the outlaw "union."

It had been accustomed to terrorism, not to be dared. The Goldfield Star appeared in a neat two-page dress. When the papers were printed the scoundrels said they dared not deliver them. Branson and an assistant carried them about the camp and left them with the subscribers, and also sold them in the saloons and gambling-houses frequented by members of the so-called union.

He even went into the headquarters of the I. W. W., which was thronged with the men who had volunteered to run him and his employees out of town and scattered about his papers. Not a hand was raised against the singularly quiet young man. The "workers" were little less paralyzed for the effect of his visit. In fact the entire camp stood aghast at the boldness of the boyish-looking man with the cold gray eye and firm lip-bow.

He had calculated exactly on the effect of his move, however, and relied on the cowardice of mine-owners and merchants. They told him that the union had organized every element in the camp, desirable and undesirable; that it was all-powerful and would certainly crush him. He did not think so. Incendiaries and anarchists of their stamp, he knew, were all rewards at heart. Their socialist propaganda, he wrote in capitalized editorials, was a specious fabric of pure rant; meaningless, incoherent, beguiling from no logical premise and ending in confusion. He began a splendidly fearless campaign that he waged through many strenuous months. He spent the eyes of the two big camps to the sort of incident that he induced him to induce him to induce him to electrified both communities and gave heroic color to the cause he made against the "union." There were plenty of men in both Tonsupah and Goldfield as fearless as he. When he was beset by the I. W. W. and threatened with death they rallied to him.

The organization had power enough then to persuade every merchant, tradesman, broker, salaried, and even many mine-operators to refuse any advertisements in his papers. Even the newspapers, messenger boys, bank clerks, brokers, clerks, shop clerks, domestic help, young and old of every employment, were members of the I. W. W. Then, it was commonly said that they became members through "the fear of God" established by the "union." The miners were in the same plight, though they feebly proclaimed that they held a union of their own distinct from the I. W. W. and a local of the Western Federation of Miners.

Then "fear of God" Branson paved a miserable superstition that flourished sturdily when a man of initiative and uncommon pluck challenged it. He demonstrated that the bad men and desperate characters of the "union" were his enemies, and he branded them in his headlines as "Curs," "Scoundrels," "Asses," "Cheap Skates," "Law-broke Things," "Cowards," and "Sneaking Murderers." That he bound men with the courage to set the type was considered as remarkable as his own defiance from.

When it came to the disclosing of a man who could shoot with both hands without taking them out of his pockets or apparently moving a muscle the I. W. W. leaders were revealed in their true light. One attempt was made to kill him and only one. He sought out the man who had shot at him from behind a shed and made him go down on his knees to him in front of the I. W. W. headquarters and beg for mercy. Dozens of "workers" looked on in silent silence.

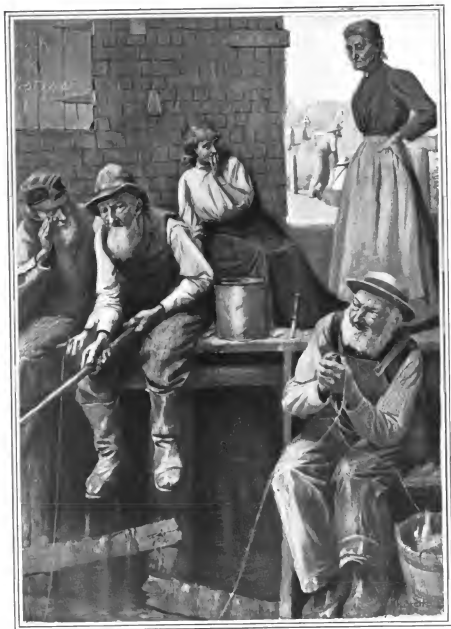
A notice was posted on the bulletin board of the I. W. W. that any person who visited or spoke to editor Branson was "unfair," and should be run out of town. When the writer and Paul Cowles, superintendent of the Western service of the Associated Press, visited the Goldfield Star office they were photographed by a union photographer, and the photograph was posted on the bulletin board beneath the notice that "they should be run out of town." It required some argument before the officers of the union would take the photograph down.

By this time Branson had the backing of such noted gun fighters as George Wingfield and Diamond-fred Jack Davis. These two millionaire mine-owners had volunteered their services as his newspapers. They distributed his boycotted papers in a spectacular fashion, spitting them on the long barrels of .44-caliber revolvers and taking them from the shooter's hand to hand to purchasers. No "workers" had the tendency to disturb these proceedings.

Then Branson, Wingfield, Davis, and United States Senator George B. Nixon organized their protective association and declared a counter-boycott upon the boycotting union. The hundreds of miners who had been lured into joining the outlaw union were notified that the union would therefore be closed to I. W. W. men. When the miners refused to do this the mines were closed, and finally they were starved out of the Dela organization.

Leaders of the American Federation of Labor were brought in the camp, who, under the protection of the Miners' Union and the Nevada Miners' Protective Association, organized the separate trade-out of the I. W. W. until at last there were no "workers" left who had any distinctive calling recognized by the American Federation.

Through all these months the entire communities of Tonsupah and Goldfield were under arms. The atmosphere fairly thrived with desperate rumor and murderous threat, but only one man was killed—Joseph Smith, a restaurant-keeper, who refused employment to I. W. W. men, and who barred his restaurant to "workers." M. R. Preston, the "worker" who murdered him was not lynched or shot-up. The camps were manned with Pinkerton detectives who kept him swiftly and quietly to Hawthorne, where he was held secretly in the county jail. No demonstration of any sort was made to free him, for the I. W. W. treasury was empty and he was a new John Law of the desert who is no kin to Judge Lynch, but a wheelman, civilized, law-abiding citizen.



HOOKEY

DRAWN BY HAROLD MATTHEWS BRETT

JAPAN UNFURLING HER FLAG ON THE PACIFIC

THE FORMIDABLE MERCHANT FLEET WHOSE ORGANIZATION MARKS THE INITIAL STEP IN THE JAPANESE PROGRAMME OF NATIONAL ADVANCEMENT

By ADACHI KINOSUKE

JAPAN will soon control the trade of the Pacific. Her merchant fleet is growing with great rapidity, not only in American traffic but in the commerce of Korea, Formosa, China, India, and the Far East generally. Certain American optimists declare that the Pacific will always be dominated by the United States. But it is only the optimists who have this faith. Shipping men, American men actually engaged in commerce with the Far East, know that Japan is fast assuming command in that quarter of the globe.

If any one doubts the accuracy of this proposition, let me ask him to consider the organization of the Nippon Kisen Kaisha (Japan Steamship Company), which is energetically carrying the Sunrise flag half-way round the world.

A group of the most noted bankers and steamship men of Nippon met on the second day of February of this year in the Imperial Assembly Hall in Tokyo. This was the first public meeting of the promoters of a new steamship company. At this meeting it was christened the Nippon Kisen Kaisha. A large name. Yet the company has the conviction of knowing that amid the cheerful summer growth of steamship enterprises since the war it is bigger than its name.

The company commands the capital—no watered stock, by your leave—an instantly available capital of thirty million yen (15,000,000 dollars gold). Their financial programme sets aside ten million yen for the purchase of about one hundred vessels of 200,000 tons, which are, at this present moment, actually engaged in shipping business under the merchant flag of Nippon. The remainder of the sum, the twenty million yen, is to be spent on the construction of new ships. They will have a fleet of vessels of great speed and other qualifications that would please the subsidy regulations of the country. This sum is also meant to cover the expenditure of establishing new lines of traffic.

From a copy of the company's financial estimate which is before us—a modern business plan, framed by scientific experts, and perhaps quite as true as any of the old-fashioned estimates—we learn that the company expects an income of more than five million eight hundred and twenty thousand yen annually from freight handled by regular and established lines of the company; 1,584,307 yen from the freight carried by their vessels on irregular and special services; 213,211 yen and 25 sen from subsidies and bounties; and 100,000 yen through miscellaneous sources. The total expected income per annum amounts to 8,107,825 yen. Against this the total expenditure of the company is estimated at 4,614,265 yen and seven sen.

You must admit that the showing is not at all bad. The estimate was drawn up by a very cautious set of people who have more than once before drawn up estimates; who have never disappointed their friends, especially in their predictions—not the worst showing, to say the least, for an enterprise which is as far from a get-rich-quick trap of this money-mad age as is the north pole from the equator.

The service of the company is divided into two kinds—the regular and the special. Its specialties are freight. The following are the regular lines: Kobe—Osaka via the Pacific; Kobe—Osaka via the Nippon Sea; Kobe—Korea ports; Yokohama—Formosa ports; Kobe—Vladivostok; Kobe—North China ports; Kobe—Yantai ports; Kobe—Tientsin (Tientsin); Yokohama—North China ports; Kobe—Hongkong; Kobe—Vladivostok; Hongkong—Salomon; Kobe—Hawanan ports; Kobe—Java; Kobe—South American ports; Kobe—Indian ports; Hongkong—Hawanan ports; Kobe—Christmas Island ports; Kobe—North American ports; Tientsin—Vladivostok; Tientsin—Shanghai; Tientsin—Hongkong; Tientsin—Singapore. The four closing lines issuing out of Tientsin (Tientsin) are meant specially to operate in connection with the South-Manchurian Railway. They would make a special bid for the transportation of the coal output of the Manchurian mines, which will, doubtless, be very actively worked by the new management of the South-Manchurian Railway.

Now that we have stated the funds at the command of the company, the extent of their routes, let us see what are the special and peculiar advantages this company enjoys.

1. We have already said how very securely this new company is to steer away from the competition in passenger traffic. Freight is its specialty. It must have strong vessels; but there is no need to expend a large amount of funds on the fittings and decorative features of its vessels, no small item of expense in the construction and maintenance of passenger ships. The company's schedule does not call for fast ships, as in a passenger line, and here again is a great gain in economy.

2. In spite of the comparatively small investment—that is, compared to the establishment and maintenance of the passenger service—there will be no difference in the amount of subsidy they

are to receive from the government. This naturally makes for a larger net profit than a passenger service.

3. A large portion of the first hundred vessels which this new company is to purchase comes from old established lines. The established business of the old lines is to fall—according to the terms of purchase—into the hands of the Nippon Kisen Kaisha. As a matter of fact, at the first conception of the new company, the idea of Mr. Nishikawa, the originator of the plan, who will be the active manager of the new company, was to form a sort of shipping trust of all the smaller companies outside the big three—the Nippon Yusen, the Osaka Kisen, the Teito Kisen. But that raised the new company can carry on business from the very first day of its establishment; there is no need for it to waste time in arranging for a thousand and one details in the selection of routes, in opening branch offices, in the creation of new business, and so on.

4. The amount of funds at the command of the company is sufficiently large for it to handle the transportation of great staples, such as rice, kerosene, coal, timber, sugar, also bulky freight such as fertilizer and minerals. Thus the company can outbid its competitors.

5. To-day Nippon imports kerosene, timber, and wheat flour from America in no small quantity, carried chiefly in foreign bottoms. From South-Pacific ports we get a good deal of fertilizer; cotton from India, sugar from Hawaii; from Malaya a large amount of rice. There is no reason why some, indeed a large portion, of these cargoes should not fall into the hands of the new company. Here is a field, a large field, white with the harvest. The company need not spend any of its energy in creating a field of oilseed and usefulness; it can devote all its efforts in getting the business.

6. As you see, then, there seems to be no lack of work for the new company from the very first day of its existence. But after all, the future of the company is not to be measured by its golden kingdom. It comes in time to cover the highways of just that portion of the globe in which will centre the commercial activities of the world before long. It can, if only the Nippon Kisen Kaisha shall prove its worth, carry food and reinment to and from 500,000,000 people of the Asian continent. From year to year, very likely, more and more people will pass into and from Asia. But the movement of people cannot be compared, in magnitude and scope, to the movement of goods both raw and manufactured to and from the Far East.

There was when a river course was a factory of empires. We have left the potanic age so far behind that we hardly remember anything about it; and in a similar manner we have gone beyond the age when the sea was a great empire-builder, and then the ocean. Now we are entering upon a rather complex era in which the railways and steamships are the great builders of empires. The Far East, like some portions of the Americas, is still in its constructive period. They who can give a people raw material to work upon, and when it is done can take its handiwork to the markets of the world, they who can take away the things of which people have too much, and bring back to them, in exchange, the things of which they have too little—they are the real architects of earth, as, indeed, they always have been.

They need not make eloquent speeches; they need not give political diatribes; need not seek themselves in secret velvet, neither in silver nor gold; they need not be anything but black, unguine ships and dusty railway trains, and their thrones are proof against all the fiftieth whims of fickle politics; people must have them, that is all.

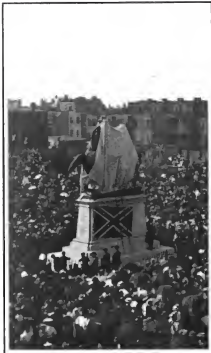
7. But the greatest of all the advantages of the new steamship company is to be found in two gentlemen who are to be the brains of the concern. One of them is Uchida Kakichi, the present head of the Mercantile Marine Bureau, who is to be the president; the other is Nishikawa Sen, who has served the government through the Russian war as the superintendent-general of all our transport service. The story of these two men is largely the history of the development of marine transportation in Nippon waters. Mr. Uchida is of Tokyo University. Since he left it in 1891 he has been in the employ of the Mercantile Marine Bureau. He has advanced himself from the humblest position to the head of the bureau. He speaks but little; has little time for words. Thinking and talking don't go well together with some people.

Mr. Nishikawa is to be the general manager of the company. Born in the first year of Meiji (1868) he is hardly forty years old, and is certainly in the May-day of his life. Like Mr. Uchida, since he left school in 1887 Mr. Nishikawa has devoted himself completely to the study and practical workings of marine transportation. In 1890, these days of political turmoil, when the younger genera-

(Continued on page 324.)

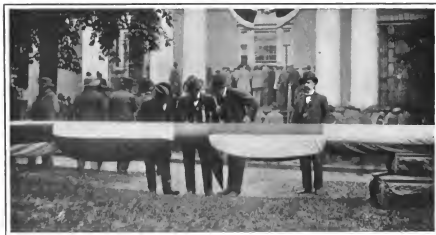


The great Memorial-day Crowd which witnessed the Unveiling of the Jefferson Davis Memorial



The Statue of General "Jeb" Stuart being Unveiled by the Grandson of the great Cavalry Leader

Copyright, 1911, by E. J. L. Leno, Richmond



Veterans examining the Shaft of the "Merimac" on Exhibition in Front of the old Confederate Capitol at Richmond

RICHMOND'S GREATEST CONFEDERATE REUNION

THREE-FOURTHS OF ALL THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS NOW LIVING ASSEMBLED AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, ON MAY 30, FOR WHAT WILL IN ALL LIKELIHOOD BE THEIR LAST REUNION HELD IN THAT CITY, SINCE MOST OF THEM ARE FAR ADVANCED IN YEARS



DRAWN BY J. H. W.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

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JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

WHAT ARE TEACHERS?

ARE THEY MERE WAGE-EARNERS, ENTITLED TO NO MORE THAN THEIR MARKET VALUE?

ARE THEY EDUCATORS, ENTITLED TO PAY BASED ON THE VALUE OF THEIR SERVICES?

BY AN ONLOOKER.

THERE is a movement throughout the country to increase the salaries of our school women engaged in teaching in schools and colleges. This movement is due to a variety of causes. It is due, in some measure, no doubt, to the desire on the part of those engaged in teaching to share in the general "prosperity" we hear so much about; it may be partly a response to the feeling of diminished income aroused by a general increase in the cost of living; and it may be due, to a certain extent, to a growing appreciation by the general public of the value of the work of the profession and of the requirements of a life of dignity compatible with the responsibility and the status of those engaged in the work.

Concurrent with this demand that those devoted to educational work shall receive a higher rate of compensation, there has developed another movement which, for the time being, threatens entirely to obscure the first, that is, the "feminist" demand that women teachers be paid at the same rate as men. The demand, "Equal pay for equal work," is not confined to teachers, nor to any section of the country; but the active campaign made for the principle by the women teachers of New York City has brought the whole question to the front more prominently than ever before. Irrespective of the settlement of this particular question by the State Legislature, the issue is one of fundamental importance for the whole people, and is bound sooner or later to call forth intense feeling and bitter controversy in all parts of the country—namely, in all parts of the civilized world.

The situation in New York is typical, in that the city and State are sufficiently large and sufficiently developed economically to have all possible views of the subject represented in the persons of its various interested men and women. It may not, therefore, be unprofitable to glance at some of these conflicting views from the standpoint of economic theory.

Freedom from local and technical details, the controversy rests essentially on a few basic issues, and it presents the interesting paradox that both parties to the controversy use arguments which, if consistently followed to their logical conclusions, lead to exactly the same point, and this a point which very few indeed of the teachers concerned would accept as sound doctrine. But perhaps one has no right to expect more consistency or more logic from teachers than from any other body of men. Since the issue is a general one, reduced to its lowest terms, is the proposition made by some of the organizations of women teachers in the public schools that all teachers should receive "equal pay for equal work" without regard to sex?

There are really three parties to the controversy: (1) the party of those in favor of the general principle of equalization of salaries, which includes practically all the women teachers; (2) the party of those opposed to the principle, which includes most of the male teachers; and (3) the party of the "general public," which includes the "taxpayers" and the "innocent onlookers." There is no unity in the attitude of the third party, and it need not, therefore, be considered as a whole; but one portion of this third party, the Board of Education, deserves some attention.

As an abstract proposition of justice or equity, nothing can be said against the principle of equal pay for equal work. Women have to pay for car-fares and for postage-stamps and for the other good things of life exactly the same prices as are paid by men. Conversely, when a man buys an apple or a newspaper at a stand, he pays the same price whether he is a woman or a man; and when he buys a cake, he does not get it cheaper because it was written by a woman. The men reply to this, not that the principle is in itself unfair, but, first, that it is contrary to the practice of the past and of the present; and, second, that there are very good reasons why men should receive higher pay. Some men have so far forgotten themselves as to pretend that women's work never is equal to that of men; but that is clearly a begging of the question, even if it be untrue, and so this argument need not be counted at all.

As to the statement that "women never have received the same pay as men for doing the same work," it may be true enough, but it is surely no argument. If the principle is just, the sooner it is put into practice the better. That particular objection is the objection of the reactionary, or at least of the obstructionist; progress is possible only if, and only to the extent that, we are prepared to do what never has been done before; and teachers, of all persons, should be in a receptive attitude toward the new. The real significance of the employment of this argument is that it discloses the male theory of the relation of the State as employer and the teachers as employees. There are four possible theories of this relation to be considered. The first one is: *The teachers get their jobs and their pay from the State; it behooves each teacher to get as much as he can out of his job. It is to be feared that this theory is held by a few teachers, but probably not by any considerable number. It would at any rate be deemed by all thoughtful persons as quite unworthy of teachers, however it may be with other public employees, and for the present purpose it may be ignored.* A second possible theory of the relation is this: *The State is engaged in a certain enterprise, which is analogous to any com-*

mercial or industrial enterprise; it needs the services of many men and women to carry out the purpose of the enterprise; the State hires men and women who are available for the work and pays for the services the lowest cash price at which the services can be purchased in the market. This seems to be the theory of those who oppose equalization of salaries because of its novelty, or because of its "economic heresy."

It is a well-known fact that on account of certain social and economic conditions, the services of women (and children) can generally be obtained at a much lower cost than the like services of men; for the State or city to pay the women the same salaries as are paid to the men would be "economically unsound." That is to say, some of the teachers would then be paid more than it would be necessary to pay to secure others to do the same work. It is not good business sense to pay for labor or materials more than things are worth. It is not good business sense to pay more than one wants; and if it is not good business sense, then of course it is not right for the city or State to do it.

The women's reply to all this is not that it is good business sense for the employer to pay them the same salaries as he pays to the men; their reply is based upon the acceptance of a different theory of the relation between the State and the teachers. This third theory may be stated as follows: *The State is engaged in a very serious undertaking, namely, the education of its future citizens; this enterprise is conducted not for profit in the commercial or industrial sense, but for certain high social ends, and it must therefore not be conducted on a commercial basis; the State must therefore pay for the services which it accords in carrying out its undertaking, not the commercial rule of compensation—which is a rule that allows the employer to derive a profit from the surplus value of the services of his employees, but the rule of compensation based on the value of the services rendered; and more especially, it must pay like compensation for like services, without discrimination as to color, sex, or any other irrelevant differences.*

Under this theory of the State's undertaking, in making there is of course no room for the employer's conclusions. But one point is their argument requires further elucidation, and that point is the question of the measure of the value of services: what constitutes "equal work" and what is a fair compensation for the services of women? Since the women are paid in accord with the law of supply and demand, it may be fair to ask, whether they know of any other mechanism for determining prices. It is obvious to every observer that prices and wages have absolutely no constant relation to the "real value" of commodities and services. Prices and wages are currently determined only by the interaction of supplies and demands, and these have no fixed relation to worth. To make compensation of services proportionate to the value of the service would necessitate the discovery and application of some standard for measuring services that is commensurate with the measure of compensation. Clearly, market prices and dollars and cents furnish no such standards; their use leads inevitably to the injustices complained of by the men teachers, as well as by the women teachers. The only standard yet discovered that gives any promise of usefulness in this connection is the commodity known as human life. It is possible to measure approximately the value of goods and services in terms of human life if they have any value at all; and it is likewise possible to estimate compensations in terms of human life. But it must be admitted that the women teachers, in making this claim, are not applying the day affairs, and its use, moreover, implies rather doubtful doctrine. It implies, for one thing, that human life devoted to human service earns a compensation equivalent to dignified human living—living worthy of devoted human beings. According to this latter theory, then, the women teachers, and the "equalizers" generally, claim that every human being that devotes his or her services to the betterment of human wellbeing is entitled by virtue of this devotion to a human living and nothing less—whether it be male or female, whether it be black or white, whether the services take the form of rearing infants or of bearing infants, whether the life be devoted to the healing of the sick or to the shooting of "coons." But surely our enlightened women teachers cannot accept that conclusion, for that leads farther than they would be willing to go. Would they be willing to say, for instance, that every human worker is entitled to a complete human living—and accept all that that implies?

How fares it, in the mean time, with the men teachers? Not only, as has been said, is the principle of equal pay contrary to the economic law of supply and demand, and to the economic usage of civilized people, but the claim of the women leaves out of consideration the important economic fact that man is traditionally the provider, that is to say, that member of society that generally has dependent upon the returns for his exertions one or more persons besides himself. Besides himself, he claims, ignores the fact that the normal state of the normal adult male in a civilized community is the married state and that this means at least two persons living on the income of one teacher. And since, say the men, women teachers do not generally have others dependent upon their incomes, and since, moreover, women do not, as a rule,

devote themselves to the teaching profession with a view to remaining in it permanently, it is only fair that those members of the profession who do their duty by society by bringing up a family should be adequately rewarded by being paid a larger salary than is paid to those others.

Now, whether it be true or not that most women teachers do not have others dependent upon them (and that most men teachers have), and whether it be true or not that women enter the profession with at least one eye open for a chance to marry out of it (while the men come in in stay), this claim of the men is clear and distinct: "Although I do no more work than those other teachers (the women), I should get more pay because I have a wife and some offspring to support, which those others have not." Now this "because," although in fact it explains the reason for the general difference between the wages of men and those of women, is not in itself a moral sanction for the difference. This because becomes, when used as a justification of differences in pay for equal work, the expression of a fourth theory of the relation between the State and the teachers, which may be stated thus: *The State engages in a certain important enterprise, namely, the education of its future citizens; to carry out the purposes of this enterprise it has need of the services of certain trained men and women; in order to obtain the services of these people it is necessary to exempt them from the need of engaging in industrial or commercial pursuits; and the way thus to exempt them is to maintain them, and those dependent upon them, at the public cost, in order that they may be free to devote themselves to this important public work.*

The implication of this theory, whether the men teachers have consciously formulated it or not, is quite in harmony with their contention. According to this theory, and according to the logical outcome of the men's claims for higher pay, a man with six children dependent upon him should receive a larger subsidy or maintenance fee than the other man (or woman) with only one person to look after—and that without regard to the time spent in preparation or to the quality of work, provided of course that the work is in all cases satisfactory, that is to say, above a certain minimum standard. But to what does all this lead but to the doctrine: "To each according to his needs!" And will the men accept that?

Through the smoke (or rather the dust) and confusion of the agitation emerges at this juncture the untruffled and dignified figure of the Business Man, in the guise of a "Commissioner of Education." To him the women's talk about equal pay for equal work is sentimental moonshine, and of course he is not going to yield to it. To him the arguments of the men are not only too academic, but quite beside the mark.

He can see no reason why the employee, man or woman, old or young, married or single, trained or untrained, should be paid one cent more than that sum for which you can get him, or a substitute, to work for. He need not pay more in his private business, and so he need not do it, he thinks, in the city's business.

The outcome of the workings of this theory is rather hard to predict. Its rigid application might lead to some disagreeable results. It might lead, for instance, to a condition of affairs in which teachers, in common with other wage-earners, would be forced to choose between a catch-as-catch-can scramble for office and preferment, and a union of forces for the advancement of their interests. In the former case we should have the edifying spectacle of the educators of our youth engaged in a tooth-and-nail struggle to keep the wolf from the door, of the men and women entreated with the task of making men and women of our children playing the roles of subsidized trucklers, and lick-spittles, and cowardly beggars. In the other event, we should have the equally edifying spectacle of the leaders of men, our trainers for social efficiency and high thinking, forced to pursue the destructive tactics of the trades-unions, fed up, that is, to fight the State whose future citizens have been entrusted to their molding.

When it comes to paying higher salaries, the taxpayers' representatives can gibber tell the teachers that if they don't like the conditions they don't need to stay. But if, after a thorough deliberation, the teachers should decide that they did not like the conditions, and all agreed to step out on the same day, what consternation, what a wailing, what a gnashing of teeth there would be! Mercenaries! Traitors! Contract-breakers! Time-server! Greedy men and women, unworthy to be Teachers, for Teachers should be devoted to their work and not think of money!

It is a difficult problem to solve. But if we do not solve it now, we shall have to later; and the longer we wait the harder will be the task.



THE CRITIC

DRAWN BY G. W. HARTING

MAM' LINDA*

A Novel

BY WILL N. HARBEN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. B. MASTERS

CHAPTER XIX

BLACKBURN followed with a rattle, indicating the best ventilated spot for its placement. Thither Carson led his still bemused client, who at his bidding moved like a jeky automaton.

"You won't be afraid to stay here, will you, Pete?" he asked the perturbed and puzzled negro.

Pete stared round him at the encroaching shadows in bewilderment.

"You gwine ter look me in, Marso (Carson)?" he asked.

Carson explained that in a crisis he was still a prisoner, but a prisoner in the hands of friends—friends who had pledged themselves to see that justice was done him. The negro slowly lowered himself to the mattress, and stretched out his legs on the stone pavement. An utter drop of despair seemed to settle on him. From the depth of his wide-open eyes came a stare of dejection complete.

"Den I hain't free?" he said.

"No, not wholly, Pete," Carson returned.

"Dry up down thar! listen!" It was Baker's voice in a guarded tone from the cellar doorway.

The group around the negro held its breath. The grinding of footsteps on the floor over their heads died out. Then from the outside came the steady tramp of many feet, the clatter of horses' hoofs.

"Sh! Blow out the light," Carson said, and Blackburn extinguished it.

Profound darkness and stillness filled the long room. Like an army, still and voiceless, the human current flowed onward. It must have numbered several hundred, judged from the time it took to pass. The sound was dying out in the distance, when Carson and his friends crept from the cellar, closed and locked the door and joined the others in the darkness above.

"That mob would hang every man of us if they caught on to our trick," said Baker, with a queer satisfied chuckle.

Carson moved past him towards the front door.

"Where you gots?" Baker asked.

"I want to see how the lead lies on the outside," said Carson.

"You are a crazy fool if you do," said Blackburn, and the others pressed round Dwight and anxiously joined in the protest.

"No, I must go," Dwight firmly persisted. "We ought to know exactly what they think to-night, so we'll know what to depend on. If they think he was lynched they will go home satisfied; if not, as Pete says, they may suspect us, and the most godless riot that ever swept the country may take place here in this town."

"He's right," declared the mountaineer. "Somebody ought to go. I think I'm really the man by rights, an—"

"No, I want to satisfy myself," said Dwight. "Stay here till I come back."

Blackburn accompanied him to the front door, cautiously looked out, and then let him pass through. "Knock when you get back—no, here, take the key to the back door and let yourself in. So far, so good, my boy; but this is absolutely the most ticklish job we ever tackled."

There was a swelling murmuring, like the onward sweep of a storm, from the direction of the court-house. Voices growing louder and increasing in volume reached their ears.

"Wait for me; keep the lights out, for all you do," Dwight said, and away he sped in the darkness.

As the gloom and stillness the others waited his return, hardly daring to raise their voices above a whisper. He was gone nearly an hour, and then they heard the key in the lock, and presently he stood in their midst.

"They've dispersed," he said, in a tone of intense fatigue. "They lay it to the Hillside faction, who had some disagreement with the main body to-day. They are satisfied."

"Gentlemen," it was Garner's voice from his chair at the table. "There's one thing that must be regarded as absolutely sacred by us to-night, and that is the secrecy of this thing."

"Good Lord! you don't think any of us would be fool enough to talk about it?" exclaimed Blackburn, in an almost startled tone over the bare suggestion. "If I thought there was a man here who would mention this to a living soul, I'd—"

"Well, I only wanted to impress that on you all," said Garner. "To all intents and purposes we are lawbreakers, and I'm a member of the Georgia bar. Where are you going, Carson?"

* Begun in HARBEN'S WEEKLY, Vol. LI, No. 2699.

"Down to speak to Pete," answered Dwight. "I want to try to pacify him."

When he came back, a moment later, he said: "I've promised to stay here till daylight. Nothing else will satisfy him; he's broken up to pieces, crying like a nervous woman. As soon as I agreed to stay he quieted down."

"Well, I'll stay here with you," said Keith. "I can sleep like a top on one of the counters."

"Hold on, there is something else," Carson said, as they were moving to the rear door. "You know the news will go out in the morning that Pete was taken off somewhere and actually lynched. This will be a terrible blow to his parents, and I want permission from you all to let those two, at least, know that—"

"No!" Garner cried, firmly, even fiercely, as he turned and struck the counter near him with his open hand. "There you go with your sentiment! I tell you this is a grave happening to-night. Grave for us, and still graver for Pete. Once let that mob find out that they were tricked, and they will hang our man or burn this town to the ground."

"I know that well enough," admitted Dwight, "but the Lord knows we could trust his own flesh and blood when they have so much at stake."

"I am not willing to risk it," said Garner, crisply, glancing round at the others for their sanction. "It is an awful thing for them to hear, but they'd better stand it for a few days than to spoil the whole thing. A negro is a negro, and if Lewis and Linda knew the truth they would be shouting instead of weeping, and the rest of the negroes would suspect the truth."

"That's a fact," Blackburn put in, reluctantly. "Negroes are quick to get at the bottom of things, and with so dead a body in sight to substantiate a lynching story they will smell a mouse, and hunt for it till they find it. No, Carson, real weeping, right now, will help us out more than anything else. No, the old folks will have to grin and bear it; they will be all the happier later."

"I suppose you are right," Dwight gave in. "but it's tough."

It was just at the break of day the following morning. Major Warren, who had not retired until late the night before in his perturbed state of mind over the calamity which hovered in the air, was sleeping lightly, when he was awakened by the almost noiseless presence of some one in his room. Sitting up in bed he stared through the half-darkness at a form which towered straight and still between him and the open window, through which the first touches of a new day were stealing.

"Who's there?" he demanded, sharply.

"It's me, Marso William—Lewis."

"Oh, you!" The Major put his feet down to the rug at the side of his bed, still not fully awake. "Well, is it time to get up? Is anything—wrong? Oh, I remember now—Pete!"

A groan from the great chest of the negro set the air to vibrating, but he said nothing, and the old gentleman saw his head nodding in assent.

"Oh, Lewis, I hope—" Major Warren paused, unable to continue, so vast and gruesome were the fears his servant's attitude had inspired. The old negro took a step or two forward, and then said:

"Oh, master, dey done took 'im out las' night—dey track my 'n' boy—" A great sob rose in old Lewis's breast and burst on his lips.

"Really, you don't mean it—you can't, after—"

"Vassey, vassey, he said, master, Pete done gone now, Oh, God, dey killed 'im hard right, Marso William."

"But—but how do you know?"

"I des dis minute seed Jake Tobbins; he slipped up ter my house en called me out. Jake gives karb 'ind de jail, en when de mob come him on his wile head de mobster en slipped out in de co'n-patch ter hide. He seed de guard, master, wid his own eyes, en heard um ax ter de boy. At dis time Marso Barret refused ter give 'im up, but dey ordered fire on 'im en he let um have de keys. Jake seed um fetch Pete out en heard 'im beggin' ter ter spaz' his life, but dey ding 'im up."

There was silence, broken only by the old negro's sobs and the smothered effort he was making to restrain his emotion.

"And Blumny," the Major began, presently, "has she heard?"

"No, jist, master; but she was awake—she been awake all night long—en her knees pravin' seed er de time fer mercy. She was awake when Jake come on she knowed I went out ter speak ter 'im, en when I come back in de house, master, she went in de kitchen. I know what she done dat fur—she didn't want

ter know, sth, of I'd heard bad news or not. I waited ter let 'er move, but I was afraid ter tell 'er en come away. I loves my wife, mister. I—I loves her mo' nose dat Pete's gone dan ever before. I loves 'er mo' since she been had ter suffer dis way; en, mister, dis gwine ter kill 'er. It gwine ter kill Linda, Marse William."

"What's the matter, father?" It was Helen Warren's voice. And with a look of growing terror on her face she stood peering through the open doorway. The Major ejaculated a hurried and broken explanation, and with little intermittent gasps of horror the young lady advanced to the old negro.

"Does Mammy know?" she asked, her face ghastly and set in supernatural rigidity.

"Not yet, Missy, not yet—it gwine ter kill yo' of mammy, child."

"Yes, it may," Helen said, a strange quality of resignation in her voice. "I suppose I'd better try to break it to her. Father, Pete was innocent, absolutely innocent, Carson Wright assured me of it. He was innocent, and yet—"

She turned back into her room across the hall. The sound of the match she struck to light her lamp was heard. Without another word Lewis crept down the stairs and out into the pale light of early morning. Like an old tree deeply beaten by storm he leaned towards the earth. He looked about him almost for a moment and then sat down on the edge of the veranda floor and covered his head to his known, sinewy hands.

A few minutes later, just as the red sun was rising in a clear sky and turning the night's moisture into dazzling goss on the grass and leaves of trees and shrubbery, like the benevolent smile of God upon a pleasing world, Helen descended the stairs. She had the sweet, pale face of a suffering nun as she passed, looked down on the old servant, and caught his siccous and yet grateful upturned glance.

"I'm going to her now, Uncle Lewis," she said. "I want to be the first to tell her."

"Yes, you mus' be de one," Lewis sighed, as he rose stiffly, "you be only one."

He shuffled along in her wake, his old hand grasped in his tense hand. As they drew near the little sagging gate of the cottage there was a sound of moving feet within, and Linda stood in the doorway shading her eyes from the rays of the sun with her fat hand. To the end of her life, Helen had the memory of the old woman's face stamped on her brain. It was a yellow mask, which might have belonged to the dead as well as the living, behind which the lights of hope and despair were vying with each other for supremacy. In nothing pertaining to the situation did she play so pitifully as in the fact that Linda was deliberately playing a part, grimly acting out conduct that would fit itself to what the agony of her soul was pleading for. She was trying to smile away the shadows her inward fears, her racial intuition, were resting on her face.

"Mighty early for you ter come, honey," she said, "but I reckon you is worried 'bout yo' of mammy."

"Yes, it's early for me to be up," Helen said, avoiding the warring glance that seemed in reality to be scolding the revelation of hers. "But I see Uncle Lewis, and thought I'd come back with him."

"You hain't had yo' breakfast yet, honey. I know," said Linda, reaching for a chair half-brutally and placing it for her

young mistress. And then her eyes fell on her husband's hunched, bowed attitude as he stood at the gate, and something like it, through her sense of sight, gave her a great shuddering blow. For an instant she almost reeled; she drew a deep breath, a breath that swelled out her great motherly bosom, then with her hands hanging limply at her side she stood in front of Helen. For a moment she did not speak, and then with her face on fire, her great somnolent eyes ablaze, she suddenly put her hands on Helen's knees and said:

"Looky here, honey, I've been afraid of it all night long, an' I've fit it off an' fit it off, an' I got up dis mornin' lightin' it off; but of you come here so early 'er seem if you know ter tell me dat my child—of you come here—of you come here—Gin't tied on High, it ain't no! It can't be dat way. Look me in de eyes, honey, I'm raly de whinin' fer you ter give it de lie."

For one moment she glared at Helen as the girl sat white and quivering, her glance on the floor; and then she uttered a piercing scream, like that of a dying beast, and grasping the hand of her husband, who was now by her side, she pointed a finger of stone at Helen. "Look! Look, Lewis! My Gawd, she nist lookin' at me! Look at me, honey, child, look at me! If you hear me say—" She stood firmly for an instant, and then she reeled into her husband's arms.

"She said, 'What I tol' you, Missy? Yo' of mammy said.' And lifting her in his arms he bore her to the bed in the corner of the room. "Yes, she done said," he groaned, as he straightened up.

"No, she's only fainted," said Helen. "Bring me the camphor, quick!"

CHAPTER XX

That morning at the usual hour the stockkeepers opened their dingy houses in the main street and placed along the narrow brick sidewalks the dusty, stock-worn samples of their wares. The clerks and porters as they swept the doors would pause to discuss the happenings of the night just gone. Old

Uncle Lewis and Aunt Linda Warren's boy had been summarily dealt with, that was all. The longer word just used had of late years become a part of the unvarnished vocabulary, suggesting to crude minds many meanings not thought of by lexicographers, not the least of which was something pertaining to juster far-reaching, grim, and relentless. Only a few of the more analytical and philosophical ventured to ask themselves if, after all, the boy might have been innocent. If they put the question to the average citizen it was tossed off with a shrug and a "Well, what's the difference? It's such talk as he was guilty of that is at the bottom of all the black crimes throughout the South. Nork upon an Pete's was the very muscle of the black class that were everywhere, reaching out for helpless white throats. Dead? Yes, he was dead. What of it? How else was the black, constantly increasing torrent to be dammed?

And yet by ten o'clock that morning even these tongues were silenced, for news strange and startling began to steal in from the mountains. The party who had been in pursuit of the desperado Sam Dallow had overtaken him—found him hiding in a barn covered with hay. He was unarmed and made no resistance, laughing as if the whole thing were a joke. He frankly told them



Drawn by F. B. Martin

"I want to be the first to tell her"

that he would have given himself up earlier, but he wanted to live long enough to get even with the other leader of the mob that had whipped him at Darby, a certain Dan Willis. He confessed in detail exactly how he had murdered the Johnsons, and he had done it alone. Pete Warren was in no way implicated in it. The lynchers threatened him; they tortured him; they tied him to a tree and piled pile upon pile of brush and sticks on the trunk from him, and when they had successfully rid him with bullets just as his clothing was igniting, they left him hanging by the roadside, a gruesome scarecrow, a warning to his kind, and, led by Jake Parsons, they made all haste to wreck the faction on Pete Warren's track to tell them that which he was innocent.

Jake Parsons, carrying a load on his mind, remembering his wife's valiant stand in behalf of the younger accused, rode faster than his tired fellows, and near his own farm met the lynchers returning from Darby. "Too late," they told him—in response to his new—the Hillbend boys had done away with the Darby jailbird, and mysteriously hidden the body to inspire fear among the negroes.

At Darby consternation swept the place as story after story of Aunt Linda's prostration passed from house to house. "Poor, faithful old woman! Poor old Uncle Lewis!" was heard on every side.

About half past ten o'clock Helen, accompanied by Sanders, came down-town. At the door of Carson's office they parted and Helen came in. Carson happened to be alone. He rose suddenly from his seat and came towards her, checked by the sight of her wan face and dejected mien.

"Why, Helen!" he cried, and then checked himself, as he hastened to get a chair for her.

"I've just left Mammy," she began in a voice that was hazy with emotion. "Oh, Carson, you can't imagine it! It is simply unutterable, awful! She is lying there at death's door staring out at the ceiling, simply benumbed."

Carson sat down at his desk and leaned his head on his hand. Could he keep back the truth under such pressure? It was at this juncture that Garner came in. Casting a hurried glance at the two and seeing Helen's grief-stricken attitude, he simply bowed.

"Excuse me, Miss Helen, just a moment," he said. "Carson, I left a paper for your pigeonhole," and as he bent and extracted a blank envelope from the desk, he whispered: "Remember! Not one word of this. Don't forget the agreement. Not a soul outside of that group is to know." And putting the envelope in his pocket, he went out of the room, casting back from the threshold a warning, almost threatening glance.

"I've been with her since sunrise," Helen went on. "She fainted when she pressed the object of my early visit, and when she came to—oh, Carson, you love her as I do, and it would have broken your heart to hear her. Oh, such pitiful wailing and begging God to get her out of pain!"

"Awful, awful!" Dwight said, "but, Helen," again he checked himself. Before his mind's eye rose the faithful group of friends who had stood by him the night before. He had pledged himself to them to keep the matter secret, and so matter what his own faith in Helen was, he had no right, even under stress of her grief, to betray what had occurred. No, he couldn't tell her.

"I was there when Uncle Lewis came in to tell her that proof had come of Pete's absolute innocence," Helen went on, "but instead of comforting her it seemed to drive her the more frantic. She—but I can't describe it. I won't try. You will be glad to know, Carson, that the only thing in the shape of comfort she has had were your brave efforts in his behalf. Over and over she called your name. Carson, she used to pray to me; she never mentions his name now. You, and you alone, represent all that is good and self-sacrificing to her in existence. She sent me to you."

"She did?" Carson was avoiding her eyes, fearful that she might read in his own a hint of the burning thing he was trying to withhold.

"Yes. You see, the report has reached her about what the lynchers said in regard to hiding Pete's body. You know how superstitious the negroes are, and she is simply crazy to recover the remains. She wants to bury her boy, Carson, and she refuses to believe that some one can find him and bring him home. She seems to think you can."

"She wants to see him. I won't see further."

"If it is possible, Carson. The whole thing is so awful that it has driven me nearly insane. You will know, perhaps, if anything can be done, but, of course, if it is wholly out of the question—"

"Helen," in his desperation he had formulated a plan. "There is something that you might know. You have more right to know it than any one alive, and yet I'm bound in honor not to impart it to any one. Last night," he went on, modestly, "in the hope of formulating some plan to avert the coming trouble, I asked Keith to get some of my best friends together. We met at Blackburn's store. No positive vows were made. It was only the sacred understanding between men that the matter was to be held inviolate, owing to the personal interests of every man who had committed himself. You see, they came at my suggestion, as friends of mine true as I am, and it seems to me that even here I'd have a moral right to take another into the body—another whom I trust as thoroughly and wholly as any one of them. Do you understand, Helen?"

"No, I'm in the dark, Carson," she said, with a feeble smile. "You see, I want to speak freely to you," he continued. "I want to tell you something you ought to know, and yet I am not free to do so unless—unless you will tacitly join us. Helen, are you willing to become one of us in spirit?"

"I am willing to do anything you'd advise, Carson," the girl replied, groping for his possible meaning through the cloud of

mystery his queer words had thrown around him. "If something took place that I ought to know, and you are willing to confide it to me, I assure you I can be trusted. I'd die rather than betray it."

"Then I'll tell you," Carson said, impressively. "Helen, Pete is not dead."

"Not dead?" She stared at him incredulously from her great beautiful eyes. Slowly her white hand went out till it rested on him and remained there quivering.

"No, he's alive and in self-keeping; free from harm at present, anyway."

Helen's fingers tightened on his hand, her sweet, appealing face drew nearer to his; she took a deep breath. "Oh, Carson, don't say that unless you are quite sure."

"I am absolutely sure," he said; and then, as they sat, her hand lingering unconsciously on his, he explained it all, leaving the part he had taken out of the recital as much as possible, and giving the chief credit to his supporters. She sat spellbound, her sympathetic soul melting and flowing into the warm current of his while he talked as, it seemed to her, no human being had ever talked before.

When he had concluded, she drew away her hand and sat erect.

"Oh, Carson," she cried, "I never was so happy in my life. It actually pains me—she pressed her hand on her breast. "Mammy will be so—but you say she must not—"

"That's the trouble," Dwight said, regretfully. "I'm sure I could put her and Lewis on their feet so that they would not let the truth be known, but Blackburn and Garner—in fact, all the rest—are afraid to risk them just now, anyway. You see, Linda and Lewis might betray it in their emotions—their very happiness, and that might undo everything we have accomplished."

"Surely more than the report of Sam Dablow's confession has gone out, they would let Pete alone," Helen said.

"I wouldn't like to risk it," said Dwight. "Right now, while they are under the impression that an innocent negro has been lynched, they seem inclined to quiet down; but once let the news go out that a few towns men had used the galvano, and they would rise more furious than ever. No, we must be careful. And, Helen, you must remember your promise. Don't let even your sympathy for Linda draw it out of you."

"I can keep it, and I see I must," Helen said. "But you must release me as soon as you possibly can, Carson."

"I'll do that," he promised, as she rose to go.

"I'll keep it," she repeated, when she had reached the door; "but to do so I'll have to stay away from Mammy. The sight of her agony would wring it from me."

"Then don't go near her till I see you," he cautioned her. "I'll see all the others to-day, and put the matter before them. Perhaps they will now relent on that point."

CHAPTER XXI

STANDING with bowed head at the front gate when Helen arrived home she saw old Uncle Lewis, his bald pate here to the shining.

"Linda ain't her boy, Missy," he said, pitifully. "She say she went down-town to see Marce Carson, ra she seem mighty nigh crazy ter know eb you found whar de body er de po' boy is at. But all she's beggin' in pleadin' ter see, Missy, er de dm white men refuse it de Lawd only know wat she gwine ter do."

Helen gazed at him helplessly. Her whole young being was wrung with the desire to comfort him with the truth, and yet how could she tell him what had been revealed to her in such strict confidence?

"I'll go see Mammy now," she said. "I've no news yet. Uncle Lewis—no news that I can give you. I'm looking for Carson to come soon."

As she neared the cottage the motley group of negroes, serious-faced men and women, bald-eyed persons in their teens, and half- clad children under the door intuitively and respectfully drew aside, and she entered the cottage unaccompanied and unannounced. Linda was not in the sitting-room where she expected to find her, and so, wondering, Helen turned into the kitchen adjoining. Here the general aspect of things added to her growing sorrow. For the old woman had drawn the curtains of the little, small-paneled window close, and before a small fire in the chimney she sat prone on the ash-covered hearth. That alone might not have been so surprising, but Linda had covered her body with a number of old sacks, upon which she had plentifully sprinkled ashes. The grayish powder was in her short hair, on her face and bare arms and filled her lap. There was one thing in the world that the old woman prized above all else—a big leather-bound family Bible which she had owned since she first learned to read under the instruction of Helen's mother, and this also, ash-covered, lay by her side.

"Is I gwine ter bury my child?" she demanded. "What young master say? Is I, or is I never ter lay eyes on 'im again. Is I de only bigger mother dat ever lived on dis yeth, bound er free, dat can't have dat much? Tell me. Ef dey gwine ter le me see 'im Marce Carson, I'd know it. What he say?"

Embered almost speechless by the prostration she was in, Helen could only stand staring helplessly. Presently, however, she bent, and lifting the Bible from the floor she laid it on the table. With her massive elbows on her knees, her fat hands over her face and almost touching the flames, Linda rocked back and forth.

"Der ain't no God," she cried. "Ef dey is one He's as black as de back er dat chimney. Dat book is er lie. Dey ain't no love er mercy anywhars dis side de blinkin' grinnin' stars. Don't tell me er nigga's prayers is answered. Didn't I pray las' night

till my tongue was
swelled in my mouf
fer um ter spair my
boy? En what en de
name er all created
was de anner? Whea
de day brack wid de
same sun, shile' dail
was ahinkin' when he
laid de fua time on
my breast, de news
was fetch me dat
my baby chile was
dragged out wid er
ripe roust kins neck,
prayin' ter men whist
I was prayin' ter him.
Look lak dat er-
nough, hein? But an-
nex, come do some
dat ef he'd lived one
short hour longer dey
might er let 'im go
'cu' se dey foun' de
right one. Look lak
dat er enough, I ex-
hein? But nex come
de word, ea de las'
mess-age. Innocent er
no, right one er wrong
one, he wasn't goid'
ter have a common
hurlyin' place — not
evva in de putter's
bird dis book tell er
bout so big. Don't
talk ter me. Ef
prayers fun niggers
is answered, mine was
heard in hell en Old
Scratch en all his
imps er darkness was
managin' it. Don't
come near me. I
might lay han' on
you, I ain't myself. I
heard er lowtrash
white man say once
dat niggers was too
belovins. I may be er
wild one, but all I
know. Oh, honey,
don't pay no 'tention
ter me. Ye' of
mammy is bein' burnt
at de stake en she
ain't 'sponsible. She
love you, honey—she
love you in 'er
trouble."

"I know, Mammy,"
and Heba put her
arms around the old
woman's neck. A
great, almost over-
powering impulse had
risen in her to tell
the old sufferer the truth, but thinking that some of the negroes
might be listening, and remembering her promise, she restrained
herself.

"I'm going to write a note to Carson to come up at once," she
said. "He'll have something to tell you, Mammy."

And passing the negroes about the door, she went to the house,
and hastening into the library, she wrote and forwarded by Uncle
Lewis the following note:

"DEAR CARSON,—Come at once, and come prepared to tell her.
I can't stand it any longer. Do, do come. HELEN."

CHAPTER XXII

HALF AN HOUR later Helen, waiting at the front gate, saw a
horse and buggy turn the corner down the street. She recognized it
as belonging to Keith Gordon. Indeed, Keith was driving, and
with him was Carson Dwight.

Helen's heart bounded; a vast weight of insupportable respon-
sibility lifted itself from her. She unlatched the gate and swung
it open.

"Oh, I thought you'd never come," she said, eagerly, as he
sprang out and advanced to her. "I would have broken my oath
of allegiance to the clan if you had waited a moment longer."

"I might have known you couldn't keep it," Dwight laughed.
"Mam' Linda would have drawn it out of you, just as you did out
of me. I couldn't stand to see you taking it so hard."

"But are you going to tell her?" Helen asked, just as Keith,
who had stepped aside to listen to his horse, came up.

"Yes," Carson answered. "Keith and I made a lightning trip
around and persuaded all the others. Invariably they would shake
their heads, and then we'd simply tell them you wished it and
they would give in."



Drawn by F. B. Sturges

Unable to utter a word, he grasped the young man's hand

checks. "It would be just my luck right now to have this
thing turn smack dab against me. We are in the
woods yet, Heba, by long odds. The rage of that mob is only
sleeping, and I have enough enemies, political and otherwise, to
sit it to last but at a moment's notice if they once got an inkling
of the truth." He snapped his fingers. "I wouldn't give that for
Pete's life. They discovered our trick. Pale stalks and
come in town when Keith and I left. He said the hillbred peo-
ple were earnestly denying all knowledge of any lynching, or of
the whereabouts of Pete's body, and that some people were already
asking queer questions. So, you see, if on top of that growing
suspicion old Lewis and Linda begin to dance a hoe-down of joy,
instead of weeping and wailing—well, you see, that's the way it
stands."

"Oh, then perhaps we'd better not tell them, after all," Helen
sighed. "They are suffering awfully, but they would rather do
that than to be the cause of Pete's death."

"No," Carson smiled; "from the way you wrote, I know you
have had about as much as you can bear, and we simply must try
to make them understand the gravity of the matter."

At this juncture Keith came up, panting from his run, and
joined them. "Great heavens!" he cried, lifting his hands, and
the palms outward. "I never saw such a sight. I can stand some
things, but I'm not equal to that."

"Are they coming?" Carson asked.

"Yes; there's Lewis now. Of course I couldn't give them a hint
of the truth down there in that swarm of negroes around them,
and so my message that you wanted to see them here only seemed
to keep them up higher."

"Yes," Carson answered. "Keith and I, but in hand, his black face set
in stony rigidity, had paused near by and stood waiting respectfully
to be spoken to."

(Continued on page 921.)

"But say, Miss
Heba," Keith said,
gravely, "we really
must guard against
Lewis and Linda's
giving it away. It
is a most serious
business and our
own interests aside—
the boy's life depends
on it."

"Well, we must get
them away from the
cottage," said Helen.
"It is literally sur-
rounded by negroes."

"Can't we have
them up here in the
parlor?" Carson asked.
"Your father is
down-town, for we
saw him."

"Yes, that's a good
idea," Helen respon-
ded, eagerly. "The
servants are all at
Mammy's; we'll make
them stay there and
have Lewis and Mam'
Linda here."

"Suppose I run
down and give the
message," proposed
Keith, and he was off
with the speed of a
ball-player on a home
run.

"Do you think
there is any real
danger in letting
Linda know it sud-
denly?" Carson asked,
thoughtfully.

"We must try to
approach it gradu-
ally," Helen said,
after reflecting for a
moment. "There's no
trilling. They say a
great joy often kills
as quickly as great
sorrow. Oh, Carson,
don't let glorious to be
able to do this! Don't
you feel happy in the
consciousness that it
was your great sym-
pathetic heart that
inspired this miracle,
your wonderful brain
and energy and courage
that put it
through?"

"Not through yet,"
he laughed, deprecia-
tingly, as his honest
blood flowed into his



An American Educator for Germany
PROFESSOR WILLIAM SCHMIEDEL, OF HARVARD, INDICATED BY THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT AN VISITING PROFESSOR AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN FOR THE ACADEMIC YEAR OF 1907-1908



The new American Ambassador to Japan
HON. THOMAS J. O'BRIEN, WHO HAS BEEN MINISTER TO DENMARK SINCE 1902, DEPARTS IN SEPTEMBER TO THE EMBAHY AT TOKYO. MR. O'BRIEN WAS BORN AT JACKSON, MINNIDIAN, IN 1842

A SHINING BOOK*

By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

LET me allow all possible dissent of the delight and admiration that stay by me as I close this volume, as I shut the covers upon this shining story. It is true that for months I have eschewed novels, and so came to find no doubt with a freshened appetite. It is equally true that, by the same mysterious law which has made so many friends for me out of Sweden, a genuine descendant of the line of Izaak and Meir, Dr. J. M. Brown and J. M. Barrie, has only to whisper and I come to him. Those storm-bitten burghs of which they write are as absolutely strange to me in fact as they are dear to me in imagination; there they belong with Athens and Rome, the Sicily of Theocritus, the Hagadah of the Arabian Nights. They are classical ground. The humors of them lie closer to my understanding than do those of any known or invented town in the middle or north of England. With the goods of the world these are actually as unfamiliar as with the book of the wild geese crying over the roads in Mr. Neil Munro's story: yet they know it as surely as those eyes know the Copenhagen of Hans Christian Andersen.

Nay, though the knowledge be all derived from books, imaginings, dreams, so intimately I seem to have it that I dare to doct with confidence a sham *Monde Wesak*, a sham *Wandae in Thessae*, and be angry as with profanation. Justly or unjustly—but I think justly—the later Kailyards are accountable to me: they vulgarize sacred ground; their death-lands are solemn, and their Babylons I cannot away with.

But this book is of totally different quality, of the right breed and tradition: native as pest, but also touched with that genius which makes all countries one; and again differentiated as pure Scots by that strain of sentiment of which we Southerners fight shy. We are wise, perhaps. Your literature has purchased its sentiment at a fearful price—an expense of spirit in a waste of ship; but when one comes upon a book like this of Mr. Munro's, with its confident delicate handling, he has to admit that the cost has been justified.

Is the story a true one? In a sense it is not true; for it deals only with the sunny side of life, with gentle characters, and with a slight story which it leads, through no difficulties, to a triumphantly happy ending. Save for Captain Consequence in lightly sketched character, soon laid aside, as the tale and the author's mood have no use for him, or no heart to treat him as he deserves) all the personages are lovable, down to the dog—the admirable dog—Foolies. Real life is not all compact of such lovable folk; nor, unless I mistake, is Mr. Munro himself under any such illusion. He writes of the sunny side deliberately, with selection, because he wants to present that side and has a conviction that it will be good for us. So indeed it is; but he does not exult in conviction as would a man who wears of the sunny side simply because he could see no other. The fiction is not of that surprise kind which, peering into the dark shadows of our nature, and daring all depth, lifts our humanity and shows it divine. It passes over all misapprehensions, all discouragements, in Rud Thre's progress to artistic excellence and fame; and we know that excellence and fame may be obtained without these. Mr. Munro knew it too, though he presents the fairy side of the story.

And the fairy side, after all, is true as it is unashamedly beautiful. Such men and women as Daniel Wyre and his sisters do exist in this world and sweeten life; children of genius like our heroine are born and, under such loving influences, must attain. It is good to be reminded of what the best might be; far better than to be reminded of the bits, the hindrances, the pitfalls, that will come without invention. If this were an impossible story, I should not be found praising it; but it is possible; and, if it happened, this earth would be the glad place it might be and ought to be.

I have laughed over this book, for it is packed with delicate wit and absurdity. I have felt my eyes moisten, here and there, for its joyousness plays over depths of simple emotion, common to all honest folk who love children and are the child inevitably, earnestly themselves aiding in proportion to their love, slipping away into a future they cannot share. Tender voices vainly failing upon childhood to finger—hands eagerly, fearfully, promising the fate their selfishness would delay—household love calling back to protection while the young heart, half regretful, half impatient, braces and strains towards the future—this, the commonest tragedy of good lives, underlies the smiling comedy of Mr. Munro's happy book. We have it summed up for us in the picture of the two good aunts working furiously to prepare their darling's outfit for school—the task of love which, in all it does for the youth it cherishes, must ever be digging a grave for its own delight. And I have called it a shining book because, shutting its covers, I have felt like one pulling down the curtain on a play which—besides introducing me to real friends—has quickened life with a homely half-forgotten meaning. I think of Turner's remark upon the critic who objected that he had never seen such sunsets. "Ah! but don't you jolly well wish you could?" Ourselves have seen even such skies as Mr. Munro paints, or guessed them, and should be happy of the reminder.

I do not dwell the plot, for there is no particular plot; and I say little of the characters, because to report of them at second hand would be vain and would moreover defeat the desire with which I write: that your readers learn to possess themselves of this book, which I have called a shining book, and to make friends with *Lawyer Wyre* and his two sisters, with the maid from *Colonsay* and her lover, with *Foolies* and above all with *Rud*—the incomparable.

Yes, it is a shining book; ending in a note of success, but teaching the heartiness by the way, full of the laughter of simple hearts; a book like a morning-moon filled with sunshine and Uncle Dan's philosophy, which says:

"The first half-hour in the morning is worth three hours at any other time of the day; for when you've said your prayers, and had a good bath, and a clean shave, and your boots new on—no slippers nor silly dressy dressing-gowns—the peace of God, and—and—the assurance of strength and righteousness depends upon you so that you—you—you can tackle without."

It deserves to be a little classic, this story so full of good writing, and smiles, and right feeling.

* Ed. By Neil Munro, New York: Harper & Brothers.

JAPAN UNFURLING HER FLAG ON THE PACIFIC

(Continued from page 512.)

tion of Nippon seemed to have heated wine instead of decent human blood in their veins. Mr. Nishikawa saved himself from the political maelstrom into whose vortex his comrades were hurling themselves with so much enthusiasm, and found himself in Hongkong. The coal which he saw on the market there came from Australia. He could not find a trace of Nippon coal.

It took something like four weeks, the way the coal was transported in those days, to bring it from Australia. He knew that it would be a matter of but few days to get Nippon coal to Hongkong. And that first dream of his wrote for him the genesis of his practical career. He was the first to introduce Kyushu coal into the Hongkong market; soon he became an owner of ships. The opening of the Russian war called him to an important post; the transport service was entrusted to his hands; the stomachs of men and horses of our Manchurian army largely depended upon the judgment of this one man. He stood between the government and the ship-owners and satisfied them both. That is as singular as a miracle, but he did it. It speaks well for not only the executive ability of the superintendent-general of transports, but for the high quality of his diplomatic talent. Such, then, are the guiding hands of the company.

I have told the story of the birth of the steamship company. Is that all that you have read? The mere story of a new steamship company as such ought to be found among the high-priced pages of advertising. It is the story of the first actual and very great step which Nippon has taken in the serious war for the command of the Pacific. That is the thing which I have tried to tell. And if we have followed a steamship company in the making it is because that first step was taken in the capital city of Tokyo.

The gentleman who invited his friends to meet him at the Bankers' Assembly Hall bears a familiar name. He is by far the ablest financier in the Far East. Being the most powerful banker of Nippon, he is also the master magician, the workings of whose wand have brought forth the industrial Nippon of to-day. Permit me to introduce him to you—Baron Shibusawa. If one wished to tell the people of Nippon of the stability and the future prosperity and success of any new industrial enterprise, one certainly would say that Baron Shibusawa is one of the directors of the new company. After that it is not needful to add another enthusiastic

adjective or statistical figure. Seeing the name of Baron Shibusawa, therefore, the people did not trouble themselves in the least as to the greatness of the company, as to its success. They did not say, "How on earth can this new company stand up against the Nippon Yusen, the Osaka Kisen, and the Toyo Kisen, the three greatest established steamship lines in the Far East?" What they really said was this: "Is it going to fight against them all? There will be busy days for some people."

Always careless, the people did not take enough time and pains to see many peculiar things about this new company, and especially about the chief promoters of it. Not the least among them are Mr. Kondo, president of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Mr. Ohashi, president of the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, and Mr. Nani, president of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha. And as all the world knows, and if it doesn't, it ought to, Baron Shibusawa is and has been ever since his very inception the most powerful shareholder and director of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha.

All this throws a side-light, a beautiful light, to my way of thinking, upon what manner of men is the business world of the New Nippon. Trick, unscrupulous, narrow—and you know well how many another secret compliment has been heaped so generously by the innumerable friends of the West upon the silent heads of our business men. No matter. The children of Nippon enjoy many a happy hour at the expense of a certain Mr. Frog, who lives at the bottom of a deep well, and declares—and who shall call him a liar?—that the heavens are nothing but a round blue hole about four feet in diameter; that there is no sun in the sky, but instead a few pin-point stars twinkling both day and night. In all this Mr. Frog states a fact as he sees it. Some of us have lived long, but this is the first time that we came to learn that a foolish fable out of a Nippon nursery can preach to the wisdom of enlightened merchants of the West. But I digress. The men who are back of this new company are big enough to be the promoters of a rival company.

Such, then, is the fourth candidate which Nippon is putting forth for the winning of the trophy—the mastery of the Pacific. What, pray, is America doing? Flustering? Yes; we all know about that. But what else? All sorts of hostile legislation to make the merchant flag of the United States a curio rare enough for the Smithsonian Institute.

HONORING THE MEMORY OF TWO NOTABLE AMERICANS



To a Modern Warrior

DANIEL C. FRUNCH'S STATUE TO MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON UNVEILED AT BIRMINGHAM, IN MEMORIAL DAY, BY MISS LAWTON GENERAL LAWTON FELL IN BATTLE AT SAN MATEO, CALIFORNIA IN 1896



To the Designer of the Brooklyn Bridge

THE STATUE SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH IS TO BE ERECTED IN TRENTON, NEXT AUTUMN, TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN A. ROEBLING, THE DESIGNER OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE. THE SCULPTOR IS WILLIAM CUTLER

SINCE its organization about 32 years ago, The Prudential Insurance Company of America has paid out for death claims, etc., over \$124,500,000. By itself, this statement is really monstrous, but when it is known that over \$5,000,000 of this total was a voluntary gift to the Company's industrial policy-holders, it becomes a matter of extraordinary interest.

This, however, is precisely what it was. It has always been the policy of the Company to let policy-holders share its prosperity; and to this end the Company has made a number of valuable concessions to the insured.

One of the concessions by which the amount of the death benefit on industrial policies was increased amounted to over \$1,000,000. Another granting industrial policy-holders paid-up insurance has cost almost \$2,000,000. A third granting uncontracted-for dividends on industrial policies has meant an expenditure of nearly \$1,500,000. Other concessions have been granted from time to time.

But the one recently put forth is perhaps the most important of the lot. The Company has announced that all industrial policy-holders who have attained age 75, or who will attain that age during 1907, will then have to pay no further premiums.

This will relieve policy-holders of premium paying at a time when, because of advanced age and probable decreased earning power, the payment of premiums may have become a burden.

It has been estimated that if the plan is continued for 10 years it will cost the Company over \$3,250,000.

In addition to being insured in a financially imprudent Company, The Prudential policy-holder has the satisfaction of knowing that every advantage and concession that the Company can properly advance is given him.

A Club Cocktail

IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails,—all will agree giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base).

The following label appears on every bottle:

Guaranteed under the National Pure Food and Drugs Act. Approved June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1707.

O. F. NEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props., Hartford New York London

Read

THE MYSTICS

Lackawanna
Railroad

Where to Spend
This Summer

The Lackawanna Railroad's booklet, "Mountain and Lake Resorts," will tell you how you can go, where you can stay, what you can see, and how much it will cost. 144 pages, profusely illustrated. In addition it contains a clever little love story entitled:

"A Chase for an Heiress"

It will be sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address: GEO. A. CULLEN, General Passenger Agent 26 Exchange Place (Dept. S), New York City

The Welcome

Come in, Dear friend, and welcome be,
Make glad this house prepared for thee—
This plain abode, this simple shrine,
This unfrequented heart of mine.
Here thou mayst rest, when weariness
Overtakes thy soul; when cares oppress,
And hope is faint within thy heart
Here thou mayst bide awhile, apart
From all that breaks the harmony
Of perfect life; here sheltered be,
When night and storm enshroud the skies,
If thou wouldst fain avert thine eyes
From all the puppets that must play
Their part in every human day.
This be the silent chamber, where
The fragrant incense of the prayer
May rise to bless and sanctify
The room that thou dost occupy.
Come in, Dear friend, I welcome thee:
Long may thy habitation be
This plain abode, this simple shrine
This unfrequented heart of mine!

ELIZABETH HENRIKSEN.

The Critic in the West

It is undoubtedly in the interest of dramatic criticism that a thoughtful correspondent sends the appended paragraph, clipped from a Kansas newspaper, and in this same spirit it is reproduced.

"The 'Madisonian' shows, a musical comedy, had a pretty fair crowd last night at the opera-house, and the audience seemed pleased with it. If one could judge by the applause that greeted nearly every stunt presented, Dan Russell, the 'big fat man,' was a comical case, and kept the audience tickled all through the performance. He is the man who 'perched' the smart clerk on the train yesterday, for being too fresh in the presence of ladies."

The Mountebank

I give them tragedy—their eyes
With grief are wet;
And merry comedy, that wins
Their laughter, yet—

In smiles and tears, so poor as I
There is not one;
No heart nor home awaits me, when
The play is done.

'Honest men or women, have I none
That will be true;
No sympathizer, to come begging me
His woes to heed;

Not any dear jay-hawkered apt
Where mongrels creep;
Nor even one lone grave, where I
May staid to weep.

CHARLOTTE HICKER.

The Bookkeepers

The pugilist should keep a scrap-book.
The burglar—an entry-book.
The creditor—a balance-book.
The materialist—a check-book.
The cook—a reference-book.
The miser—a pocket-book.
The yachtsman—a sales-book.
The magnificence—a press-book.
The wife—an order-book.
The husband—a blank book.

The Point of View

"You can't get in here on a half-ticket,"
exclaimed the door-keeper at the circus.

"I thought I could," apologized the small-town citizen. "I have a bad eye, and I only expected to see half of the show."

"Then you'll have to get two tickets," said the door-keeper. "If you only have one good eye it'll take you twice as long to see the show."



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RACING BY SAIL AND BY MOTOR TO BERMUDA

Two Kinds, Both Tired

An agent of the Interior Department tells many stories illustrating odd phases of the Indian's character.

"There was a farmer in the West," says this agent, "who was in a difficulty to secure help on his farm. Indians were numerous in the neighborhood, but they were poor workmen. Always tired, they would put down the hoe or the rake as soon as the master's back was turned, and, selecting a cool spot, they would lie down in the shade and sleep the day away.

"But one morning a very tall, robust Indian came, asking the farmer for work. 'No,' said the white man; 'you will get tired. You Indians are always tired.' 'This Indian not like other Indians. Never get tired.'

"The upshot was that the Indian was engaged and put to work in a corn-field. The farmer went away. When he returned, an hour or two later, the Indian was asleep under a tree.

"Here, wake up!" exclaimed the impatient farmer. "You told me that you never get tired!"

"'Tch!" granted the red man, yawning. "This Indian never get tired. But if he not lie down often, he would get tired just like other Indians."

An Obvious Error

The Atlanta Georgian says that the same Taft presents certain mistakes in the political symposium.—Daily Paper.

The Elymester read this note and laughed. Said he: "That fellow must be daft. If he can't see the coat of 'Taft.' To Poets here, and Poets aft, in days like these, when men of craft, When men of deep and little draft, Go in for every kind of graft. Somebody must his ribs have chaffed, Or else his lanky nibble's staffed. As Editor he should be galled. If he can't see the emblem's self, Of rhyming words to point the shaft With which the expert Poeta walt. The thoughts their Muse has paragraphed—For and against old Billie Taft! Go to, good sir! You're off your huff!"

An Eye for Business

A MASSACHUSETTS MAN recently came to grief in a horse transaction at Westfield in that State. A day or so after his purchase he sought out the man who had "done" him, and, in a tone of mingled anger and reproach, demanded what the owner had meant by telling him that the horse was "without a fault."

"This morning I discovered that the least bit blind in one eye," protested the purchaser, "you weren't telling me the truth, you know!"

"Aw, grant!" came from the hardiheaded dealer. "That ain't his fault; that's his misfortune!"

Johnny Was a Sport

It happened in Sunday-school. None of the children had studied their lessons, apparently, and as for Johnny, the new boy, he wasn't supposed to know much about it, anyway.

"Now, Willie," said the teacher, "who was it swallowed Jonah?"

"I dunno," giggled Willie.

"Jonah, can you tell me who swallowed Jonah?" continued the teacher.

"You can search me," said Freddie.

"Tommy, who swallowed Jonah?" asked the teacher, a little severely this time.

"Please, ma'am," whimpered Tommy, "it was me."

"Well, I declare!" ejaculated the teacher. Then turning to the new boy, she asked, "Johnny, who swallowed Jonah?"

"'Til little," said Johnny. "What's the or were?"

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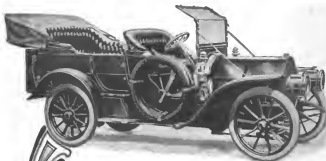
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A Grave Memo

[illegible]

Many are the complaints which reached the War Department concerning practical fieldmarking of which the most has expressed no more than a desire for a more efficient and accurate method of marking. The present use of Majors' and Ensigns' pencils, and the work difficult and many times impracticable on the ground, is a fact, which led to its adoption in 1916 on the idea that the men would be eager to service in the field. It has been in effect, however, it has caused discontent and unhappiness, and caused the termination among enlisted men who are much in demand to refuse to call when their present term expires. This is especially so in Cuba, where the chances of field duty in that sort of climate are uncomfortable to the degree of being nearly unbearable.

It is realized that the regulation is of no great value, since the work is done by untrained laymen and an incident of disobedience—a combination of order and chaos—is calculated to lead to the disturbance of that discipline which is necessary in a military organization. In the marching order has been exposed to some extent; and at one or two other points where it has been difficult to maintain an unaided strength, the weak members have been omitted temporarily.

[illegible]

Sparkling-time

As they motored together one still
He remarked, in a moment's pause
"Will you have a cigarette?"
But she cried, "Stop the car!"
And help me at once to a light



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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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HARPER'S WEEKLY



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EDWARD WARD CARMACK

EX-SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LI.

No. 2636

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

The State of the Railroads

When the rate-fixing proposition was under discussion it was said that it was a step towards state ownership of railroads. This was vehemently denied by those who were supporting Mr. ROOSEVELT and by Mr. ROOSEVELT himself. The bill that was born from the conflict of the President and the Senate was very far from being that which was contemplated when the agitation was begun, but it is pointed to as evidence that neither Mr. ROOSEVELT nor his friends then advocated state ownership. Nevertheless, the impression is strong the other way, and practical results have followed. Many States have enacted laws the operation of which will tend to put the management of roads under the States as completely as if they were owned by the governments. This is notably true in the State of New York. In Pennsylvania a two-cent fare bill has been enacted, and the Pennsylvania and other railroads have been obliged to raise their commutation rates in order to meet the losses incurred by being obliged to reduce through rates. Whether they are justified or not justified in doing this may be demonstrated by the application of the rules of arithmetic; but the commuters of Pennsylvania are endeavoring, by caricatures and libelous broadsides, to convict one of the roads of the State of unjustly increasing fares. They also talk of the necessity of State intervention, and even of State ownership, to meet the alleged disingenuous attempt of the corporations to throw obloquy upon the two-cent law. It was predicted that in such a way State ownership would follow the attack on the roads. The roads would be injured. They would be obliged to curtail their service to the public. They might become inept. This would indicate to their radical enemies that they were simply trying to take vengeance on account of hostile legislation, and they would thus demand that the inquiry should be punished by the expropriation of the property of the roads. The events happening in Pennsylvania are justifying the criticism.

The Real Trouble

Much, if not all, of the real trouble lies in the fact that the railroad situation and the railroad inequities have not been and are not calmly discussed. There have been so much noise and so much excitement that wild opinions are held, and laws worthy of their parentage have been put upon the statute-books. Such laws must in the end produce their abundant crop of trouble. It is not, however, what any particular person has done that is the real cause of the trouble; it is what is threatened to be done, what has been fore-shadowed, what men in power are manifestly ready to do, that produces anxiety in the minds of conservative men, who recognize not only the value of law, but also the importance of industrial and economic freedom. How the minds of rational and self-

contained men have been affected by the mental and moral atmosphere of this country has been abundantly illustrated of late. Mr. JAMES J. HILL says that the time is coming, if present conditions are maintained, when the government will be obliged to take over the railroads for the simple reason that private capital cannot undertake, in the face of hostile legislation and the threats of influential public men, the task of so equipping the railroads that they may meet the growing demands of business. Mr. HILL has been denounced as foolish for saying this, but no intelligent person who knows Mr. HILL and who understands his problem will call him foolish. Baron ROTHSCHILD, the head of the London house, says that the President has gone too far and is responsible for the loss of credit by the railroads. LEROY-BEAULIEU, not only a distinguished but a fair-minded and thoroughly passionate economist, rebukes Baron ROTHSCHILD. At least all these statements and such action as that which has been taken by the Pennsylvania railroads mean that here, and here is a debatable question; but serious and radical action has been taken upon it by lawmakers without discussion and, presumably, without thought. Debate is what we ought to have had; debate is what we now need; and to obtain this we must have an opposition party and an era of calmness.

Overcapitalization of Railroads

President ROOSEVELT does not seem to have convinced by his recent economic words all of the followers of his economic deeds. There is still doubt on the subject of overcapitalization of railroads. Mr. ROOSEVELT says that, taken by and large, railroads are not overcapitalized; but he does not give us the reasons or the proof. Those who, therefore, question his accuracy would do well to read the short address on this subject delivered by Mr. FRANCIS LYNDIE STETSON at the recent dinner of the Economic Club. Some people and editors who have been hazy see now that the overcapitalization of a business which must encounter competition cannot affect the prices which it charges, but injures only those who thus waste their money by letting it lie idle. As to railroads, Mr. STETSON points out that their rates are usually fixed by competition or by State legislation, and, therefore, overcapitalization cannot determine their rates. The denial of this truth by Mr. ROOSEVELT's surprised friends is still going on—in gasps. But if these friends will read Mr. STETSON, they will see that Mr. ROOSEVELT has really a good reason for his faith, whether the faith is new or old. Moreover, if they will continue their research, and will understandingly read Mr. STETSON's advice to eliminate the dollar-mark from shares of stock, and make each share frankly and openly a proportionate share of the whole capital—meaning the assets of the corporation—they will be able to comprehend how the vulgar of stock-watering will surely fade away, and also how little sense there has been in the seeming economic talk of those whose minds are not yet prepared for the reception of the truth even when it is offered to them by the President of the United States.

The South and Mr. Bryan

The discussion of Mr. BRYAN and his policies in the Southern newspapers increases in interest. The leading journals of the South now declare that there is no reason for preferring Mr. BRYAN to Mr. ROOSEVELT; that they are substantially in agreement on public questions; that JOHN TEMPLE GRAHAM was abundantly justified in nominating, as the joint ticket of the two parties, ROOSEVELT and BRYAN. It is justly pointed out that—as this ticket, although logical, is impossible—Mr. BRYAN could not defeat Mr. ROOSEVELT or any candidate whom the President would select and who would be in agreement with his policies. Those who believe as these two men believe would prefer Mr. ROOSEVELT for many reasons. An one of the Southern editors puts it, ROOSEVELT has his record to point to; he may prove his sincerity by what he has done; while BRYAN could simply promise that he would do as well. But the Southern newspapers are also, as we have already pointed out, giving affirmative reasons for their increasing opposition to Mr. BRYAN. The Richmond Times-Dispatch, quoting Senator RAYNER's protest against centralization and paternalism, says:

These are the two questions that touch Democracy at the vital point. These are the fundamentals, compared to which Mr. BRYAN'S government ownership and referendum proposals are no sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

The Meridian (Mississippi) *Star* nominates GRAY and JOHNSON, and says that—

Colonel BAYAN can carry the solid South, not necessarily including Maryland and certainly not West Virginia, and no more. CHASE and JOHNSON, or JOHNSON and CHASE if preferred, could carry the solid South and without doubt the States of Minnesota, Maryland, and Delaware. Upon such a ticket, whether JOHNSON or GRAY head it, nothing is in the way to hinder cordial and fighting union between the two wings into which the party separated in 1868. The "Bryan Democrat," if he is a Democrat indeed, can follow the Minnesota "regular," and the "Gold Democrat" can support GRAY. Meanwhile, both are Democrats in their uncompromising opposition to the centralistic policies of ROOSEVELT, which menace the rights of the States under the Constitution, both are tariff-reformers of approved record and by clear conviction, and both are free of the tainting endorsements of the "Wall Street crowd."

And Mr. BAYAN, as the growing number of Southern editors attest, is not "opposed to the centralistic policies of Mr. ROOSEVELT," nor is he such a sincere and hearty tariff-reformer as the Democratic party now seems to demand for its leader in 1908. The contest is warmly sincere and very American.

Another Veto by Governor Hughes

The veto of the train-crow bill by Governor HUGHES follows hard upon his veto of the two-cent fare bill. The bill, in brief, required railroads, under certain conditions, to have larger train crews than they are accustomed to have. Governor HUGHES asserts that for the Legislature to compel the roads to make the expenditure required by the bill would be equivalent to the taking of property without due process of law. This is another sensible veto message. It is easy to see, however, that the Governor is especially doubtful of the wisdom of Legislatures, for under the Public Utilities law his commissioners may do precisely what was sought to be accomplished by this vetoed bill. It is yet to be established that politicians holding administrative positions are able to manage property, private or public, any more wisely than any politicians who make the laws. It may be that a HUGHES commission would, but would an OUEL or a BLANK or a WOODBURY or a HENNER commission satisfy the Governor's desire to see justice meted out to corporations as to individuals? Besides, it is true that we have discovered that government in private by commission is safer for the public and the individual than government in public by Legislatures!

Canada's Way With Railroads

In working out the problem of railroad regulation, and especially in determining how State control and Federal control can be made to work together for something more desirable than general railroad reiteration, there may be something to be learned from the experience of Canada. There, a railroad which is declared to be concerned with the business of the whole Dominion, is by law under control of the Dominion government, whereas a railroad which has to do only with a single province is looked after by that province. What the Dominion government attends to, the provincial governments let alone. Some such division of supervisory activity must be brought to pass in the United States.

The City May Not Sell Ice

Governor CHASE, acting on the opinion of the Supreme Court of the State, has vetoed a bill passed by the Massachusetts State Legislature authorizing the city of Holyoke to go into the ice business. There is a good deal of municipal-ownership criticism of this decision, and one or two editors have reviled the Supreme Court, while they have also expressed their doubts of the righteousness of the Governor who would follow such an anticorporatist opinion. It being an important law, in their opinion, why should the Constitution be permitted to stand in its way? It may, indeed, be questionable whether many of the States may not embark in business, since the grain-elevator case, and since it was also decided that a State may lend money to a grain-mill; but in Massachusetts it is still the view of the court that a city must attend to its own business, and may not enter into the ice, or into other, businesses which are usually carried on by private enterprise. It is not clear, indeed, that the old-fashioned law is not, on the whole, a good one. In the city of New York the people had a foretaste of the kind of business which the selling and hoarding of ice may become when it is controlled by city politicians; and their

experience supplemented that which they have always enjoyed when city politicians have had anything to do with purchasing supplies, building court-houses, or determining upon the fire-proofing material that may be used within the city limits. Sometimes, as in this case, a court and a veto may give us time for wholesome thought and profitable reflection.

War Between Labor and Capital

The OUCHMAN testimony might not be permitted to escape as merely the talk of a monster of iniquity, confessedly not only a fiend, but a rascal. OUCHMAN was also the embodiment of a sociological philosophy which has been taught and advocated by a good many men who are not criminals in fact, or wild beasts at heart. Some of the most pious of men have preached the doctrine that the relations between labor and capital are the relations of war, and that those who are engaged in such a war, especially on the side of labor, are right in resorting to the methods of war. This philosophy has excused the attempts of some unions to deprive non-union men and their families of the right to earn their bread, while it has looked with complacency on the destruction of property and on assaults. Its general view is that the law should not be enforced against the soldiers of the fighting army of labor. Discussion of the right to kill has not been indulged in, but actual killing has been overlooked. OUCHMAN is a pretty extreme product of the dangerous doctrine, but extreme products are to be expected from such theories as some labor leaders have preached and taught. Perhaps this horrible illustration of its evil possibilities will result in a mitigation of the philosophy.

What Will Be Done About the House of Lords?

The British Prime Minister, Sir H. J. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, has announced that the Liberal party, of which he is the official head, is determined to impose certain limits on the obstruction offered by the House of Lords to legislation desired by a majority of the British voters—a desire embodied in bills passed by the House of Commons. To that end, he says, British Liberals will insist that the right claimed by the Upper House to amend or reject measures approved by the popular Chamber shall be allowed only during the lifetime of the Parliament in which such measures were introduced. He means, in other words, that if at the general election following the amendment or rejection of a particular bill by the lords that bill should be made a pivotal issue, and the constituencies should approve of it, the measure, when sent up in the next Parliament, must be suffered by the lords to become a law. For the principle thus advocated there is something to be said. In neither France, nor Italy, nor Prussia, nor Austria, nor Hungary, although in each of those countries the Upper House is only partially hereditary, would it venture to thwart persistently and definitely the popular will expressed by a vote of the Lower Chamber. The only countries purporting to enjoy parliamentary institutions in which the Upper House is accustomed to throw out bills at its option—outside of the United Kingdom—are the United States and the German Empire, and neither our Federal Senate nor the Bundesrath contains a hereditary element. Under the circumstances, it seems reasonable that the obstructive power asserted by the British House of Lords should be subject to some restriction. But how can the principle, which on its face seems plausible enough, be embodied in British law? It cannot be established by a bill, for a bill requires the concurrence of both Chambers before it is presented for the approval of the sovereign. Evidently the only thing that the House of Commons can do is to pass a resolution declaring some curtailment of the power claimed by the hereditary Chamber to be indispensable, and defining what the curtailment should be. Then the ministry for the time being could dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country on that single issue.

Will the Lords Reform Themselves?

It seems probable that long before Sir H. J. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's project can be carried out, the composition and character of the House of Lords will have changed materially by its own act. Many of its most eminent Federalist members have from time to time acknowledged that as at present constituted it is an anachronism and requires trenchant modifications. Such was the position taken, for

example, by the late Lord SALISBURY. The peers themselves have agreed on the appointment of a committee on the composition of the Upper House, which includes representatives of every shade of opinion. Moreover, there is at least one way in which the House of Lords could, without pursuing a revolutionary course, relieve itself of the odium attaching to hereditary legislation. Neither the Scotch peers nor the Irish peers who sit and vote in the House of Lords do so by hereditary right. They exercise those privileges by election. The Act of Union between England and Scotland provided that the Scottish peerage should meet and choose twenty-four of its members to sit in the House of Lords during the term of a given Parliament. On the other hand, the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland stipulated that the Irish peerage should have the right to elect for life one hundred of its members, to sit and vote in the British Upper House. Why should not the elective principle be applied also to the peerage of England and the peerage of the United Kingdom—two bodies which are by no means identical? Whether the elected representatives of the two peerages last named should be chosen for life or for a given Parliament is only a question of detail, but for obvious reasons it might be expedient to follow the Scottish precedent.

A Monument to Champlain

Long before the English looked upon this country either as a place in which freedom of conscience or individual liberty could be enjoyed more fully than in the old home, or where trade was profitable, the Frenchman came here not only to trade but to establish a purer church than then existed on the continent of Europe. SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN was one of the first of his countrymen to invade our wilderness. It was on Lake Champlain that he and his followers, mostly Indian enemies of the Iroquois, fired the first shot that was aimed by Frenchmen against these warlike savages—a shot that made them in the long run the bitter enemies of the French and the friends of the Dutch and the English. On the Fourth of July the people of Champlain, New York, are to unveil a monument erected there by the French-Canadians who now dwell in the United States. That fatal shot shattered French power in America, but it is well to have a monument to the strong man who fired it on the lake which bears his name.

Boston's Art Museum That Is To Be

The plans of the new Boston Art Museum, which have been under diligent and exacting consideration for four or five years, were published on June 15 in the Boston papers. They provide for buildings that eventually will cover the whole of the twelve-acre site on the Fenway. The part to be first constructed, and on which work began last April, will cover about four acres. The museum is to be a two-story building—or group of connected buildings—in the classical style. Mr. J. R. COOMER, Jr., lately the temporary director of the museum, says of the plans in the *Transcript*:

We have a building that is formal but not stiff, spreading but not low, impressive without great height, varied without restlessness, rich without ostentation, dignified but not forbidding; a building in which reserve and spontaneity are happily blended, in which the masses are simple, the composition elegant, the proportions exquisite, the details appropriate, the ornamental motives few but significant, the purpose unmistakable, the general character one of refinement and distinction.

This is an impressive category of commendations, most of which, we presume, will be disputed first or last, but Mr. Coomer is a person amply qualified to have views about buildings, and he means all that he says. It is well known that extraordinary pains have been taken to build in Boston an art museum that should be a model of what such a building ought to be. The opportunity was exceptionally good. It was not a case of adding to an old structure, but of building on a new site as nearly as possible what was wanted. Most of the great art collections of Europe are housed in buildings that were intended for other uses, and museum construction and arrangement come much nearer to being a new problem than would be imagined, considering how old the world is. There is every prospect that the work so carefully studied and now begun will give to Boston the most notable art-museum building in the country, and even in the world. The museum, with this new home in prospect, has recently acquired a new director in Professor ARTHUR FAIRBANKS, of Ann Arbor, a learned and accomplished New-

Englander, who for the last year has been Professor of Greek and Greek Archaeology in the University of Michigan.

Good Results of the Animal Controversy

What best justifies controversy is the discovery of truth and the spread of knowledge. These laudable ends are being considerably promoted by the war that started with President ROOSEVELT'S condemnation of the nature-fakirs and Nature-fakir LORRY'S impudently denial of what Mr. ROOSEVELT asserted. The commotion about the animals and the animal writers led Orthodox-naturalist BRUMMOND to record his absolute denial (quoted into last week's WEEKLY) of Dr. LORRY'S theory that there is a great deal of individual character among the birds and beasts. Mr. BRUMMOND holds that they are governed wholly by instinct, and that none of them ever reason. It is interesting to find so conservative and practised an authority as WILLIAM T. HORNADAY in disagreement with Mr. BRUMMOND on this important point. When Mr. BRUMMOND takes the position that animals are without reasoning intelligence, that they act entirely from instinct, and are devoid of anything like individuality, Dr. HORNADAY finds it quite as hard to follow him as to follow Dr. LORRY, and Dr. LORRY he considers "the most visionary writer who has ever appeared before the American public in the guise of a naturalist." Dr. HORNADAY is convinced that animals "can and do reason from cause to effect, that they do not act solely from instinct, and that they have much the same passions as men, only in a less degree." In support of this conviction he puts sundry monkeys and elephants on the witness stand. The truth about the animals seems to lie somewhere between Mr. BRUMMOND and Dr. LORRY. Of course animals have individuality. Every child knows that, and though Mr. BRUMMOND seems to have denied it, it is likely that on that point he was misunderstood. But about the reasoning powers of animals he and Dr. HORNADAY clearly have reached opposite conclusions, and it will help towards attainment of authoritative truth to have their warring convictions made public.

College-bred Americans

As a maker of discourse on public occasions Ambassador BAYNE is amply fulfilling the large expectations that accompanied him to these shores and met him here on his arrival. He makes very good speeches, and lots of them. In every one there are interesting thoughts, as when in a Commencement address at the University of Chicago he observed that nowhere in the world does so large a proportion of the people receive a university education as in this country, and that the effects of it would doubtless be felt in the next generation. "Let us hope," said the ambassador, "that they will be felt not only in the complete equipment of your citizens for public life and in their warmer zeal for civic progress, but also in a true perception of the essential elements of happiness, a larger capacity for enjoying those simple pleasures which the cultivation of taste and the imagination opens to us all." Amen to that, and to all of it. The next generation will have its troubles, and will have them superabundantly unless this generation manages with what wisdom it can muster to settle some troubles that won't wait. East and West in this country there are a great many college-taught men now in public life, and the group of them includes many very obstreperous characters. They work, as a rule, for honest government according to their notion of it, but the variation in the notion extends all the way from President ROOSEVELT to Chancellor DIX. An increased proportion of college-bred men in our next generation is, on the whole, a hopeful detail of our prospects, but it does not insure us against wild leadership and lively times.

Economists Scarce

It is one of the signs of the times that the universities and colleges are finding it difficult to procure a sufficient number of desirable teachers of economics. There are few adequate graduate courses in economics, and there is a constant demand from the greater and the smaller institutions for instructors in the "dismal sciences." There are plenty of men to lecture on the manner in which economic law may be beaten by political expediency or by socialistic designs to eliminate or to improve nature, but of men who know and think, and who are prepared to teach what they know and think, there are too few to go around. Just now the man who can most easily obtain a job to teach is a real economist untainted by socialism.

Is Parliamentary Government in Russia a Failure?

THE second Duma, like its predecessor, has been dissolved, after a brief and unfruitful term of existence, but whether on that account the application of representative institutions in Russia should be deemed impracticable is a question as to which different opinions will be expressed by Reactionists on the one hand and pronounced Liberals on the other. The former will lay stress upon the fact that neither of the two defunct assemblies can be credited with having performed any substantial achievement in legislation, and that, instead of cooperating zealously with the executive in devising remedies, or, at least, palliatives, for agrarian disorders and fiscal shortcomings, each of them wasted time on visionary projects incapable of realization, and allowed itself to be made a forum for treacherous agitation, which no self-respecting government could be expected to tolerate. It is true that, under the electoral system which was established by Count Witte and which embodied a close approach to universal suffrage, no serious attempt was made to curb the anarchical power of the ignorant peasantry or of the ill-balanced proletariat; and that, consequently, the second Duma, like the first, contained a section composed of avowed reactionists, and another section which, calling itself Social Democratic, made no secret of its wish gradually or quickly to substitute a republic for a monarchical type of polity. Is that a conclusive reason for abandoning the constitutional experiment? Do not the French and the Italian Chambers of Deputies, the German Reichstag, and the Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath include such a large Socialist party that frankly acknowledge a desire to transform the existing political system into a socialistic state? Would that fact be held to justify King Victor Emmanuel III., or Emperor William II., or Emperor Francis Joseph in abolishing by a coup d'état within his dominions the existing Constitution? The question answers itself.

Let us glance, next, at the charge that, in the case of Russia's two popular assemblies, the time which should have been given to much-needed legislation has been squandered on revolutionary intrigues and incendiary harangues. From this point of view the second Duma has, as a matter of fact, been much more discreetly managed than the first, and has exhibited creditable progress in the right view of representative institutions. Under the leadership of the Constitutional Democrats, whose ascendancy has been due, this time, not to numerical preponderance, but to sheer intellectual weight, no resolute attempt has been made, it is true, in spite of freedom of debate—the fundamental condition of parliamentary government—but over and over again the premeditation to give giving the executive any plausible pretext for dissolution has been carried out. For instance, the second Duma, by postponing indefinitely the question of ministerial accountability to the people's representatives; the project of a law proclaiming general and immediate amnesty for political offences; the permanent abolition of courts martial in times of peace; and, finally, the incorporation of the principle of compulsory expropriation in the agrarian programme. All these thorny questions, as in which it was known the legislature and the executive could never be brought to an agreement, were virtually, so far as any definite action was concerned, adjourned to the Greek kalends. What, therefore, in the week ending June 15, the Czar's ministers made up their minds to get rid of the second Duma, they had to hit upon a demand to which, as they knew beforehand, no self-respecting legislature could possibly submit. It was, of course, with this purpose in view that on June 14 Premier Stolypin—apparently reluctant but constrained by the majority of his colleagues—addressed to the Duma a so-called ultimatum, in which he relied upon the people's assembly to renounce their fundamental privilege of personal inviolability, thus authorizing the arrest and imprisonment of an fewer than fifty-five of their fellow members, although against only sixteen of these was the government able to present any formal charges. Even then the Constitutional Democrats succeeded in preventing the assembly from retreating a haughty, an indignant and a defiant protest, and secured the reference of the legality of the demand to a committee, which at first was ordered to report on Saturday, though it subsequently obtained a postponement of the decision to Monday. The government, however, presided in Premier Stolypin—though in this particular he seems to have acted against his will—would not concede even a few additional hours for the consideration of a question which, obviously, struck at the root of representative institutions, but inconspicuously, at two o'clock on the morning of June 16, published a decree proclaiming the second Duma dissolved. Under the circumstances, the fair-minded observer will say that the behavior of the Russian executive was less edifying than that of its victims, and that nothing so became the second Duma as the dignity with which it met its death.

Convinced, manifestly, of the uselessness of trying a third time to obtain an acceptable legislature by the electoral methods which Count Witte had devised, the Czar was prevailed upon by his advisers to put forth on June 16, some hours after the second Duma had ceased to exist, a decree proclaiming a new electoral

law, in conformity with which will be chosen, on September 1 of the Russian calendar, a third legislative assembly, which shall convene on November 1. The new electoral law differs essentially from its predecessor, in that it repudiates the principle of universal suffrage. It begins by imposing partial disfranchisement on the exterior sections of the empire, including the Russian possessions in Central Asia, Siberia, the regions of the Caucasus, Poland, and the three Baltic Provinces. The extent to which disfranchisement has been carried in these instances will be exemplified when we say that the Caucasus is to have but ten instead of the twenty-five members it possessed in the second Duma, and that Poland's former quota of thirty-seven is to be cut down to twenty. In the three Baltic Provinces the franchise is to be curtailed so materially by a property qualification as to give a great preponderance in voting power to the German-speaking landowners, as against their Lettish vassals, who used the suffrage to elect delegates of the Left to the first and second Dumas. Even in the case of the inhabitants of Russia proper, whom the new law ostensibly aims to favor at the expense of all the rest of the Czar's subjects, the right to vote is narrowed by many and severe restrictions. For instance, the number of cities privileged to secure separate representatives is cut down from twenty-four to six, and even in these six cities the voters are to be distributed in two classes according to their property, and, as the deputies are to be divided equally between these classes, it is obvious that the rich minority will return as many representatives as the poor majority. As for the peasants, who constitute from eight to nine tenths of the population in Russia proper, they will have no right to return separate representatives in any of the provinces, and the number of secondary electors which they are empowered to return to the provincial colleges is so diminished that preponderance is assured to the landholders. The more closely these provisions are scrutinized, the more patent is the ingenuity applied to the procurement of an assembly thoroughly amenable to the wishes of the sovereign and of the upper classes, whose loyalty, by the way, seems to be taken for granted. To make assurance doubly sure, the Minister of the Interior is authorized, at his discretion, to redistribute the voters in any district, according to their property or nationality. Thus, by way of precaution, an unlimited power of interference is reserved to the executive.

Will these calculations prove well founded, or, like so many strangely corrected schemes of reactionists in recent times, are they doomed to miscarriage? In counting on the loyalty and tractability of the upper classes, the Czar's advisers may find that they have been mistaken. That was the experience of the STUART monarchy in 1641, and it was that of the ROMANOV monarchy in 1788. Experience has shown that self-interest impels the landowning class to profligate the masses of the agricultural population. If, so possible, the exercise of administrative and legislative functions, the framing of an electoral law, can the Russian franchise-holders hope to secure a legislative body more subservient to the wishes of the autocracy and the bureaucracy than the existing Council of the Empire, a majority of whose members are mere nominees of the Czar, while even the small elective element represents a very high-class electorate. Yet what happened in the Council of the Empire on June 15, when an immediate dissolution of Parliament was known to be inevitable? It was pointed out by some Liberal members that in the interval between the dissolving of the second Duma and the convening of a third popular assembly, some constitutional check ought to be imposed on the action of the Czar's ministers and of the permanent Senate, which is wholly composed of the sovereign's appointees. For the imposition of some such check, no fewer than seventy-one members of the Council of the Empire voted, and the proposal was rejected by a majority of only four, which never could have been obtained had not the spokesmen of the government and also Count Witte, who, of late, has been reckoned in the Opposition, combined to denounce the suggestion. It is, in a word, impossible for the Reactionists in Russia to contrive a national legislature which can be trusted to prove more docile than the French States-General which met at Versailles in the spring of 1789 were expected to be. Yet we know what the States-General did. They first transformed Bourbon absolutism into a constitutional monarchy, and then supplanted it by a republic.

On Reading Elegies

It sometimes seems as if sorrow were the best building material in the world. Out of it arise churches, monuments, pictures, and poems. There is, too, a certain impersonality about grief. One's first reflection upon it is apt to be that it is a race inheritance; not that it is mine or yours, but that some man or race, or if so, at his peril, in reading English poetry there is hardly a division which is at once so thought-provoking, so exalting, and so delightful as the elegies. They seem, by their very form, to be made for a man who wishes to sum up his doctrine of life and love. Friendship, too, is somehow so very closely connected with flowers that of the famous English elegies only one lacks a wonderful flower passage. The foremost one opens with high larks and dovels came, the wild

thyme and the gubbing vine, the white thorn, and then after many a digression we return to a lovely stanza built of the rather primrose, tufted crocus and pale jessamine, the white pink (evidently the scented clove-pink) and the pansy froaked with jet, the glowing violet, the musk-rose, and well-attired scabious, the convalls that hang the pendulous head, the amaranthus and daffodillies that fill their cups with tears, and all the quaint enamelled eyes of the flowers that peer above the fresh lap of earth. It is difficult somewhat to fancy daffodillies filling their cups with tears, because those of the present age have a wasteful habit of holding their cups sideways or half down, but the conceit is charming none the less.

The scapular SHELLEY, a "paradise spirit beautiful and swift, a love in desolation masked," comes forward in his elegy with his head bound with pandies overblown, and faded violets, white and pied and blue, his light spear topped with a cypress cone and wrapped with ivy. The recollections of we become him best—the pandies overblown for weight of heavy thoughts, the faded violets for truths unaccepted, the ivy for sad fidelity, and the cypress cone for early death. The half secrets that the wonderful bouquet of flowers of another poem could not have been incorporated into the elegy just to keep the flower tradition of English elegies alive. In that poem, all rampant as it is of red and blue, we find pied wind-flowers, violets, and daisies, "those pearly anemones of the earth," faint convalls, tender bluebells, and that tall flower that "wets its mother's face with heaven-collected tears." Probably this flower is the lily; or is SHELLEY, too, of the mind that the daffodill lifts up its cup in the rain? He moves on to the warm lodge, and here grow lush gladioli, the pretty English name for the wild briar rose, and cow-kind, which is probably not the same thing as our common cowhee, the moonlight-colored May or hawthorn and cherry blossoms and wild roses and ivy serpentine, and then come flowers, anemone, black, and streaked with gold. Any one who shudders at the thought of a black flower need only see a cluster of black tulips in a bed of gold and orange ones to be converted. "Thyris" stands perhaps first among the elegies for the number and beauty and richness of the flower passages, when, as the high mid-summer pomp comes on, the musk carnations break and swell, the gold-dusted anemones yawn, sweet-william gives out his homely cottage smell and stocks blow fragrantly. Rhoses, and jessamine-muffled lilies make the dressing garden trees and the full moon and the white evening star, and there are, moreover, whitebloss, waxing, uncurling ferns, and bluebells trembling by the forest edge.

"In Memoriam," first named "The Elegies," suffers a certain lack of concrete imagery from the absorption of TENNYSON's mind with the conflict between science and religion, but here and there the little flowers peep through more serious debate, as:

"Bring cereals, bring the fragrant spear.

The little sparrow's darling blue,

Deep tulips drenched with fiery dew,

Lazarus, dropping souls of fire."

The primrose and the woodbine, the rose, the daisy, and the lily make fugitive appearance, and—

"Unloved, the sunflower, shining fair

Days round with flames, her di-X of seed

And many a rose-carnation feed

With summer-eyes the humming air."

Once more there is casual mention of winding under ranks of lilies, and the golden reed, but the trees of "In Memoriam," beginning with,

"Old yew, the wadery grapest at the stones

That name the underlying dead,"

and the poplar, ash, haw, maple, and those unnamed that

"Laid their dark axes about the field,"

are more striking than the flowers.

What a deep-rooted instinct it is, too, that death should be the incentive for a man to sum up his attitude toward life. To lose a perfect companionship by death is to be initiated into a high and dignified sorrow, for here there is no question of effort to hold the thing we lose. It is lifted into the high plane of fate, and the task is only to mould the mind to unrelenting fidelity, to transform sorrow into worthy thought. So TENNYSON draws from his loss a lesson to careless clergy, and ends with a lovely picture of the saints above, in solemn troops and sweet societies, wiping the tears from the eyes of Lyubas, and making him the genius of the shore who shall be good.

"To all that wander in the perfumed flood,"

Perhaps, too, the rather heartless comment of the angels as he twitches his mantle blue,

"Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

It is only the necessary resolve of man, he grieved that it may, to redeem the hours—and no more heartless than the placid resignation that slowly draws over the anguish of "In Memoriam" and ends with—

"That God, which ever lives and loves,

One first, one last, one element

And one far of divine event

Toward which the whole creation moves."

MATTHEW ARNOLD's less singular temperament drew from the onset of the time, here on his lonely ridge, only the positive, "Despair, I will out," and the yearning for the whisper:

"Why faintest thought? I wandered till I died.

Room out! The light we sought is shining still!"

A science akin to SHELLEY's hymn to Intellectual Beauty it is, and less profoundly religious than the wonderful lines of the "Adonais," which should have been the final ones:

"The One remains, the many change and pass—

Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly—"

One might wish that Mr. SWINBURNE's seven sonnets on the death of HENRY WILSON had been woven into strict elegiac form, and that KEATS had been moved to leave in an elegy amongst his Odes, and even that Mr. MERRITT's wonderful sonning-up of his attitude toward life had been collected, too, with love and care:

"Full hearted is the song, though he

The singer passes; lasting, too,

For souls not lost in airy

The capture of the forward view."

"With that I bear my woe, though faint

Till what I am lost shoreward drives—

They are the vessel of the thought,

The vessel splits, the thought survives."

Personal and Pertinent

THERE is a story going around the newspapers which says that Senator LA FOLLETTE was given his degree of B.A. at the University of Wisconsin by JOHN HANCOCK's influence. This may be. JOHN HANCOCK was president of the University of Wisconsin when LA FOLLETTE was graduated. This story says that LA FOLLETTE's average mark was below the "arbitrary standard" set by the faculty, and, therefore, the degree had not been voted him. JOHN HANCOCK, however, saw something in the young man which his examiners had not noticed. It must have been pretty well covered up, for if an American college student of that class could make the required average, his ignorance must have been thick and overpowering. But HANCOCK prevailed and LA FOLLETTE became a B. A. by a "small margin." Now it ought to be borne in mind that if this story be true, the compliment to LA FOLLETTE is greater than appears on the surface, for JOHN HANCOCK has always had a keen insight into men, and, for such of his life, college students constituted ranking for him. Once when he was a "class officer," the names of two men were read by him as absent from morning prayers. One of them, a pietist, stopped at his desk and said:

"Professor, when the chapel bell was ringing I was engaged in prayer and did not hear it."

"You're not excused," responded HUNT, with contempt in his eye and in his voice.

Then calling back the other man, who was about at the door on his way out of the room, he said to him:

"What's your excuse?"

"I haven't any, sir."

"You're excused."

He used to have debates in his class-room. At one of them, a student, not LA FOLLETTE apparently, whom HANCOCK subsequently described as a "flourishing fellow," in the heat of his eloquence, said, "I wish that I had the ability and the time to exhaust this subject."

"You have the time," said HANCOCK.

Senator MORRIS has been sufficiently ridiculed, but he had not to wait until his death for what they call, in periodical papers, an "apoplexy." When the "box," to speak of them as they speak of themselves, in the press gallery of the Senate, saw Senator MORRIS rise, they politely dropped back into the retiring room. One or two remained behind to keep watch, or to give warning to the rest, for MORRIS was very likely to wake up, or say something agreeable or pungent, as in his remarks about the "White House Curious." It was not because, in the opinion of the newspaper correspondents, MORRIS would not add something to the debate that they left their listening-seats in the gallery. They felt, indeed, that he would. They had a touching reverence for his great ability. MORRIS had, with them, the reputation of being the most learned man and the foremost constitutional lawyer in the Senate. But the learning, and the length of his speeches, were too much for their purposes. For their "specials," they needed more excitement and more of what their managing editors called "human interest." One of them once said that "only the associated press had wires heavy enough to carry a MORRIS speech." The tradi-

tion about his oratory was strange. Very few listened to him. Senators as well as correspondents had business elsewhere when Momax spoke. And yet it was recognized, or asserted, that there was strong stuff in every one of his speeches, and often, more often than not perhaps, this was true. Nor was there any doubt about the quality of his English; no one in the Senate of his time except KIMBALL, THURMAN, and CARLISLE spoke such clear and limpid English, and he often excelled these in literary quality. But men would rather hear the others because they had a better sense of balanced argument, because they emphasized their strong facts and arguments, while CORBELL, INGLETT, and LAMAR were preferred because their ornaments of embellishment were pleasing. Momax's tones were monotonous, but his voice did not have much range, and he became monotonous, often soporific. He talked along on a level with little intention, playing with his water-guard, stepping down now and then to pick up a book or paper, and so he would flow on for hours; he was usually too long to be effective. Another grave defect was his equal inattention upon every point, great or little, major or minor. As another Senator said to him:

"Momax, you haven't any perspective. I can't tell which of your points you consider the strongest; you are as long on what I should think a trivial argument as you are on what I should regard as your most important contention." No newspaper man ever went to MOMAX for news; perhaps he never had any; if he had, he would not tell, and newspaper men know a leaky Senator by instinct. In truth, he did not take much notice of caucuses and caucus secrets, but he was, nevertheless, potent, and he was, unconsciously perhaps, recognized as a Democratic leader who must be reckoned with. This was noticeably true in CLEVELAND's contest for the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act. When Senator TELLER, then a Republican, who was voluntarily leading the filibustering "to relieve the Democratic all-star Senator from Illinois against their own President," discovered one day that these same Democrats were trying to patch up party harmony, and he, therefore, determined to abandon his leadership, it was to MOMAX that he went to announce his determination, and it was to MOMAX that he shook his finger. It was almost always important to Democratic Senators to know how MOMAX was going, and what he was going to say. He never acted with the Republicans; he never forgot that he was a Democrat; and when he appeared in party he had the tact to convince people that he thought that he was a better Democrat than any one else in his party. He attended to his business as Senator with industry; he was conscientious without display; and he was devoted to his duty, and to his country, and this last even when he was a rebel. He always believed that he was an "ambassador" to Washington from Alabama whenever the rights of the State were in question; but, in the main, he was a Senator of the United States rather than a Senator from Alabama, which signifies, perforce at least, that the rights of the State were not often in question.

Georgia Day and the President at Jamestown

NORFOLK, VA., June 10, 1907.

GEORGIA DAY brought to the Jamestown Exposition the largest crowd it has yet seen, and such was the thrill and experience that it showed, too, an amazingly well-handled crowd. The difficulties of the later situation have been very great, and the closing up of the roads and lanes saved, two or three days before the great day, an impossibility. But over six hundred business men of Norfolk turned out Saturday and Sunday, lawyers, doctors, bankers, shop-owners, tradesmen, all were brothers in their need, and for two days they expended the energy of two or three thousand negroes, cleaning up the grounds and preparing for the coming guests. Jacob RICE, who was visiting in Norfolk preparatory to his address to the Editorial Association, was so moved by the sight that he spent Sunday in his shirt-sleeves walking at the grounds with the best of them, showing himself a man who is friend and patriot wherever he may be. The results were excellent, and on Monday (June 10) the Exposition grounds were orderly and beautiful, and two-thirds of the exhibits were in place.

Statesman or no statesman, the President is a picturesque personality, and for this crowd is always grateful. It cheered him to the ribs. The great and beautiful parade-ground was specked with people packed as closely as sardines in a box. One man lifted a pair of golden-haired twins on to his shoulders, and they waved wildly at their chief. The President is not a man to miss such an occasion, and he responded at once, waving the papers in his hand and commenting: "When I see a father with two on his shoulders, I have to respond, and twice expect special attractions, anyhow!" The President's address was as cleverly genial, as suited to his great audience, as was his greeting suited to the twins. He reminded his Southern audience that he had two miles in the Confederate army, but he added: "And I have old enough I should have fought on the other side." Whether or not he deserves the words of a recent dedication to him—

"Not honored only for far-seeing strength,
And wisdom when all nations gather round,
But for the man he is; he seems to glow,
A vivid fire of love that glows warm,

Enkindling, round about, the burning flame,
Think he could be glad to take the hand
And know the heart and labor in the life
Of every soul on earth; his eager mind
Enters in every cranny of men's lives,
And comes to succor and to understand."

he, at least, is of his own time and with the larger majority. It was Norcross who said that to be ahead of one's time was a crime, and that a man must answer for it. A part of President Roosevelt's great success is that he is all there at the moment; as hesitations, so far as vision, so recollections pulling backwards cur the full vitality with which he is present in the moment as it flows. And he was entirely present, bubbling with geniality and good humor and approval, throughout the day at Jamestown.

The Exposition has suffered a great deal at the hands of critics, many of whom have been but swill and casual visitors. It is fair to say that on Georgia Day whatever mistakes had been made before were repaired. The only *contretemps* in the ceremonies took place in the Georgia Building, when, owing to a miscount or to unexpected visitors, the President, who gallantly suggested that the ladies sit down first at the luncheon-table, was liberally himself excluded and obliged to stand. He stood throughout the luncheon, with his plate in his left hand, while he fed himself as best he might in the paces of hand-shaking with the crowd who pressed about him.

The parade-ground is large and beautiful, and was admirably adapted to the brilliant parade, one of the finest ever seen in the South.

The President made a point of visiting the negro exhibit, which is a very creditable one. At the Georgia Building a silver service was presented to the battle-ship *Georgian*, and was received by the President.

Perhaps the most joyful part of the day for the Chief Executive was his address to the Editorial Association in the afternoon. During it he frequently became a comedian with laughter at his own sallies that he stopped talking long enough to get himself in hand.

L. C. W.

Correspondence

"THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF INTERNATIONAL LAW"

JANUARY PLAIN, MASS., June 11, 1907.

To the Editor of "Harper's Weekly":
Sir—In your issue of June 13, under Editorial Comment, a notice of the new quarterly periodical called *The American Journal of International Law*, but referred to by you erroneously as *International Law Quarterly*. In these days of many periodicals it seems ill advised to alter and shorten a title.

I am, sir,

F. W. FANON.

WASHINGTON AND A THIRD TERM

NORTHUMBERLAND, PA., May 10, 1907.

To the Editor of "Harper's Weekly":
Sir—In your issue of May 11, page 609, you speak of Washington as "opposed to a third term." May I ask your authority for this view? It cannot be his Farewell Address, so often referred to as sustaining it, for the whole tenor of that letter is in the opposite direction. He rejoices that the more settled condition of the country now releases him from the obligation to serve a third term. Gladly would he have declined even a second term had not duty to his country in her need forbidden him to consent his own preference for retirement; but now, at last, though still ready to sacrifice that personal preference and continue in the service of his country, he feels that he may, without violence to his patriotism, ask to be excused from a third term of office. "I rejoice," he writes to his countrymen, "that the state of your concerns . . . no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety. . . . I have the consolation to believe that public choice and prudent advice will write me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it."

Who can doubt that had a public need seemed to require it, Washington would have felt it a duty to accept a third term?

I am, sir,

H. D. CATLIS.

NEW YORK BUILDING AT JAMESTOWN FAIR

NEW YORK, June 8, 1907.

To the Editor of "Harper's Weekly":
Sir—In your issue of June 8 you publish a picture of the New York State Building at Norfolk, and print underneath, "The Condition of the New York State Building at the Opening of the Jamestown Exposition." If you will look into the matter you will find that the picture was taken some time before; there was no scaffolding about it at the opening, and the only things incomplete were the grounds and approaches, which the Exposition people agreed to do and did not, and held up the entire entry owing to lack of funds. This letter is not necessarily for publication, but I am sure you will be glad to be informed when you have done an injustice.

I am, sir,

CLARENCE LUCE, Architect.

A DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITY

EDWARD WARD CARMACK

EX-SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE

By WILLIAM INGLIS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

COLUMBIA, TENN., June 25, 1907.

FEARLESSNESS is the dominant note in the character of Edward Ward Carmack. Life is for him one long and cheerful battle, full of hard knocks given and taken, and the hope of many lucky blows to come. This is not to be attributed to a pugnaacious or contentious disposition, for he fights because he has very clear ideas of what is right and wrong, and having made up his mind as to what is the right course on any question, he follows that course regardless of consequences. Often he wins, sometimes he loses, but, win or lose, he is ever ready for the fray. Native of the same soil as Davy Crockett, all that he asks is to be sure he's right, then he goes ahead.

The people of Tennessee like that kind of man, and now that he has come to the end of the term in the Senate of the United States to which he was elected in 1900, they are urging him to run for

There are in Columbia many hundreds of citizens who never refer to this man except as "Ed" Carmack. This at first strikes the ear as invogations, but the stranger soon perceives that the nickname is a tribute of affection, spontaneous, unthought; a token of brotherhood whose intimacy does not diminish respect in the slightest degree.

Here is a man of Scottish descent though American for four generations, nearly six feet tall, straight as a hickory sapling, full-chested as becomes an orator, clean-lined and of powerful grip, belittling one who has lived with out-of-doors. There is about him that atmosphere of abundant vitality which rarely leaves one who has had the good fortune to spend his boyhood in the country. He lacks the commonest artifices of the politician, for it is very difficult for him to remember the face of one he has met but a few times, and utterly impossible to recall unfamiliar names. He never was

successful by practice of the gentle art of hand-shaking. Nevertheless his is a personality toward which one warms intuitively, for it makes an impression of rugged sincerity quite in keeping with the man's reputation.

Left fatherless at an early age, young Carmack nevertheless determined to become a lawyer. To that end he went to the celebrated Culleoka School in Maury County.

"But I have no money," he said to Principal Webb, "and I will have to work to pay for my tuition."

"Never mind the work. Pay me when you run," Dr. Webb replied. And it may be recorded that soon after his admission to the bar of Tennessee, in 1880, young Carmack paid his tuition free in full. He practised law in Columbia, and without any solicitation or even recommendation on his part his friends nominated and elected him Justice of the Peace. In 1884 they sent him to the Legislature. He was editor of the Nashville American from 1886 until 1892, when he became editor of the Memphis Commercial. He was elected a member of the national House of Representatives in 1897 for the Tenth District of Tennessee. But not without a hard struggle on the part of Josiah Patterson, who appeared before the House and bitterly contested the election.

Mr. Carmack's speech before the House, in which the Republicans constituted a large majority, had much to do with his victory over the contestant. He asserted his rights and dominated them. For example, here are a few paragraphs from his speech:

"There is another and a higher tribunal which will review these proceedings and sit in solemn judgment upon your verdict. If this House shall decide against my right, to the arbitrament of that great tribunal I shall make my appeal. It is within the power of this House, by a mere act of force, to strip a member of his commission. It is not within its power to take from him the respect of his neighbors, his constituents, his friends. . . . I had rather lose this seat, having obtained it, as I believe, by the honest, un-bought suffrages of my constituents, than receive it as the gift of this House, having been denied it by my people at home."

"It has been said, Mr. Speaker, with great injustice, I hope, that every step in the trial of a contested-election case was a mockery of law and of legal procedure; that at last the question is decided upon considerations of party interest or of party prejudice, and that all these tedious and costly proceedings are but



Ex-Senator Carmack and his Son at their Home in Columbia, Tennessee

Governor. Yet neither the likelihood of winning that honor nor the possibility of being the next President of the United States has thus far swerved him from the plan he had fixed before leaving Washington—to write and lecture and thereby acquire a more plentiful income for his family. He is not rich in this world's goods, and he is averse to the idea of seeking the Presidency, perhaps having in mind the historical fact that all those statesmen who put up the tallest lightning rods and tried most audaciously to attract the vivid current of popular favor sat for many years unfulfilled and ended their days still hoping against hope.

It is not easy to reconcile the idea of grave and reverend Senatorship with such a man as Carmack, full of the vigor and elasticity and enthusiasm of youth. His thick shock of reddish-brown hair shows more suggestions of gray at the temples, his blunt mustache is untouchable of time, his steady blue eyes are clear and bright as a boy's. Yet if he lives until the fifth day of next November he will be forty-nine years old. His quick step, muscular restlessness, unflinching energy, bespeak the quality of youth no less than his alertness to study new problems and accept new truths.

barren and empty formalities, the mere husks and shucks of the law, in which there is no kernel of justice and no grain of right.

"If I should assume, Mr. Speaker, as I do not and shall not, that the dominant party in this House would be controlled by such considerations, that it would be influenced by some sense of political obligation, incurred, that it would be governed by the absurd and preposterous belief that a political or party advantage is to be gained by seating this contestant, then I should have to admit that I have nothing which I can oppose to such a motive. I must frankly say to this House that in the last campaign, with all my heart and soul, I supported the nomination and the platform of the Chicago convention. [Applause on the Democrat side.] I expect to do the same thing in 1908. [Renewed applause.]

"Politically speaking, there is not and can not be any common ground between myself and the majority of this House. I cannot come to you and say that in the last campaign, while I publicly proclaimed myself a supporter of the regular Democratic organization, I was secretly false to my public professions. I cannot appeal to you on the ground that, while I was a Democrat every day, I was a Republican every night. I cannot appeal to you by saying that, while I proclaimed myself a supporter of the Democrats at the front door, I was for McKinley in the back alley. [Laughter.] A man cannot be the kind of a Democrat I am, Mr. Speaker, and aid the Republican party any more than he can be the kind of Republican you are and aid the Democratic party.

From the House Mr. Carmack was sent to the Senate. There he vigorously opposed the acquisition of the Philippines as unwarranted and fraught with danger. The declarations of the late President McKinley were at that time invoked by a Senator favoring the taking of the Philippines.

"Undoubtedly," Senator Carmack replied to his interrupter, "what President McKinley proposed was 'benevolent assimilation,' but the present policy is 'malevolent dissimulation.'"

Senator Carmack opposed the acceptance of the Canal Zone from the newly created Republic of Panama. He supported President Roosevelt in his summary discharge of the negro troops for rioting at Brownsville, though in the debate he said:

"Provided Roosevelt must fight the course; and I say to Senators from the other side of the Chamber, you must take your al-



The Cup presented to Senator Carmack by his Constituents upon the Expiration of his Term in the Senate, March, 1907

for a few days at his home, where with his wife, who was Miss Elizabeth Cobey Huntington, he dispenses charming hospitality.

Next to Edward Ward Carmack, junior, now eight years old, the most valued possession of the family is the handsome silver loving cup lately presented to the Senator by thousands of his constituents. On it is inscribed:

"A Statesman and a Nobleman."

"He would have been an ornament to British Parliaments that knew Burke and Fox and Pitt. He would have been distinguished by American Senators that contained Clay and Calhoun and Webster. He might have been rich. He had but to sleep. . . . But in the true sense who dare to say this American Senator is poor? Who is the man who does not respect him? All the wealth of earth would not buy for the base his lofty character, his unblemished honor.—The Washington Post, February 2, 1907."

Next door to the Carmack home stands the ancient home from which James K. Polk more than half a century ago was summoned to the Presidency. Transcendence say there is property in this.

WATCHWORDS FOR DEMOCRATIC SUCCESS

By EX-SENATOR CARMACK

To regala people the Democratic party must be courageous and Democratic. It must be brave enough to say what it thinks, and brave enough not to say what it does not think. Boldness is the wrong is stronger than timidity in the right. The party that has the audacity of its wickedness will triumph over the party that has not even the courage of its convictions.

The time is ripe for the renaissance of the Constitution, and therefore for a campaign that will present the fundamentals of the Democratic faith.

A strict—or let us rather say an honest and faithful—construction of the Constitution, which, being interpreted, is, "the support of our State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns and the surest bulwark against anti-Republican tendencies.

"The preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and our safety abroad."

To resist with the utmost energy every unconstitutional extension of Federal power as against the States, and of the executive power as against other departments of the government.

In our foreign policy to keep well within the "shadow of our rock of safety," the councils of Washington and the maxima of Jefferson.

To cast out the devil of militarism from the councils of the nation and the hearts of the people, and to put aside all dreams of conquest and colonial empire.

To make legitimate use of all the powers of the Federal government to suppress monopoly, but so as not to give countenance and support to the despicable monopoly of all—the monopoly of power in the government at Washington.

Rigidity to regulate and restrain the great railroad corporations, which, being natural monopolies, have a power of oppression no greater to leave unchecked—but disclaiming any sympathy for the policy of government ownership of the railways.

To institute a wage economy in public expenditures.

Resolutely to set about a reformation of the tariff with the ultimate purpose to make revenue the only object of taxation.

Such, it seems to me, should be the policy of the Democratic party, and such should be the issues of the next campaign.

It is easy to give particular point to these generalizations. The policy of the Republican party has always tended to centralization,

but the present administration has been exceptionally open, extreme, and vociferous in its manifestations. The country is familiar with the manly inspired utterance of Secretary Root in which he proposed to strip away the rights of the States by judicial interpretations in order to give the administration ample room for the sport of its universal activities. It ought to alarm every friend of the Constitution and shock the conscience of every man whose morals are not utterly depraved. Secession could not be more fatal to the Union than consolidation, for the States will cease to be united when they have been absorbed.

The usurpations of the present Chief Executive have been frequent and reckless, and through it all he has had the support of his party. In the Panama affair he committed acts of war against a friendly nation without authority, thus violating a vital inhibition of the Constitution. By the same act he violated also international treaty, and statute law. He put into operation a treaty which the Senate had refused to ratify, and a pension law which Congress had refused to pass.

The administration's action in the California school matter was at once a revelation of its contempt for the State and of the weakness of its brainpower foreign policy. It was an open secret in Washington that it was Japan's jealousy of our intrusion in Asiatic waters that disposed her to bad cause of quarrel. Even if it had tried to do so the Federal government could not have bargained away the reserved rights of a State; but in this case there was not a shadow of foundation for the Japanese claim. Yet the adminis-

tration fell into a panic, permitted Japan to have her own interpretation on the treaty, and then it bought a free State, by force of military force, into a surrender of her right to regulate her domestic affairs. Such are the first fruits of our foreign policy, arising to a truculent foreign power and a deadly blow at the right of local self-government, with the result of making the peace in question only more transient and laying the foundation for the false interpretations of treaties. Republican leaders could propose a revision of the tariff to remove some of its abuses; but no pruning of a corrupt tree can make it bring forth good fruit. It is in the nature of a system founded on rapacity and inequality to multiply its injustices, and no party can believe in such a policy can be trusted to reform it. Reform should be reformed not by a pruning-knife in the hands, but by an axe at the root. The Republican party proposes that the tariff shall be revised by its friends. The Democratic party demands that the taxpayer shall be taxed by his friends. I submit that even a vicious policy that has rooted in the industrial system of the country cannot be destroyed at a blow without danger of catastrophe. Free trade in England was not attained by sudden flight, but by the gradual elimination of protective duties, each step justifying itself and giving confidence for the next. The Democratic party should move gradually, but steadily, toward its goal of a tariff for revenue alone—a tariff that will afford the largest possible proportion of revenue with the least possible protection.



Royalty's Golden Wedding

KING OSCAR II. OF SWEDEN, AND HIS QUEEN, SOPHIE, CELEBRATED ON JUNE 15 THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING. THE KING IS SIXTY-THREE YEARS OLD; THE QUEEN WILL BE SEVENTY-ONE IN JULY. THEY WERE MARRIED WHEN EDWARD VII. WAS A BOY OF SIXTEEN.



A Legislative Veteran

AFTER THIRTY YEARS SERVICE IN THE UPPER HOUSE OF HIS COUNTRY, JOHN MORGAN, SENATOR FROM ALABAMA, LAST WEEK IN WASHINGTON, WITHIN NINE DAYS OF HIS SEVENTH BIRTHDAY. HE WAS BORN AT ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA, JUNE 20, 1824.

WHAT WOMEN DO FOR A LIVING

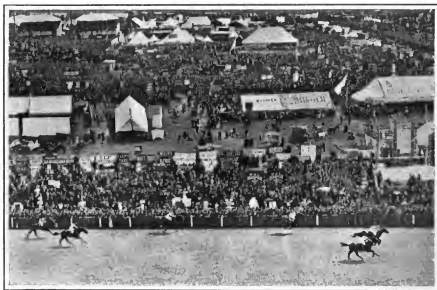
THAT the four million women workers in the United States are engaged in no less than 292 distinct occupations will be surprising news to some. No women, naturally, are reported as United States soldiers, sailors, or marines; nor were any reported as members of the fire department, or as street-car drivers (though two were reported as motormen), or as telegraph and telephone linemen, or as apprentices or helpers to rosters and slaters, or as helpers in dress-halter makers or to brass-workers. But the reader may note with interest, and perhaps with some astonishment, that 5 women are employed as pilots; that on steam-railroads 10 were employed as baggage-men, 31 as brakemen, 7 as conductors, 45 as engineers and firemen, and 28 as switchmen, yardmen, and flagmen; that 43 were cartmen and hack drivers; that 4 were reported as ship carpenters, and 2 as rosters and slaters; that as many as 165 were returned as blacksmiths, and 508 as machinists; that 8 were bell-founders; that 31 were charcoal, coke, and lime burners; and that 11 were mill-helpers. Of course these figures have little economic or sociological significance beyond indicating that there are few kinds of work from which the female sex is absolutely barred, by either nature, law, or custom. There were 125 occupations employing over 1000 women each, and 63 employing over 5000.

Notwithstanding the increasing diversity of employment for women, domestic service still remains the most important of the occupations in which they are engaged. Of the 4,870,000 women in continental United States reported as engaged in particular occupations at the time of the Twelfth Census, 1,112,000 or almost one-fourth of the total number, were returned as servants. It may seem surprising that the next most important occupation for women is that of farm laborer, and that the number of women reported as following this occupation was 454,000, or about half a million. The significance of the figures will be better understood if it is pointed out that 442,000, or 97.8 per cent., of these farm laborers were reported from the Southern States, and that 361,000, or 79.5 per cent., of the total number, were of the same race. Moreover, 31 appeared that 277,327, or 61.5 per cent., of the total number, were members of the farmers' families, representing the wives and grown-up daughters assisting in the work of the home farms. Next to these two leading occupations come just occupations not far apart in numerical importance, though with different in character. They are the occupation of dressmaker, laundress, teacher, and farmer. The largest of these occupations—that of dressmaker—employed 238,184 women and the smallest—that of farmer—employed 307,766.



IN CAMP WITH THE SEVENTH NEW YORK

DRAWN BY GORDON GRANT



"Orby" winning the Derby, the "Blue Ribbon" of the Turf, for Richard Croker—E. W. Baird's "Wool Winder" second



Mr. Croker, following the Derby custom, leading "Orby" to the Paddock past the Royal Box occupied by King Edward

RICHARD CROKER, DERBY WINNER

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHTH RUNNING OF THE ENGLISH DERBY, THE MOST FAMOUS AND MOST COVETED HORSE RACE IN THE WORLD, WAS WON AT EDDING BOWNS, ON JUNE 5, BY RICHARD CROKER, EX-CHIEF OF TAMMANY HALL, WITH HIS THREE-YEAR-OLD COLT "ORBY." "WOOL WINDER" FINISHED SECOND, AND "BLISS GALLON," THE FAVORITE, THIRD. MR. CROKER IN THE THIRD AMERICAN RACE OF THE WEEK, FORTHE LORELLAND HAVING WON IN 1881, WITH "BRANDON," AND WILLIAM F. WHITNEY IN 1881, WITH "VOLVOVANSKI." IN ITS SOCIAL ASPECT, MR. CROKER'S VICTORY DID NOT ALTOGETHER APPEAL TO THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY.

THE DRAMATIC CENSORSHIP IN ENGLAND

*By W. G. FITZ-GERALD



Lord Althorpe, Lord Chamberlain of England

WITHOUT THE SANCTION OF THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN NO PLAY MAY BE PRODUCED IN ANY THEATRE IN GREAT BRITAIN

NEVER since the evil day when Walpole established the Dramatic Censorship in England, to prevent Fielding from exposing the corruption of Parliament on the stage, has the British Lord Chamberlain and his Examiner of Plays been placed in so embarrassing a position as that which recently resulted from the sudden ban on *"The Mikado."*

The classic Gilbert and Sullivan opera was licensed more than twenty years ago—long before any Anglo-Japanese Alliance was dreamed of. That being so, it was more difficult to raise any objections for no exception is ever taken once a license has been issued save where questionable additions have been made. In any event, however, the episode has dealt a severe blow at an institution considered on all sides to be archaic and absurd.

An amusing incident which would seem to heighten the absurdity of the entire affair occurred recently at Chatham, where the Japanese war-ship *Fusatake* was lying. When Admiral Sir Gerald

Noel, with the chief military and naval officers of the station, was entertained aboard the Japanese man-of-war, although these officers had issued imperative orders that their hands should not play any of the *"Mikado"* music, it was with selections from this very opera that the band of the Japanese ship regaled them.

The British Admiralty has since reversed the ban fine on the *"Mikado"* music, and has notified the naval bands that they may play it again.

Lord Althorpe, the present Lord Chamberlain, receives \$10,000 a year, and his Dramatic Censor or Examiner of Plays, Mr. George A. Redford, about \$4000. The Censor is a permanent official of the Lord Chamberlain's office. Mr. Redford has now held the post for several years; having also advised his chief's predecessor, the Earl of Clarendon.

The law says that one copy of every new play, prologue, or epilogue, or addition thereto, intended for production in any theatre in Great Britain, must be sent to the Lord Chamberlain's office in St. James's Palace at least seven days before it is first acted, and he may refuse a license if he considers it fitting for him to do so. Nor is there any appeal against his decision. The Examiner of Plays is the one authority in the three kingdoms. He has absolute power, without restriction, to destroy the property, and in some sense to damage the reputation, of a certain class of his fellow citizens.

The penalty for disobedience is severe. Not only is a fine of \$250 levied on any person who presents a piece either before it has been licensed or subsequent to its being vetoed, but the house of the theatre where it is presented is entirely withdrawn and the building closed. Further, any one who gives information about an unlicensed performance is entitled to half the fine of \$250.

Five and a quarter dollars is the charge made for licensing a one-act play, and ten and a half for two acts or more.

The institution has been fiercely attacked ever since it was established. The late Examiner of Plays, Mr. E. F. Smyth Pigott, was contemptuously referred to by playwrights and critics as a "walking compendium of insular prejudice."

"I have studied Ibsen's plays pretty carefully," this Censor used to say, "and all his characters appear to me morally degraded. All the heroines are discoloured spanners who look upon marriage as a monopoly, and as for the men, they are all rascals or imbeciles." Moreover, this remarkable critic declared he had licensed Ibsen's dramas simply because he thought them "too absurd to do any harm."

For many years the British Dramatic Censor has been far from a brilliant personality. One critic of his described him as "a well-connected mediocrity turned into the Tsar of the theatre, and able to do things which no Prime Minister dare do." According to the official estimate of the Lord Chamberlain's office, in ninety-eight out of every hundred plays submitted, no question of morals is raised at all. The Censor has nothing to do but read the drama, pocket his ten dollars fifty, and duly license the performance.

The present holder of the office, as is well known, absolutely refused to license *"Mamma Vassia,"* *"Odipus Rex,"* *"The Centurion,"* as well as *"Ghosts,"* *"Mrs. Warren's Profession,"* and *"La Citta Morta."* But not one of these raised the uproar raised by the official veto put upon the ever-delightful *"Mikado."*

It is certain, however, that an influential body of public opinion is in favor of the institution. "Abolish the Dramatic Censorship," say these, "and you exchange the opinion of an intelligent and unbiased individual for that of twelve jurymen. And then where are you? Can green-grocers decide a delicate artistic question? Or is the Director of Drury Lane to be summoned first to Bow Street and afterwards to the Old Bailey to discuss the length of his ballet girls' skirts?" Other humorous pictures were drawn of Sir Charles Wyndham, George Alexander, and other actor-managers arguing the propriety of their low comedian's jokes before a stolid jury of John Bull—all hurrying to prove their moral sympathies to a Puritan world!

THE FALL OF THE FAKIR

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

OH I am a bold Nature Fakir,
With a bubbling fountain pen,
I write up the boasts of my Maker,
And tell what they ought have been.
I've told strange tales of Pink Monkeys
Who talked over a telephone;
And yares of green-violet thebeys
I've met in the Torrid Zone.

My story of "Curly the Box,"
Who sat on a Scagway Links,
And hatched out some twenty-four
Small coddies with black woolly kinks,
Is now in its hundredth edition,
And makes other Naturals blue.
Although, I must make the admission,
It isn't quite all of it true.

The yarn that I told of the Leopard
That ate up a whole flock of geese,
Then wringing went up to the Shepherd
And offered to call the Poli e,

Has covered me over with glory,
And sold like a grabber of oil,
Though in Paris that most wonderful story
Wasn't written according to Hoyle.

And then my great tale of the Howler
That fought with the Elephant Queen,
In seventeen hard rounds induced her
To flee the sanguineous scene.
Filled millions with marvellous wonder
At thought of such streamless nets,
Though Naturalists rent me asunder
For carelessly using the facts.

But now I am filled with repining,
With worry and trouble and fear,
The President's ripped the gold lining
From out my brilliant career.
He's sent me a Lesson so mellow
It's laid me out fright and fat,
And worst of it all though it's yellow,
It's not a real wound at that.



Drawn by Henry Raleigh

He could hear the men panting as they staggered on

THE CHARGE

By CAPTAIN M. B. STEWART, U.S.A.

DRAWINGS BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE regiment trailed slowly out of the woods and pushed steadily to the front until a crashing volley tore its way through the ranks and spread it in a long line of scrambling skirmishers to the left of the road, where it lay panting, hidden under the shelter of the jungle's edge. For a time the boy, crouching behind the line of his company, waited patiently for the command to advance. An aide riding to the rear shook his head in answer to the boy's inquiry.

"Don't know," he called over his shoulder. "Support, I reckon." When the first excitement had died away, the boy rose and wandered aimlessly up and down the line of his company, slashing among the weeds with his sword or pointing and thrusting at imaginary adversaries in the brush. Occasionally he stopped to observe a colony of ants at the foot of the mango-tree in rear of the centre.

The hissing whine of a bullet, lower flying than its mate, recalled him to the work at hand, and he glanced inquiringly to the

right, where his captain stood peering steadily through his glasses to the front, then resumed his trudging down the line, wondering impatiently when it would begin.

Slare down the guns of the battery on the hill in the rear had harked with monotonous regularity, punctuating the increasing war in the valley below with spirital cracks which rolled out over the little town to reverberate thunderously from the hills beyond. On the heels of each came the gasping rush of air and drizzly swish which marked the flight of the long, thin projectile. From all sides came the rattling, stinging spat of rifles and the crash of volleys, which tore through the tangled jungle growth, heaving and tossing in the storm of death, its stern rebelling to the clacking of bamboo and the swishing of anguished foliage.

To the boy it was merely a prelude, long drawn out and monotonous. A touch on the shoulder had awakened him from his soggy blankets to fumble in the darkness, and stumble numbly along in the wake of his company in the first grisly streaks of dawn. The opening gun from the battery and the first rounds from the infantry in the valley below had stung him into prickling consciousness and eager expectancy which two hours of halting progress and waiting in the stifling sultriness of the jungle had dispelled.

With wearied patience he turned once more to the anti-hill. One patient fellow labored persistently to expel from his home a particle of mountainous proportions. Three times he bent himself and essayed to thrust it from his door, and each time he fell back under its crushing weight. With infinite care the boy stooped, and with the tip of his sword rolled away the obstruction, careful not to disturb the weaker, then turned to resume his march up and down the line. The men lay silently in place, some with hats pulled down over their eyes, sleeping peacefully; others with nervous care examining their bandied rifles over and over again; others, gazing into space, waited patiently, as he was waiting, for the supreme moment.

A hand on his shoulder aroused him a second time to a consciousness of his surroundings, and he turned to look into his captain's serious eyes. He noticed that the rugged and stubbly bearded face was tense and pale, and that now lines had cut deep furrows about the kindly mouth.

"We are to advance now, boy," he said. "We go on in the left of the Thirty-third, straight to our front. Now that the men are ready for the signal." Then he added, as the boy saluted and moved away: "Don't let them bunch during the advance. Keep them well deployed."

The men had calked themselves to their elbows, each with an eye alert for their captain's signal. When it came, they noiselessly adjusted their equipments, and shook themselves into their belts for the ears across the open.

From the left of the line came a thud which told its tale even to the inexperienced ears of the boy, and a man fell in his place, to the writhing on the ground, his desperate eyes staring upward at the patch of blue between the tangled vines. The boy shuddered and turned away. There was another thud, this time nearer, and a sergeant beside him clasped his hand to his side and sank with a stifled moan to his knees. The men in ranks



Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"You heard that command. Why didn't you move?"

shifted uneasily, staring helplessly at their fallen comrades.

A sickening nausea possessed the Boy. The world swam before his eyes. His head throbbled with the hammering clang of blood from his palpitating heart. In front of him, his company moved to the open, gathering its paces with each step for the dash before them. His own legs shared the paralysis of his panic-stricken brain. From his hand dangled the sword bequeathed to him by a father who had sheathed it in honor.

As though seeking flight, he stared desperately about him, behind a bush, his face distorted with the fear he did not try to conceal, crouched a man of the company. As he looked at him, the Boy's fear was lost in sudden anger. This man was disobeying orders deliberately; he had heard the command and had not moved. The habit of discipline ingrained obscured the Boy.

"You heard that command," he screamed. "Why didn't you move?"

The reply was a snarl of frightened rage, and the Boy drove his fist into the livid, quivering face.

"Get up, blast you!" he panted, choked with anger, and dragging the skulker to his feet, drove him before him out of the breach.

Out in the open, the ground around them puffed in a hundred places, spurring dust into their faces. The sun beat mercilessly down upon them. Heaving perspiration blinded them with its brine. Here and there a man stumbled and fell, to struggle to his knees and fall again. Near the protection of a hillock one slackened his pace, and the Boy roared angrily at him. Down the cheeks of another tears flowed unrestrainedly, and the Boy, running by his side, cursed him for a coward. Another swore with pain and rage, but still stumbled on, and the Boy's heart softened sympathetically. "Good for you, Kelly!" he cried to him.

Half-way down the stretch a volley crashed through the line and for an instant it wavered.

"Go on! What's the matter with you?" the Boy yelled at the faltering man. "Go on!" Then, leaping ahead of the waverers, he called back, "Come on, then, damn you! Come on!"

There was but one thought in his mind now as he sped down the burning stretch; one consuming, instinctive desire possessed him: "Oh, oh, for God's sake, on!" until he could seize that silent foe by the throat and choke out the life which sought his own. His fingers ached with straining at the thought, his muscles throbbed and seethed in anticipation. But blood surging through his brain hammered the ceaseless refrain. "On, on, for God's sake, on! Why are you so slow?"

Somewhere, the Boy was dimly conscious that hughes were blowing, commands were being shouted, and men were cheering hoarsely. Behind him he could hear the men pausing as they staggered on deeper and deeper into the hell, but closer to the foe. At last there rose before his straining eyes a line of pallid men who loaded and fired at him with dogged persistence.

"Ah, there you are, are you?" and he reached out his hands to grasp their bared throats over the intervening space. Ah, God! would he never reach them! His feet seemed leaden, and he cursed them in his mind for holding him back from the line of throats.

Hah! That went home, and that, and that, and that, and that, and with the strength of fury he hurled the clicking weapon in a frightened, upturned face. Around him, men thrust and clubbed, and the thrusts and thumps mingled with hoarse panting and shuddering gasps.

Again, he heard the hughes smothering. "What? Beval? Surely—"

The men stood in silent groups, heaving panting upon their rifles as they mopped their burning faces and gazed about them with dazed incomprehension. Off to the front scattering shots and the shrill hughes of the cavalry told of the pursuit. The charge was over; the price of victory lay in silence on the burning



Around him men thrust and clubbed

Drawn by Henry Sargent

field behind them; the cost of defeat lay crumpled in the trenches at their feet.

The Boy raised his sword to return it, and the sight of its crimsoned blade brought back all the sickening horror which for the moment he had forgotten, and he knew himself once more for what he was. He knew why he had struck the quaking devil behind the bush, why he had cursed the wavering line and had rushed raving ahead of it. The brick-red color surged up into his face. He had shown it to the men and they knew. Doubtless they whispered it among themselves.

Yellow! Yes; that was it. He was yellow, and he knew it.

Dimly he saw his captain coming slowly down the line. His eyes smarted and burned, his gorge rose and choked him, and he tried dumbly to pray that he might be spared the sting of his captain's reproach. With downcast eyes and beating heart he waited for the humiliation that was to come, and then, faintly rising above the surging roar that drummed in his ears, he heard his captain's voice.

"Thank God, my boy!" the grizzled veteran cried. "I'm proud of you. You're a young man. Why, damn you, Boy, you're all right. You led that charge!"



Drawn by Henry Sargent

"I'm proud of you. You led that charge!"



LITERATUI

DRAWN BY J. M. W. TURNER

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EEKLY



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EUROPE'S UNLIVING COUSINS-ROYAL

WHY ENGLAND AND GERMANY HAVE GOT ON EACH OTHER'S NERVES

By SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

London, June 5, 1907.

A PARTY of English journalists, containing two or three who are in the very front rank of their profession and who belong to the best type of English politics, is at this moment touring through Germany on a mission of international goodwill. They appear to be having a thoroughly good time. Royalty itself could not be expected to cover more ground, to inspect more centres of industry, to attend a greater number of banquets and receptions, to be more persistently arched and lionized. To-day's papers, for instance, report that they have not only witnessed a parade of the Potsdam garrison, with the Emperor himself leaving the Cuirassiers of the Guard, and three of his sons figuring among the officers, but have also been entertained at luncheon by the Kaiser in his own intimately facile and felicitous fashion. It is very clear, indeed, that all Germany from the highest to the lowest has been at unwavering pains to make the visit as pleasant and as distinguished as possible. The compliment to the profession is one to which no journalist who takes his work seriously can be inexcusable.

But it is rather from the political point of view that a pilgrimage of English editors to Germany, in the present state of Anglo-German relations, has to be considered. I do not recall anything in history quite like the highly-charged atmosphere of suspicion and mutual irascibility that exists between the peoples of these two countries. They are engaged in what has all the appearance of being a perpetual battle of *tu quoque*. Each nation, or at least a considerable and voracious section of each nation, seems to regard the other as the bête noire of European politics. Germany cannot add a ship to her navy without a score of English journals proclaiming at once that "Belanda not Germania" must be the motto of British policy. King Edward cannot take a Mediterranean holiday without sending a shiver of alarm through the German people; a majority of whom quite honestly believe the King to be an arch-intriguer against Germany's security, and a sleepless contriver of anti-German plots and coalitions. The English Prime Minister cannot make a very tentative and modest proposal for the limitation of armaments without rousing in Germany a ferocious conviction that another British campaign against the Fatherland is on foot. Everything that happens that in any way affects the international position of England or Germany is seized upon and distorted and given an anti-British or an anti-German point by the press of both countries. A third-rate German politician makes an Anglophobe speech; his words are served up next morning piping hot on every English breakfast-table. An insignificant London rag prints a savage anti-German editorial; by evening-time all Germany is reading it. The third-rateness of the politician and the insignificance of the journal are trifles it is not thought worth while to explain.

It is in this way, as much as, if not more than, in any other, that Anglo-German relations have been wrought up into their present state of irrational animosity. The two peoples glare at one another across the North Sea amid an endless multitude of recriminations. Each seems to be convinced that the other is only waiting for its chance. Each is hilling into the deplorable habit of speaking of a war between them as "inevitable." Each is developing that neutral condition in which reason and probability cease to count. Each has on hand a ready-made and portentous list of acts of hostility and bad faith which it huris at the other's head. And what is most curious, and from some standpoints most disquieting, is that in all this waste of controversy neither side seems able to fasten on anything definite and tangible to quarrel over. The content is not one of facts but of possibilities. It is not so much taken up with what has happened or with what is happening now, as with what may happen in some unspecified future. England and Germany, in short, have got on each other's nerves, and from fighting blows of the tongue inventors they are getting within measurable distance of fighting one another. Yet I think I am well within the truth in saying that the two countries are separated by no tangible dispute, or at any rate by no dispute that concerns themselves alone. Such differences as keep them apart are, in the main, differences that have not come to a head, and may never do so. They are differences of underlying tendencies. But whether these tendencies are working along parallel or upon converging lines, whether they will proceed side by side or meet at some point and furiously clash, only the future can decide. And so attempt to forecast the future can produce and to make it the basis of present-day enmity seems to me a work of unmitigated folly.

All Englishmen feel that it would be better for England if she had more of the German feel in her blood, her policies, her administration, her instinctive way of looking at things. Even those who suspect the aims and drift of Germany's diplomacy admit her as an object-lesson in organized and microscopic efficiency, gladly acknowledge that any nation might envy her the possession of so inspiring a ruler as the Kaiser, and do not attempt to conceal their profound respect for the qualities of intellect and character that in less than a century have converted a congeries of petty, quarrelsome, discolored, and wholly lifeless States into a powerful and United Empire. There is, no doubt, much in the form and

spirit of the German government that acher Englishmen dislike, but they sensibly conclude that if Germany is satisfied with the general structure of her policy it is not England's business to be dissatisfied. They do not feel called upon to "litterature" Germany or to agitate for the videm of the German Foreign Office. As the first naval Power in the world, they are interested in the growth of the German navy, but they have no more idea of attempting to limit that growth than of demanding that Russia should thin her land forces. It is perfectly open to Englishmen to believe that Germany's naval ambitions are, and in the nature of things must be, the greatest danger that menaces the British Empire. But as they cannot prevent Germany from building ships, and as mere railing is senseless, ineffectual, and ungalvanized, the best policy for Great Britain is surely to maintain her relative superiority at sea with as little noise or fuss as possible, to reinforce that superiority by diplomatic agreements, and to treat Germany on that footing of present-day friendliness which is perfectly compatible with the suspicion or the conviction of future enmity. (Hungary and Italy, it is worth remembering, are not merely friends but allies on a much more slender basis than that, and even though it be a fair surmise that the German navy may one day serve as a spear-head for an anti-British coalition, so remote a possibility, and one that is equally applicable to all navies, ought not to disturb English opinion at the present day or to determine the whole trend of Anglo-German relations.

Yet if Anglo-German ill-will can be explained by reference to any specific cause, the first of those causes is that Germany is becoming, as we have heard, a strong naval Power. I do not attach very much importance to the commercial rivalry of the two peoples as a factor in promoting bad feeling. Commercial rivalry becomes only a grievance when popular feeling is otherwise inflamed. The English will continue to be the friends and allies of Japan even when Japan has become the greatest competitor in the markets of the Far East, and imports and exports enter into no Englishman's attitude towards the happy relations that obtain between his country and France and the United States.

A far more serious and actual cause of Anglo-German mistrust lies in Germany's attitude towards France and towards the entire *continent*. England and France have entered into certain mutual arrangements that make Anglo-German relations very much dependent on Franco-German relations. Sir Edward Grey, when he accepted the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, laid down that an Anglo-German rapprochement was possible; "provided it be clearly understood that nothing we do in our relations with Germany is in any way to impair our existing good relations with France." From this proviso he proceeded to deduce the general thesis that the condition of any improvement in Anglo-German relations must be that "the relations of Germany with France, on all matters that come under the Anglo-French agreement, should be fair and good also." By these declarations both the government and the English people still stand. There is no desire among Englishmen, in spite of a good deal of wild talk, to give an anti-German point to British diplomacy. There is, on the contrary, a consciousness that while England and Germany are estranged the position of France is made harder and not easier; and there is a strong wish that Franco-German rivalries, for the sake of all three Powers, might be rearranged on a basis of confidence and equality. Friendship with France has come to be the pivot of England's European policy, and the Power that is unable to accept that friendship, and to conform with it, necessarily hares itself out from the complete good-will of this country. When France and Germany come to terms, England and Germany will not be long in following suit.

Here, possibly, is the one real obstacle to an Anglo-German understanding. The other obstacles are the product of imaginative guesswork. There are Englishmen who maintain that looking to Germany's past and to her present strength and needs, it is impossible to regard the era of German expansion as definitely closed, or to feel absolutely certain that it may not be prolonged at Great Britain's expense. Germany, they say, is passing from a mainly agricultural to a mainly industrial state. She is building a powerful and cohesive fleet. She needs colonies to receive her surplus population. It would therefore, they argue, be only natural if her ambitions and necessities were to cause her to look with a certain hostility upon the Power that possesses all that she is striving for, and they proceed to enumerate in detail all the unfriendly actions which the German government has committed in the last fifteen years or so. There may, I do not deny it, be something in that argument, though it is easy to carry it too far, and it is certain that the same process of reasoning, pushed to the same extremities, would make it well-nigh impossible to find any two Powers to live together in peace. A good many Englishmen are coming to see this and are beginning to wish that a halt could be called in the anti-German campaign. I fear that their wishes are in the way of fulfillment, and that the campaign is years before it will come to its end. England and Germany may be friends, with a friendship tempered by a mutual and wary vigilance. Even that would be a great improvement on their present relations.

THE SINKING OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "MINNESOTA'S" LAUNCH IN WHICH SIX MIDSHIPMEN AND FIVE SAILORS, ALL WHO WERE ABOARD LOST THEIR LIVES IN HAMPTON ROADS



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THE LAUNCH WAS RETURNING LATE AT NIGHT TO THE "MINNESOTA" WITH THE PARTY OF OFFICERS WHO HAD ATTENDED A BANQUET AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION. IN DEFECT OF ACTUAL KNOWLEDGE, IT IS SUPPOSED THAT THE LAUNCH HAD APPROXIMATELY A TOWING HAWK IN THE DARKNESS AND WENT UP THE TIDE. THE LOST MEN WERE MIDSHIPMEN PHILIP HENRY FIELD, MIDSHIPMAN HERBERT L. HOLMES, MIDSHIPMAN WILLIAM B. STEVENSON, MIDSHIPMAN W. C. TILLEY, OF THE "MINNESOTA," MIDSHIPMAN F. P. HOLCOMB OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "CONNECTICUT," AND MIDSHIPMAN HENRY CLAY MURFIN OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "KOWA," AND JESSE E. CUNN, COAL-PASSER; G. W. WESTPHAL, FIREMAN; AND SEAMAN S. B. DOWNS, F. H. PLUMMER, AND H. L. VANNUEN, ALL OF THE "MINNESOTA." AT THE TIME OF WRITING ONLY FOUR BODIES HAD BEEN RECOVERED, THOSE OF MIDSHIPMEN FIELD, STEVENSON, AND HOLCOMB, AND FIREMAN WESTPHAL. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE WRECKED LAUNCH RAISED FROM THE BOTTOM.

THE SEARCH FOR A NEW MOTOR FUEL AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR GASOLINE

THE advance in the price of gasoline, due to the more general use of motors for pleasure and commercial purposes, and the certainty of an increasing demand because of the immense development of the motor industry, have led to efforts, in England, to find a suitable substitute for this fuel. Then there is apprehension that gasoline may be raised more in price than is legitimately justified by its greater use, because motorists are so dependent upon it. As possible alternatives or substitutes, crude petroleum, paraffin, kerosene, shale oil, benzol, alcohol, and acetylene are mentioned. Some of these, though non-suitable for use alone, are said to give better results when combined with another hydrocarbon.

Crude petroleum is regarded as unsatisfactory because of its heaviness, except in specially designed engines, such as are not now generally in use. Paraffin, though efficient and powerful, is held to be objectionable because of the difficulty of starting up so engine from the cold, and because the oil has a tendency to creep over the motor and injure its contents. It appears, however, that the use of a small amount of petrol makes paraffin more adaptable, but this can be advanced in price as easily as petrol if it should come into use as a motor fuel. Shale oil is obtained from a bituminous shale found in the coal of the Midlothian district. Though it is said to have good results, the supply is comparatively small. Acetylene has been used successfully when combined with paraffin or with alcohol, and when water is injected into the cylinder of the engine during the firing stroke. It is feared it will be found

too costly under present conditions of manufacture, but it is argued that a tendency to use acetylene might easily result in reducing the cost of manufacture; used by itself it is thought to be likely to strain and damage a motor engine, through the great force of its explosion.

Alcohol and acetylene have been combined experimentally for motor fuel purposes with some degree of success, but the difficulty is so ascertaining what should be the relative proportions of the two ingredients. This combination cannot, it is felt, become commercially useful in the United Kingdom for motor purposes until alcohol can be produced much more cheaply. The high inland revenue tax now keeps up the price of alcohol, though it can be produced very cheaply from many substances of little value. If alcohol alone were used for internal combustion engines, the design of such engines, it is said, would have to be changed to insure complete combustion. The difficulty in starting an engine from alcohol because of the cold can, it is asserted, be overcome by using either a vaporizer or a burner or a small quantity of petrol in the initial stages.

Benzol is regarded as perhaps the alternative fuel most likely to aid in the solution of the question. It is produced during the distillation of coal at gas works, and it is thought that it can be manufactured in sufficient quantities and sold at a fair price if the demand arises for it. It is more powerful than petrol, and experiments made with it are said to have been most encouraging, although the small percentage of sulphuric acid it contains gives rise to rather an unpleasant odor in the exhaust.

MAM' LINDA*

A Novel

BY WILL N. HARBEN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. B. MASTERS

CHAPTER XXIII

AS he was going to Blackburn's store the next morning to inquire about the prisoner, Carson met Garner coming out of the barber shop, where he had just been shaved.

"Any news?" Carson asked, in a guarded voice, though they were really out of earshot of any one.

"No actual news," Garner replied, stroking his powdered chin, "but I don't like the lay of the land."

"What's up now?" Dwight asked.

"I don't know that there is anything wrong yet; but, my boy, discovery is in the very air about us."

"What makes you think so, Garner?" They passed on the street-crossing leading over to Blackburn's store.

"Oh, it's all due to old Linda and Lewis," Garner said, in a tone of conviction. "You know I was dead against letting them know Pete was alive."

"You think we made a mistake in that, do you?" Carson said. "Well, the pressure was simply too strong, and I had to give way under it. But why do you think it was a bad move?"

"From the way it's turning out," said Garner. "While Buck Black was shaving me he remarked that his wife had seen Uncle

Lewis and Linda and that she thought they were acting very peculiarly. I asked him, in an offhand and careless manner as I could, what he meant, and he said that his wife didn't think they

acted as if they had just lost their only child. Buck said it looked like they were only pretending to be broken-hearted. I

thought the best way to discourage him was to be silent, and so I closed my eyes and he went on with his work. Presently,

however, he said, bluntly, 'Look here, Colonel Garner—'he always called me Colonel—'where do you think they put that boy?'

He had me there, you know, and I felt volumed of myself the idea of as good a lawyer as there is in this end of the State

wiggling under the eye and tongue of a crook as black as the ace of spades! Finally I told him that, as well as I could gather, the

Hillbend faction had put Pete out of the way and was keeping it a secret to intimidate the negroes through their natural superstition. And what do you reckon Buck said. Hink! he'd make a

good detective. He said he'd had his eye on the most rampant of the Hillbend men and that they didn't look like they'd lynched anything, but were on the lookout for a good opportunity in that

line."

"It certainly looks shaky," Carson admitted, as they moved on to the store, where Blackburn stood waiting for them just inside the doorway.

"How did he pass the night?" Carson asked, his brow still clouded by the discouraging observations of his partner.

"Oh, all right," Blackburn made reply. "He and Wade slept here on the counters. They say he snored like a sawmill. They could hear him through the floor. But, boys, I hate to dash cold

water in your faces, but I never felt as shaky in my life."

"What's the matter with you?" Garner asked, with a dry laugh.

"I'm afraid a storm is rising in an unexpected quarter," said the storekeeper, furtively glancing up and down the street and then leading them farther back into the store.

"Which quarter is that?" Carson asked, archly.

"The sheriff is acting sort of mighty odd," said Blackburn.

"Good Lord! you don't think Braider's really smelling a mouse, do you?" Garner cried, in genuine alarm.

"Well, you can make out what it means yourselves, boys," and Blackburn pulled at his short chin whiskers doggedly. "It was only about half an hour ago. He's drinking some, and was, perhaps, on that account a little more communicative. He came in here, his face as red as a pickled beet and smelling like a hunk of

a whiskey barrel, and leaned against the counter on the dry goods side.

"I'm the legally elected sheriff of this county, ain't I?" he said, in his inebriate way, and I told him he was by a big majority.

"Well," he said, after looking down at the floor for a minute, "I'll bet you boys think I'm a dern shuck out of an officer."

"I didn't know what the devil he was driving at and so I simply kept my mouth shut; but you bet your life I was quivering all over, for there was something in his eye that I didn't like, and then when he said 'you boys' in that tone I began to think he was

on to the work we did the other night."

"Well, what next?" Carson asked, sharply.

* Begins in HARPER'S WEEKLY, Vol. LI, No. 2550

"Well, he just leaned on the counter, about to slide down every minute," Blackburn went on, "and then he began to laugh in a silly sort of way and said, 'Then Hillbend fellers are a slick article, ain't they?'

"Of course I didn't know what to say," said the storekeeper, for he had his eyes on me and was grinning to beat the Dutch, and that is the kind of conversation I fall at. Finally, however, I managed to say that they had beaten the others to the

jail, anyway, and he broke out into another laugh. 'The Hillbend gang didn't have as far to go,' he said. 'Oh, they are a slick article, an' they've got a slick young leader.'"

"What else?" asked Carson, who looked very grave and stood with his lips pressed together.

"Nothing else," Blackburn answered. "Wiggin, your boom companion and boom friend, stopped at the door and called him."

"Good Lord! and with Wiggin?" Garner exclaimed.

"Oh, he's a Wiggin man!" said Blackburn. "I've known he was against Carson for some time. It seems like Braider sized up the situation and decided, if he was going to be re-elected himself, he'd better pool issues with the strongest man and he picked that shunk as the winner. I went to the door and watched them. They went off, arm in arm, towards the Court-house."

"Braider is evidently on to us," Carson decided, grimly, "and the truth is, he holds us in the palm of his hand. If he should insist on carrying out the law and rearresting Pete and putting him back in jail Dan Willis would see that he didn't stay there long, and Wiggin would swear out a warrant against us as the greatest lawbreakers unliving."

"Oh, yes, the whole thing certainly looks shaky," admitted Blackburn.

"I tell you one thing, Carson," Garner observed, grimly, "there are so two ways about it; we're going to lose our client and our election just as sure as we stand here."

"I don't intend to give up yet," Dwight said, his lip twitching nervously, and a fierce look of determination dawned in his eyes. "We've accomplished too much so far to fail on a gossamerous."

"Boys, I'd give anything I have to ward this thing off from old Aunt Linda. She's certainly had enough."

The two lawyers went to their office, avoiding the numerous groups of men about the stores who seemed occupied with the different phases of the ever-present topic. They seated themselves at their desks and Garner was soon at work. But there was nothing for Carson to do, and he sat gloomily staring through the open doorway out into the sunshine. Presently he saw Braider across the street and called Garner's attention to him. Then, to their surprise, the skiff turned suddenly and came direct towards them.

"See! here he comes!" Garner exclaimed. "He may want to jump us. Keep a sharp eye on him, Carson. He may not know anything actually incriminating, after all. Watch him like a hawk!"

CHAPTER XXIV

THEY both pretended to be deeply absorbed over their work when the stairfoot officer loomed up in the doorway, his broad-brimmed hat well back on his head, the flush of intentions in his tanned face.

"I hope I won't disturb you, gentlemen," he said, "but you are two men that I want to talk to. I might say talk to as a brother."

"Come in, come in, Braider," Carson said. "Take that chair."

As Braider moved with uncertain step to a chair, tilted it to one side to direct it of his burden of books, magazines, and old

books and other defunct legal documents, Garner, with a wary look in his eye, fished a solitary cigar from his pocket—the one he had reserved for a midday smoke—and proffered it.

"Have a cigar," he said, "and make yourself comfortable."

The sheriff took the cigar as about mindfully as he would in his condition, have received a large luncheon, and held it too tightly, for its preservation, in his big red hand.

"Yes, I want to talk to you boys, and I want to say a whole lot that I hope won't go any further. I've always meant well by you two, and had hoped for your success, both in the law—and politics!"

Garner cast an amused glance in spite of the gravity of the situation, at his partner, and then said, quite evenly, "We know that, Braider—we always have known it."

"Well, as I say, I want to talk to you. I've heard that an

honest confession is good for the soul, if not for the pocket, and 'tis here to make use of.

"Oh, that's it!" said Starnes; and with a deepening look of curiosity on his face, he sat waiting.

"Yes, and I want to begin look at the first, and sort of lend up. It's hard to keep a fellow's political leaning hid, Carson, and I reckon you may have heard that I was about to run in my track, with Wiggins."

"After he began circulating those tales about me, yes," Carson said, with a touch of severity. "not before, Brader—at least not when I worked last year for your own election."

"You are plumb right," the sheriff said, readily enough. "I mopped over children, I'll acknowledge, but that's another here me there. Plugging is as natural to a politician as it is to a rooster."

"Hoys," he went on, "what I'm going to say is a sort of personal matter. You've both treated me like an honorable citizen and officer of the law, and I've taken it just as if I fully deserved the honor. But Jeff Brader ain't no hypocrite, if he is a politician and humbug with that sort of riffraff. Hoys, always, away down at the bottom of everything I ever did tackle in this life has been the memory of my old mother's teachings, and I've tried my level best, as a man, to live up in 'em. I don't know as I ever come nigh committing crime—as I regard it—till here lately—the night the mob raided Bob Wynn's shanty and run Pete Warren out and chased him to your house, Carson. You may not want to look me in the eye again, my boy, when I tell you, but I could have got to that spot a sight quicker that night than I did, if I hadn't been lugged down with so many fears of injury to myself. As I saw that big mob raising like a mad river after that boy I said to myself, I did, that no human power or authority could save 'em, sneaky and that if I stood up before the crowd and tried to quiet them that—well, if I wasn't shot dead in my tracks I'd kill myself politically, and so I waited in the edge of the crowd, hiding like a thief till—till you did the work, and then I stepped up as big as life and pretended that I just arrived. Well, that ain't all. The next day I was put to a worse test than ever. It was asked about you, know, that a bigger mob than the first was rising. I stayed out of the centre of town as much as I could, for everywhere I went folks would look at me as if they thought I'd do something to protect the prisoner, and at home my wife was whispering around all day, saying she was sure he was innocent, or enough so to deserve a trial, if not for himself, for the sake of his mammy and daddy. But what was such a waverin' thing as I was to do? I took it that seventy-five per cent. of the mob who had harked me with their bullets in my election was bent on lynching the

woman milking a cow told me that it was never, Pete Warren was done for—guilty or not, he was done for. I went in the house, tried to pull down my stockings, faced by my wife, who wouldn't speak to me, and shivered in other ways what she thought about the whole thing. She was eternally sighing, and going on about old Linda and her feelings. I first went to the jail, and there I was told that two mobs had come—the first, the Hillbender crowd, who did the work, and the bigger mob that got there too late."

Brader's voice had grown husky, and he coughed. Garner stole a glance of inquiry at Carson, but Dwight, his face suffused with a warm look of pity for the speaker, was glancing out at the street through the open door.

"I ain't done yet, God knows I ain't," the sheriff gulped. "That morning I felt meaner than any convict that ever wore hell and chain. If I'd been tried and found guilty of stabbing a woman in the back I don't believe I could have felt less like a man. I tried to throw it all off by thinking that I couldn't have done any good, anyway, but it wouldn't work. Carson, you and your plucky stand for law and order was before me, and you wasn't paid for the work, and I was. Huh? Do you remember seeing me as you came out of Blackburn's store that morning, with your hair all tousled up and your eyes looking red and bloodshot?"

"Yes, I remember seeing you," said Dwight. "I would have stopped to speak to you, but—well, I was in a hurry to get home." "Well, you may know that I used to be a sort of detective," Brader went on, "and I had acquired a habit of looking for the explanation of nearly every unusual thing I saw; and, well, you coming out of that store before it was opened for trade, with the shutters in the front was closed, struck me as odd. Then, again, remembering your big interest in Pete's case, somehow it didn't look to me like—meeting you sudden that way—that you looked quite as down-hearted as I expected. In fact, I thought you looked sort of satisfied over something."

"Oh!" Garner exclaimed, all at once suspecting Brader of a glibbie ruse to rattrap them. "You thought he looked chipper, did you? Well, I must say he looked exactly the other way in me when I first saw him that day." "Well, it started me to wondering," went on the sheriff, ignoring Garner's interruption, "and I set to work to watch. I hung about the restaurant across the street, smoking a cigar and keeping my eyes on that store. Well, after a while I saw Bob Smith go in the store, and then Wade Tingle. Then I saw a big tray of grub covered with a white cloth sent from the American House, and Bob Smith came to the door and took it in, sending the cook that

fetch'd it back to the hotel. Well, I waited a minute or two and then saw another tray sent carelessly across and went in. I chatted awhile with Bob and Wade, noticing, I remember, that for a newspaper man Wade seemed powerful indifferent about gathering items about what had happened that night. Blackburn was busy folding up a funny-looking lot of short pieces of white damask. All this time I was looking about to see where that waterful of grub had gone. Not a sign of it was in sight, but in a full in the talk I heard the clink of crockery somewhere below me and I went out. Heys, I'm here to tell you that never did a condemned soul feel as I felt. I went out in the open air praying, actually praying that what I suspected might be true. I started for the jail, and on the way I met Hurt Barrett. I asked him for particulars, and when he said that the Hillbender mob had left word that nobody need even look for the remains of the boy my heart got a big jump in the same way as it had when that cup and saucer collided in that cellar. I asked Hurt, if he noticed which way the mob took the prisoner, and he said, down



"You are two men that I want to talk to"

pressed them they would call me a traitor. On the other hand, I was up against this: if I did put up a feeble sort of opposition the conservative men, like some we have here in town, would say I didn't mean business or I'd have actually opened fire on the mob. You see, hoys, I wasn't man enough to take a stand either way, and though I knew what was coming, through the day I went about lying like a dog—lying in my throat, telling everybody that the indications showed that the excitement had quieted down. I went home that night and told my wife all was severe, and I drank about a quart of rye whiskey to keep me from lalalal about it, and went to bed; but my conscience, I reckon, was stronger than any whiskey, for I rolled and tumbled all night. It seemed to me that I was, with my own hands, tying the rope around that poor nigger's neck. There I lay, the sworn officer of the law, dot on my back, with not enough moral courage in my miserable carcass to have killed a goat. I got up the next day and went out to my hog pen that stands on a back street, and there a

(towards town; and I asked him if it wasn't odd for Hill-bred folks to go that way to hang a man, and he agreed that it was. Well, to make a long story short, I was on to your ginigine race. God above knows what a load it took off of me. You had saved me, Carson—you had saved me from rotting that thing on my mind to my grave. I know you were the ringleader, for you had been all along. You are a night younger man than I am, but you stuck to principle; while I shirked principle, duty, and everything else. Doing all that was hurting your political chances, and you knew it; but you stuck to what was right, while I hung back."

"Yes, he certainly has quivered his political chances," Garner said, grimly, with a look of wonder in his eye over the sheriff's frank confession. "But you, I think you said, were a Wiggins man," he finished.

"Well, Wiggins and some others think I am," said Brainerd, "and I reckon I was till a day or so ago; but, boys, I guess I've got a little smidgen of good left in me, for somehow that set has turned my stomach. But I ain't got to what I was leading up to. Neither one of you hasn't admitted that there is a nigger in that cellar yet, and I don't blame you for keeping it to yourselves. That is your business, but the time has come when Jeff Brainerd's got to do the right thing or plunge headlong deeper into hellishness, and he's had a taste of what it means and don't want no more of it. I may have got it yet, but Wiggins and his gang may beat me to a cold finish for sheriff next time, but from now on I'm on the other side."

"Good!" said Garner. "That's the way to talk. Was that what you were leading up to, Brainerd?"

"Not by a long way," said the sheriff rose and stood over Carson, resting his hand on the young man's shoulder to steady himself. "My boy, I've come to tell you that the damndest, blackest plot agin' you that ever was laid is now forming."

"What is that, Brainerd?" Carson asked, in surprise. "Wiggins and his lot have conspired, and the sheriff rose was played right before last. The Hill-bred men have convinced them that they didn't lynch anyone, and the Wiggins crowd smelt around until they dropped on to the thing. The only fact they don't know is where the boy is hid. They think he is in the house of that negro preacher, Hardcastle, and Wiggins came to me not an hour ago, and considering me one of his standbys, he told me all about it. The scheme is for me to arrest Pete and jail 'em on the charge of murder, and then to arrest you for being the ringleader of a jail-breaking gang, who preaches law and order in public for political gain and breaks both in secret. Wiggins says that will keep you higher than a kite."

"And what do they think will become of Pete?" Carson asked, a touch of surprise bitterness in his tone.

"Wiggins didn't dwell on that, but I know what would happen to the slaver, for the neck of risk are being strangled by the hangman. They want to force every member of the crowd that lynched Sam Doolow and warned them, on their lives, not to repeat the statement that Doolow had said Pete was innocent. They told the lynchmen that you two lawyers were going to try to fool men that had heard the confession and hold that as evidence of their being in the lynching crowd."

"Ah, that is slick, slick!" Garner muttered.

"Slick as double-distilled goose grease," said Brainerd, "and it is working. The lynchmen are dying to friend or foe that Doolow said a word, and the news is spreading like wildfire that Pete was Doolow's accomplice, and that you, Carson, are trying, with a gang of town dukes, to carry your party by main bull-headed force."

"I see, I see," Carson had risen, and with a deep frown on his face he stood leaning against the top of his desk. He extended his hand to Brainerd and said, "I appreciate your telling me this more than I can say."

"What's the good of my telling you if the news won't do you some good?" the sheriff asked. "My boy, I want to see you win. I ain't half a man myself, but I've got two little boys just starting to grow up, and I wish they could be like you are—a two-legged bulldog that clings its teeth on what's right and won't let loose. Carson, you've got a chance—a bare chance—to get your man out alive."

"What's that?" Dwight asked, eagerly.

"Why, let me hold the mob in check by promising to arrest Pete, and you get away free. I am going to be a lawyer, and I ain't afraid to take him in a longer to get him out of the country to Chattanooga. It would be a ticklish trip, and you want a man that won't get scared at his shadow, for on every road out of Darkey men would be apt to be on the look-out; but if you can get him there he would be absolutely safe, for no mob would go out of the State to do work of that sort. Getting you a good man is the main thing."

"I intend to do it myself," Dwight said, firmly.

"You?" Garner cried. "That's absurd!"

"I'm the only one that could do it," Carson declared, "for Pete would not go with any one else."

"I really believe you are right," Garner agreed, reluctantly, "but it is a nasty job, after all you've been through."

"By gum!" exclaimed Brainerd, extending his hand to Dwight, "I hope you will do it. I want to see you complete a darn good job."

"Well, you are an officer of the law," Garner observed, with amusement written all over his pleased face, "asking a man to steal your own prisoner."

"What else can I do to this?" all that?" Brainerd asked. "Brainerd, do you really know that their power has been any warrant for Pete's arrest? I started to tell him without any, and old Mrs. Parsons turned him loose. The only time he was put in jail was by Carson himself to protect him from violence. By George! as I look at it, Carson, you have every right to take him

out of jail by any hook or crook, since you are responsible for him being there instead of hanging to a limb of a tree. I tell you, my boy, there ain't any law on earth that can touch you. Nobody is prepared to testify against Pete, and if you will get him to Chattanooga and keep him there for a week or so he can eat some back here a free man."

"I have friends there who will look after him," Dwight said, "and I'll start with him to-night."

CHAPTER XXV

THE CLOCK was striking eleven that night and Helen was about to retire when she heard the dull beat of horses' hoofs on the carriage-drive of the Dwight place, and through the half moonlight she saw from the piazza a pair of horses harnessed to a buggy and driven by their owner, slowly going towards the big gate. Dwight himself got down to open it. She heard his low commands to the spirited animals as he led them forward by the bit, and then he stepped back to crouch and latch the gate. She had an almost overpowering impulse to call out to him and, getting his attention, to implore him to desist from the undertaking, of which Keith Gordon had told her; but her tongue seemed to be paralyzed, and she could only hold out her hands in mute, impotent entreaty. She saw him get into the buggy again, heard his rules under his whip to the horses, and then he was off—off to do his duty and—hers. She went to her room and laid down wearily. Then all at once she had a memory which sent the hot blood of shame from her heart to her brain, and she sat up. That was the man against whom she had staved her heart for his confession of her youthful indiscretions, and then he was to be so used. Was he to go forever unrepentant, unpunished by such as she, while he had that sort of word within him?

The hours of the long night dragged by, and another day began, a day in which she was to learn the outcome of Carson Dwight's act of heroism. Keith came up after breakfast and related the particulars as to how the state had ruled the ill-starred Pete in woman's attire and seen him and Carson safely in the buggy, but that was all that could be told or foretold. As for Keith, he and all the rest were trying to look on the bright side, and they would succeed better led for the long fair Pole Baker had drawn alone, he came in town early that morning and heard of the expeditions.

"No he was married?" Helen asked, in perturbation. Keith deliberated for a moment, and then answered:

"Yes; to tell you the truth, Helen, it almost staggered him. He is a good-natured chap, and he has hot temper. He cussed to me all sort for a willy, stupid set for allowing Carson to take such a risk. Finally we drew what he heard out of him. He said the particular road Carson took was actually alive with men who had been bound up to the lightest trees, and they were all for the green. Pete said there had been their eyes that road particularly because it was the most direct way to the State line, and that Carson wouldn't have one chance in five hundred of getting through unmolested. He said the idea of fooling men of that stamp by putting Pete in a woman's dress in the company of Carson, of all human beings, was the worst of human insanity."

The hours passed. The dusk had given way to the deeper darkness of evening. The moon had not yet risen and the starlight from a partly clouded sky was not sufficiently luminous to lead the vision in reaching any considerable distance, and yet from one of the windows of her room, where she stood morosely contemplative, she could see the vague outlines of Linda's cottage. It was while she was looking at the doorway of the little domicile, which stood out above the shrubbery of the rear garden as it dimly lighted from a candle within, that she saw something which caused her heart to suddenly bound. It was the red coat of a elgar, and the smoker seemed to be leaving the cottage, passing through the little gateway and entering her father's grounds. What more natural than for Carson, if he had returned safely, to go at once to the mother of the boy with the news? Helen almost let her hand fall. She held it soon be reasonably sure, for if it were Carson he would take a diagonal direction to reach the gateway to the Dwight homestead. Was he coming directly to Warren's or—could it be her father? Her heart sank at the thought, and then it bounded again, for the coat of fire, like a fiery arrow, was making its way to the main house. She saw the flames Helen glided, noiselessly, past her father's hall and call her, and yet rapidly. When she reached the front veranda and descended the steps to the grass of the lawn, she was just in time to see the coal of fire passing through the gateway to Warren's. No more was seen of it. She stood there, firmly and clearly.

"Carson! Carson!" the coal of fire passed, described a curve, and she bounded towards it.

"Did you call me?" Carson Dwight asked, in a voice so low from excitement that it hardly reached her ears.

"Yes, Walt!" she said. "Oh, you've gotten back!"

They now stood face to face.

"Oh, yes," he laughed, with a gesture towards his throat of apology for his hoarseness. "Did you think I was off for good?"

"No; but I was afraid—" She was shocked by the pallor of his usually ruddy face, the many evidences of fatigue upon him. The nervous way he stood holding his hat and cigar. "I was afraid you had met with disaster."

"But why did you feel that way?" he said, reassuringly.

"Oh, from what Keith said in general, and Mr. Garner about the news that the road was full of desperadoes, and—" "I might have known that they would expurgate the whole business," he said, with a smile. "Why, I've just come from Mom's Linda's. I want to tell her that Pete is all right and as sound as a dollar. He's in the charge of good, reliable friends of

mine and wholly out of danger. In fact, he's as happy as a lark. The last thing I saw of him he was surrounded with a gang of as lazy scamps as himself bragging about his numerous escapes and his and—his generous—my impudence in the community we live in. Well, he's certainly been important enough lately."

"But did you not meet with—with any opposition at all?" Helen went on, curiously.

"Oh, well," he boasted, "we lost our way, for one thing. You see, I was a little afraid to carry a light and it was hard to make out the different sign boards, and all in all it was a slow trip, but we got through all right. And hungry! We struck a restaurant in the outskirts of Chattanooga about noon, and while that fellow was cooking in some steak and making red-velvet we could have eaten him alive. If Mam' Liza could have seen her boy eat she would have no further fears as to his health."

"But didn't you meet some men who stopped you?" Helen asked, staring into his eyes steadily.

He blinked, flicked the ashes from his cigar, and said:

"Yes, we did, and they were really on the war-path; but they seemed very reasonable, and when I had talked to them and explained the matter from our standpoint—why, they had nothing more to say."

They had walked further into the grounds and were near the main walk when the gate was opened and a man came striding towards them. It was Jeff Bralder.

"Oh, I've been looking for you everywhere, Carson," he cried, warmly shaking Daugh's hand. "I heard you'd got back, but I wanted to see you with my own eyes. Lord, Lord! my boy, if I'd known the awful trouble I was getting you into I'd never have let you take that road. I've just heard the whole story. For genuine pluck and endurance you certainly take the rag off the bush. Why, nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand would have given up the game; but you, you young bailing—"

"Carson! Carson! Are you down there?" It was a man's voice from an upper window.

"Yes, father. What is it?"

"Your mother wants to see you right now. She's waked up and is bothering."

"You'll both excuse me for just a moment, I know," Carson said, as if glad of the interruption. "I'll be back presently. I haven't seen my mother since I returned, and she is very nervous and easily excited."

CHAPTER XXVI

"So you are the only holy member of the secret gang that stole my prisoner," the sheriff said, laughingly. "They told me all about it."

"I wasn't a member till they had done all the work," Helen smiled. "I was only an honorable addition, elected more to keep my mouth shut than for any service I could perform."

"Oh, that was just it," Bralder laughed. "Well, they certainly put the thing through. I've seen a lot of things in my time, but that kidnapping business was the brightest idea ever sprung from a man's head. That young fellow is a corker. Did he tell you what he went through last night?"

"Not a thing," Ned answered. "The truth is, I have an idea he was trying to mislead me."



"Halt that!" Dan Wells suddenly called out

and crested ready for him. The boy's enemies had fixed him. They had worked the mob up to the highest pitch of fury with all sorts of tales against Pete. They had produced none who had really heard the nigger threaten to harm Johnson, and they themselves testified that Carson was saying nothing only to capture black slaves as their friend and benefactor. The mob was mad as Tucker at him for tricking them the other night, and they were certainly ready for him.

"They were mad at Carson personally, then?" Helen said.

"Were they? They were ready to drink his blood. They halted the buggy, took them both out, and tied them."

"Tied Carson?" Helen's voice died away, and she stood staring at Bralder unable to speak.

"Yes, they tied them both and tied them off into the woods," Bralder continued. They then fastened Pete to a stump and piled sticks and brush around him and told Carson they were going to make him see these burn the boy alive, and when that was done they intended to destroy all evidence against them by shooting him dead in his tracks."

Helen covered her face with her hands and stifled a groan.

"His tongue saved him. Miss Helen," Bralder went on. "It saved them both. It wasn't any begging, either; that wouldn't have gone with that mob. With his hands and feet tied he began to talk—that's what ails his throat now—and the man that confessed it to me said such words and argument never before rolled from human lips. He told them he knew they would kill him; that they were a merciless mob of desperadoes; but he was going to give some truths at them that they would remember after he was gone. I'm no talker, Miss Helen, I can't repeat what the man told me was said. He said at first Carson couldn't get their attention, but after a while when they were getting ready to apply the match something in Daugh's voice caught their ear and they paused. He talked and talked, until a man behind him, in open defiance, cut the cords that held his hands."

(Continued on page 955.)

A NEWLY DISCOVERED PORTRAIT OF POCAHONTAS

By HELEN MARSHALL PRATT

WHEN the Princess Pocahontas, having won for herself enduring fame by her signal services to the newly pressed colonists of Virginia, set sail for England in the year 1616, her condition and appearance were so unlike those of the little Indian "maiden of the forest" whom Captain Smith first saw with her charming father, that any new portrait of her that can be discovered cannot fail to be of interest.

Pocahontas, also known as Matoa, and Snowfeather (on account of her lightness of foot), and, after her baptism, Rebecca, had been a wild little heathen in the midst of a rude Indian tribe. But now she had been three years baptized and married the honored wife of John (or Thomas, he is called by both names), who was "an honest and discreet English gentleman." The little woman had been born to her; Captain Smith had sailed away to England, and she had been told that he was dead. Now, in the month of a Virginia June, nearly four hundred years ago, she was setting out for the great world of England with Sir Thomas Dale, as a bright example for the Virginia Company to exhibit to the people of England of the first fruits of Christianity in the new colony, "the little foreign prince, gentle and excellent of wits, the first red Indian in whose heart had ever burned the love of Christianity."

On their arrival, Pocahontas was welcomed by Sir Thomas Stukely, the Company's man, at the ship's side, and the gentleman bowed low to the princess. The Company provided for her and her son during their stay in London. Captain Smith wrote a letter to Queca Anne, the wife of James I., filled with praise of the beauty, gentleness, and courage of the Indian girl, commending her to the queen's friendly consideration, and asked that she be received as a princess whose husband's estate was "not able to make her fit to attend your Majesty."

The king and queen responded generously to this request, and graciously received her as one of royal blood, whose gentleness and native refinement could atone for her ignorance of courtly customs. Lord and Lady Isb le Warr noted as her social sponsors: "La Belle Sauvage" was admitted and discovered in the highest circles of London, and at least one London tavern still retains the name by which she was popularly known. Gentlemen sent copies of her engraved portrait in their letters abroad, as the novelty of the hour. She attended these banquets which the queen so much affected, and in the queen's company. In his *Simple of Years*, Ben Jonson introduces her, with other people of fashion, as "the blessed Pocahontas . . . the great king's daughter of Virginia." Dr. King, then Lord Bishop of London, made a great banquet in her honor, "in hopeful zeal by her to advance Christianity." And in all these appearances, "the lady did not only acquiesce herself in civility, but still carried herself the daughter of a king, and was accordingly respected for her modest demeanor and interesting manner."

After ten months of apparently joyous living, a special ship was provided by the Company for her return to America, "were against her will." Her health had suffered much from the change of climate, and she was very weak when taken to Gravesend to await the ship. Here they were detained several weeks by adverse winds, and when at length she was taken on board the ship,



This Portrait of the Indian Wife of John Rolfe, by an unknown Artist, is believed by competent Judges to have been Painted from Life

the princess's failing strength gave way and she died suddenly, March 29, 1617, and was buried in the church of St. George at Gravesend. A recently discovered letter of Mr. Rolfe addressed to Sir Edwin Sandys tells how deeply the wife's death was lamented by all, and that the son's life "greatly extinguished the sorrow of her loss, saying all must die, but 'tis enough that her child live." (*Virginia Hist. Mag.* 10: 138.)

Three portraits of Pocahontas are current. One a contemporary engraving by Simon de Passe, which appears in early editions of Smith's works, and has been copied and recopied until its original features are scarcely recognizable. The second portrait is owned by a descendant of the Rolfe family in Norfolk, and represents Pocahontas in court dress. It is undoubtedly contemporary, and that of which De Passe made his engraving. This painting was first reproduced by Wyndham Robertson, Esq., in his interesting volume *Pocahontas and her Descendants*, in 1887. A third picture is known as the Sully portrait, and was made by the painter of that name from fragments of two or three earlier pictures, of the genuineness of which I have no information.

Recently, while living in England, my attention was directed to a fourth picture of Pocahontas, with her little son, owned by a descendant of the Rolfe at King's Lynn, Norfolk, which had never been copied, and its owner very courteously granted permission to have it photographed. This picture is reproduced with this article. The owner makes no claim whatever for the picture, which may be contemporary. It may be of later date. It was purchased by the family in London, about twenty years ago, and was said to have come from America. Certain features, however, point to an early origin. The peculiar shell earrings, set in silver, which the mother wears, are identical with those which are in the possession of the Rolfe family of Henricum, handed down for three centuries as those of Pocahontas.

The face is distinctly that of a refined Indian girl; she was twenty-two at her death. The dress is a modification of her tribe costume. The melancholy expression which is said to have been habitual appears here. The child is a handsome boy of three or four. On the death of his mother, he was left in England to be educated, and later returned to Virginia, where he married and became a man of eminence, in whose many prominent families of Virginia, notably that of John Randolph, of Roanoke, trace their origin.

While Pocahontas resided in England, several prominent portrait-painters were in favor with the king and his court, of whom they painted numerous pictures. Among these were Nicholas Hilliard, Paul van Somer, Isaac Oliver, Mytens and Simon van der Pass the Utrecht engraver, who also painted portraits. The last was only ten years in England, his visit there coinciding in date with that of Pocahontas. And undoubtedly at that time the carver engraving of her was made, probably from the portrait named as second. Nicholas Hilliard had special license given him to paint portraits of the royal family. Paul van Somer was a Flemish artist of the court who excelled in accuracy of detail, and De Passe also was employed by him. Mytens, of The Hague, was a fine colorist; Isaac Oliver, a pupil of Hilliard, painted the family of James and the court.

The Farewell

Good-by, dear friend: brief was thy stay;
Ah, well, God speed thee on thy way!
Thou'rt closed the door—the little room
Stands empty in the gathering gloom.
And there, where once the fire flamed high,
A few pale embers, scattered, lie.
And suddenly grown gray and still
The place that sunshine late did fill.
Hast thou no lingering thought to bless
This other waste and loneliness?
Didst find no comfort, peace, or rest,
That thou shouldst start again the quest?
Well, I will cleanse it through and through,
Furnish and garish it anew.
Build friendships yet and guests it will,
That thou mayst yet return, to dwell
Not as a passing guest, but one
Who comes at last into his home.
So, then, good-by, dear friend, and may
God speed thee ever on thy way!"

ELIZABETH RUGLES.

The Army Octogenarians

With all its perils, the military profession has its enviable record for longevity. Of the 928 officers on the retired list of the army—encompassing those who were compulsorily retired on reaching the age of sixty-five years, and those who were upon their own application or for disability, and so on—there are more than 100 (109, to be exact) who have attained the age of seventy years or more. The oldest officer is Brigadier-General David H. Hunter, who lives in Washington, who was born in 1812, and who was an officer of dragoons in 1837, and who is within five years of being a centurion. It is a long jump to the next oldest officer, Lieutenant Colonel Frank Beideman, who is eighty-seven years old, and the third oldest officer, Brigadier-General Thomas F. Head, who is eighty-six years old.

The survivors who are seventy-five years old or more are to be classified according to years of existence as follows: Twenty-one who are seventy-five years old, seventeen who are seventy-six years old, sixteen who are seventy-seven years old, five who are seventy-eight years old, ten who are seventy-nine years old, five who have reached the age of eighty, six who are eighty-one years old, eleven who are eighty-two years old, seven who are eighty-three years of age, two who are eighty-four, five who are eighty-five, and one of eighty-six, eighty-seven, and ninety-five years of age respectively.

The highest ranking officers of the venerable list are Major-General David H. E. Nickles of New York, who gained a medal of honor for gallantry at Gettysburg before and after the loss of his leg, and who has served his country in Congress, and Major-General D. D. Howard, who lost an arm at Fort Oka, who wears a medal of honor, and has received the thanks of Congress. The former officer is eighty-two and the latter is seventy-seven years of age. Besides these two major-generals, there are nineteen others who have reached the age of seventy-five years, forty-three brigadiers, two colonels, thirteen lieutenant-colonels, twenty-seven majors, six captains, twenty first lieutenants, and five chaplains.

These soldiers of the old army make their homes all over the United States. Nearly all of the States are represented in the list of their addresses. A few of them spend much or nearly all of their time abroad, and one makes his home in his native town in Germany. He is Brigadier-General Peter J. Osterhaus, who is eighty-four years old, and who has a son and a grandson in the United States navy, the former, Captain Hugo Osterhaus, being now in command of the battleship *Conan*, and the latter, Lieutenant Hugo W. Osterhaus, a watch officer on board the *United States* sailing Louisiana. Many of the older retired officers naturally turn to Washington as the place where they shall spend the remainder of their days. There they find their old friends, and keep in touch with the younger element of the profession, and where they are honored members of the Army and Navy Club and the Metropolitan Club. Eighteen of the one hundred and eight in the list of officers of seventy-five years of age and more make

their homes in Washington, nine in New York, fourteen in New England, and twelve in the Pacific coast.

The octogenarian class—with its thirty-nine members—includes a list of officers who have achieved distinction before many of the army officers of the present active list came upon the scene of tumult. They were fortunate in living in the period which was fraught with rare opportunity for the performance of gallant duties, and many of them are adorned with the medal of honor, or less, like General Stanford, the thanks of Congress. They were seen in the full flush of manhood when the Civil War was on, for all of them were at least thirty-four years of age, while General Tucker, at the outbreak of the Civil War, was nearly fifty years of age.

The officers who have reached or passed the eighty-year mark include such names as General H. B. Carrington, General James Van Vorst, General John E. Summers, General Robert Murray, General Luther P. Heald, General Rufus Saxton who would have been appointed quartermaster-general had Lincoln lived; General Richard C. Drum (at one time adjutant-general of the army), General W. B. Rochester, General B. H. Grierson, and Colonel James Oakes.

She Was a Bird

MISTRESS. "Mary, have you any rooted objections to going a feather duster? This room looks as if you had."

MARY. "Yes, miss, I have. I belongs to the Ashkenazy Society."

Not Worth Debating

JENNIES. "Flies never annoy a sleeping man."

PERRINE. "What nonsense? Why, I—"

JENNIES. "The room wakes up and is annoyed."

The Oath of Office

IN command of a retinal Western post is a well-known veteran of the army, now to be retired, who, General Miles used to declare, "was the most profane officer in this or any other army."

A day or two prior to the departure of this officer from Washington to take the post mentioned, a lady at a reception inquired of General Miles whether the officer first referred to had duly qualified for his new command.

"Yes, indeed," responded Miles, gravely.

"He swore himself in yesterday."

What He Missed

ONE of the officials of the Indian Office at Washington was visiting a reservation in Montana on government business when a certain chief, who had taken a fancy to Uncle Sam's agent, invited him to attend the wedding of the Indian's daughter.

The Indian Office man was, to his regret, unable to be present at the festivities, but the Indian laconically described the function subsequently, in order to indicate what the agent had missed.

"Five dogs," said the chief, "and plenty pie."

The Through Train

IN a retinal region of Arkansas there's a "head," the only train running on the branch in the southwest of Little Rock; and the service is consequently of the "up and back" order.

A number of people bound for the southwestern terminus of the road happened one day to reach a small station half-way up just as the train passed on its northwesterly trip. The conductor looked them over.

"All gots to takeville?" he inquired.
The travellers replied that they trusted to do so eventually.

"Then," said the conductor, "you'd better all hop on now, and then maybe we can skip this station on the way back."

Polishing His Gold Brick

THERE is an elderly but well-preserved clerk in one of the departments at Washington whose extremely martial bearing, together with the red face and white hair so intimately associated in the popular mind with the military, has on more than one occasion caused the old gentleman to be taken for some distinguished officer or other. This mistake on the part of his fellow citizens is a source of much gratification to the old gentleman, and he never loses an opportunity to heighten the illusion on their part.

Recently this clerk was in a Pullman attached to a train for New York, when the usual mistake occurred. Several men saluted the distinguished-looking clerk, which salutes he returned with military gravity. Finally a man giving evidence of having dined a bit too freely greeted the old chap with: "How are you, General?"

The old gentleman did not reply; but gave the unknown a glance of great severity. Then, observing to a train-boy who chanced to be passing at the moment, he called out: "Here, boy! Give me a copy of the *Army and Navy Register*!"

What a Chance

NEWMAN. "I'm going to leave home."

MISTRESS. "Why, what is the matter? Don't you like the baby?"

NEWMAN. "Yes; but he is so afraid of a policeman I can't get him near one."

That's Different

CHIEF OF THE DEPARTMENT. "I hold that a tomato, however well aimed, could not have caused such a black eye."

PLAINTIFF. "But I was in a car, yet honor."

FOR THE NURSERY—FOR THE TABLE.
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ADVERTISEMENTS

DOCTOR'S FOOD TALK

Selection of Food One of the Most Important Acts in Life.

A Mass. doctor says: "Our health and physical and mental happiness are so largely under our personal control, that the proper selection of food should be, and is, one of the most important acts in life."

"In this subject, I may say that I know of no food equal in digestibility and more powerful in nutritive value than the modern Grape-Note food should be, and is, one of the most important acts in life."

"I am convinced that the extensive and general use of high-class foods of this character would increase the term of human life, add to the sum total of happiness, and very considerably improve society in general. I am free to mention the food, for I personally know of its value."

Grape-Note food can be used by babies in arms or adults. It is ready cooked, can be served instantly, either cold with cream, or with hot water or hot milk poured over. All sorts of puddings and fancy dishes can be made with Grape-Note. The food is concentrated and very economical, for four heaping teaspoons are sufficient for the cereal part of a meal. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in page. "There's a Reason."

MAM' LINDA

(Continued from page 567.)

Later another cut his foot loose, and then Carson walked straight up to Pete and stood beside him, and while a crowd of fury was still in the air he kept talking.

"He hadn't a thing to say in favor of Pete's general character; he said the boy was an idle, fun-loving, shiftless fellow and as harmless as a rat, but he was innocent of the crime charged against him and he should not die like a dog. He spoke of the fine characters of Pete's mother and father and of the old woman's grief, and then, Miss Helen, he said something about you, and the man that told me about it said that that one thing did more to soften and quell the mob than anything else."

"He said something about me?" Helen cried.

"Yes. No names were mentioned; but they knew who he meant," Braider went on. "Carson spoke of your family and of the close bond of human sympathy between it and all the blacks that had belonged to it in the past, and said that the daughter of that house, the most beautiful womanly character that had ever blessed the South, was praying at that moment for the safety of the prisoner, and if they carried out their plans she would shed tears of sorrow. 'Your intentions are good,' Carson said. 'You are all sincere men acting as you see it, in the interests of the women of the South. Listen to this gentleman's prayer uttered through my mouth to-night for mercy and human justice.'"

"It swept them off their feet, Miss Helen; the man that told me about it said he never saw a manner, more honest lot of men in his life. He said they relieved Pete, led the horses around, and stood like soldiers, with nothing to say, as Carson drove away."

Helen waited for about ten minutes alone on the grass—waited for Carson. When he finally came out and hurried towards her he found her with her handskerchief pressed over her eyes.

"Why didn't you tell me?" she asked, frowning her hand tenderly on his arm, her eyes shining radiantly of ineffable sweetness.

He shrugged his shoulders and then said, flushing under her urgent gaze:

"Because, Helen, you've already seen and heard too much of this awful story. It really is not for a sensitive girl like you."

"Oh, Carson," she cried, "you are the dearest, sweetest boy in the world!" and she turned and left him, left him alone there in his fatigue, alone under the starlight, to fight as he had never fought before the deathless yearning for her.

CHAPTER XXVII

Two weeks went by. Great changes had come over the temper of the insurgent mountain people. They had gradually come to accept the rescue of Pete Warren as a chance fit of real justice that was as admirable as any unequal and brutal. A sufficient number of men had come forward and testified to Sam Doolin's anti-ordered confession to exculpate Carson's client, and some who had been leaning towards Dwight's cause politically were hunting for occasion that surely a man who would take such a plucky stand for the rights of a humble negro would not be a mere henchman as their representative in the Legislature of the State.

One morning Pole Baker clonched down the street from the wagon-yard and went into Garner's office finding him at his desk.

"Anything gone wrong?" Garner asked, looking up curiously.

"Well, not yet, Bill, but I believe I take it," the bailiff by the horns ahead for some time that Carson and Dan Willis would meet face to face, and I dread it now more than ever; Willis is now worse than ever."

"What's gone wrong with him?" Garner inquired, uneasily.

"Well, for a while, you know, he hoped he'd see Wiggins beat Carson, and that sort of satisfied him; but now that Wiggins is losing ground, Dan don't see his revenge that way. Respectable folks are treading the backs of Wiggins and all his lackeys. The gal Willis was to marry has thrown him over, and the preacher at Hill Crest just as good as called his name out in front of the rights of the heinousness that was spreading over the land. Oh, Willis is mad—he's got all hell in 'is, an' he's makin' more threats agin' Dwight. Now, to-morrow he's bringin' us the next day is Saturday, an' as you know, Dan Willis is comin' in town. I got that straight. Wiggins is a snake in the grass, and he's constantly naggin' Dan about his row with Carson, and it will take slick work to prevent serious trouble."

Garner frowned. "What had you in mind, Pole, to scribe trouble?"

"Why, you see," the mountaineer replied, "I 'bowed you might be able to trump up some business excuse for 'trollin' Carson out o' town next Saturday."

"Well, I thank I can," Garner cried, his eyes brightening.

"The truth is that I was to go myself over past Springfield to see old man Purdy to take his deposition in an important matter, but I am perturbed to be tied here and get Carson to go."

"Good, that's the stuff," Pole said, with a smile of satisfaction.

"But for the love of mercy don't let Dwight dream what's in the wind, or he'll die rather than budge an inch."

So it was that Carson, the following Friday afternoon, made his preparations for a ride on horseback through the country, his plan being to spend the night at the little hotel at Springfield and ride on to Purdy's farm the next morning after breakfast, and return to Derby Saturday evening shortly after dark.

As he was unbridling his horse, Dr. Stone crossed the street from the opposite sidewalk and approached him.

"Where are you off to, this time?" the old man asked.

Carson explained as he tightened the girth of his saddle and pulled the blanket into place.

"Well, I'd get back as soon as I could well manage it," the physician said, his eyes on the ground.

Carson started, and turned almost pale.

"Why, doctor, you are not afraid—?"

"Oh, she's doing very well, my boy, but—well, there is no use keeping back anything from anybody as much concerned as you are. The truth is, she's very ill. I think you can pull her through with care and attention, but I feel that I ought to warn you and lecture you a little, too. You see, as I've often said, she is a woman who suffers mightily from worry and excitement of any kind, and your adventures of late have not had the best effect on her health. I hope it's all over, and that you will settle down to something more steady. Her life really is in your hands more than mine, for if you should have any more trouble of a serious nature it would simply kill her. I only mention this," the doctor continued, laying his hand on the young man's arm apologetically. "Because there is some little talk going round that you and Dan Willis haven't quite settled your differences yet. If I were in your place, Carson, I'd take a good deal before I'd have trouble with him right now, considering the critical condition your mother is in. A shooting-scene on top of all the rest, even if you got the best of it, would simply send that poor woman to her grave."

"Then we won't have any shooting-scene," Carson said, his voice quivering. "You can depend on that, doctor."

The road Carson Dwight took as the most direct way to his destination really passed within two miles of the house of Dan Willis, and yet the likelihood of the likelihood of the two never once crossed Dwight's mind. In this, however, he was to meet with surprise. He had got well into the mountains and, full of hope as to his campaign, was heartily enjoying a slow ride on his snubling horse through a narrow shaded road, after leaving the heat of the open thoroughfare, was far ahead of him and his horseman at the side of the way pinning with his pocket-knife, to the smooth lark of a sycamore-tree, a white envelope. The distance was at first too great to Dwight to recognize the rider, though his object and occupation were soon evident, for, suddenly swelling on his rather skittish mount, the man drew back about twenty paces from the tree, drew a revolver, and began to fire at the target, one shot after the other, as rapidly as he could fire and spur his frightened animal to an approved distance and steadiness, until his weapon was empty. The marksman, evidently a mountaineer, from his wide-brimmed soft hat and easy gait, thrust his hand into his trousers pocket and took out sufficient cartridges for another round, and was thumbing them dexterously into their places when Carson drew near enough to recognize him.

When the two riders were about a hundred yards apart, Dan Willis, hearing the fall of a horse's hoofs, looked up suddenly. There was no mistaking the growth of his facial expression from startled bewilderment to that of angry, brutal satisfaction. Uttering an unspoken great of delight, and with his revolver swinging easily against his breezy thigh, he by the aid of a stone left hand he drew his horse squarely into the very middle of the narrow road and then ceased to check him. The animal, quivering with excitement from the shots just fired over his head, was still restive and snarled tremulously from side to side; but with spur and rein command Willis managed to keep him in the attitude of open opposition to Carson's passage, which was a threat not to be misunderstood.

Carson Dwight understood it, and his blood boiled.

"Halt that!" Dan Willis suddenly called out, in a sharp, fierce tone, and as he spoke he raised his revolver till the hand holding it rested on the pommel of his saddle.

"Why should I halt?" almost to his surprise rang clearly from Dwight's lips. "This is a public road, I believe."

"Not for your sort," was hurled back. "It's entirely too narrow for us two to pass on. I'm going to pass, but I'll walk my horse over your body."

"Well, if I have to, that settles it," said Carson. Unhindered age overwhelmed him. "But before we go into this thing tell me, for my own satisfaction, if you are the one who tried to kill me the night that Pete Warren was shot?"

"You bet I was, and prouder of it than I've ever been of anything before in my life," and Willis's revolver was raised. The sharp click of the hammer was heard like the snapping of a metallic twig. Then, alive but to one thought, and that of alert self-protection, Carson, without a moment's delay, drew his weapon. With his teeth ground together, his breath coming fast, he took no careful aim as was possible at the shifting horseman, conscious of the advantage his antagonist had over him in the calmness of his mount. He saw a puff of smoke before Willis's eyes, heard the sharp report of the mountaineer's revolver, and wondered if the ball had lodged in his body.

"I am justified," something within him seemed to say as he pressed the trigger of his revolver. His hand had never been more steady, his aim never better, and yet the smile and laugh of Willis proved to him that he had missed. The eyes of his assailant gleamed like those of an infuriated beast as he tried to steady his rearing and plunging horse to shoot again. Once more he fired, but the shot went wild, and with a shout of fear his horse leaped from the road and plunged madly into the bushes bordering the way. Carson could just see his head and shoulders above the growth of wild vines, and at these he shot almost wildly and fired. Had he won't he asked himself. There was a smothered report from Willis's revolver, as if it were fired by an inert finger, and Willis's head went out of sight. What did it mean? Carson wondered, and with his weapon cocked and

THE RECOLT OF FRANCE'S WINE-GROWERS

By H. T. SUDDUTH

The wine-growers of southern France have taken the law into their hands in the Midi region as a protest against what they hold to be the unjust and injurious attitude of the government toward the industry upon which they depend for a livelihood. If the government, they insist, will not buy their wine—which they themselves can find no market for at a reasonable price—it should at least make laws which shall promptly and effectively suppress the adulteration of honest product having a genuine wine out of the market. In attempting to enforce their demands, the peasants have assembled in various parts of the Midi in enormous demonstrations. The Mayors have refused to perform the duties of their office, and regiments garrisoned in the insurgent region have betrayed their sympathy with the wine-growers by insubordinate and even mutinous conduct. More than a thousand municipalities are affected.

It is related that Claude Bross, an honest man of Charney, eight feet tall and big in proportion, who grew his vine and made his own wine, once upon a time came to the conclusion that Paris ought to know the merit of his vintage. Harnessing his oxen to his cart and placing two barrels of wine on it, he started for the capital, but when passing through Versailles he saw a chance to stop and went to jail at a time when Louis XIV. appeared to be worshipping there. The King, noticing a man who appeared to be standing when the little bell rang during mass, sent an officer with an order for the man to kneel.

"Sir," said the officer, upon his return, "the man is kneeling, but is very tall." After the service the King asked the giant why he had come to Paris.

"Please, your Majesty," said the honest wine-grower, "to sell you the best wine in France." The King tasted it, found it excellent, and purchased it, thus establishing the reputation of Mayon as one of the best wines of France.

Something like this, though on a vast scale and not as yet with like results, is now taking place in southern France, though the attitude of the vintagers, humble and respectful enough at first, is fast changing to passive and in some cases to active resistance to governmental authority. If the government will not buy their wine, which they find no market for at a reasonable price, and thus make a government monopoly of it, like that of tobacco, for instance, or at least make laws which shall promptly and effectively suppress the adulterators whose fabricated product has driven genuine wine from the market, they will no longer pay taxes.

Such is the reasoning which seems just to the poor peasants who for a month or more have been assembling on Sundays in the chief towns of the Midi in vast demonstrations, first at Narbonne, then at Béziers, then at Perpignan, where 150,000 men, women, and children were in line at Carcassonne, where 20,000 assembled, and finally, Sunday, June 9, at Montpellier, where the distressed and half-starved wine-growers and their sympathizers to the number of half a million or more met in a huge demonstration.

The movement has grown with a startling rapidity and all classes of the population appear to have joined in it. The satisfaction with existing conditions has grown so serious as to justify these words of the vice-president's address at the meeting at Carcassonne:

"Our march across the cities of Narbonne, Béziers, and Perpignan was triumphant. Today the riotous has become an irresistible torrent, the mere flood a real sea washing the slopes of the old city of the Visigoths. Let us put ourselves under the wings of those ancient knights who fought in these cruelled walls for the independence of their faith. Let us struggle like them and the hour of imminent justice will strike."

The economic turmoil, as these words indicate, has found its outlet. It has also found its leader in M. Marcelin Albert, who has already been hailed as "the Napoleon of the Midi." It is he who has planned these vast demonstrations, and this man, until a few weeks ago an obscure vine-grower, has suddenly become a personage with whom the government of France may have to deal. It is by his counsel, also, that the movement, which originated in real distress, has at last taken on the character of a strike against civil authority, and against, unprovoked, and even the prefects and town councils of southern France, unable to stem the tide of agitation, are trying to down their authority and joining in the general movement.

Unfortunately, there seems to be no way for the government of France to comply effectively with the demands of the wine-growers, for although the demonstration has been made chiefly against the peasants who adulterate the vineyards of the Midi, still their distress, there are many other factors entering into the situation which cannot promptly be met by the enactment of even the most drastic laws against "blending" and adulterating wines. Yet it is impossible not to sympathize with the poor peasants who, despite their loss and frustration, have themselves made to make their living in the way to which they and their ancestors were accustomed. They say, in effect, we must live, and you, the government, to whom we pay taxes, must see to it that unscrupulous fabricators of wine be driven out of the business and thus make a market for our genuine wine.

These demands are characteristic of the spirit of the times, not only in France and in England, but also in the United States, where the people have been taught to rely upon government regulation and governmental processes for all the ills from which they suffer. Of more laws against adulteration more than a dozen have been enacted in France in recent years, and still the wine-growers of the Midi are unable to sell genuine wine at a living price. Instead of looking at all the possible reasons for this glut of their staple product the vintagers, feeling the pinch of hunger and necessity, argue that the government must be at fault, or at least it must find a remedy for their distress. The motto on one of the banners at the Perpignan meeting, *Le col du cratée*, goes with simple, if

inelegant, directness to the grievance of the people, which is urgent and demands prompt relief, which the government must supply in some way, whether by making wine a state monopoly, the enactment of still more stringent laws against "blending" and adulterating wine, or by some other means which may allay popular agitation and discontent and provide immediate relief.

It is hard in the case now to tell what has caused the glut of wine in the wine-growing districts of Hérault, the Aude, the eastern Pyrenees, and the Department of the Var are both economic and social. That adulteration, and "sugaring," a process which originated in the Midi during the scarcity of wine produced by the ravages of the phylloxera and has now returned to cause it, are largely to blame, rather than overproduction, has been shown by the correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, who made a careful examination of the blight which has fallen upon the chief industry of southern France. He quotes apparently trustworthy authorities, who declare that every year the wine-shedders put the market from 15,000,000 to 14,000,000 hectoliters of artificial wine, and on price which simply means ruin to the honest producer. The artificial wine makers began to cut prices in 1900 and the evil, which has at last grown unbearable to the wine-growers of southern France, has been increasing ever since. It was greatly accelerated in 1902, when the Hérault convention made a revolt in the sugar trade, the price dropping to sixty-eight centimes a kilo and even less, naturally followed by a vast increase in the flood of adulterated or "sugared" wines.

Another contributing cause for the stagnation of the wine industry in France is colonialism in its origin. Algeria twenty-five years ago was a customer for French wine. Now it exports annually 500 million gallons, chiefly to France, where it is admitted duty free. The Algerian wine is of about the same quality as good *vitis rotundifolia*, and sells in France for about \$12.50 per hectoliter. The Algerian wine is also the artificial competition of Spain and Italy to meet, for these countries also have learned the secret of making wine which has only a slight resemblance to the genuine juice of the grape.

In addition there are other causes, social in character, which enter into the present situation and make it difficult, and almost impossible, for the government to meet the crisis in the summary fashion demanded by the wine-growers of the Midi. Since the last two Paris expositions the French have become acquainted with the seductive merits of Germany's national drink, and the French workmen, especially in the cities, no longer even know himself to *vitis rotundifolia*, but substitute for it, like the laborer in America, the pall of beer, while among the middle and upper classes the continued courses of certain medical authorities against the absorption of so much alcoholic drink has had considerable effect, and sparkling table waters and milks are now used by many who formerly always took wine with their meals. The continued and justified talk, also, about wine adulteration has probably had as even greater effect, and all these causes, operating together with a closer scrutiny of French wines in America, Germany, and elsewhere, are sufficient to show that it is no unmanufactured, but a real, agitation which has stirred southern France almost to the point of revolution. They at least show that in demanding that the government "apply the red-hot iron to this ulcer" of adulteration the peasants are striking at perhaps the greatest evil of the wine industry, and one they have a right to demand, but the government should also be aware that the economic distress, which is so palpable and the greatest danger is that an honest movement originating in a real grievance and acute distress may be used by agitators for their own purposes. To do M. Marcelin Albert justice, he does not seem to be working for ulterior ends, and his undoubted influence and great influence of organization have done much to make his cause palatable and successful inasmuch as so far as the latter may be possible, by means of drastic legislation which shall strike at the root, at least, of the evils of adulteration.

Show Mr. Rudenstam's article was written, the cable has brought news of a letter written by Prime Minister Combes to the Mayors of the Midi district who refused to execute the duties of their office. M. Combes insists that the government has no intention of a big market possibly be of benefit to the distressed wine-growers whose cause they seek to champion, since the Government has done much in doing all that it deems possible to relieve the situation by making every effort to prevent fraudulent practices in the wine trade, and M. Combes has been himself, in the case of adulteration, the alleged fraudulent practices in the wine industry of the Midi itself. He desires to know in what respect the Government has failed to meet the demand of the wine-growers, and he insists that the government, which he holds, must meet in the disadvantage of the class, which it is manifestly opposed to meet.

The Prime Minister has declined to affect the situation in a manner satisfactory to the Government, and at the time of writing it is announced that the government has decided to adopt stringent measures to insure the enforcement of the law in the Midi. M. Serret, Subsecretary of the Ministry of the Interior, who has been appointed to his position to expose the cause of his constituents and to give proper support to the Government.—Editor HAZARD'S WEEKLY.

A Cited Elopement

Est. Born to Galusha Brown,
Aan Arlor day, was wed,
Galusha, coolest head in town
(Almost a Marblehead),

Remarked to her, "Dent, Oswego
Without your good feeling,
And traina Schenckstadt as alone,
What do you say to Wheeling?"

"Doughkeepsie horse," the girl replied,
"Norwood I like Norwalk.
Calusa Fawcett for a ride,
We'll take the nag. Don't talk."

"Now Worcester me of adding that?
Who's Dunmore talking, dearie?"
But when upon the barnegat
He had a feeling like.

Galusha him Malone found? Nix,
Confronted Sara's parent!
Oh, Waterbury askward fix!
To turn and run he daren't.

"Oh, why should parent's Cumberland?
Have I for this nag fibouster?
Tacoma cross her father and
Spill all! Oh, Sara Foster!

"I'd Haverhill fall over me,
Or Haverstraw stark bury!
Oh, that a Lakewood cover me!
Painesville me—trying, very!"

So thought Galusha, but aloud
He said, "Well, Syracuse me;
Your Tanston I can stand," he bowed,
"While Sal does not refuse me."

"The Holyoke of marriage, sir,
Have you and she accounted?"
"Osgo, soon! A carriage, sir,
We need." The old man fumed:

"If Salamanca take like you,
With her plans I'll not famps,
This Harkness of money too
Utira long. Now scamper."

Galusha now (Yuma take it straight)
Was Mason for a preacher,
The Sacramento celebrate
Twist him and Sal, sweet creature.
GEORGE JAY.

Different Methods

BRIMSON. "My wife writes to me every few days from the mountains for more money."

WAGNER. "Well, I gave my wife all the money I had before she went away, and now I have to write to her when I want some."

A Treasure

Mrs. DE WITT. "The Debutants at last have a girl they hope to keep."

Mrs. DE WITT. "Alas! Where is such a girl to be found?"

Mrs. DE WITT. "She was born to them yesterday."

Demonstration

GRACE. "And did you ever propose to a girl in a cove?"

FRED. "Yes; and I'll never do it again. The girl jumped at my proposal and upset the boat."

O Tray Bean

"I see," said the editor, as he glanced over the manuscript of a realistic novel, "that in almost every chapter the villain automobile announces its approach by a sound which you spell 'k-a-a-g-u-n.'"

"Precisely," replied the author; "it was a French machine."

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THE WAR AGAINST CANCER—A NEW ALLY

By C. W. SALEEBY, M.D., F.R.S. EDIN.

Dr. Saleeby's articles in the "Weekly" on the discoveries of Dr. Beard touching a cure for cancer have aroused so much discussion—much of it unfavorable and some of it hostile—that this latest contribution from him on the enormously important subject which is engaging his attention comes at a peculiarly appropriate moment, for it announces the endorsement of his theories and conclusions by a scientist whose authority and eminence are unquestioned. It is only just to Dr. Saleeby and to Dr. Beard, the discoverers of "the tryptic cure," that the news of this significant corroboration be placed publicly on record.

THE reader will readily understand that in my attempt to gain a fair hearing, through all kinds of noise, for what I believe to be a great advance in the treatment of cancer, and what I have already saved many lives through the articles here published, I have long desired the support of some great and universally recognized authority, speaking from some official position that bore weight to his words. I know that there is no authority less truth, and that not the word of an angel from heaven can make black white. Nevertheless, in early stages we have to go by authority, and that authority is now coming round to our side, it would appear. Professor Ernst von Leyden is the professor of medicine in the University of Berlin, and his name is familiar to scientific students of medicine all the world over. He is also the head of the Official Cancer Research of the German Empire. As a scientist he is certainly the highest official authority upon malignant disease in the whole world, and if I had the power I would have chosen him of all men to lend the weight of his name and reputation and position to the unbiassed and thorough study of Dr. Beard's pancreatic treatment for cancer.

More than two years ago Dr. Peter Bergell (who collaborates with Professor von Leyden in the paper which I am about to discuss) demonstrated that "all carcinoma (cancers) are always very readily digested by pepsin (extract of pancreas), while, on the contrary, all other kinds of cancer resist digestion by it to its action. This, of course, refers to test-tube experiments upon dead tissues. Now let us see what von Leyden and Bergell have to say in their paper just published in the *Zeitschrift für Klinische Medizin*, Vol. 61, pp. 300-303, Berlin, 1907.

The following statements constitute an epitome of that paper in my own words.

The origin and growth of cancer is always a strictly local affair. Its unlimited point of growth has ever been its most striking symptom, and a most marked feature of it is that the tumor responds by *increased growth* to all forms of mechanical or chemical injury or injury by *acid bacteria*. We therefore are compelled to suppose that the really important fact for us to ascertain about cancer is not, let us say, the shape of the cells, but their chemistry. What peculiar facts are there about the chemistry of cancer which constitute the essential difference between it and normal tissues? Some of these must be, and accordingly it must be possible (in theory) to exercise a special action on the chemistry of cancer which will arrest its living processes, but will not affect the chemistry of normal tissues. Professor von Leyden insists that the most abundant of all central importance the study of the appearance of cancer to the naked eye and under the microscope. For decades this study has constituted practically the whole of cancer research. Medical chemistry during all this period was far too imperfect to be of any avail. The next point made by the authors is that the only substances found in living matter, which show a wide difference from each other while their own class, are the albumins, such as white of egg and the albumin of milk. Secondly, the various bromates which destroy these albumins are equally special and unique in their properties. Probably they differ from one another in precisely the same degree as do the albumins which it is their business to pull down. As Professor Emil Fischer, of Berlin, has pointed out—and he is the greatest living authority on organic chemistry—one of these ferments leads to the albumin which it destroys the same relation as a key does to a lock. Each lock requires its own key, and that key will open no other. The authors then arise whether the special albumin albumin substances in cancers. This has already been proved to be so by various German students, of whom Pavy was first, whilst Bergell in collaboration with another worker has definitely separated a peculiar and characteristic albumin from some special kind of cancer. Professor von Leyden insists that the existence of this special albumin is absolutely characteristic of malignant tumors as distinguished from innocent tumors and normal tissues. Next, the question has been definitely answered whether the special or native albumin of cancer can be specially destroyed. The original test-tube observations to which I have referred have now been confirmed and amplified. Bergell has obtained the special albumin of cancer in as pure a form as possible, and has found that it is easily digested by trypsin, whereas, on the other hand, pepsin, the familiar ferment of the stomach, has scarcely any action upon it. These demonstrations, by the greatest German authorities simply confirm what Dr. Beard, on theoretical grounds, declared must be so, as long ago as December, 1904, and what I myself have been asserting on the grounds of theory and of clinical observation, for nearly eighteen months. It is the further proofs but not the assertions that are new.

Now Professor von Leyden goes on to point out the bearing that these observations of his have upon the theory of Dr. Beard, and quotes his experiments on cancerous mice which I discussed here more than a year ago. In the light of these experiments Professor von Leyden determined to go very closely into the clinical investigation of the new method. A whole host of points now demanding attention before real clinical success could be expected. First of all, then, it was proved that when trypsin was given by

the mouth, a certain quantity of it actually passed into the blood. Professor von Leyden declares that by mouth administration it is possible to bring much larger amounts of trypsin into the circulation, than by subcutaneous injection; that it depends on your injection. On this point I have no doubt at all that Professor von Leyden will find cause to revise his opinion. The injections which he employed were doubtless feeble compared with the admirable injections which are the latest fruit of the splendid work of Messrs. Fairchild & Foster. It has to be remembered, also, that in whatever dose trypsin be given by the mouth, its exposure to the normal acid of the stomach will destroy it, and only by very careful administration at a time when it is probable that the stomach contains no acid, can it be hoped to pass on undestroyed. I insist on this as forcibly as possible because the great aim of Professor von Leyden was to destroy cancer practitioners in all parts of the world to place in the administration of trypsin by the mouth an amount of evidence which I believe it will not repay. In the patients whom Professor von Leyden treated there were reasons which would explain why the trypsin administered could escape destruction in the stomach. The patients were free of cancer of the stomach, in which it is known that the organ no longer produces its normal acid.

Nevertheless, though as I believe, Professor von Leyden's method of applying the treatment was very far from satisfactory, he has achieved his aim, and as a result in this paper, I predict first, that without doubt *circumscribed* results of cancer can be successfully digested by trypsin. The point is, of course, important whether the action is a true specific digestion, and Professor von Leyden promises us shortly a paper by one of his followers which proves that the influence of trypsin on the growth of a true cancerous action. He goes on to say that his results are inferior to those which might have been expected from the work of Professor Morton, already discussed by me in this place. That is undoubtedly so. But I believe inferior results will continue to be maintained until it is realized that hypodermic injection is the essential method. Professor von Leyden has given very large doses of trypsin by the mouth for months in various cases of internal cancer, and has nothing decided to report. That I should have expected. I doubt whether in such cases any active trypsin ever approached the site of the disease. No matter how large the dose and how active the action, the local action of the stomach would certainly destroy it, unless the trypsin was given with such special precautions as wrapping it up in something which the gastric juices cannot dissolve. But Professor von Leyden goes on to say that, in almost every instance, suitable doses of gastric cancer reacted favorably to the treatment, and he is prepared to admit, despite the imperfection of his results, that there is here a curative influence which must be recognized. In the course of his investigations he has brought out, he tells us, an absolutely new fact. Perhaps it is new so far as demonstration is concerned, but some of us have been proclaiming it for a long time past. The author reminds us of what he began by saying—that malignant tumors subsequently react by increased growth after the application of any injurious agent. But in trypsin he finds the single and all-important exception. *Cancer* has a tumor, after partial dissolution of its cells by trypsin, subsequently reacted by increased growth, either locally or generally. The point is that, whilst scores of substances will injure a malignant tumor, such as the surgeon's knife, passed containing arsenic and other caustics, here in trypsin is an agent in regard like them, but differing from all others in that, after its use, the tumor does not grow bigger, but it is all the more likely to respond with increased growth. Let us not fail to mark a second point which should be bracketed with this, and which Professor von Leyden himself suggests by his reference to the specific action of radioactive substances. It seems to be quite certain that the trypsin rays, radium, and other allied substances, which have previously referred to in this series of articles, have a very specific relation to cancer, in that they do affect it more rapidly than normal tissues; but in trypsin there has been found a substance which, whilst specifically digesting and destroying malignant tissues, whether living or dead, has no action whatever, in any dose, on normal living tissues.

No matter for the main substance of this most important paper. I have already ventured to offer criticism upon the amount of stress which Professor von Leyden is inclined to lay upon the use of trypsin by the mouth; and now I must point out another most important matter of which Professor von Leyden has yet taken no cognizance at all. He has used no ankyrin in any case, and has made no experiments with it. Now, except in the most superficial cases, I do not believe that trypsin alone will ever cure cancer. No one at any rate recorded a case of the cure of cancer by trypsin alone. The absolute cures, already on record—some of which I have previously referred to in this series of articles—were obtained without exception by the use of trypsin and ankyrin. I desire as soon as possible to oppose the opinion which might too readily be formed by many doctors and others who will only begin to pay any attention to the matter now that Professor von Leyden has spoken. The opinion is the whole remedy. Professor von Leyden's attention is being directed to his entire omission of ankyrin, and there is no doubt that he will proceed to look into the matter.

Weighed, and Found Wanting

"I want to like to get a pair of postal scales," announced the prospective customer in the stationery store.

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk, briskly. "Here's the lightest pair of scales on the market. They only weigh half a pound. They will weigh two pounds."

"You mean that when I put something which weighs a pound and a half on them they'll weigh two pounds?"

"Oh no," answered the clerk. "If you put a pound and a half on them they will still weigh half a pound more."

"But you said they weighed half a pound," persisted the customer. "Consequently, if I add a pound and a half to their own weight they'll weigh two pounds."

"Of course," agreed the clerk. "They will weigh two pounds."

"Then if I put another half pound on them, the weight of the scales will be exactly two pounds and a half."

"The scales weigh half a pound—" began the clerk.

"But you said they weighed two pounds," interrupted the customer.

"So they do," cried the clerk, desperately.

"They weigh half a pound, a pound and a half, an ounce, and two ounces. They'll weigh anything this side of two pounds."

"Are you sure they won't weigh over two pounds?" anxiously inquired the customer.

"They won't," snapped the clerk. "I'm certain."

"Well I only wanted to know. You said they weighed half a pound and two pounds, and, according to that, if I put two pounds on the scales, and add that to the weight of the scales, it proves that the scales either weigh two pounds and a half or four pounds."

"Do you want these scales?" shrieked the clerk.

"I wouldn't take them for a gift," replied the customer, quietly. "They are entirely too versatile. One time they weigh two pounds and the next instant they weigh half a pound. From my point of view, they can weigh anywhere from half a pound to four pounds, and I really couldn't depend on them. Good-day."

Fishin'

FATHER was a sportsman true,
Trophies of the hunt he'd treasure,
Known which way the wild duck flew,
Used to spend most all his leisure
Fishin'.

Oh, the stories he would spin—
Father, see, knowed all about it;
NATUR put the incident in,
An' he couldn't do without it—
Fishin'.

An' the things he'd tell about,
How the fishes jerked and darted,
Till the double-headed trout
That he enticed a when first he started
Fishin'.

Told about a pond he knew
That he allus used to race fer,
Fishes swarmin' through an' through,
Jest the wonderful place fer
Fishin'.

Told us how he lived his life
All the blessed day an' laid the
Line, an' took the best on it—
Never mentioned leavin' all the
Fish in.

WILLIAM F. McCOMACK.

His Depraved Taste

BAKER: "What kind of breakfast-food do you use?"

SAKES: "Whatever happens to be on the first page. Generally a number."

Sights

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